



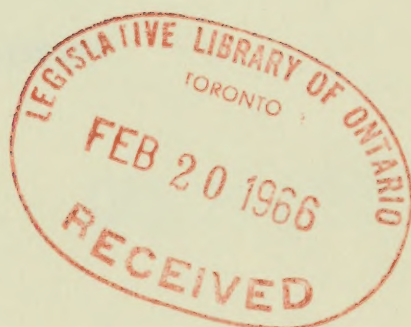
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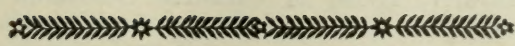
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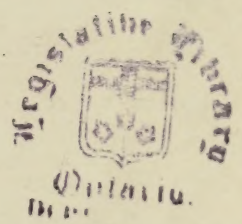
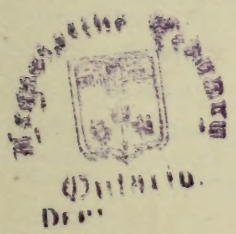


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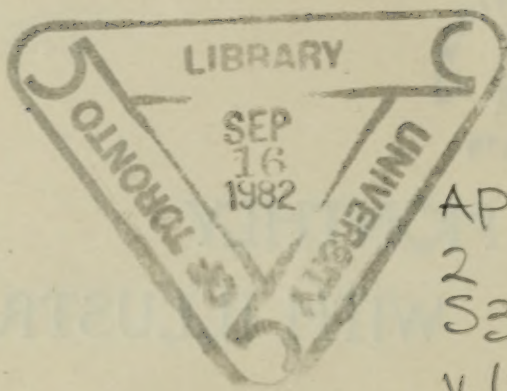


VOLUME XVIII JULY - DECEMBER



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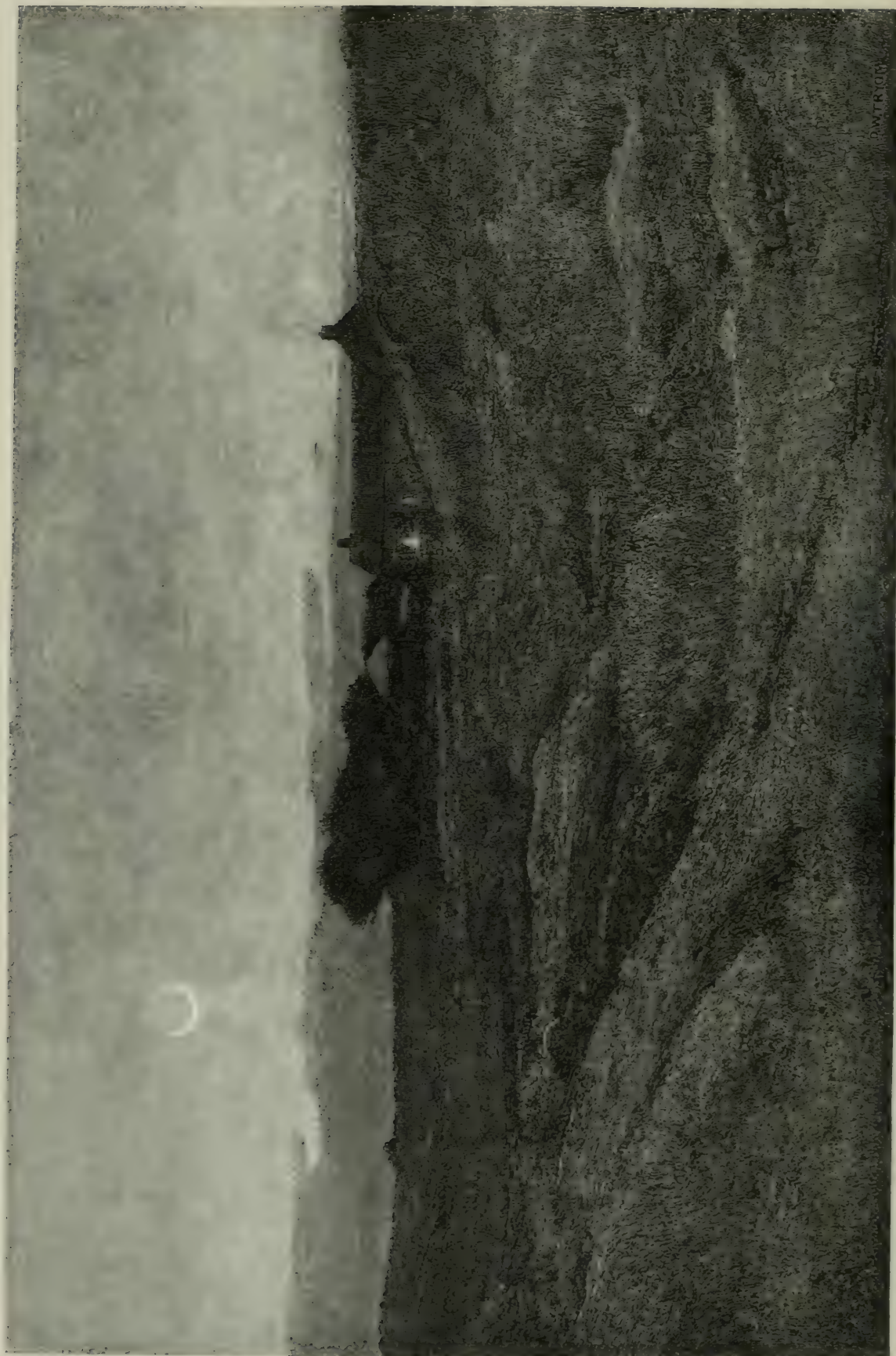
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MOONLIGHT.

ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

From a painting by D. W. Tryon, owned by Smith College.



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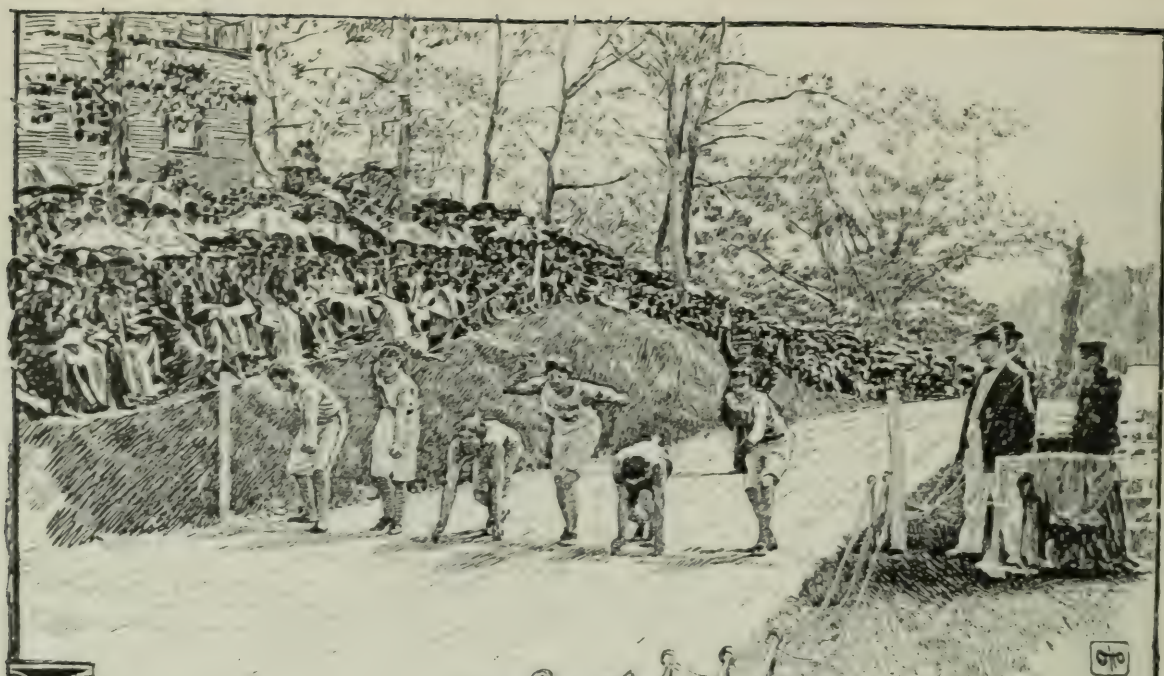
## TO A MAKER OF VERSES

*By Burr Wilton*

A BREATH of by-gone Junes perfumes thy lines,  
A dream of dim, delicious, drowsy days  
When Summer's scepter ruled the rain-washed ways  
And South-born winds woke harp-strings in the pines ;  
A fragrance caught from flower-lit woodland deeps,  
Sun-flecked and shadow-frescoed, like a floor  
Of rare mosaic, where the Mistress keeps  
'Neath emerald curtains hidden, safe in store,  
Her fairest treasures. An Arcadian note  
Mellow and tender as the tones that float  
From some rich-throated feathered Voice of spring,  
Crooning his rapturous love-songs, poised a-wing,  
Lilts through thy verse and lures my wandering dreams  
Down shaded, moss-lined glens, where fern-plumes fling  
Their nodding crests o'er banks of blossom-broidered streams.

Ah dark-eyed bard, thy winsome, wistful face  
More than thy verse the Rose-Month's mood recalls ;  
And though the winter barriers be like walls  
That shut the sunshine out, if but the place  
Breathe of thy presence, swift my heart forgets  
Its sombre world ; my weary fancy strays  
Down dreamy by-ways soft with summer haze  
And sweet with incense-wafting violets,  
Past shadow-haunted spaces hushed and still  
And fern-fringed woodlands whispering in the breeze,  
O'er wide, free, fragrant lifts of plain and hill,  
'Neath dewy dawns and sunset mysteries,  
When day and dusky twilight intertwine  
And in the West the splendor leaps and dies  
Like altar-fires round some old Druid shrine.  
—So thou dost lead me, Sweet, for in the deeps  
Of thine unconscious, self-forgetful eyes  
The spirit of eternal springtime lies,  
And Summer's self her sanctuary keeps  
In thy dear bosom, safe as under soft Italian skies.





# LIFE AT THE ATHLETIC CLUBS

By · DUNCAN · EDWARDS ·



PROPER classification of the Athletic Clubs should put the Colleges at the head of the list. Doubtless the Presidents of Princeton, or Yale, or Harvard would object to their ancient institutions being indexed as Athletic Clubs. Yet, whether their motive

be educational or advertising, the colleges are making athletics as much of a pursuit as is any of the avowed athletic associations, and the facilities that are offered by them are the most complete and systematic that can be found anywhere. The whole body of undergraduates is imbued with the spirit of athletics, and the external form of college life is fashioned about the intercollegiate contests. It was the larger colleges that first caught the Athletic Impulse that has been a distinguishing feature of the past twenty-five years. And indeed, it may fairly be said that it has been their influence more than any

other single cause that has been responsible for the growth of the athletic spirit that has lifted the American nose from the grindstone of business, that has developed in the American people a keenness for outdoor sports, and that has made the rising generation so big and lusty and pleasant to look upon. The intercollegiate contests have awakened the interest of thousands unconnected with the colleges that participate, and have given to athletics a tone and a favor that is undeniable. And the summer dispersion of the undergraduates, with their ducks and Madras shirts and brier pipes and brown skins, has provided a strong athletic leaven for the vacation communities.

The first evidence of the spreading of the athletic impulse outside of the colleges was the formation of the New York Athletic Club, in 1868. Before that time the Caledonian Societies used to give Athletic Games at which the canny Scots tossed the caber, ran foot-races, and drank good Scotch whiskey in honor of Robbie Burns and the domestic affections. There were boat

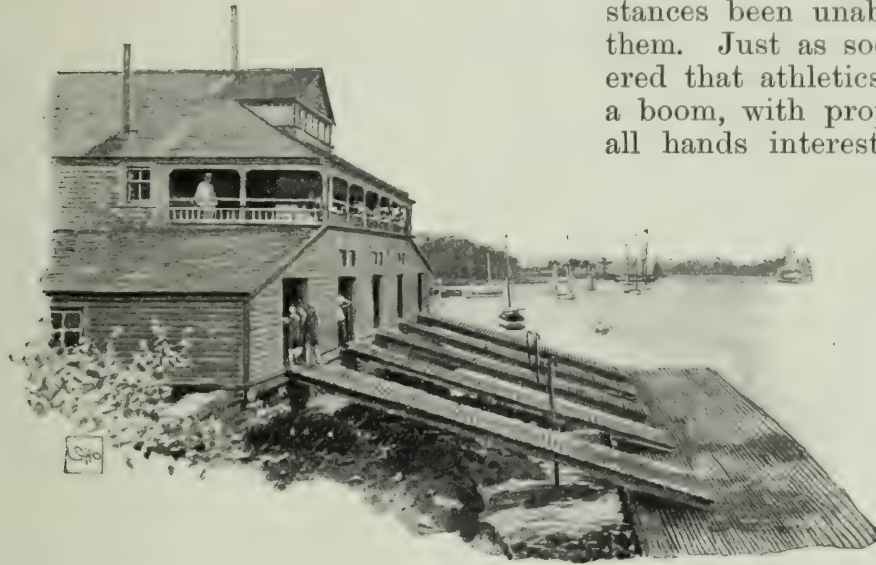


clubs in the vicinity of New York, whose members used to row to the historic Elysian Fields in Hoboken and there organize impromptu games. But there was no association in existence formed with the single purpose and definite aim of cultivating manly sports and athletic exercises, until the New York Athletic

sium was looked upon as the ultimate goal to ward which all the energies of the club might be directed.

Until about 1874, the athletic clubs met with only moderate success, but at that time the tide began to run very strongly toward them. And so rapid has been their development since that time, that their founders have in many instances been unable to keep up with them. Just as soon as it was discovered that athletics were in the way of a boom, with proper American spirit all hands interested set to work to

make their own athletic clubs just as big as possible. The consequence was that the membership of the athletic clubs lost its distinctively athletic character. While perhaps a sporting tendency animated the whole, a great part of the "boom"



The Boat-house.

Club called itself into being and endeavored to fashion its life upon the model of the London Athletic Club.

The first phase of existence upon which the athletic clubs entered in this country was simple enough. Track athletics in reality comprised the whole of their trade. The ideal athletic club twenty-five years ago consisted of a vacant city block, with a high board fence about it (usually let out to advertisers), a cinder track, and a set of bleachers. A boat-house with an equipment of shells, even if a long distance from the athletic field, was deemed a great luxury, while a thoroughly furnished gymna-

members were more interested in watching others exercise than in getting in the "rigor of the game" themselves. Immediately the task was set for the directors to furnish attractions for this weakly athletic element, and immediately they began to reach out for the facilities of a social club, and later for the luxury of a country club. Soon it be-



The New York Athletic Club at Travers Island.



came quite apparent to everyone that the energetic athletic clubs were offering more for the money demanded than any other kind of club, and there forthwith set in an invasion of them by that very numerous class of American people that appreciates a bargain. But this class was certainly non-athletic in character, and had no coherency save in its appreciation of the value it might receive for its money. These new members called very loudly upon directors to give them equivalents for their money, and the Governing Boards of the athletic clubs have been forced to meet that demand, even at the risk of sacrificing the interests of athletics.

The consequence has been that "athletes" are growing less and less important in athletic clubs, and the "old timers" sit together and hold indignation meetings over the course of the clubs which they have fathered. I was present at a meeting of the members of a certain athletic club, called to consider the advisability of the club's ceasing to be represented by a football

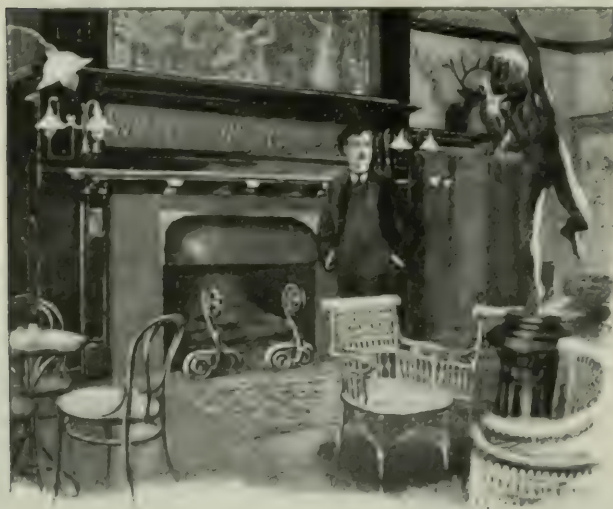


entering into goodly houses which they had builded not, farms which they had tilled not, wells which they had digged not, and orchards which they had planted not."

But however the athletic clubs may have fallen away from the original intention of their founders, however deplorable some of the phases of their present condition may be to those enthusiasts who regard their associations as having only one reason for existence—the making of physical and moral manhood—and however regrettable may be the ascendancy of the café over the gymnasium, that tendency or consequence has been a very natural one. The formative period of the athletic clubs is ended, and they have become settled institutions supplying gratification to continuing needs, and only responding occasionally to an enthusiasm for athletics, according to the composition of their membership.

Further, they reflect the present attitude of the community toward athletics. It needs no demonstration to make clear the fact that athletics have been pushed to excess, and that there is now a reaction. Among the colleges there appears to be no diminution of the athletic fury, but among the athletic clubs proper, competitive athletics are being softened into a pursuit of exercise, open-air life, and good fellowship. The interest in competitive sports is quite as great as formerly, but no longer includes personal competition, but is rather confined to a *side line* interest in them.

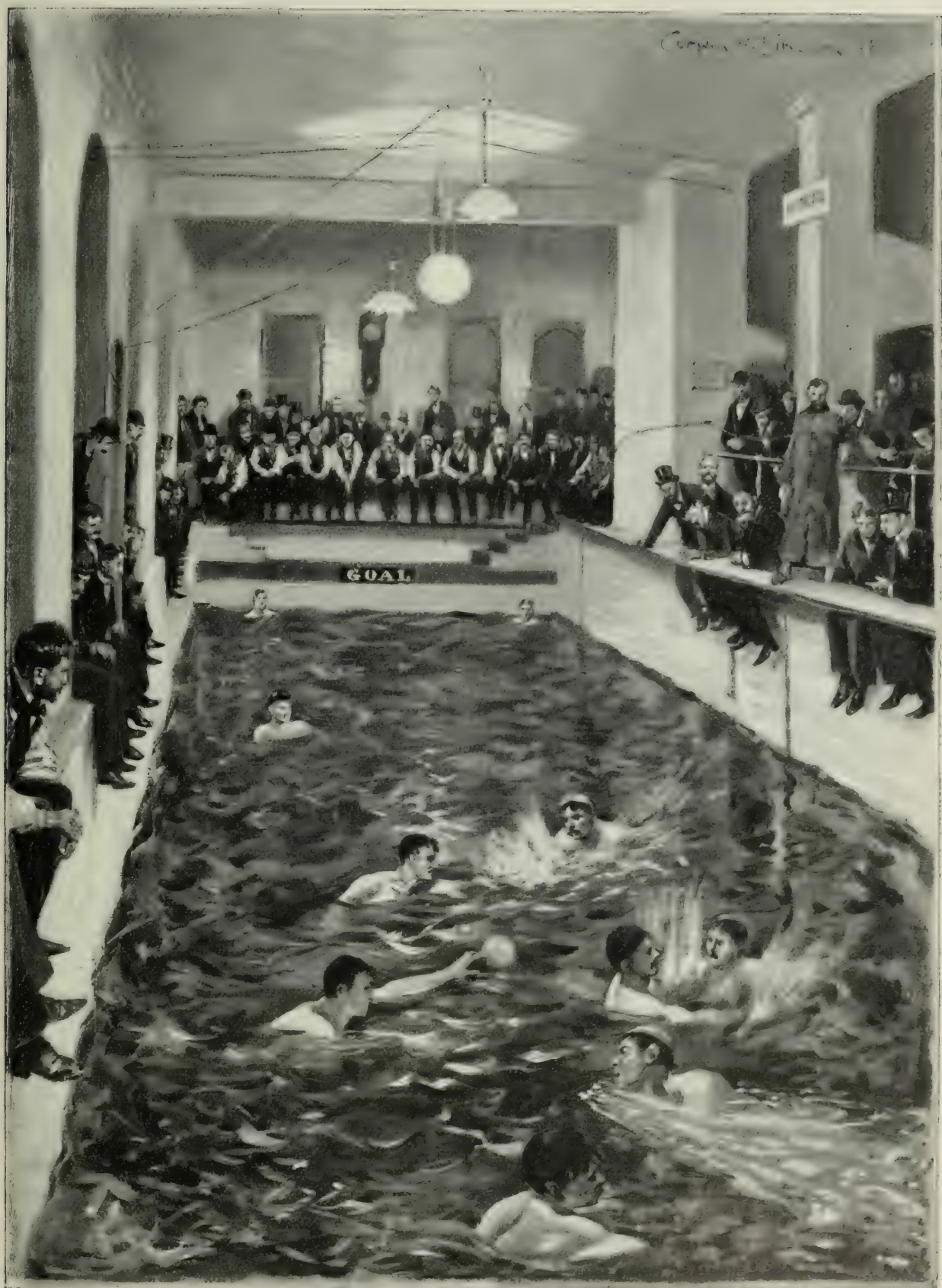
The country club feature is the most pronounced evidence of this change.



The Hall, New York Athletic Club.

team. This particular club has grown out of a football eleven, and had achieved many victories on the "grid-iron" that had filled its parlors with banners. I there heard one of these older members rouse himself to great indignation over the proposition, and





Water Polo at the New York Athletic Club.





The high-board-fence athletic field has been supplanted by the country house, designed not for its athletic facilities, but for the pleasures of a country life. And indeed the country club feature, when it has been introduced, is a further cause in itself for modifying the excess of athletics. For any rational man would prefer to the monotonous pounding of a cinder track in city air and surroundings, the transporting of his thoughts and his body to the ameliorating surrounding of the country; and the indulgence there in open-air sports, not as a labor or with any purpose save the uncontrollable one of naturally using his body, with only such rivalry as demands no arduous training yet gives a zest to the game, and can be measured by long glasses afterward.

Travers Island is the best known of these country athletic fields. It is one of the rocky, wooded, dromedary-backed formations that are characteristic of the north shore of the Long Island Sound. It was originally an island by the courtesy of the high tide, but a roadway has joined it hard and fast to the shore as a peninsula. It is shoreward of picturesque Glen Island, and between it and Glen Island, and stretching farther away under the shore of Hunters Island, is a straight-away course of nearly two miles of as good rowing water as a sweep could dip.

On one knoll of the Island sits the club-house, facing the outlet into the Sound, which focusing between Glen Island and the heavily wooded eastern shore of Hunters Island, holds a view of the farther water and the distant shore of Long Island as if one were looking through the lens of a camera. It is the delight of a summer's evening to dine upon the club-house piazzas and catch the drifting picture of distant yachts and coasters and snowy Sound steamers.

Somewhat farther toward the mainland is a larger knoll, left in its natural state and covered with trees, save where some tennis courts are laid out. Beyond the trees are the boat-house and the yachting quarters. Between the two knolls lies a level bit of turf as smooth and soft



The Yacht Club-house.

and rich as if it were a cloak of Lincoln green thrown upon the earth, and about it runs the dark border of a cinder track. From the club-house and from the grassy slopes reaching down to the track, a view of the field is given as if one were looking down upon the arena of a natural coliseum; and as one glances at the surrounding hills that give a sense of seclusion to the place and help to concentrate the view upon the field itself, one could scarcely keep from thinking, that if the athletic sports of Greece were to be revived, if the somewhat grandiloquent French project to re-establish the ancient athletic games with





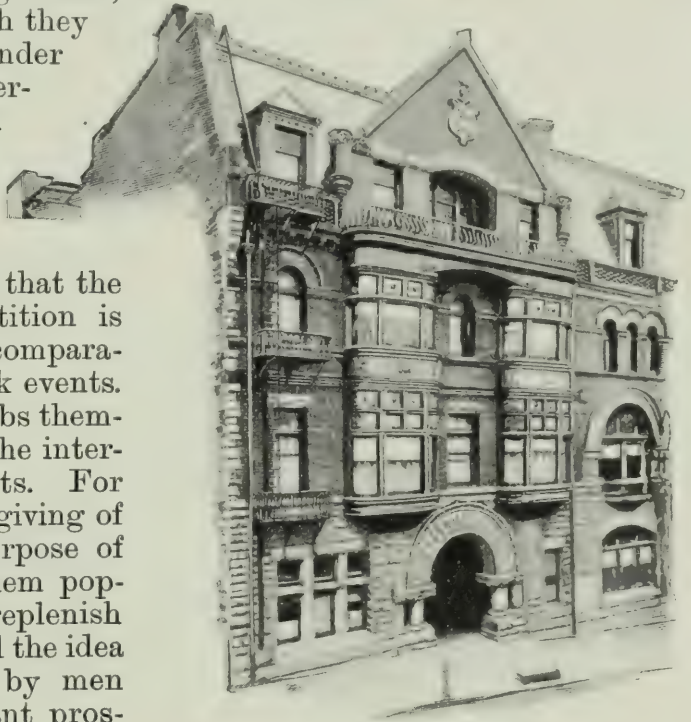
the world as a new Greece should succeed, no more harmonious Olympia could be found.

But unfortunately, the palmy days of track athletics have gone by. The last annual championships of the Amateur Athletic Union were held on these very grounds, and although they were given under

the auspices of the most powerful of all the athletic clubs, and although they represented the competition of the whole of the United States, they were attended by only a very meagre audience. The fact is that the American appetite for competition is no longer satisfied with the comparatively mild contests of the track events. And then again, the athletic clubs themselves have helped to destroy the interest in the ordinary field sports. For many years they made the giving of athletic games the whole purpose of their existence, and finding them popular, they multiplied them to replenish their treasuries. They pursued the idea that the winning of prizes by men wearing their club colors meant prosperity. They invented a system of athletic memberships, that signified anything that they desired it to mean, from free initiations, remitted dues, gratuitous board and lodging, to a business situation or cold cash, and they offered valuable prizes that could quite readily be converted into money.

They raised their trainers from the position of rubbers and servants of the club to the position of athletic managers, and imposed upon them the duty of having a sufficient number of speedy legs to run and jump and a sufficient number of muscular backs to throw weights for their clubs, irrespective of any social requirements of the owners of those backs or legs.

The consequences most inevitable



The Club-house.

were that the athletes of the clubs became hired performers, and they were often kept like a pack of hounds and taken around by the athletic manager to run in one game after another; that the athletic managers, who were mostly



The Olympic A. C. of San Francisco.





The Club-house.

illiterate and purely of the professional class, absorbed in themselves practically all of the competitive athletics of the clubs and forced their personalities on the clubs that engaged them; that the Amateur Athletic Union was compelled to make an annual round up of all its members, to brand a goodly number of the ostensible amateurs as professionals; and finally, that the tone of track athletics became so cheap and so common that the better portion of the club membership held aloof from it.

But whatever may be the present status of track athletics, if you haven't had too much of them, they are vastly interesting.

It is fine to see a quartette of hurdlers "set" for the finals, and to watch them break over the low hurdles like the fast curling wave of a fresh-water lake, that tosses itself rapidly along and rushes up the beach as it breaks. It is fine to watch the flat sprinters dart into high movement at the crack of the pistol and fly like leaves before a furious wind, holding together like a living thing, until a dark, swarthy, sun-burned figure, that has caught your eye from the freedom of his movement, glides out ahead of the rest, every bit

of him running, not a false motion anywhere, and you feel that you have seen one of the perfections of physical attributes. And it is fine to follow the full, strong stride of the half-mile and mile runners, whose legs rise like pistons and whose prototypes must surely have suggested to the ancients the idea of the winged feet of Mercury, so lightly do they touch the ground. Perhaps the most exciting of all the track events are the bicycle races, for it is astonishing to behold the speed of those meagre skeletons of steel that seem almost like



The Boat-house.

the bones of the wind. Indeed, at the present time ordinary athletic games will not draw a crowd large enough to pay expenses unless bicycling is made an important part of them.

It is interesting in connection with this to pick up the newspaper account of the very first games given by the New York Athletic Club, in 1868, at the Empire City Rink, the first games given by any athletic club in this country, for it calls to mind how marvellous has been the development of the wheel since that time.

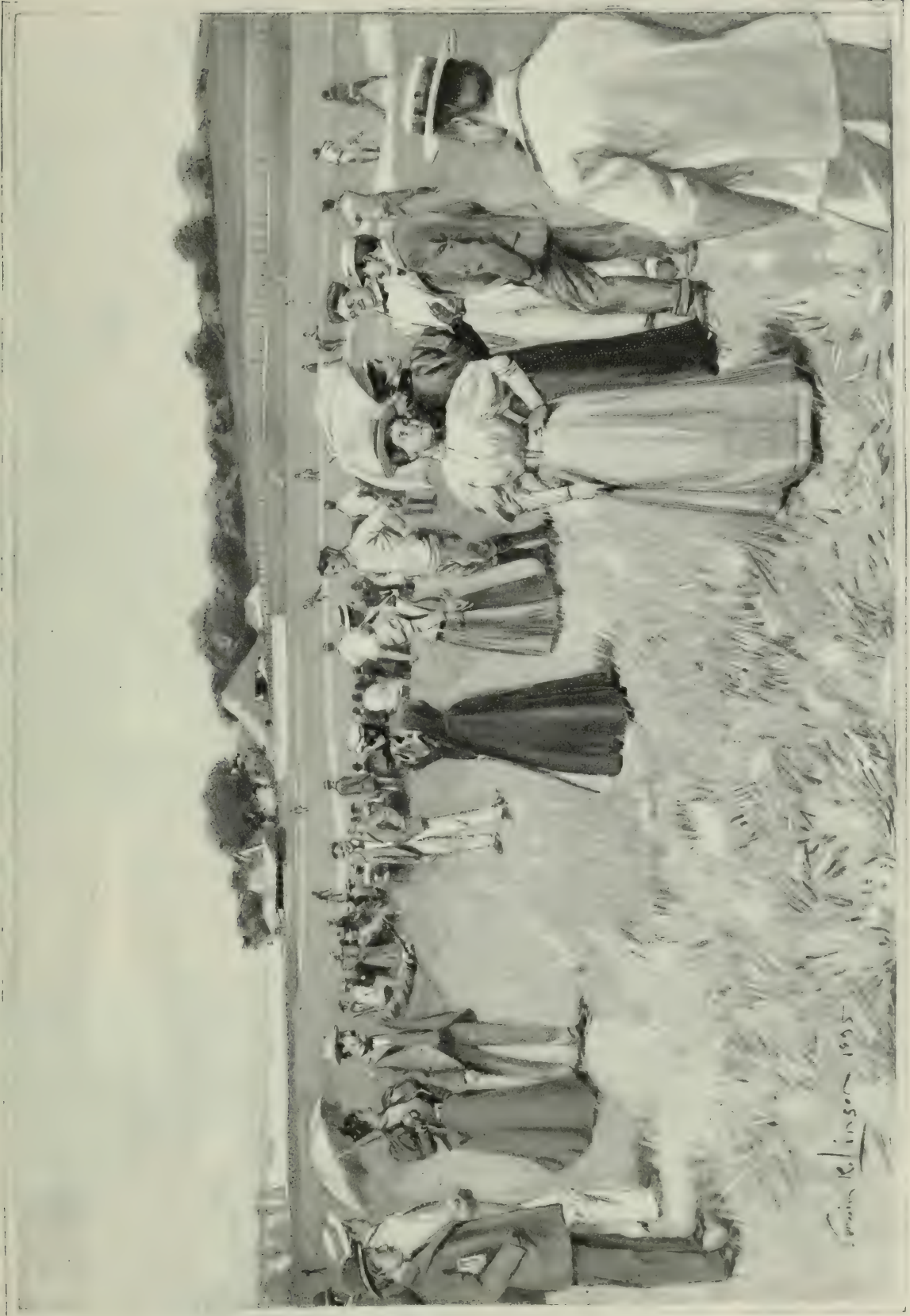
The reporters in those days possessed none of the easy familiarity with sporting matters which the craft possesses to-day, and the particular scribe who wrote this story set down with considerable naïveté what quite filled his eyes.

*The Crescent A. C. of Brooklyn.*



Tennis Courts.





Erwin K. Linson 1935

A Base-ball Game at the Crescent Athletic Club.



"At this juncture," runs the article, "the velocipede race, which the programme announced as the closing feature of the exercise, took place. It proved nothing more, nor was it intended to be more, than an exhibition of the speed to be gained by these wonderful engines of locomotion. The carriage consists of but two wheels placed one before the other with a treadle apparatus to spin them on. Without speaking a word about the velocity with which one can cover ground while riding this machine, the wonder is how one can maintain a balance on it at all. Yet this seems to be no part of the difficulty in navigating. On the contrary, every effort of the rider seems bent on driving at a breakneck speed. The ease and celerity with which this new method of propulsion was turned around the corners of the building was amazing, and its performance was in the highest degree satisfactory."

When one recalls the "bone-shakers" of that period—as the velocipedes of that day were called—buggy wheels with treadles on the leader—and thinks of the contemporary Safety, beating the mile record of the fastest running horse, one can well smile at the ingenuous wonder of the reporter at the primitive road *scorcher* he was describing.

Despite the present eclipse of track athletics they certainly will not die out of the clubs, for they form the basis for all efforts for physical excellence. And if but the chief Athletic Associations should resolutely abolish the giving of prizes of value and the offering of pecuniary inducements to contestants, the track might rationally be expected to fill a larger place in the life of the clubs. It would become more interesting to the rank and file of the membership, who, under the present condition of affairs would only be duffers if they ventured upon it, and it might

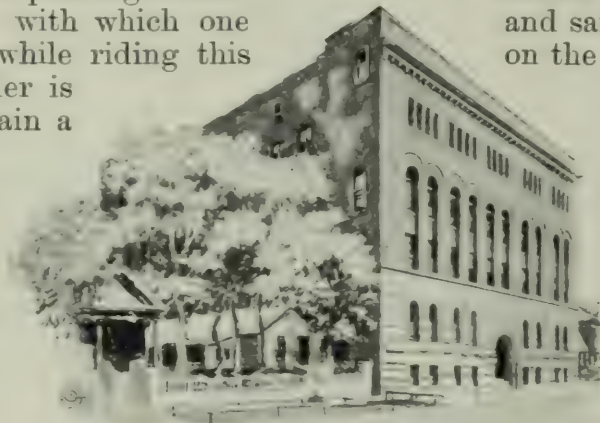
reasonably be expected to become an implement of sport and exercise instead of simply a traditional weapon of inter-club competition.

But leaving Track Athletics, I want to set down a few things about Travers Island and the life there. The best thing about it is the opportunity that it offers for exercise: a track to run on, a turf to play ball on, courts to play tennis on, the water to row and sail on, the afternoons on the "course" or out on

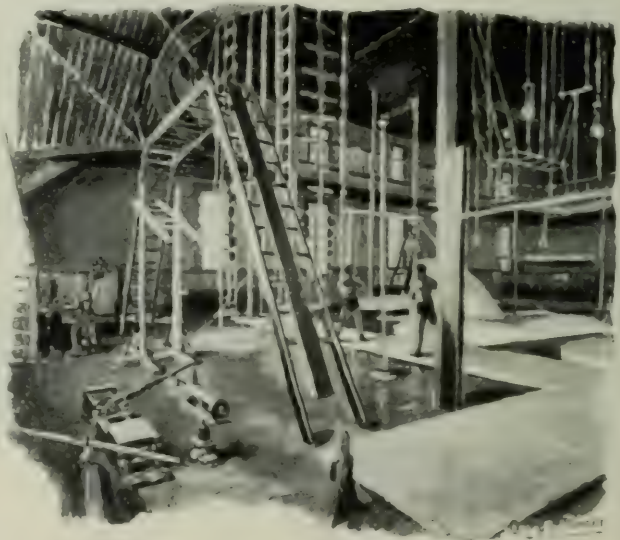
the Sound, the swim, the dinner on the piazza afterward, the pleasant afterglow of clean exercise, a pipe with "the Arcadia" mixture to give you a sense of life (for that is the secret of fire) and to enable you to construct a soothing

melody from the singing of the frogs in the reeds when the tide is out.

That these pleasures are appreciated by the members is best illustrated by the fact, that all of the available rooms in the club-house are rented for the whole summer, and that the transient rooms are almost continuously in demand, and sometimes utterly inadequate to accommodate the men who would occupy them.



The Club-house.



The Gymnasium.





Travers Island is by no means a country club such as the Westchester, or the Meadow Brook, or the Essex County, where the members patronize the politer forms of sport and stiffen up their enjoyment of the country with a good bit of style and society. Travers Island is much too democratic. It is laid out primarily for athletics, and everything in it and around it is for use. They haven't left any artistic bushes or clumps of sumach-trees where you can look out of bay windows at them, or put up a wall about anything and let ivy grow on it. You do not want to go to Travers Island with the idea that you can take a volume of poems out of the library and calmly enjoy the restfulness of a summer's day there. If you sit down on the piazza you will hear the hysterically speedy melodeons from Glen Island, or the cries of the beasts in the menagerie. Or, perhaps, a member with some business friends from the West in the dry goods line, will be sitting at a table near you with cocktails and small white napkins, and they will be telling stories that are like the atmosphere of the smoking compartment in a Pullman; and they will all laugh so suddenly and inartistically that you will have to take up your peace of mind and



carry it off with you. You cannot go into the house, for the small reading-room is

next to the billiard-room, and there are sure to be men with brown derby hats and cigars playing billiards there with a proficiency that argues anything but a serious youth; and the sight of a multitude of sporting papers with their head-lines exposed will drive you thence. In the hallway there is a hearth, and over it the inscription: "Where friends meet hearts warm;" but a log fire underneath is no part of the life of the club and there are no easy chairs about. There is cordiality enough, though. In no place do you see more men slap each other on the back, and laugh and call each other by their first names. But it is a bit noisy. The stages wheel up and leave a crowd that come in as if they were going to do something. The club servants are raw, not a shade obsequious, and seem to think that they are in a hotel. If you wander out toward the boat-house you will find everybody in an energy over something. Men with strong backs and brown arms diving off the spring-board, and doing turns that would be a credit to a circus;



The Swimming Bath, Chicago A. C.

or a school of swimmers plunging along with the overhand side-stroke that makes them look like some sort of a wheel-fish with a porpoise movement; or perhaps an eight are walking on their toes down the gangway carrying a shell; or if there is a bit of wind, the cat-boats are hoisting their sails. You are supposed to be there for the purpose of exercise, and unless you go in



for it, you will be apt to leave with a feeling of having been out of sympathy with your surroundings.

There is no lack of entertainment provided at Travers Island. The season sets in with the spring regattas, a form of sport that has held on in the club with very much the same persistency as Track Athletics. Then come Ladies' days when the Island is taken possession of by a host of Omphales. And family parties come from the surrounding country in rockaways on the invitation of members.

In the early days of the New York Athletic Club it was the custom to send out notices to the members to bring ladies with them to the club games, "in order that athletics might be made as respectable as they were in England." Perhaps nothing illustrates the change of sentiment in regard to athletic clubs better, than this continual public endorsement of the present New York Athletic Club by the present reigning half of humanity.

One of the most interesting features of the summer life is the Vaudevilles given on a stage built out on the rocky slope in front of the club-house. And very popular are these variety shows, out in the open air under the starlight, or with a big yellow moon shining up the inlet and with the accompaniment

of summer night sounds in the air. A general sense of comfort and tobacco smoke pervades the audience, and many of the men who are detained in town on business are here. It is not exactly so polite an ex-

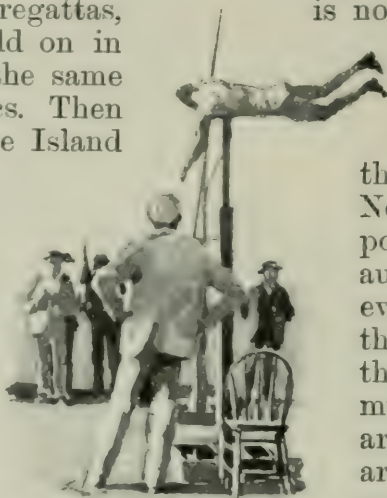
hibition as a lawn performance of "As You Like It," but it is vastly more interesting. In

the be-vaudevilled town of New York it would be impossible that such an alert audience should not be quite even with the very latest thing on the boards, and they are not there half so much for the show as they are for the fun in it. They are sure to recognize all the popular songs, and they appropriate the choruses with

great effect, and take the cigars and pipes from their mouths to give them a judicious rendering.

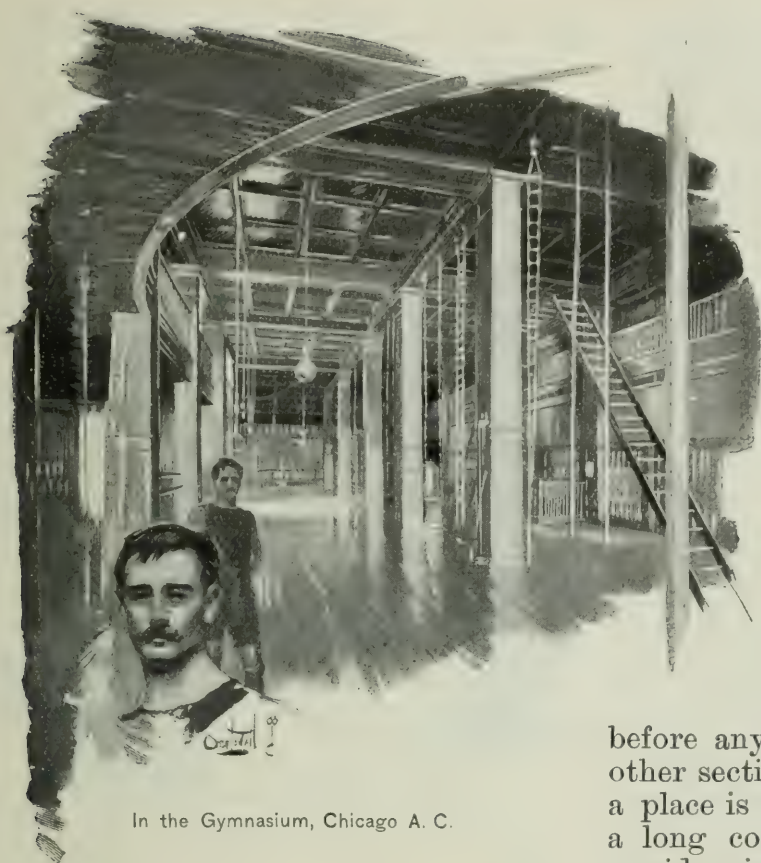
They consider the member of the entertainment committee who introduces the performers as fair prey, and as he escorts before the footlights a beautiful lady in tights with a long purple captivator with red lining, who shortly will sing a song in a peacocky voice as an apology for her being there, he receives a most embarrassing storm of congratulations, and the audience lets itself loose to enjoy its own humor. It's a bit common, perhaps, but it's good fun, and it is unique.

Again, perhaps the club celebrates its birthday with a clam-bake at which all the queer timber in the membership turns up, and lean men whom nobody knows are on hand and devour great quantities of clams. And as a clam-bake with beer in pitchers is a sort of basic happiness (technically known as an "Al-a-ba-zam"), voices begin to sing that have plainly no right to sing, and by the time the green corn appears, the tables are beginning to look half-seas over, a large body of men are persuading themselves that



In the Gymnasium, Chicago A C





In the Gymnasium, Chicago A. C.

they are enjoying themselves, and one man is attempting to make a speech and is being pulled down whenever he gets up. These are times when anyone who loves quiet had better take to the woods. As the middle of night settles down, and the spirits who own the night are again making themselves felt to the listening ear, the last speech is only reiterating the first speech, that the New York Athletic is devoted to pure amateur athletics; and the stages that go up the country lane roll away with the joyous refrain, so popular at Travers Island to express the feeling of having spent a pleasant evening, floating back from them,

How dry I am, how dry I am,  
Nobody knows how dry I am.

The Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn is of a somewhat different type. It is a nearer relation to the true country club. It grew up about a football club organized in 1884 by a few college graduates, and it has held itself completely aloof from track athletics, pursuing the idea that the best part of athletics lies in the encouragement of

football, baseball, lacrosse, tennis, and kindred games.

Its grounds and country home, which have been in the past practically the whole of the club, are on the Bay Ridge shore, on that part of New York Bay where the shores begin to think of turning in toward the Narrows—than which there is no more beautiful spot within a thousand miles of New York—in that New Utrecht district, from which in the good old days before the advent of the railway bringing vegetables from the South, the farmers used to float their products to New York by boat a week

before any of the market farms in the other sections. So fat and comfortable a place is it by nature. Here there is a long commodious club-house with a wide piazza sweeping in front of it. A double row of trees gives the house an appearance of repose. A green turf rounds down to the water a hundred feet away, and then the superb sight of the bay hangs like a marvellous painting before you.

Thirty minutes sail by the Iron Steamboats brings you from a boiling city to this cool, delightful spot, where you are completely secluded on a quiet country road. On that same quiet shore-road, on which are many quaint bits of scenery and fine old trees, carriages only occasionally pass—and yet you are standing by the side of the Marine Highway of the world. The ocean-liners stalk out before you in magnificent procession with a steady wave at their bows and a white smother behind, and if the wind be high with their flags like boards. And if you go down to the roof of the boat-house you





can see them coming back, stealing out of the misty horizon, away down by the Scotland Light, and running up with salty sides to quarantine like great tired hounds. The piazza of the Crescent Club House is more interesting than any club window on Fifth Avenue, and it makes a great part of the life of the club. It is a favorite amusement to drive ladies down to the club for dinner, and one-half of the piazza in the evening seems as if it were holding a reception. As you look over the stone parapet, at the rest of the balcony, you can see a long line of lighted cigars, like the portholes of a ship in the dark, where the club members are sitting with their feet up on the parapet in sweet comfort. Perhaps it is not the province of an article on athletic clubs to describe the scenery of their country houses, but to give an idea of the club the things which give it value to its members must be described. And if one has stood out on the Crescent Club lawn and watched all the glories of a summer afternoon crowd upon the Staten Island hills, following the conqueror to the gates of night; and then has seen the crimson clouds slowly change to a deep rich purple such as only the combined presence of deep

water and wooded land can lend, and the outposts of the shadows creeping stealthily across the water and up the hills, following the trail to the summit of them and motioning to the hosts of darkness behind them; and has turned from the darkening bay to meet the biggest of moons that August nights



In the Library

can make, rising over the ridge of Owl's Head so near that the first sight of it is companionable—he must feel that some of the influence of an athletic club can fairly claim to be æsthetic.

The athletic equipment of the club is not surpassed by that of the New York Athletic Club—and indeed it is unequalled in this country for the phase of athletics to which the club is devoted.

It has two level fields of turf that cover fully ten acres. On the larger field two diamonds are laid out, and two games of baseball are often played thereon, without any interference from each other. Terraced down from this field is a smaller one given over to tennis and lacrosse. A dozen dirt courts are laid out upon it, and there is room besides for fully thirty turf courts. This lower field runs along the shore-road, and just across the road and sitting in a harbor formed by breakwaters, is a very attractive and commodious boat-house, with an observation plaza on its roof, and all the shells of two boat-clubs that have been absorbed by the Crescent Club inside.



In the Dining-room.

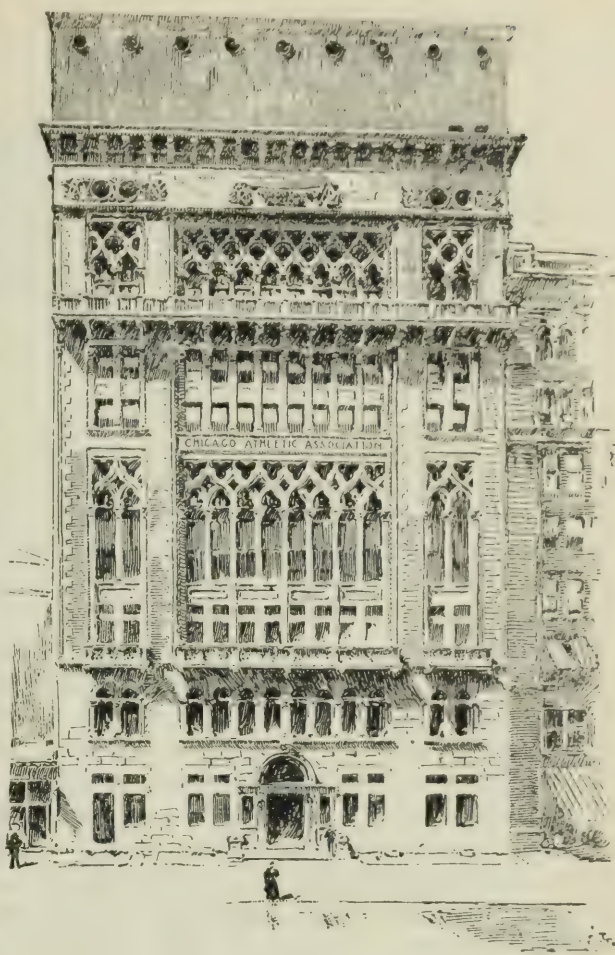


Perhaps the most interesting and characteristic incident of the club life, is the annual baseball tournament confined wholly to club members. Over a hundred men take part in it each year. All who desire to play send in their names in the spring, and seven or eight nines are made up, with captains and managers and their colors to designate them. The games are played usually on Saturday afternoons, and they are astonishing good fun.

The Crescent Athletic Club field is an interesting show on Saturday afternoon when these ball games are going on. The whole field is as white with outing flannels as a Scotch brae with gowans, and the sharp crack of a home run leaving the bat and the shouts of the players makes the merriest kind of music. On the lower field a lacrosse match may be going on with the occasional quick clashing of sticks and the marvellous rapidity of its play. The tennis courts are filled with players unmistakably of the third class, who will be playing tennis long after it has given up all its popularity to golf, and who will be keeping themselves young by it. And scattered about are enough loafers with no apparent object save to enjoy the pleasure of living to rest the eyes.

The water on the bay is too rough to permit of any satisfactory shell work, but it is fine sport for gigs and working boats and canoes. Perhaps ten or fifteen congenial spirits will haul out a war canoe, the Ze-na-diz-e or the Ti-bi-ki-gi-sis and sweep her out into the toss around Fort Lafayette and shoot her into the big ocean waves beyond (if anybody has never been in a "war canoe" in big water with a pitch to it, he has a new sensation awaiting him). Then when everyone has salt hunger on his tongue, hoist sails on her and sheer down into Gravesend Bay to Stillwell's—that needs but a chronicler to give it a name of fame as a place for shore dinners.

This kind of life makes men know each other very well, and there is often much of the aspect of a college campus in the green slope above the water in front of the club-house. On the warm summer evenings, when the town,



The Chicago A. C.

whose halo of light shows up over Owl's Head, is sweltering, the men lie there and sing. There will be scarcely another sound in the air save the soft rush of some excursion steamer slipping by like a white castle of lights, and the crowd will often sing there until the Archer has quite chased the Scorpion out of the southern sky.

This is good, healthy, honest life. It makes good friends and healthy bodies. And for thirty-six dollars a year—for that is the amount of the annual dues of the Crescent Club—many a clerk on a limited salary gets a country home and more fun there and better company than he could buy for half a million of dollars, if he had them.

It would be impossible, when football has become so popular in the colleges, that the athletic clubs which are so much influenced by them should not take it up. The Crescent Athletic Club was the first to organize a football team, and the influence of the example spread almost immediately. Indeed, at pres-



ent football is the only competitive sport that awakens any general enthusiasm among athletic club members.

Soon the Denver Athletic Club football eleven were claiming the championship of the Rockies, and they were drawing audiences, as some of their own statisticians have said, of twelve to fourteen thousand people. The Chicago Athletic Club stirred up its college men to organize a team that has made a Thanksgiving Day game for the West as much of a feature as the Yale and Princeton contest in the East; and, indeed, I have been informed by a director of the Chicago Athletic Club that the audience at the Chicago Thanksgiving Day game is more distinctively fashionable than at the other. Soon, too, the Boston Athletic Club organized a team and began to play with Harvard College, with the natural consequence that the relations between these contestants became somewhat strained, for the Boston athletic team showed that prowess which is a distinguishing characteristic of New England athletes and handled Harvard without gloves.

But there has never been any league that has been able to hold the athletic clubs together, for a regular competition, for any length of time. The

American Football Union, that at one time included the New York Athletic Club, the Manhattan Athletic Club, and the Staten Island Cricket Club, only survives in the annual match between the Crescent and the Orange Athletic Clubs. This is an athletic fixture, however, of considerable magnitude, and one that certainly stirs up great enthusiasm in the following of the two clubs.

The game on the Orange Oval, if it shine, brings out all the pleasant life of the Oranges, and drags and traps as far away as Englewood. And if it rain, the men and the girls who keep in touch with the men, come out in macintoshes; and the girls, like the women on the back rows of the open stands at the last Yale and Princeton game, half-drowned and seeing nothing but open umbrellas before them, perhaps hope that the fad may change. The crowd follows the game in a way that shows that even the youngest boys in knickerbockers understand how the Crescent left end isn't getting low enough for the interference, or how the Orange "full" is slow in getting away the kicks, and how the umpire is a beast and is giving away the game to the other side. Then when the Orange scores they drawl out in unison that most expres-



On the Slope at Travers Island.



sive and typical of slang words "Easy!! Easy!!" And when the Crescent Club scores, then its rooters howl as defiantly as if the bleachers across the fields were the walls of Jericho. When the Orange Club wins, as it did last year, the Orangites execute war dances on the boards of the stand, and perhaps press the hand of the girls next to them with unnecessary warmth (as it seems to the Crescent man passing by). And they all go out through the gates with their heads in the air looking for friends at whom to smile, while the members of the team are being hugged in that crazy fashion that is considered *de rigueur* after football games.



The Orange Athletic Club is a fair type of all the suburban athletic clubs, and those of the smaller cities, that are often social clubs, athletic clubs, and family clubs all rolled into one.

This social design has been the aim of many of the suburban athletic clubs. In some places the scheme has been eminently successful. In the Louisville Athletic Club they set forth their membership as composed of so many men, women, and children. In the Staten Island Cricket Club a ladies' clubhouse stands in one corner of the athletic field, and all through the summer that corner is giving afternoon teas, and furnishing parties for doubles in tennis, and dropping victims all over the field. Perhaps many of these clubs give each year a grand ball that is the social event of the neighborhood (as does the Orange Athletic Club), or dances galore, for the athletes are much appreciated at suburban routs as "stayers," but the real life of these clubs is accurately expressed by saying that they are playgrounds for the grown-up boys of the town.

There is no essential difference between the athletic clubs of any section

of the country. The Olympic Club of San Francisco has a field with roses and geraniums the size of rhododendron bushes blossoming beside the running track. The Denver Athletic Club building has a tennis court on its roof that can certainly claim the finest mountain view of any tennis court in the world. But these are incidentals.

Philadelphia is the only place that shows any essential idiosyncrasy. Her Cricket Clubs are athletic clubs, and yet there is a gulf fixed between such organizations as the Merion or the Manheim Cricket Clubs, and the Schuylkill Navy, or the Bank Clerks' Association. They have time in Philadelphia to play cricket; and I know of no more attractive form of athletic life than that exemplified at Merion; which one might see at its fullest in the match between Lord Hawkes's recurring gentlemen of England and the gentlemen of Philadelphia. It is such a life which makes the Philadelphia audience that witnessed that match so fresh and healthful and kindly, that a stranger might wish to pass his days looking at the stands. Indeed the form of it is somewhat aristocratic, and so English that all foreigners, including the deductive Conan Doyle, unhesitatingly declare that Philadelphia is the most pleasing of American cities. This life is an evolution from the athletic clubs, however—and scarcely in touch with their essential democracy.

Where the athletic clubs seem most like institutions is in their city clubhouses. Perhaps the very best illustration of them all is the Chicago Athletic Club. The idea came to certain public spirited citizens of Chicago, that their city needed an athletic club, just as it came to them later that it needed a public art gallery. An inspection was made of all the chief ath-





letic clubs in the East, and the result was the edifice on Michigan Avenue, which can fairly claim to be the best equipped of all the athletic club-houses and a composite of them all. It was started, it may be said, with the philanthropic idea of giving a club home to clerks of moderate means; but when the plans began to show a house that would cost three-quarters of a million dollars, and a fire loaded the Association with a heavy debt, they dropped philanthropy, and they are now charging one hundred and twenty-five dollars for initiation and sixty-five dollars for annual dues.

The house quite covers a plot of ground of eighty by nearly one hundred and eighty feet, and ranks among the large structures of the city as an artistic building. To give an idea of it, one could say in the first place that it is the most comfortable hotel in Chicago. Two floors are given up entirely to private living-rooms, that are furnished as in the very highest class of caravansaries, and kept scrupulously clean, save that if you press your face against the wire screens kept at the windows in summer-time, you will come away with much soot on your nose and forehead. The dining-room on the seventh floor occupies the entire width of the building, and the whole front is built as a window overlooking the milky waters of Lake Michigan, which is—"Not a bad imitation of the sea, sir." The chef is a former steward of the Pickwick Club of New Orleans, and the cuisine is so acceptable that five or six hundred men dine there daily throughout the winter. The club is situated near the business heart of the city, and noon lunches in the "stalactite" room are very popular. So well known is this purely hotel feature of the club, that strangers from out of town who know the ropes get their friends who are members to put them up at the club instead of going to a hotel. It is cheaper and better than the Auditorium, and there are no servants to be feed into politeness. Then as a social club, in its furnishing, and in everything except the homogeneity of its members, it can claim to stand in the front rank with any of the clubs.

Its distinctively social rooms occupy the entire floor-space of the second story of the building. The front hall is the club parlor, and the rear hall is a combined café and billiard-room in which there are twenty-one tables. I know of no room that gives just the impression of the club parlor in the appearance of its wood carving, except the chamber of the House of Lords at Westminster. It is furnished in oak, carved and designed in Gothic lines. Oak columns run up to the ceiling, and about their bases are fashioned artistic settles. There are four huge fireplaces in the room, one of which, the largest, with a panelled carving of football players over it, could only have been meant for the burning of the logs of a red-wood tree. The billiard-room, that is in reality but a continuation of the club parlor, is furnished entirely in a dark polished mahogany, and the whole aspect of the room is so rich, yet decorous and chaste, that one would hesitate to take off his coat when a game of pool should become too warm.

Then in its athletic facilities it is hard to suggest where any more might be added. On the top of the building are two racket courts, whence the snappy crack of the marble-like racket balls comes to your ears as you are nearing the floor in the elevator. And there is a tennis court, and hand-ball courts, all duly provided with a professor and obliging markers. The gymnasium, with its accompanying rooms for boxing and fencing, occupies the entire floor-space of two stories, and is an interesting exhibition of the ingenious contrivances that can be made for making a man exercise the different muscles of his body. It was a *carte-blanche* production, and it would need a man with an interpreter to know what to do with half the things he sees.

On the story below the gymnasium there are dressing-rooms and showers enough for a regiment. And farther down on the ground floor is an equipment in the way of Turkish baths and swimming-pool, which shows that the builders of the club recognized the power of dirt in their city and desired to make cleanliness attractive.

It is impossible to over-praise the





Cricket at the Staten Island Cricket Club.



richness and completeness of the appointments of the Chicago Athletic Club, from the elaborate wood carving of the club-rooms and the lavishness of oak and mahogany, down to the wonderful glass barber-shop of a thousand reflections. The Boston, Providence, Detroit, Denver, and New York Athletic Clubs have all fine city club-houses, but the Chicago Club easily leads them all. The equipment of them all varies, but the life of the clubs is essentially the same—vaudeville, concerts, smokers, indoor athletic games, whist tournaments, gymnastic exhibitions, wrestling and water-polo, boxing contests, theatricals and amateur circuses—all these are the activities of the athletic clubs from Portland, Ore., to Portland, Me.

In one place, one form of entertainment finds greater acceptance, from the character of the membership; in another a totally different form. In Boston so popular are the Sunday afternoon philharmonic concerts, that they may be said to be characteristic of the club, while in the Chicago and New York Athletic Clubs the boxing contests are always crowded.

These boxing contests are a very interesting illustration of the life of the clubs. They are purely spectacles—not participated in by the members of the clubs, but given up wholly to professionals, who fight for money as a

business—as in the New York Athletic Club—or to “ostensible” amateurs, who spar for prizes of watches or jewelry, as in the Chicago Athletic Club. To indicate how they are appreciated

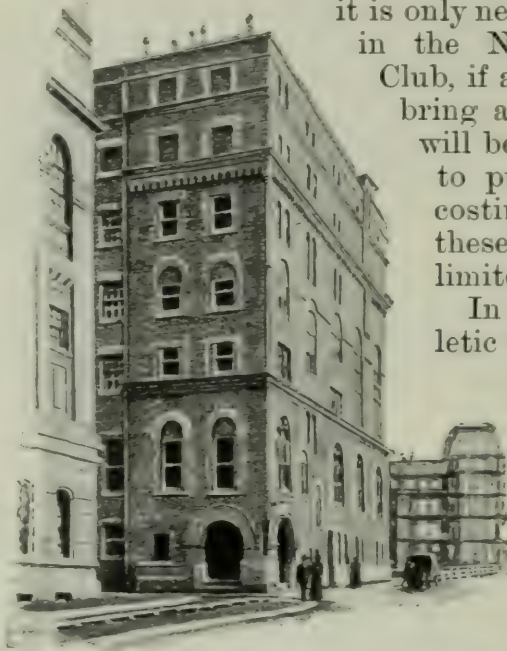
it is only necessary to say that, in the New York Athletic Club, if a member wishes to bring a friend with him it will be necessary for him to purchase a ticket, costing five dollars, and these tickets are strictly limited in number.

In the Chicago Athletic Club it is not unusual for six or seven hundred men to gather on the boxing nights, and there is something quite artistic in the sight. An “ostensible”

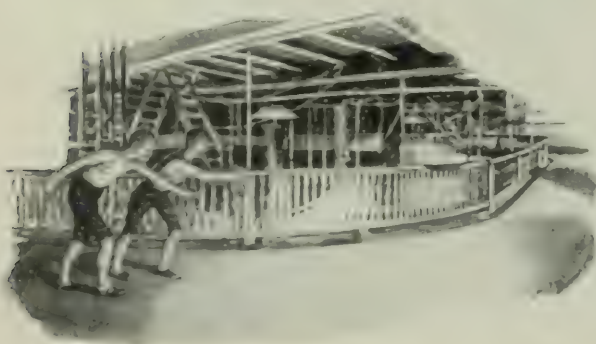
sixteen-foot ring is built up from the gymnasium

floor, and roped in approved style. The seats are built about the ring as in an amphitheatre, running back and upward so that the men in the upper rows look down upon the ring with their elbows on their knees. Above the ring is a shaded drop-light—that floods it, and throws the light out beyond into the faces of a characteristic audience, that banks up from the ring until it gets beyond the circle of the light and reaches close to the ceiling—fifty or sixty feet away from the ropes. There is an appreciable expectation in the crowd, and they regard with a critical eye the boys, as they are technically called, as they step through the ropes and take their seats in the corners, and are followed by a couple of trainers. Why this should be interesting I cannot say, except to admit frankly that no civilization can ever destroy the Anglo-Saxon love “for a good fight.” It is hard to admit that one likes to see two men punch each other’s heads for fair; but still the fact remains that, because they are going to do so presently, deeply interests this typical crowd of the best class of city men.

But there is not anything brutal about



The Club-house.



The Running Track.

*The Boston A. C.*



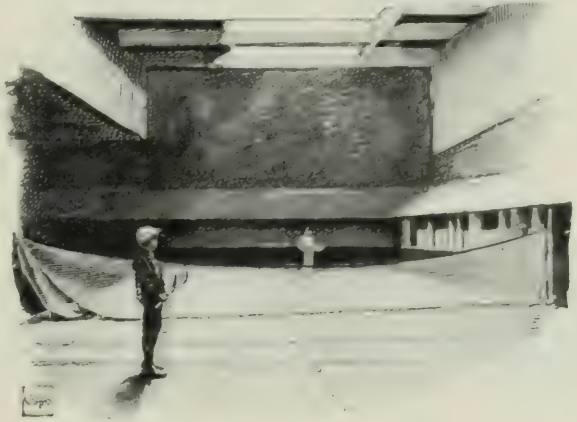


who are being rubbed and fanned, and who are having their tongues scraped with a "strigil" and pressed with lemons. There is nothing ugly about them. They come up to each other smiling, and sometimes take each other's hands in both their own to show they feel no ill-will.

The referee is usually a broker who has had an extensive knowledge of "scraps" and a copy of the only picture of the "Tipton Slasher" in existence. It is really a delicious thing to see the sporty sway to his legs as he follows the fights around the ring, and sees that they punch each other hard enough and yet do not get into a "regular mill."

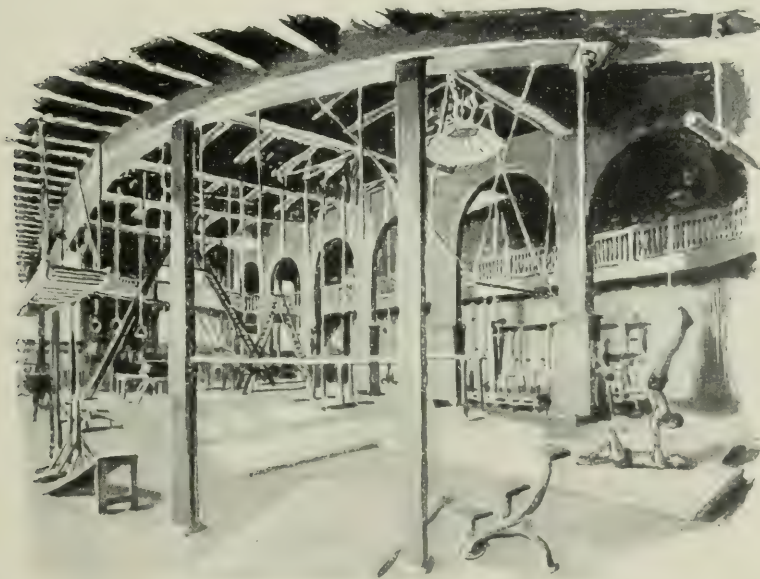
it. It is a business with the young fellows, who sit there, with naked backs, and clean, white, hard flesh, and easy muscles,

When you have seen it all, and even, perhaps, one of the contestants a bit "groggy" at the end, you haven't seen anything immoral or bad—or brutal. You have only been seeing part of the life that is explained by the word Athletic. You have only been interested



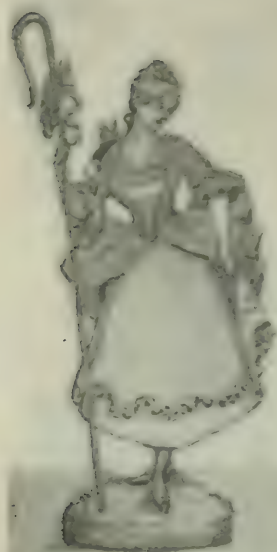
The Racket Court, Boston A. C.

in those things that make for physical superiority, the power of which shall never cease to be admired.

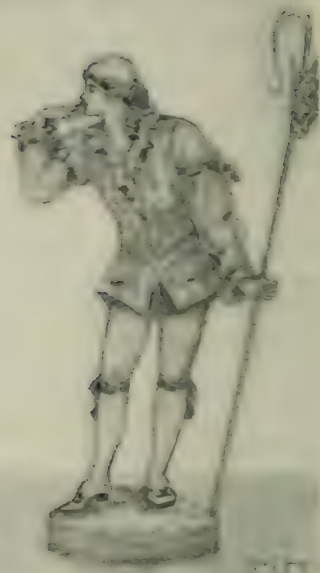


The Gymnasium, Boston A. C.





*A Moral  
in  
Sevres.*



*By Mildred Howells*

UPON my mantelpiece they stand,  
While all its length between them lies ;  
He throws a kiss with graceful hand,  
She glances back with bashful eyes.

The china Shepherdess is fair,  
The Shepherd's face denotes a heart  
Burning with ardor and despair.  
Alas, they stand so far apart !

And yet, perhaps, if they were moved,  
And stood together day by day,  
Their love had not so constant proved,  
Nor would they still have smiled so gay.

His hand the Shepherd might have kissed  
The match-box Angel's heart to win ;  
The Shepherdess, his love have missed,  
And flirted with the Mandarin.

But on my mantelpiece they stand,  
While all its length between them lies ;  
He throws a kiss with graceful hand,  
She glances back with bashful eyes.





# THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL\*

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

## SCENE V.

So the husband and wife were left together in the cottage room. The door had no sooner closed on Saunders and his companions than Isaac was seized with that strange sense of walking amid things unreal upon a wavering earth which is apt to beset the man who has any portion of the dreamer's temperament, under any sudden rush of circumstance. He drew his hand across his brow, bewildered. The fire leapt and chattered in the grate; the newly washed tea-things on the table shone under the lamp; the cat lay curled, as usual, on the chair where he sat after supper to read his *Christian World*; yet all things were not the same. What had changed?

Then across poor John's rifled box he saw his wife sitting rigid on the chair where he had left her.

He came and sat down at the corner of the table, close to her, his chin on his hand.

"'Ow did yer spend it?" he said, startled, as the words came out, by his own voice, so grinding and ugly was the note of it.

Her miserable eyes travelled over his face, seeking, as it were, for some promise, however faint, of future help and succor, however distant.

Apparently she saw none, for her own look flamed to fresh defiance.

"I didn't spend it. Saunders wor lyin'."

"'Ow did yer get them half-crowns?"

"I got 'em at Bedford. Mr. Grimstone give 'em me."

Isaac looked at her hard, his shame burning into his heart. This was how she had got her money for the gin. Of course, she had lied to him the night before, in her account of her fall and of that mark on her forehead, which still showed, a red disfigure-

ment, under the hair she had drawn across it. The sight of it, of her, began to excite in him a quick loathing. He was at bottom a man of violent passions, and in the presence of evil-doing so flagrant, so cruel—of a household ruin so complete—his religion failed him.

"When was it as yer opened that box fust?" he asked her again, scorning her denials.

She burst into a rage of tears, lifting her apron to her eyes, and flinging names at him that he scarcely heard.

There was a little cold tea in a cup close to him that Bessie had forgotten. He stretched out his hand, and took a mouthful, moistening his dry lips and throat.

"Yer'll go to prison for this," he said, jerking it out as he put the cup down.

He saw her shiver. Her nerve was failing her. The convulsive sobs continued, but she ceased to abuse him. He wondered when he should be able to get it out of her. He himself could no more have wept than iron and fire weep.

"Are yer goin' to tell me when yer took that money, and 'ow yer spent it? 'Cos, if yer don't, I shall go to Watson."

Even in her abasement it struck her as shameful, unnatural, that he, her husband, should say this. Her remorse returned upon her heart, like a tide driven back. She answered him not a word.

He put his silver watch on the table.

"I'll give yer two minutes," he said.

There was silence in the cottage except for the choking, hysterical sounds she could not master. Then he took up his hat again, and went out into the snow, which was by now falling fast.

She remained helpless and sobbing, unconscious of the passage of time,

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one hand playing incessantly with a child's comforter that lay beside her on the table, the other wiping away the crowding tears. But her mind worked feverishly all the time, and gradually she fought herself free of this weeping, which clutched her against her will.

Isaac was away for an hour. When he came back, he closed the door carefully, and, walking to the table, threw down his hat upon it. His face under its ruddy brown had suffered some radical disintegrating change.

"They've traced yer," he said, hoarsely; "they've got it up to twenty-six pound, an' more. Most on it 'ere in Clinton—some on it, Muster Miles o' Frampton ull swear to. Watson ull go over to Frampton, for the warrant—to-morrer."

The news shook her from head to foot. She stared at him wildly—speechless.

"But that's not arf," he went on—"not near arf. Do yer 'ear? What did yer do with the rest? I'll not answer for keepin' my 'ands off yer if yer won't tell."

In his trance of rage and agony he was incapable of pity. He had small need to threaten her with blows—every word stabbed.

But her turn had come to strike back. She raised her head; she measured her news against his; and she did it with a kind of exultation.

"Then I *will* tell yer—an' I 'ope it ull do yer good. I took thirty-one pound o' Bolderfield's money then—but it warn't me took the rest. Someone else tuk it, an' I stood by an' saw 'im. When I tried to stop 'im—look 'ere."

She raised her hand, nodding, and pointing to the wound on her brow.

Isaac leant heavily on the table. A horrible suspicion swept through him. Had she wronged him in a yet blacker way? He bent over her, breathing fast—ready to strike.

"Who was it?"

She laughed. "Well, it wor *Timothy* then—yur precious—beautiful son—Timothy!"

He fell back.

"Yo're lyin'," he cried; "yer want to throw it off on someone. How cud

Timothy 'ave 'ad anythin' to do with John's money? Timothy's not been near the place this three months."

"Not till lasst night," she said, mocking him. "I'll grant yer—not till lasst night. But it *do* 'appen, as lasst night Timothy took forty-one pound o' John Borroful's money out o' that box, an' got off—clean. I'm sorry if yer don't like it—but I can't 'elp that; yo' listen 'ere."

And lifting a quivering finger she told her tale at last, all the beginning of it confused and almost unintelligible, but the scene with Timothy vivid, swift, convincing—a direct impression from the ugly immediate fact.

He listened, his face lying on his arms. It was true; all true. She might have taken more and Timothy less; no doubt she was making it out as bad as she could for Timothy. But it lay between them—his wife and his son—it lay between them.

"An' I 'eard yer coming," she ended; "an' I thought I'd tell yer—an' I wor frightened about the arf-crowns—people 'ad been talkin' so at Dawson's—an' I didn't see no way out—an'—an'——"

She ceased, her hand plucking again at the comforter, her throat working.

He, too, thought of the loving words he had said to her, and the memory of them only made his misery the more fierce.

"An' there ain't no way out," he said violently, raising his head. "Yer'll be took before the magistrates next week, an' the assizes ull be in February, an' yer'll get six months—if yer don't get more."

She got up from her chair as though physically goaded by the words.

"I'll not go to jail," she said, under her breath. "I'll not——"

A sound of scorn broke from Isaac.

"You should ha' thought o' that," he said. "Yo' should ha' thought o' that. An' what you've been sayin' about Timothy don't make it a 'aporth the better—not for *you*! Yo' led 'im into it too—if it 'adn't been for yo', 'ee'd never ha' *seen* the cursed stuff. Yo've dragged 'im down worse nor 'ee were—an' yer-self—an' the childer—an' me. An' the drink, an' the lyin'!—it turns a man's stomach to think on it. An' I've been



livin' with yer—these twelve years. I wish to the Lord I'd never seen yer—as the children ud never been born! They'll be known all their life now—as 'avin' 'ad sich a woman for their mother!"

A demon of passion possessed him more and more. He looked at her with murderous eyes, his hand on the table working.

For his world, too, lay in ruins about him. Through many hard-working and virtuous years he had counted among the righteous men of the village—the men whom the Almighty must needs reckon to the good whenever the score of Clinton Magna had to be made up. And this pre-eminence had come to be part of the habitual furniture of life and thought. To be suddenly stripped of it—to be, not only disgraced by his wife, to be thrust down himself among the low and sinful herd—this thought made another man of him; made him wicked, as it were, perforce. For who that heard the story would ever believe that he was not the partner of her crime? Had he not eaten and drunk of it; were not he and his children now clothed by it?

Bessie did not answer him nor look at him. At any other moment she would have been afraid of him; now she feared nothing but the image in her own mind—herself led along the village street, enclosed in that hateful building, cut off from all pleasure, all free moving and willing—alone and despised—her children taken from her.

Suddenly she walked into the back kitchen and opened the door leading to the garden.

Outside everything lay swathed in white, and a snow-storm was drifting over the deep cup of land which held the village. A dull, melancholy moonlight seemed to be somewhere behind the snow-curtain, for the muffled shapes of the houses below and the long sweep of the hill were visible through the dark, and the objects in the little garden itself were almost distinct. There, in the centre, rose the round stone edging of the well, the copious well, sunk deep into the chalk, for which Bessie's neighbors envied her, whence her good nature let them draw freely at any

time of drought. On either side of it the gnarled stems of old fruit-trees and the bare sticks of winter kale made black scratches and blots upon the white.

Bessie looked out, leaning against the doorway, and heedless of the wind that drove upon her. Down below there was a light in Watson's cottage, and a few lights from the main street beyond pierced the darkness. The "Spotted Deer" must be at that moment full of people, all talking of her and Isaac. Her eye came hastily back to the snow-shrouded well and dwelt upon it.

"Shut that door!" Isaac commanded from inside. She obeyed, and came back into the kitchen. There she moved restlessly about a minute or two, followed by his frowning look—the look, not of a husband, but of an enemy. Then a sudden animal yearning for rest and warmth seized her. She opened the door by the hearth abruptly and went up, longing simply to lie down and cover herself from the cold.

But, after all, she turned aside to the children, and sat there for some time at the foot of the little boys' bed. The children, especially Arthur, had been restless for long, kept awake and trembling by the strange sounds outside their door and the loud voices downstairs; but, with the deep silence that had suddenly fallen on the house after Isaac had gone away to seek his interview with Watson, sleep had come to them, and even Arthur, on whose thin cheeks the smears left by crying were still visible, was quite unconscious of his mother. She looked at them from time to time, by the light of a bit of a candle she had placed on a box beside her; but she did not kiss them, and her eyes had no tears. From time to time she looked quickly round her, as though startled by a sound, a breathing.

Presently, shivering with cold, she went into her own room. There, mechanically, she took off her outer dress, as though to go to bed; but when she had done so her hands fell by her side; she stood motionless till, suddenly wrapping an old shawl round her, she took up her candle and went downstairs again.

As she pushed open the door at the foot of the stairs, she saw Isaac, where



she had left him, sitting on his chair, bent forward, his hands dropping between his knees, his gaze fixed on a bit of dying fire in the grate.

"Isaac!"

He looked up with the unwillingness of one who hates the sound he hears, and saw her standing on the lowest step. Her black hair had fallen upon her shoulders, her quick breath shook the shawl she held about her, and the light in her hand showed the anguished brightness of the eyes.

"Isaac, are yer comin' up?"

The question maddened him. He turned to look at her more fixedly.

"Comin' up? noa, I'm not comin' up—so now yer know. Take yerself off, an' be quick."

She trembled.

"Are yer goin' to sleep down 'ere, Isaac?"

"Ay, or wherever I likes: it's no concern o' yourn. I'm no 'usband o' yourn from this day forth. Take yourself off, I say!—I'll 'ave no thief for *my* wife!"

But instead of going she stepped down into the kitchen. His words had broken her down; she was crying again.

"Isaac, I'd ha' put it back," she said, imploring. "I wor goin' in to Bedford to see Mr. Grimstone—'ee'd ha' managed it for me. I'd a worked extra—I could ha' done it—if it 'adn't been for Timothy. If you'll 'elp—an' you'd oughter, for yer *are* my 'usband, whatever yer may say—we could pay John back—some day. You can go to 'im, an' to Watson, an' say as we'll pay it back—yo' *could*, Isaac. I can take ter the plattin' again, an' I can go an' work for Mrs. Drew—she asked me again lasst week. Mary Anne ull see to the childer. You go to John, Isaac, to-morrer—an'—an'—to Watson. All they wants is the money back. Yer couldn't—yer couldn't—see me took to prison, Isaac."

She gasped for breath, wiping the mist from her eyes with the edge of her shawl.

But all that she said only maddened the man's harsh and pessimist nature the more. The futility of her proposals, of her daring to think, after his fiat and the law's had gone forth, that there was any way out of what she had done, for

her or for him, drove him to frenzy. And his wretched son was far away; so he must vent the frenzy on her. The melancholia, which religion had more or less restrained and comforted during a troubled lifetime, became, on this tragic night a wild-beast impulse that must have its prey.

He rose suddenly and came toward her, his eyes glaring, and a burst of invective on his white lips. Then he made a rush for a heavy stick that leant against the wall.

She fled from him, reached her bedroom in safety, and bolted the door. She heard him give a groan on the stairs, throw away the stick, and descend again.

Then for nearly two hours there was absolute stillness once more in this miserable house. Bessie had sunk, half fainting, on a chair by the bed, and lay there, her head lying against the pillow.

But in a very short time the blessed numbness was gone, and consciousness became once more a torture, the medium of terrors not to be borne. Isaac hated her—she would be taken from her children—she felt Watson's grip upon her arm—she saw the jeering faces at the village doors.

At times a wave of sheer bewilderment swept across her. How had it come about that she was sitting there like this? Only two days before she had been everybody's friend. Life had been perpetually gay and exciting. She had had qualms indeed, moments of a quick anguish, before the scene in the "Spotted Deer." But there had been always some thought to protect her from herself. John was not coming back for a long, long time. She would replace the money—of course she would! And she would not take any more—or only a very little. Meanwhile the hours floated by, dressed in a color and variety they had never yet possessed for her—charged with all the delights of wealth, as such a human being under such conditions is able to conceive them.

Her nature, indeed, had never gauged its own capacities for pleasure till within the last few months. Excitement, amusement, society—she had grown to



them ; they had evoked in her a richer and fuller life, expanded and quickened all the currents of her blood. As she sat shivering in the darkness and solitude, she thought, with a sick longing, of the hours in the public-house—the lights, the talk, the warmth within and without. The drink-thirst was upon her at this moment. It had driven her down to the village that afternoon at the moment of John's arrival. But she had no money. She had not dared to unlock the cupboard again, and she could only wander up and down the bit of dark road beyond the "Spotted Deer," suffering and craving.

Well, it was all done—all done !

She had come up without her candle, and the only light in the room was a cold glimmer from the snow outside. But she must find a light, for she must write a letter. By much groping she found some matches, and then lit one after another while she searched in her untidy drawers for an ink-bottle and a pen she knew must be there.

She found them, and with infinite difficulty—holding match after match in her left hand—she scrawled a few blotted lines on a torn piece of paper. She was a poor scholar, and the toil was great. When it was done, she propped the paper up against the looking-glass.

Then she felt for her dress, and deliberately put it on again, in the dark, though her hands were so numb with cold that she could scarcely hook the fastenings. Her teeth chattered as she threw her old shawl round her.

Stooping down she took off her boots, and pushing the bolt of her own door back as noiselessly as possible, she crept down the stairs. As she neared the lower door, the sound of two or three loud breathings caught her ear.

Her heart contracted with an awful sense of loneliness. Her husband slept—her children slept—while she—

Then the wave of a strange, a just passion mounted within her. She stepped into the kitchen, and walking up to her husband's chair, she stood still a moment looking at him. The lamp was dying away, but she could still see him plainly. She held herself steadily erect ; a frown was on her brow, a flame in her eyes.

"Well, good-by, Isaac," she said, in a low but firm voice.

Then she walked to the backdoor and opened it, taking no heed of noise ; the latch fell heavily, the hinges creaked.

"Isaac !" she cried, her tones loud and ringing, "*Isaac !*"

There was a sudden sound in the kitchen. She slipped through the door, and ran along the snow-covered garden.

Isaac, roused by her call from the deep trance of exhaustion which only a few minutes before had fallen upon his misery, stood up, felt the blast rushing in through the open door at the back, and ran blindly.

The door had swung to again. He clutched it open ; in the dim weird light, he saw a dark figure stoop over the well ; he heard something flung aside, which fell upon the snow with a thud ; then the figure sprang upon the coping of the well.

He ran with all his speed, his face beaten by the wind and sleet. But he was too late. A sharp cry pierced the night. As he reached the well and hung over it, he heard, or thought he heard, a groan, a beating of the water—then no more.

Isaac's shouts for help attracted the notice of a neighbor who was sitting up with her daughter and a new-born child. She roused her son-in-law and his boy, and through them a score of others, deep night though it was.

Watson was among the first of those who gathered round the well. He and others lowered Isaac with ropes into its icy depths, and drew him up again, while the snow beat upon them all—the straining men—the two dripping shapes emerging from the earth. A murmur of horror greeted the first sight of that marred face on Isaac's arm, as the lanterns fell upon it. For there was a gash above the eye, caused by a projection in the hard chalk side of the well, which of itself spoke death.

Isaac carried her in, and laid her down before the still glowing hearth. A shudder ran through him as he knelt, bending over her. The new wound had effaced all the traces of Timothy's blow. How long was it since she had stood there before him pointing to it ?



The features were already rigid. No one felt the smallest hope. Yet with that futile tenderness all can show to the dead, everything was tried. Mary Anne Waller came—white and speechless—and her deft gentle hands did whatever the village doctor told her. And there were many other women, too, who did their best. Some of them, had Bessie dared to live, would have helped with all their might to fill her cup of punishment to the brim. Now that she had thrown herself on death as her only friend, they were dissolved in pity.

Everything failed. Bessie had meant to die, and she had not missed her aim. There came a moment when the doctor, laying his ear for the last time to her cold breast, raised himself to bid the useless effort cease.

"Send them all away," he said to the little widow, "and you stay." Watson helped to clear the room, then he and Isaac carried the dead woman upstairs. An old man followed them, a bent and broken being, who dragged himself up the steps with his stick. Watson, out of compassion, came back to help him.

"John—yer'd better go home, an' to yer bed—yer can't do no good."

"I'll wait for Mary Anne," said John, in a shaking whisper—"I'll wait for Mary Anne."

And he stood at the doorway leaning on his stick; his weak and reddened eyes fixed on his cousin, his mouth open feebly.

But Mary Anne, weeping, beckoned to another woman who had come up with the little procession, and they began their last offices.

"Let us go," said the doctor, kindly, his hand on Isaac's shoulder, "till they have done."

At that moment Watson, throwing a last professional glance round the room, perceived the piece of torn paper propped against the glass. Ah! there was the letter. There was always a letter.

He walked forward, glanced at it, and handed it to Isaac. Isaac drew his hand across his brow in bewilderment, then seemed to recognize the handwriting, and thrust it into his pocket without a word. Watson touched his arm. "Don't you destroy it," he

said in warning; "it'll be asked for at the inquest."

The men descended. Watson and the doctor departed. John and Isaac were left alone in the kitchen. Isaac hung over the fire, which had been piled up in the hope of restoring warmth to the drowned woman. Suddenly he took out the letter, and, bending his head to the blaze, began to read it.

"Isaac, yer a cruel husband to me, an' there's no way fer me but the way I'm goin'. I didn't mean no 'arm, not at first, but there, wot's the good of talkin'. I can't bear the way as you speaks to me an' looks at me, an' I'll never go to prison—no, never. It's orful—fer the children ull 'ave no mother, an' I don't know however Arthur ull manage. But yer woodent show me no mercy, an' I can't think of anythin' different. I did love yer an' the childer, but the drink got holt of me. Yer mus' see as Arthur is rapped up, an' Edie's eyes ull 'ave to be seen to now an' agen. I'm sorry, but there's nothin' else. I wud like yer to kiss me onst, when they bring me in, and jes say, Bessie, I forgive yer. It won't do yer no 'arm, an' p'raps I may 'ear it without your knowin'. So good-by, Isaac, from yur lovin' wife, Bessie. . . ."

As he read it the man's fixed pallor and iron calm gave way. He leaned against the mantelpiece, shaken at last with the sobs of a human and a helpless remorse.

John, from his seat on the settle a few yards away, looked at Isaac miserably. His lips opened now and then as though to speak, then closed again. His brain could form no distinct image. He was encompassed by a general sense of desolation, springing from the loss of his money, which was pierced every now and then by a strange sense of guilt. It seemed to have something to do with Bessie, this last, though what he could not have told.

So they sat, till Mary Anne's voice called "Isaac" from the top of the stairs.

Isaac stood up, drew one deep breath, controlled himself, and went, John following.

Mary Anne held the bedroom door open for them, and the two men entered, treading softly.



The women stood on either hand crying. They had clothed the dead in white and crossed her hands upon her breast. A linen covering had been passed, nun-like, round the head and chin. The wound was hidden, and the face lay framed in an oval of pure white, which gave it a strange severity.

Isaac bent over her. Was this *Bessie*—Bessie, the human, faulty, chattering creature—whom he, her natural master, had been free to scold or caress at will? At bottom he had always been conscious in regard to her of a silent but immeasurable superiority, whether as mere man to mere woman, or as the Christian to the sinner.

Now—he dared scarcely touch her. As she lay in this new-found dignity, the proud peace of her look intimidated, accused him—would always accuse him till he too rested as she rested now, clad for the end. Yet she had bade him kiss her—and he obeyed her—groaning within himself, incapable altogether, out of sheer abasement, of saying those words she had asked of him.

Then he sat down beside her, motionless. John tried once or twice to speak to him, but Isaac shook his head impatiently. At last the mere presence of Bolderfield in the room seemed to anger him. He threw the old man such dark and restless looks that Mary Anne perceived them, and, with instinctive understanding, persuaded John to go.

She, however, must needs go with him, and she went. The other woman stayed. Every now and then she looked furtively at Isaac.

"If some one don't look arter 'im," she said to herself, "'ee'll go as his father and his brothers went afore him. 'Ee's got the look on it awready. When-iver it's light I'll go fetch Muster Drew."

With the first rays of the morning Bolderfield got up from the bed in Mary Anne's cottage, where she had placed him a couple of hours before, imploring him to lie still and rest himself. He slipped on his coat, the only garment he had taken off, and taking his stick he crept down to the cottage door. Mary Anne, who had gone out to fetch some bread, had left it ajar. He

opened it and stood on the threshold looking out.

The storm of the night was over, and already a milder breeze was beginning to melt the newly fallen snow. The sun was striking cheerfully from the hill behind him upon the glistening surfaces of the distant fields; the old laborer felt a hint of spring in the air. It brought with it a hundred vague associations, and filled him with a boundless despair. What would become of him now—penniless and old and feeble? The horror of Bessie's death no longer stood between him and his own pain, and would soon even cease to protect her from his hatred.

Mary Anne came back along the lane, carrying a jug and a loaf. Her little face was all blanched and drawn with weariness; yet when she saw him her look kindled. She ran up to him.

"What did yer come down for, John? I'd ha' taken yer yer breakfast in yer bed."

He looked at her, then at the food. His eyes filled with tears.

"I can't pay yer for it," he said, pointing with his stick; "I can't pay yer for it."

Mary Anne led him in, scolding and coaxing him with her gentle, trembling voice. She made him sit down while she blew up the fire; she fed and tended him. When she had forced him to eat something, she came behind him and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"John," she said, clearing her throat, "John, yer sha'n't want while I'm livin'. I promised Eliza I wouldn't forget yer, and I won't. I can work yet—there's plenty o' people want me to work for 'em—an' maybe, when yer get over this, you'll work a bit, too, now and again. We'll hold together, John—anyways. While I live and keep my 'elth yer sha'n't want. An' yer'll forgive Bessie"—she broke into sudden sobbing. "Oh! I'll never 'ear a crule word about Bessie in my 'ouse, *never!*"

John put his arms on the table and hid his face upon them. He could not speak of forgiveness, nor could he thank her for her promise. His chief feeling was an intense wish to sleep; but as Mary Anne dried her tears and began to go about her household work, the



sound of her step, the sense of her loving presence near him, began for the first time to relax the aching grip upon his heart. He had always been weak and dependent, in spite of his thrift and his money. He would be far more weak and dependent now and henceforward. But again, he had found a woman's tenderness to lean upon, and as she ministered to him—this humble, shrinking creature he had once so cordially despised—the first drop of balm fell upon his sore.

Meanwhile, in another cottage a few yards away, Mr. Drew was wrestling with Isaac. In his own opinion he met with small success. The man who had refused his wife mercy, shrank with a kind of horror from talking of the Divine mercy. Isaac Costrell's was a strange and groping soul. But those misjudged him who called him a hypocrite.

Yet, in truth, during the years that followed, whenever he was not under

the influence of recurrent attacks of melancholia, Isaac did again derive much comfort from the aspirations and self-abasements of religion. No human life would be possible if there were not forces in and round man perpetually tending to repair the wounds and breaches that he himself makes. Misery provokes pity; despair throws itself on a Divine tenderness. And for those who have the "grace" of faith, in the broken and imperfect action of these healing powers upon this various world—in the love of the merciful for the unhappy, in the tremulous yet undying hope that pierces even sin and remorse with the vision of some ultimate salvation from the self that breeds them—in these powers there speaks the only voice which can make us patient under the tragedies of human fate, whether these tragedies be "the falls of princes," or such meaner, narrower pains as brought poor Bessie Costrell to her end.

THE END.

## AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS—ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY\*

IT is as an interpreter of Nature that Elbridge Kingsley is best known. His reproductions of paintings by famous landscape artists—Corot, Diaz, Daubigny, Inness, and Tryon—and his original blocks, either from his own studies or directly in the wood, are permeated through and through with a sympathy and poetry only possible to one who knows and loves Nature.

His boyhood was passed upon a farm near Hadley, Mass., in the heart of a beautiful and varied country, and his early acquired fondness for the freedom of the woods and fields has led him back in his maturity to make his home amid the scenes that gave him his first artistic inspiration. From the age of sixteen until manhood, when he came to New York with the ambition to study art, he worked in the office

of a small country newspaper. Arrived in the city, his first object was to enter the evening classes of the Cooper Union Art Schools, after which he found a practical means of defraying expenses as a compositor on *The Tribune*. An opportunity presenting to take up the more congenial study of wood-engraving, he began it with the enthusiasm that has characterized all of his work. After a few years of city life he returned to the freedom of his loved country, where his spare time was spent in wandering through the woods, sketch-book in hand, ready to make note of any scene that might appeal to his passing mood. A reading of Mr. Hamerton's "Painter's Camp," and a long-cherished wish to live and be in touch with Nature, to work within her charmed circle, to be at hand in all her changing moods from dawn to night, and in sun and storm, suggested

\* With a portrait and two original wood-engravings.



the building of a wheeled car that might be used both as a studio and dwelling.



Elbridge Kingsley.

While working in this gypsy-like home in the fall of 1882 he engraved a scene directly in the wood which at the time attracted attention, both as a beautiful example of his art and a remarkable achievement. It went far to prove his claim for the wood-engraver's art as one that, in the hands of a master, may assume the value and dignity of a place for itself apart from its merely reproductive value. With Kingsley the successful engraving of a landscape depends upon his going into the woods himself; he must, as far as possible, be in full accord with the environment that contributed to the original conception and inspiration. He cannot work from suggestions by the artist he is to copy. "If I do not go to the same source of inspiration myself and earn my position, he would tire of me in half an hour." There is no use in talking technique, "if I can in my own way find the black and white translation of his color scheme, sacrificing the smaller to the greater masses. I am a creative artist myself." In other words, the responsibility of producing a harmony in black and white rests

with the engraver. His work is a creation in precisely the same way as the painter-etcher's, and should receive the same consideration.

This note of individuality, the expression of a strong nature striving toward an ideal, is the key to Kingsley's work. He believes the artist should be a law unto himself, untrammelled by aught beyond the necessity of being true to his own impulses and convictions born of an intense earnestness, and an elevating enthusiasm for the best that is in him. "His art is his personality identified with his every expression." Kingsley says we do not stop to analyze every detail of a picture that touches and moves us, its faults of technique, often its defiance of recognized conventional canons, but we are carried away by its spirit—the thought that gives the impression of truth, and speaks to us of deeper things than mere dexterity of handling. "Whatever reaches down and lifts up that which is sweetest and best within us, whether it comes from the running brooks in the meadows, the whispering of the pines in the forest, the music of cow-bells on the mountain-side, or from simple wood-engraving, that to you is



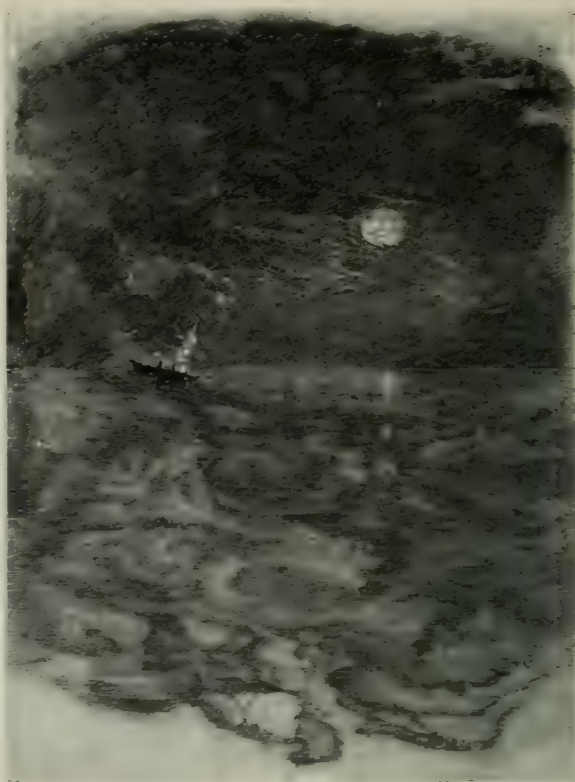
Twilight.



the highest art." Kingsley's especial distinction in the use of the graver lies in his beautifully delicate tones and in the treatment of masses. He is willing to sacrifice perfection of form, strict accuracy in textures, and a precision of line for the sake of attaining a thoroughly sympathetic translation of the picture as a whole, its meaning and poetry; and few will find fault with the result who will study the essential life that vibrates in such a fine example of the engraver's art as the frontispiece of this number.

It is rich in the tender and delicate feeling of the scene, and conveys with a fine truth the artist's motives and mood. Modern process methods of illustrating have encroached upon the domain of the wood-engraver, but while this development has narrowed the field it has also stimulated the wood-engravers, and called upon them for a quality of training and execution that must more and more put their work on a truly creative basis. Kingsley has always been one of the leaders in this new and broader direction, and has done much both by his original and reproductive work to raise the position of his art.

For a number of years he has given



A Tragedy of the Sea.

a large part of his time to the engraving of large blocks, with especial reference to their careful printing on Japan paper for limited editions, and among them are many charming things after his own paintings.

## POSTERS AND POSTER-DESIGNING IN ENGLAND

By M. H. Spielmann

FIFTY years ago Art and Commerce made little pretence of grasping hands. There was no reference to the "dignity" or "degradation" of which now we hear so much. Wall-announcements and advertising-vans—the latter a nuisance long since legislated off London's face—were already a grievance fast growing into a scandal; and when in a spirit of banter *Punch* suggested that advertisers had better take whole houses while they were about it and plaster their entire frontages with posters right up to the eaves, the hint was taken with appalling promptness and hideous effect. But Art was as yet unsmirched save by

Rowland's "incomparable" Macassar Oil, beloved of Byron, and Warren's Nubian Blacking. The former showed us the interesting but unconvincing spectacle of a lady covered from head to foot with a luxuriant growth of hair obtained through a course of judicious loyalty to Mrs. Rowland; and the latter, the delight of a negro grinning at the reflection of his face in a Wellington boot to which he has applied the splendor that lay hid in the blacking-bottle. And that was practically the sum of English poster art. It was admittedly not "high;" but it was large, and made to cover vast acreage of space.

Matters went from bad to worse. Im-



itators—of the Catnach order, one would say—sprang up in plenty, and illustration accompanied printed announcement of a sort that did not require familiarity to breed contempt. It was a competition in vulgarity which, while discrediting “displayed advertisement,” made a walk in London streets past London hoardings a matter of tribulation. Practically, up to 1870 no pictorial effort appeared upon the walls that did not make the artistic angels weep. To that utter debasement, to the deliberate if not intentional ugliness—for sometimes there was obviously a vague idea of beauty in the designer’s mind—and to the splendid vulgarity that nearly always accompanied it, we owe much of the prejudice that exists to this day in the minds of many artists and art writers against the union of art and advertisement; and it is as much in spite of them as of the advertisers themselves that Art has gradually forced her way into her rightful place, and promises henceforth to attend as fairy-godmother at the birth of many a commercial enterprise.

One of the first serious and worthy attempts to free “the poor man’s picture-gallery” of its bad taste and barbaric coarseness was made in 1869 and 1870 by the *Graphic* when it heralded its appearance with posters by M. Godfroy Durand, still a member of the staff. The first was a preliminary design familiarly called “The Tombstone” by reason of its shape and attendant winged *amorini*; and others represented a dignified female figure, and, during the Franco-Prussian war, a French and German soldier. These posters helped to show the way—but none followed in it, until in 1871 Fred Walker, A.R.A., drew his famous poster of “The Woman in White.” This, a magnificent design of a woman, with her finger to her lips, stepping out into the starlight night, announced Wilkie Collins’s new story. People complained that it illustrated no scene in the story, ignorant of the fact that that was precisely Walker’s intention, and was, in truth, at the very root of his and of the modern principle of poster-designing. This, he proclaimed, should not be a pictorial illustration of the object or



R. Anning Bell, del.



commodity advertised at all, but a decoration which, completely harmonizing with its spirit, should yet attract by its independent originality and artistic beauty. "I am bent," he wrote at the time, "on doing all I can with a first attempt at what I consider *might develop into a most important branch of art.*" A reproduction of this poster, engraved on wood (before the days of process) by the hand of the man who won Walker's high commendation for his cutting of the great original block, is shown on page 46, through the courtesy of the proprietors of the *Magazine of Art*. No immediate outcome, however, was to be recorded; but "The Woman in White" became the mother of the many admirable designs in black-and-white which since that time have occasionally dignified our hoardings. To these it may be convenient here to refer.

When the *Magazine of Art* was started, Professor Herkomer, R.A., was appealed to to design a poster that should make the country talk, and

show at the same time the ground that the publication proposed to cover. The vast poster reproduced on page 45 was the result—with its suggestion of Art distributing the favors of the great painters and sculptors grouped *en hemicycle* behind, to the artist, the artisan, the student, and the passer-by who stands in front. It was sufficiently conventional, yet sufficiently pictorial to be understood of the people, and the slight technical imperfection was forgiven for the sake of the success with which a difficult problem had been solved. Twelve years later, the present writer commissioned the same hand to design the poster for *Black and White* (page 37)—at the cost, it was currently reported, of thousands of pounds!—which for many weeks pleased the eye of the artist and worried the spirit of the Puritan of London. The letters received on the subject of this semi-nude statuesque figure from narrow-minded correspondents are among the curiosities of epistolary literature.

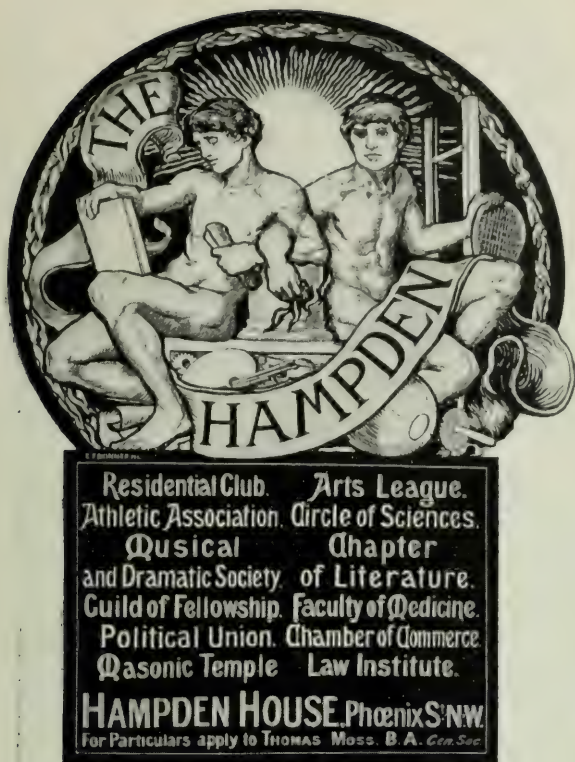
# GREAT PARIS HIPPODROME

NEVER BEFORE  
SEEN IN  
LONDON

THE NEW  
NATIONAL  
AGRICULTURAL HALL  
OLYMPIA AT ADDISON ROAD STATION KENSINGTON

TRAINS & OMNIBUSES DIRECT TO THE DOORS EVERY FEW MINUTES





E. F. Skinner, del.

Mr. Walter Crane's advent into the field of poster-designing was the natural outcome of his artistic principles and activity. He began, in point of fact, before Fred Walker, as in 1869 he produced the poster for a lead-pencil manufacturer, and continued at Mr. Comyns Carr's request with a still-remembered design in blue and yellow for the Promenade Concerts of the Covent Garden Theatre in the early '80's—one of the best he ever executed, but unfortunately at this date absolutely unprocurable. In this poster Orpheus was shown harping to the beasts—scant courtesy, it may be thought, to the public it was intended to attract. Then appeared the "Olympia" poster, which billed the town on the arrival of the French Hippodrome troupe that came over to astonish London (page 36); and though it was really intended as an illustration for the book issued in connection with the same entertainment, it attracted in its enlarged form all eyes to the hoardings by the quietness and distinction of its style and the beauty of its lines. Afterward came the poster of his own exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in 1891; the colored design for Hale & Co.'s Champagnes,



H. Herkomer, R.A., del.

## SCOTTISH GATHERING



Lockhart Bogle, del.



the black-and-white for the "Arts and Crafts," for the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and the various Scottish insurance companies which, with curious unanimity, found virtue in Mr. Crane's early efforts to influence for good the libels on the name of art which disgraced our London streets. One of the most effective of all Mr. Crane's disciples is Professor R. Anning Bell, whose admirable poster for the Liverpool Gallery of Art (page 35) was his first achievement in the University of that city.

The great principle of poster-designing—that it should be unconventionally conventional and decorative, and if possible original—has not always been accepted by artists, especially by picture-painters, and even by illustrators in black-and-white. The little shipwrecked lady who, by means of a cake of Cleaver's Soap, prettily "washed herself ashore," so far violated the rules of the game, that it did not count as an artistic effort at all, notwithstanding its great popularity; nor admirable and effective as are Mr.

Lockhart Bogle's strong posters for the annual Scottish Gathering—"Putting the Shot" and "Throwing the Hammer" (page 37)—did they attract so much attention by their aptness for poster design as by the ability dis-

played in their draughtsmanship and by the vigor of the arrested action of the Highland athletes. On the other hand, the classic dignity of the posters by Mr. E. F. Skinner (best known, perhaps, as a comic draughtsman) for the Hampton Club (page 37) and for the *Star* news-



Reproduced by the courtesy of David Allen & Sons, Publishers.

paper were perfect of their kind, and though through the practical absence of color they were not decorative in the fullest degree possible, they were among the most impressive and best-drawn of London posters.



Mr. Linley Sambourne, of *Punch*, too, has contributed for some years to the hoardings a lively drawing of a lady smoking a cigarette as she sits on a champagne cork—but this was an enlargement of a random sketch made, in accordance with the artist's pleasant custom, on a sheet of note-paper, while talking with a visitor. It was intended for a book. Similarly, Mr. Harry Furniss's filthy Casual, who used Pears's Soap years and years ago, "since when he has used no other," is simply an enlargement of a *Punch* cut. Nevertheless, they do their share in educating the public taste away from the horrors of 1850, and to prepare it for black-and-white work such as M. Willette's lithograph—not entirely suitable for the position, it is true, but full of passion and tears—for "L'Enfant Prodigue." Far better adapted to its purpose, though too light and delicate in its lines for effective wall-treatment, was the admirable theatrical bill designed by Mr. Heywood Sumner for Mr. Benson's Shakespearian revivals.

While Walker and his followers were tempting popular taste away from Warren's Blacking, America through her theatrical posters was showing to England how much more could be done by lith-



Drawn by John White from the painting by G. D. Leslie, R.A.

**DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING**  
**The Influence of EDUCATION and MORALITY and of**  
**IGNORANCE and VICE on the HUMAN COUNTENANCE,**

issued in connection with

**CASSELL'S NEW POPULAR EDUCATOR,**  
 Now Publishing in Monthly Parts, price 6d.

CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, London, Paris & Melbourne

Redrawn by Frederick Barnard.

ography in the way of color than the old wood-block methods—in which the tint of a face was composed of diagonal red lines which fell into their places and became pink (through courtesy of the intermediate bars of plain white paper) when the spectator retired to a distance of ten or twenty yards. But, unhappily, this otherwise capital innovation was entirely in the direction of pictorial treatment; and the English manufacturers and traders, with characteristic perversity, seized upon it at once. The high finish delighted them; and encouraged by the example of theatrical managers—who were pleased to be able to rep-





C. Burton Barber, del.

resent a play-scene upon paper with all the glories (and a good deal more) of its native colors—they proceeded to test it in the direction of picture-reproduction. Traders bought popular paintings with their copyrights at sums which in themselves were bold advertisements, and had them reproduced with such additional effects and details as would proclaim their wares. Thus "Bubbles," of Sir John Millais, R.A.; "This is the Way we Wash the Clothes," of Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A. (page 39); "Mariana," by Mr. J. J. Shannon; "A Dress Rehearsal," by Mr. Chevallier Tayler; Venetian *genre* scenes by M. Van Haanen; Landseer, Elouard Frère, even Rubens and Rembrandt—have all in turn advertised articles of trade; and had not Fred Walker's "Bathers" been run up to \$13.-

125 at the Graham sale in 1886, it would now be in the service of soap, instead of reposing as a treasured gem in Mr. Cuthbert Quilter's picture-gallery.



Sir John Millais, R.A., del.





L. Raven Hill, del.



P. Wilson Steer, del.

Soap, it may be said, although the most advertised commodity in Great Britain, is not the most attractive thing for an artist to deal with. A naturally cleanly public is getting tired of it; and for all that it may be "matchless for the complexion," we do not want to have it continuously thrust in our faces. On the other hand, advertisers claim to know their own business best from the business point of view, and the greatest of them all reminds me that "this French exhibition (at the Aquarium), I may tell you as an advertiser of some little experience, is an absurdity, whatever may be said of it in respect to its 'art.'"

Nevertheless, it soon began to dawn upon some commercial minds that the original suitability of a special design might prove as attractive to the public as the most apt distortion of a popular picture, and that besides being talked of for the wares alone they might obtain additional credit



André Sinet, del.



for promoting Commerce to the Seat of Patronage long since vacated by the Church. And so Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., made his design for Pears's Shaving-soap; Mr. Poynter, R.A., his notable and richly colored "Minerva in her Temple" for the Guardian Insurance Company; Mr. Wyllie, A.R.A., his fine marine picture for the Orient Steamship Company; Mr. C. Burton Barber, his "Guardian Shepherd Dog" for the Lifebuoy Soap (page 40); Mr. Charles Green, R.I., his Georgian scene for Collinson & Lock; and so forth. The idea incubated, and on the quadruple experience I have indicated (Walker's example—American execution—reproduction of pictures—and special designing by distinguished hands) there shone the color-beams from the wonderful chromo-lithographic decorative work introduced by M. Chéret into delighted Paris, with all their joyousness of subject and of pose. London woke up one day to find the first of all the series of this sort enlivening every hoarding. It was by M. Jan Van Beers, and drew attention to the "Salon Parisien" in Bond Street, at which his first exhibition in England was about to be opened. The prudes were a little scandalized at this short-skirted vision in yellow, but the brightness and suggestive mirth of the composition tickled the public mind, and contributed greatly to the success of the artistic enterprise. His second poster for "La Cigale" at the Lyric Theatre—flatter in manner and simpler in tint—was the first hint I saw on English walls of the style that was soon to dominate the more talked-of poster-artists of the present day, whose performances have been seen together in Mr. Edward Bella's collection at the Royal Aquarium aforesaid.

Where M. Van Beers led, two draughtsmen of original talent and overflowing spirits quickly followed—Mr. Paleologue and Mr. Dudley Hardy. The former, gifted with extraordinary

dash and *chic*, which, refusing to be bound by the ordinary Academic laws of anatomy or classic gravity, produced a poster for *Pick-me-up* that exactly reproduced the spirit of the paper it proclaimed. Mr. Hardy, though a frank imitator of Mr. Van Beers, brought an



Dudley Hardy, del.

Reproduced by the courtesy of David Allen & Sons, Publishers.

added charm, piquancy, and "sensuous suavity" which told with extraordinary effect upon the walls, and with his singular ability to draw a smile, especially when daintily illumined by the upthrown light of the footlights, and his clear use of telling colors, have made him one of the most telling and popular of bill-designers. There is undoubtedly the scent





of the stage and the *demi-monde* about most of his ladies, as you may trace in his three designs for "The Gaiety Girl," in the great poster of *To-day* (page 42), and even in the theatrical air of the lily-bearing Sister who, with sanctified air, heralded the arrival of *St. Paul's*. But all the more, perhaps, for that are his efforts applauded and his pencil employed.

Next to Mr. Hardy, and linking him with the latest movement, comes Mr. Robert Fowler, R.I., whose rather hesitating design in five colors for the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool has through his classic dignity something of the spirit of the former with more than a *soupeçon* of the Academic flavor of latter-day poster-designers. Among these M. André Sinet created a great impression by the poster he made for his exhibition at the Goupil Gallery (page 41), and his simple figure of a girl drawn in five colors was quickly acted upon. The fine taste and masterly "placing" in Mr. Mortimer Menpes's announcement-sheets, were passed over in favor of the spirit of Messrs. Sinet, Steinlen, and de Lautrec,—perhaps because he was too individual, too personal and simple to permit of satisfactory imitation. Mr. Raven Hill's two-colored poster for *Pick-me-up* (page 41), and in particular Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's bill for the now defunct *Pall Mall Budget* (page 44), created a distinct sensation among the younger men, and enabled them to catch the public eye—as they had captured a considerable section of the London press in its critical columns, as well as an equal section of wall-space in the exhibition galleries. Mr. Greiffenhagen's work was peculiar enough to attract public attention and elegant enough not to repel it; its three colors and their relative proportion were well enough selected and balanced to please the artist, and the whole was suffi-



ciently successful to encourage other works in the same line.

Meanwhile, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley had appeared on the artistic horizon—a draughtsman of weird and singular power, who, after importing into his art elements so suggestively opposite as his distorted echoes of Chinese or Annamite execution and Rossettian feeling, seen with a squinting eye, imagined with a Mephistophelian brain, and executed with a vampire hand, showed a deep natural instinct for the beauty of line, for the balance of chiaroscuro, and for decorative effect. It was the æsthetic

craze of a former day run mad—startlingly novel, original, and *spirituel*, and full of artistic cleverness. Here was indeed the New Poster, ready to the pen of the New Critic and the New Humorist!

His first effort in the direction of poster-designing was the bill for the Avenue Theatre (page 43), from which many of the stranger characteristics of his drawings were prudently if necessarily withheld. A “creepy” vision of a peacock-green, low-necked woman, behind a transparent curtain, stood with a quiet dignity and quaint simplicity



Maurice Greiffenhagen, del.





H. Herkomer, R.A., del.

By permission of the "Magazine of Art."

of line that was in itself effective, if not imposing or pleasing. Plainly, the lady was forbidding, "uncanny," inhuman; yet her reception was appreciative, if not altogether sympathetic and complimentary, and provided an excellent target for the shafts of the year's satire. Then followed from the same hand the colored posters for Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, in which the draughtsman put nature and the simply weird entirely on one side, and dealt solely in the grotesque. It was magnificent in point of audacity, but apart from the technical virtue of balance and a certain Oriental treatment of the distance, it was not beauty, such as is exoterically accepted and understood. It was not surprising that these works should produce a caricature such as that executed by Mr. J. Hearn under the pseudonym of "Weirdsley Daubery" for the performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea" as played at Oxford under the ægis of the Rev. the Vice-Chancellor of the University (page 43). A serious imitator of talent, who has rejected the extremest views, or does not share the personality, of Mr. Beardsley is Mr.

Lewis Baumer, who for the Royal Academy Students' Club in 1894 produced a poster which in point of line set forth some of the best and most characteristic tenets of the Beardsley cult and creed.

And, finally, there are the grim designs of Mr. Pryde and Mr. Nicholson, artists who work at poster-making under the professional name of "The Beggarstaff Brothers." They are in the very van of the advance-guard of poster-designers who have led the faithful from the gaudy to the joyous, and on to the sober, to the melancholy, and the depressing. Messrs Beggarstaffs' design for "Hamlet" for Somebody's Blue, Dash's Candles, for Niggers, and for Pianos, are among the most striking of all the English attempts at original poster-designing, challenging the attention of the passer-by and claiming his admiration for the powerful and simple dignity of the figure in the first case (black upon brown), or for the effect of fine white lines and blue spots upon a black ground in the second. They are undeniably conceived in the minor key, and after impressing the be-



holder with their individuality, they send him away thoroughly dejected, and convinced of the entire rightness of their claim to be affixed to a "dead" wall. They are about as like to Chéret's posy-like *affiches* as a grim and ascetic old Carmelite is like to a lady of the *corps de ballet*.

"To imagine London," writes my friend Van Beers, "billed with good figures by good designers is, I fear, to imagine a Utopia. Much that is to be done might be done above all in the comic *genre* and by reduction of forms to a humorous point of absurdity and exaggeration. I should like an opportunity of showing what I mean." Humor undoubtedly has its uses. One day all London was smiling at the matutinal welcome of "Good-morning—have you used Pears' Soap?" as it had before smiled at a negro-cupid whose body had been washed pink by a judicious use of the same commodity. But humor in English posters usually takes the empty, vapid form of well-known statesmen nailing down carpets or manning boats—very little indeed that is really witty.

A capital recent poster in colors, in support of a cycle exhibition, conceived in the manner of Chéret, represented a tandem bicycle with a fair coryphée in tights on the front seat; and many were the letters of angry denunciation that were sent to the papers in protest. And when the Bovril Highland Bull, by Mr. William Watson, R.S.A., was posted in Cork, a Town Councillor impeached it on the score of impropriety! Where, one would ask, in the face of such facts, is the sense of humor with which M. Van Beers would coquet to the advantage of the poster-public? The truth is that the artistic

and non-artistic views of "vulgarity," as entertained by the English people, are sharply at variance. The vulgarity of the non-artistic poster rarely strikes them; but in the artistic—almost exclusively in the treatment of the feminine figure—what they call vulgarity is usually a certain suggestiveness, usually



Fred. Walker, A.R.A., del.

"The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins, 1871.

By permission of the "Magazine of Art."

fancied, rarely real, which in either case the artist hardly notices, if at all, on account of its artistry.

"I fear," says Mr. Walter Crane, in discussing the matter from another point of view, "that there is something essentially vulgar about the idea of the poster unless it is limited to simple announcements or directions, or become a species of heraldry, or sign-painting. The jostling together of conflicting scenes and motives on the hoarding,



however, to which all must submit, is as inartistic a condition of things as a picture exhibition. The very fact of the necessity of shouting loud, and the association with vulgar commercial puff-

heard above the deafening din of a hundred hammers, so the artistic poster of real beauty proclaims itself gently, but irresistibly, out of the mass of violent kaleidoscopic color and common

design. Few colors in strong contrast skilfully arranged, the fewest lines and masses, simple *chiaroscuro*, added to charm, grace, dignity, or vigor of design—these are the elements and essentials; and if the conditions are properly fulfilled the result is an artistic triumph of which any artist might be proud. That we in England, too long delayed, are at last advancing toward this point, there is little reason to doubt; not, primarily, through any motives of philanthropy or enthusiasm on the part of the designers who are the mainspring of the movement, but rather through the law of self-protection against the perpetrations of bygone days. In this laudable crusade they are being slowly encouraged by some of the advertisers themselves, who are finding that they can attract more attention with novel and artistic posters than with shouting ugliness or rampant Philistinism. But never can the improvement be more than partial.



Aubrey Beardsley, del., 1894—a poster as yet unpublished.

ing, are against the artist and so much dead weight."

But, surely, the fact is at last becoming recognized that "shouting" is no longer necessary. Just as to practised ears in a boiler-shop the whisper of a man or a soft note of music, can be

garity will be for the vulgar, and I much fear that the best means of enlisting middle-class sympathy and attracting middle-class cash is to appeal, without any show of artistic superiority, to middle-class taste and understanding.



# THE ART OF LIVING

## THE SUMMER PROBLEM

*By Robert Grant*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. H. HYDE

### I

WHAT is the good American to do with himself or herself in summer? The busiest worker nowadays admits that a vacation of a fortnight in hot weather is at least desirable. Philanthropy sends yearly more and more children on an outing in August, as one of the best contributions to the happiness and welfare of the poor. The atmosphere of our large cities in midsummer is so lifeless and oppressive that everyone who can get away for some part of the summer plans to do so, and fathers of families find themselves annually confronted by a serious problem.

I specify the father of a family because the problem is so much easier for a single man. The single man, and generally the single woman, can pack a bag and go to the beach or mountains, or to a hotel within easy distance from town, without much premeditation. The worst that can happen to them is that they may become engaged without intention; besides they can always come home if they are dissatisfied with their surroundings. But the family man who lives in a large city finds more and more difficulty every year, as the country increases in population, in making up his mind how best to provide for the midsummer necessities of his wife and children. There are several courses of action open to him.

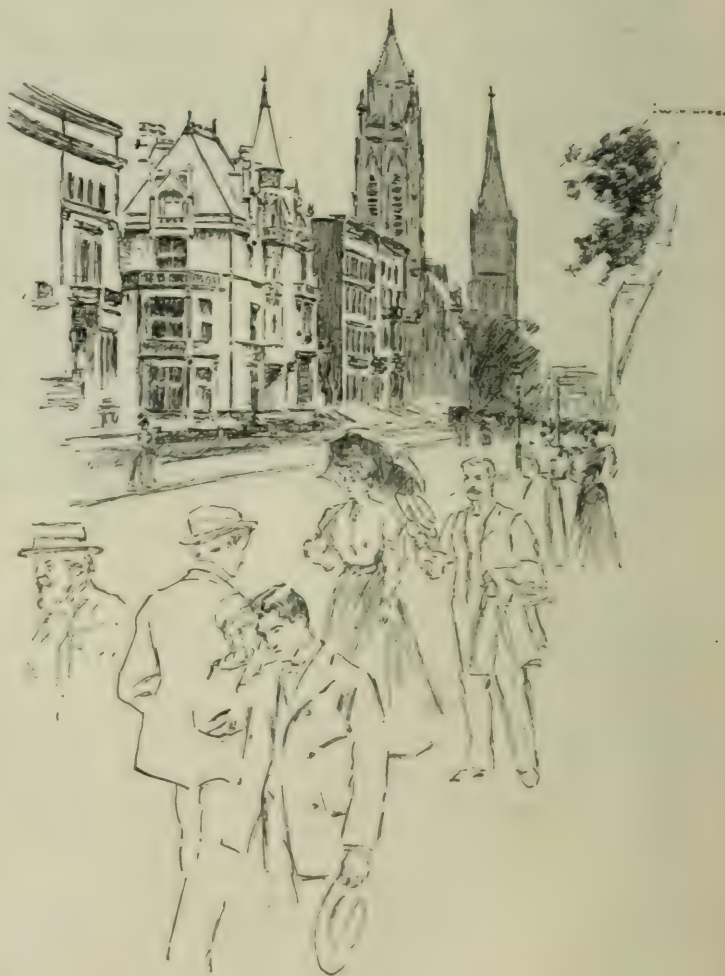
He can remain in town and keep his family there.

He can remain in town himself and send his family to a distance.

He can hire a house or lodgings by the sea or in the country within easy reach of town by railroad or steamboat.

He can send his family to a summer hotel at a distance, or take a house or lodgings at a distance, making occasional flying trips to and from town, according to his opportunities.

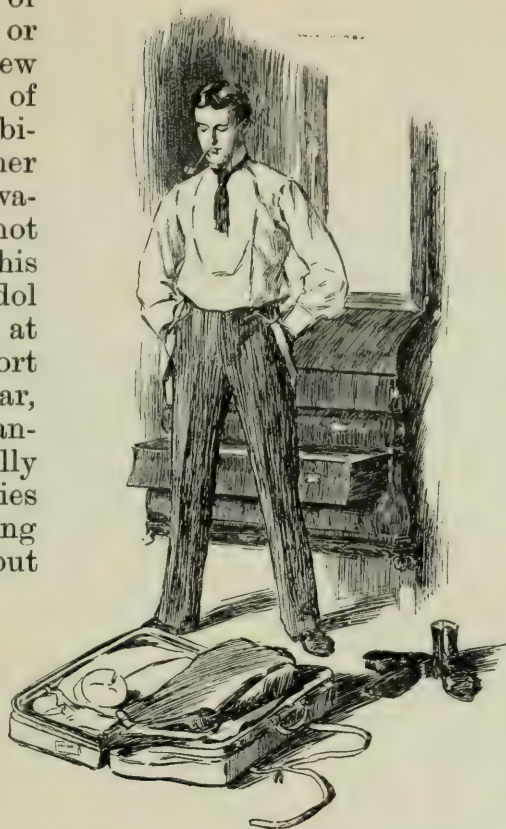
To stay in town and keep one's family there is a far from disagreeable experience except in very large cities in unusually hot weather. The custom of going away from home in summer is one which has grown by force of imitation. The inclination to change one's surroundings, and to give the wife and



"The City in Midsummer."



children a whiff of country or sea or mountain air for a few weeks in the course of the year is an ambition which is neither godless nor extravagant. But it is not worth while to set this necessity up as an idol to be worshipped at the expense of comfort for the rest of the year, for, after all, our ancestors successfully reared large families of children, including some of us, without going away from home in the summer, and "the-can't-get-aways" in our largest and most uncomfortable cities still outnumber those who can and do in the proportion of at least five to one. It costs more to go away than to stay in town; from which certain native philosophers, who maintain that anyone who spends more than twenty-five hundred dollars on his family in any one year is not a good American, may argue that those who have both a summer and a winter home are aristocrats and materialists. Their argument is not likely to diminish summer travel, to bankrupt the summer hotels, or to induce the well-to-do American citizen to shut up his cottage. A change in summer, for a longer or shorter period, is generally recognized as one of the most healthful and improving advantages which a father in our civilization can give his family and himself. On the other hand, to go out of town simply because one's neighbors do, when one cannot afford it, is a pitiful performance. Moreover, the man who does not send his family out of town from motives of economy, has more than a clean conscience to comfort him. He can remember that probably one-third of the annual experiments in summer culture and health-giving recreation, made by his friends



and acquaintance, turn out dire failures, and that another one-third results in mixed joy and comfort. He can reflect too, if he lives in the suburbs of a city, or in a town or small city, that, barring a few exceptionally hot days, he and his family are really very comfortable at home. Even if his household gods are in a parboiled metropolis, he will commonly be able to relieve his tedium and physical discomfort by some form of excursion. All our seaboard cities have their mid-summer Meccas for the multitude in the form



"The single man can pack a bag."

of beaches; and even where no ocean breezes blow, there is usually close at hand verdure, a lake, a grove, or a river where the philosophical soul can forget the thermometer, and cease to commiserate with itself on being kept in town. One's own bed is never humpy, and the hollows in it are just fitted to one's bones or adipose developments. One can eat and drink in one's town-house without fear of indigestion or germs. Decidedly the happiness of staying at home is not much less than the happiness of passing one, two, or three months at a place where everything is uncomfortable or nasty, at a cost which one can ill afford, if at all. Good city milk and succulent city vegetables are luxuries which are rarely to be found at the ordinary summer resort.

It is difficult to convince one's family of this in advance. Besides, man is



always to be blessed. We are always hoping that the next summer will be a grand improvement on those which have gone before, and generally by the first of May we believe, or at least imagine, that we have discovered the genuine article—the ideal spot at last. Discovered it for our families. The American father has the trick of sending his family out of town for the summer, and staying at home himself. This had its origin probably in his supposed inability to escape from business in the teeth of the family craving to see something of the world outside of their own social acquaintance. Yet he acknowledged the force of the family argument that with such a large country to explore it would be a pity not to explore it; and accordingly he said, "Go, and I will join you if and when I can." Paterfamilias said this long ago, and in some instances he has vainly been trying to join them ever since. There are all sorts of trying in this world, and perhaps his has not been as determined as some; nevertheless he has maintained tolerably well the reputation of trying. The Saturday night

To be separated for three months from one's wife and children, except for a day or two once a fortnight, is scarcely an ideal domestic arrangement, in spite of the fact that it is more or less delightful for the dear ones to meet new people and see new scenes. The American father may not try very hard to leave his city home, but it must be admitted that he has been an amiable biped on the score of the summer question. He has been and is ready to suffer silently for the sake of his family and his business. But now that he has made up his mind at last that he prefers to leave his business for the sake of his family and his own health, the difficulties of sending them to a distance are more apparent to him. Ten or fifteen years ago it dawned upon him that the city in summer without his family was not the ideal spot his fancy had painted, and that the sea-side and country, especially the former, were, after all, the best place for an over-worked, full-grown man on a summer's afternoon. It dawned upon him, too, that there was sea-coast and country close at hand where he

could establish his family and refresh himself at the end of every day's work. Twenty-five years ago the marine and attractive suburban environs of our cities were substantially unappropriated. To-day they bristle with cottages, large and small, the summer homes of city men. Every available promontory, island, hill, nook, and

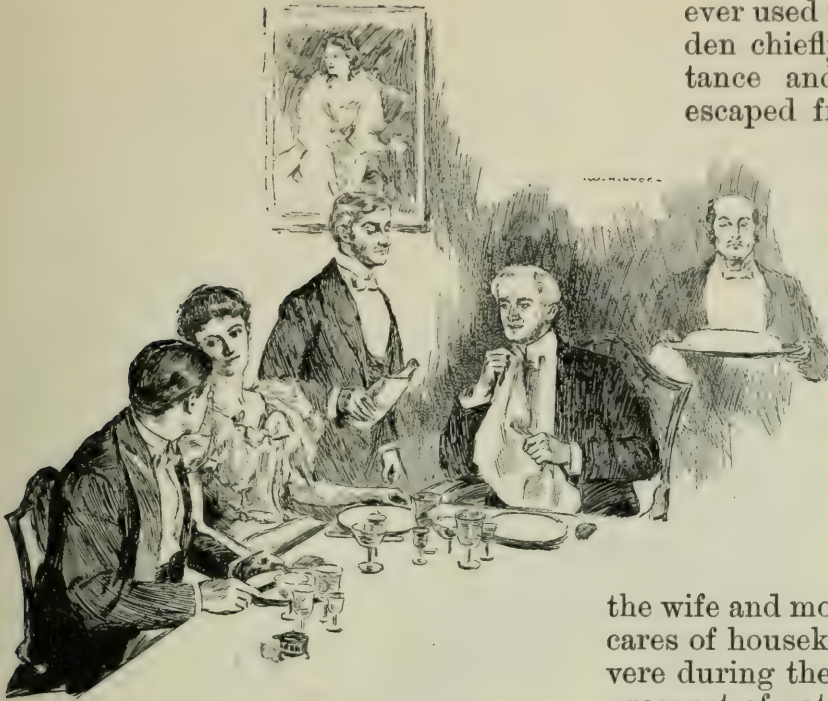


"Where the philosophical soul can forget the thermometer."

trains and steamboats all over the country are vehicles, from July first to October first, of an army of fathers who are trying successfully to join their nearest and dearest at the different summer-resorts of the land.

crook, which commands a pleasing view or is visited by cooling breezes is, or soon will be, occupied. What can a busy man do better, if he can afford it, than buy or hire a cottage, as humble as you like, to which he can





"Meals with many courses."

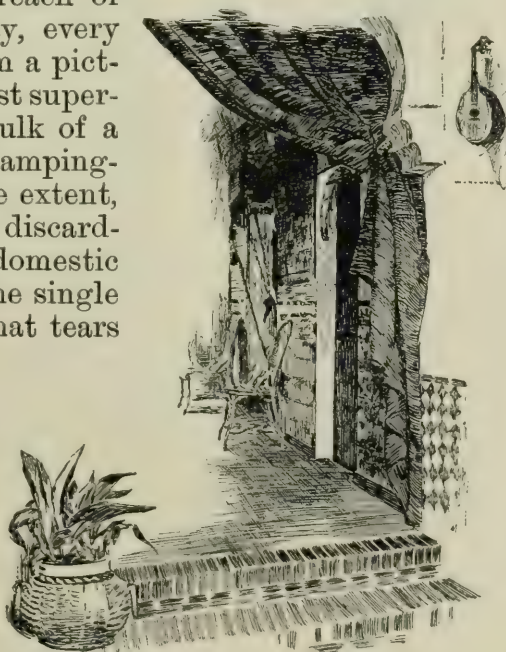
return in the afternoon to the bosom of his own family, and be comfortable and lazy until morning? From the domestic point of view this is assuredly the most satisfactory arrangement for the father, and the American paterfamilias, ever since the truth dawned upon him, has been prompt in recognizing the fact. He has builded, too, according to his taste, whim, and individual idiosyncrasies. A sea-side cottage within easy reach of town includes, to-day, every variety of shelter from a picturesque villa of the most super-civilized type to the hulk of a ship fitted up as a camping-out home. To a large extent, too, the hotel has been discarded in favor of the domestic hearth, even though the single chimney smokes so that tears are perpetually in the domestic eye. The well-to-do city man who comes to town every day appreciates that a hotel is a poor place for children; consequently the long piazzas, where the terrible infant for-

ever used to abound, are now trodden chiefly by visitors from a distance and transients who have escaped from the city for a day in search of a sea-bath and a clam chowder.

If the summer cottage to which the husband returns at night, is not the most satisfactory arrangement for the mother, she must blame herself or the civilization in which she lives. The sole argument in favor of passing the summer at a hotel is that

the wife and mother escapes thereby the cares of housekeeping, too often so severe during the rest of the year that the prospect of not being obliged to order dinner for three months causes her to wake in the night and laugh hysterically. Formality and conventional ceremony are the lurking enemies of our American summer life, who threaten to deprive our mothers and daughters of the rest and vacation from the tension, excitement, and worry begotten by nine months of active domestic duties. Simplicity of living ought to be the controlling warm-weather maxim of every household where the woman at the head of the establishment does

the housekeeping, as nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine women out of ten thousand in America do. It may be argued that greater simplicity in living all the year round would enable the wife and mother to do without a vacation. Possibly. But unfortunately for her the trend of the tide is all the other way. Besides, simplicity is such a difficult word to conjure with. Her interests have become so varied that the wear and tear is



"An Artistic Interior."



quite as likely to proceed from new mental strivings as from a multiplicity of sheer domestic duties. At least there seems to be no immediate prospect that she will be less tired in the Spring, however exemplary her intentions, and it therefore behooves her not to allow the wave of increasing luxury to bear her on its crest through the summer and land her in her town-house in October a physical and mental wreck.

The external attractiveness of the modern summer cottage, with its pleasing angles and comely stains, is easily made an excuse for an artistic interior and surroundings to match. But artistic beauty in summer can readily be produced without elaboration, and at comparatively slight cost, if we only choose to be content with simple effects. The bewitching charm of the summer girl, if analyzed, proves to be based on a few cents a yard and a happy knack of combining colors and trifles. Why

need we be solicitous to have all the paraphernalia of winter-life — meals with many courses, a retinue of servants, wines, festal attire, and splendid entertainments? While we rejoice that the promiscuous comradeship of hotel life has largely given place at Newport, Bar Harbor, Lenox, and our other fashionable watering-places to the pleasant protection of the cottage home, is it not seriously deplorable that simplicity is too often lost sight of? To be comfortable is one thing, to be swathed in luxury or to be

tortured by ceremony all the time is another. It seems strange to many of us, who cannot choose precisely what we will do and where we will go in summer, that those who can so often select a mere repetition of mid-winter social recreation. There is Pat-

terson the banker for instance, the employer of Rogers. He can go where he pleases, and he goes to Newport. One can see him any afternoon driving augustly on Bellevue Avenue or along the ocean drive, well gloved, well shod, and brilliantly neck-tied, in his landau beside Mrs. Patterson. They have been to Newport for years in summer, and their house, with its beautiful outlook to sea, has doubled and trebled in value. How do they pass their time? Entertain and let themselves be entertained. Dinners with formal comestibles, late dances, champagne luncheons, *paté de fois gras* picnics on a coach are their daily associations. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson are



"That newly created product, the American girl."

close upon sixty themselves, but they follow—a little more solemnly than formerly, but still without stint—the same programme, which grows more and more elaborate with each succeeding year. It was there that their youngest daughter was married, six months ago, with widely heralded splendor, to a Russian nobleman who speaks beautiful English. May her lot be a happy one! The son, who went through the Keeley cure, and the elder daughter, who is separated from her husband, have spent their summers at Newport from their youth up.



There are comparatively few who have the means to live, or who do live just like Patterson, but there is many a man of fine instincts and with a sufficient income to maintain a summer home, who finds himself to-day oppressed by the incubus of things. He seeks rest, books, fresh air, the opportunity to enjoy nature—the sea, the foliage, the flowers—and yet he is harassed by things, the very things he has all winter, with a garnishment suitable to hot weather. He wishes to be still; and things keep him moving. He yearns to strip off, if not all his clothing, at least enough of it to give his lungs and his soul full play; but things keep him faultlessly dressed. He intends to slake his thirst only from the old oaken bucket or the milk-pail, and things keep his palate titillated with champagne and cocktails. Our old-time simplicity in summer is perhaps no longer possible in the large watering-places. It is even with considerable satisfaction that we don, and



"The son, who went through the Keeley cure."

see our wives and children don, the attractive clothing which has taken the place of shirt-sleeves and flannel shirts as articles of toilette; but is it not time to cry halt in our procession toward luxury, if we do not wish to live on our nerves all the year round?

It is this difficulty in escaping the expenses and the formality of city life in the summer cottage or at the summer hotel, almost as much as the fact that the desirable locations near town have all been taken, which is inclining the American father to send his family to a distance. After twenty-five years of exploration the outlying beaches and other favorite resorts near our large cities have become so thoroughly appropriated that the man who wishes to build or own a summer home of his own is obliged to look elsewhere. As a consequence cottages have sprung up all along the line of our coast, from the farthest confines of Maine to New Jersey, on the shores of the lakes of the middle West, and on the Pacific shore. Many of these are of a simple and attractive character, and generally they stand in small colonies, large enough for companionship and not too large for relaxation. With the similar double purpose of obtaining an attractive summer home at a reasonable price, and of avoiding the stock watering-place, city families are utilizing also the abandoned farm. There is not room for us all on the sea-coast; be-



"Refusing the man who is not her choice."





"Stranded on islands."

sides those of us whose winter homes are there are more likely to need inland or mountain air. There are thousands of beautiful country spots, many of them not so very far from our homes, where the run-down farm can be redeemed, if not to supply milk and butter, at least to afford a picturesque shelter and a lovely landscape during the season when we wish to be out of doors as much as possible. A very few changes, a very little painting and re-furnishing will usually transform the farm-house itself into just the sort of establishment which a family seeking rest and quiet recreation ought to delight in. You may bring mosquito-frames for the windows if you like, and you must certainly test the well-water. Then swing your hammock between two apple-trees and thank Providence that you are not like so many of your friends and acquaintances, working the tread-mill of society in the dog-days.

Of course most men who have homes of this description at a distance cannot be with their families all the time. But, on the other hand, the conviction that a busy man can do better work in ten or eleven months than in twelve, is gaining ground, and most of us, if we only choose to, can slip away for at least three weeks. Many of the demands of modern civilization on the family purse cannot be resisted without leaving the husband and parent

a little depressed; but it seems to me that a serious item of expense may be avoided, and yet all the genuine benefits and pleasures of a change of scene and atmosphere be obtained, if we only dismiss from our minds the idea of living otherwise than simply. A little house with very little in it, with a modest piazza, a skiff or sail-boat which does not pretend to be a yacht, a garden hoe and rake, a camera, books and a hammock, a rod which is not too precious or costly to break, one nag of plebeian blood and something to harness him to, rabbits in the barn and sunflowers in the garden, a walk to sunset hill and a dialogue with the harvest moon — why should we not set our summer life to such a tune, rather than hanker for the neighborhood of the big steam-yacht and polo-ground, for the fringe of the fashionable bathing beach, for the dust of the stylish equipage, and try in our several ways, and beyond our means, to follow the pace which is set for us by others?

## II

WHY? Largely on account of that newly created species, the American girl. From solicitude for her happiness and out of deference to her wishes. Many a father and mother would be delighted to pass the summer on an abandoned farm or in any other spot



where it were possible to live simply and to be cool, comfortable, and lazy, but for fear of disappointing their young people—principally their daughters, who, unlike the sons, cannot yet come and go at will. Feminine youth has its inherent privileges everywhere, but the gentle sway which it exercises in other civilizations has become almost a sour tyranny here. Was there ever an American mother who knew anything portrayed in fiction? The American daughter is commonly presented as a noble-souled, original creature, whose principal mission in life, next to or incidental to refusing the man who is not her choice, is to let her own parents understand what weak, ignorant, foolish, unenlightened persons they are in comparison with the rising generation—both parents in some measure, but chiefly and utterly the mother. She is usually willing to concede that her father has a few glimmering ideas, and a certain amount of sense—horse business sense, not very elevating or inspiring—yet something withal. But she looks upon her poor dear mother as a feeble-minded individual of the first water. What we read in contemporary fiction in this realistic age is apt to be photographed from existing conditions. The newly created species of our homes does not always reveal these sentiments in so many words; indeed she is usually disposed to conceal from her parents as far as possible their own shortcomings, believing often, with ostrich-like complacency, that they have no idea what she really thinks of them. Quite frequently late in life it dawns upon her that they were not such com-

plete imbeciles as she had adjudged them, and she revises her convictions accordingly. But often she lives superior to the end. It would be an excellent thing for the American girl if her eyes could be definitely opened to the fact that her parents, particularly her mother, are much more clever than she supposes, and that they are really her best counsellors. But on the other hand, is not the American mother herself chiefly responsible for this attitude of loving contempt and sweet but unfilial condescension on the part of her own flesh and blood? It sometimes seems as though we had fallen victims to our reluctance to thwart our children in any way lest we should destroy their love for us. But is it much preferable to be loved devotedly as foolish, weak, and amiable old things, than to be feared a little as individuals capable of exercising authority and having opinions of our own?

This yielding, self-abnegating tendency on the part of parents, and consequent filial tyranny, are especially conspicuous in the case of that arch

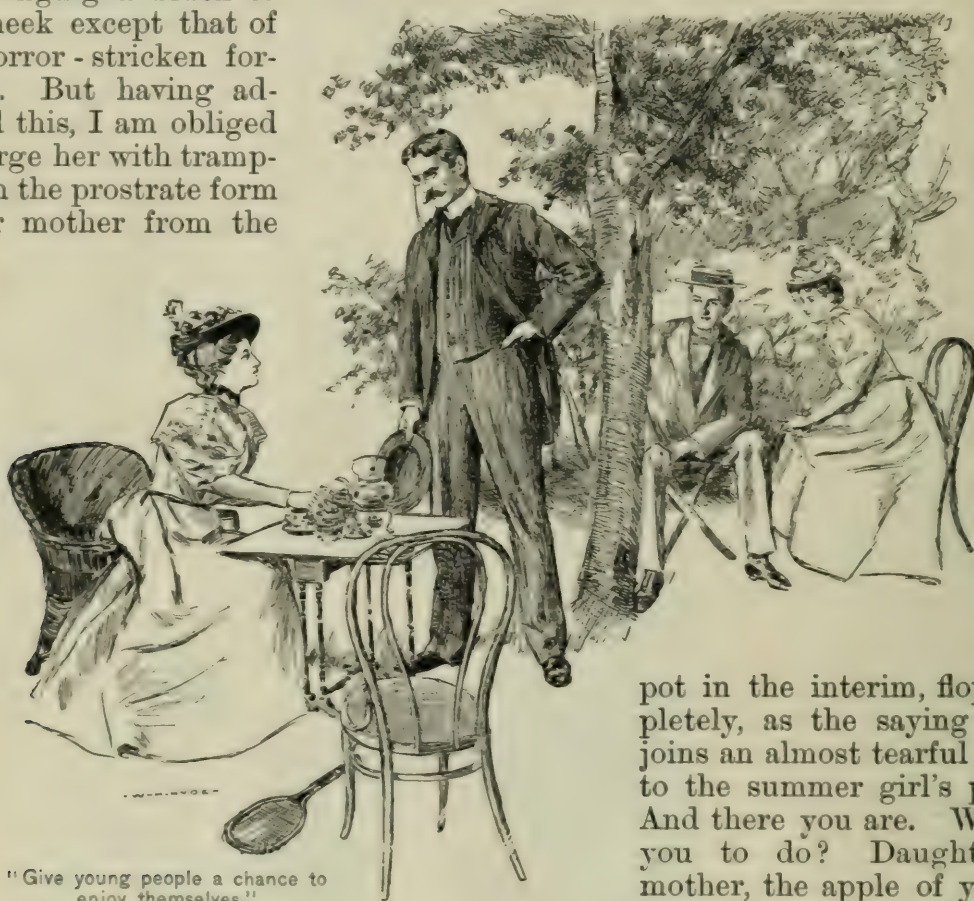


"Joins an almost tearful support to the summer girl's petition."



despot the summer girl. I admit her fascination unreservedly, and am willing to concede that she has run the gauntlet of criticism hurled at her by the effete civilizations with an unblemished reputation. Though she may have become a little more conservative and conventional out of deference to good taste, she is still able to be lost in caves or stranded on islands with any young man of her acquaintance without bringing a blush to any cheek except that of the horror-stricken foreigner. But having admitted this, I am obliged to charge her with trampling on the prostrate form of her mother from the

to some place selected by her of which you entirely disapprove. And just here it is that the American mother almost seems to be convicted of the feebleness of intellect ascribed to her by the newly created species. You, the father, are just screwing your courage up to say that you will be blessed if you will go to a summer hotel at Narragansett Pier (or wherever it is), when your wife, who has been cowed or cajoled by the des-



first of July to the first of October. She does so to a certain extent the year round, but the summer is the crowning season of her despotism.

The first concern of the American father and mother in making plans for the summer is to go to some place which the children will like, and the summer girl in particular. This is natural and in keeping with the unselfish devotion shown by the present generation of parents toward their children. But it is one thing to endeavor to select a place which will be satisfactory to one's eighteen-year-old daughter and another to be sweetly hectored by that talented young woman into going

pot in the interim, flops completely, as the saying is, and joins an almost tearful support to the summer girl's petition. And there you are. What are you to do? Daughter and mother, the apple of your eye and the angel of your heart,

leagued against you. Resistance becomes impossible, unless you are ready to incur the reputation of being a stony-hearted old curmudgeon.

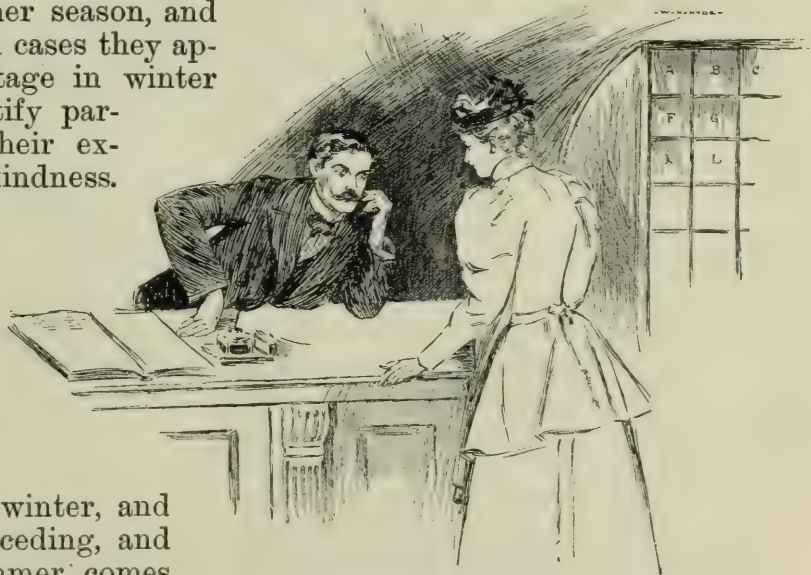
The summer girl invariably wishes to go where it is gay. Her idea of enjoyment does not admit domesticity and peaceful relaxation. She craves to be actively amused, if not blissfully excited. It is not strange that the tastes and sentiments of young persons from seventeen to twenty-three should differ considerably from those of mothers and fathers from forty to fifty, and it speaks well for the intelligence and unselfishness of middle-aged parents and guardians in this country that they so



promptly recognize the legitimate claims of youth, and even are eager to give young people a chance to enjoy themselves before the cares of life hedge them in. But have we not gone to the other extreme? Is it meet that we should regard ourselves as moribund at fifty, and sacrifice all our own comfort and happiness in order to let a young girl have her head, and lead a life in summer of which we heartily disapprove? It is not an exaggeration to state that there is a growing disposition on the part of the rising hordes of young men and girls to regard anyone in society over thirty-five as a fossil and an encumbrance, for whom, in a social sense, the grave is yawning. It is not uncommon to hear a comely matron of forty described as a frump by a youth scarcely out of his teens, and every old gentleman of thirty-nine has experienced the tactless pity which fashionable maidens under twenty-one endeavor to conceal in the presence of his senility.

The summer girl is generally a young person who has been a winter girl for nine months. I am quite aware that some girls are much more effective in summer than at any other season, and it may be that in certain cases they appear to so little advantage in winter that to attempt to gratify parental inclinations at their expense would be rank unkindness. But it is safe to allege that the average summer girl in this country has been doing all she ought to do in the way of dancing, prancing, gadding, going, working, and generally spending her vital powers in the autumn, winter, and spring immediately preceding, and consequently when summer comes needs, quite as much as her parents, physical, mental, and moral ozone. But what does she prefer to do? Whither is she bent on leading her father by the nose with the assistance of her mother? To various places, according to her special predilection, and the farthest limit of the parental purse. If possible, to one of the gay-

est watering-places, where she hopes to bathe, play tennis, walk, talk, and drive during the day; paddle, stroll, or sit out during the evening, and dance until twelve o'clock at night two or three times a week. Else to some much-advertised mountain cataract or lake-resort, to lead a stagnant hotel corridor and piazza life, in the fond hope of seeing the vividly imagined Him alight from the stage-coach some Saturday night. Meanwhile she is one of three-score forlorn girls who haunt the office and make eyes at the hotel clerk. The summer girl has a mania for the summer hotel. It seems to open to her radiant possibilities. She kindles at the mention of a hop in August, and if she is musical, the tinkle of her piano playing reverberates through the house all day until the other boarders are driven nearly crazy. In the gloaming after supper she flits off from the house with her best young man of the moment, and presently her mother is heard bleating along the piazza, "My Dorothy has gone without her shawl, and will catch her death a cold." And so it goes all summer. When autumn comes and the



"Haunt the office and make eyes at the hotel clerk."

leaf is about to fall, and Dorothy returns to town, what has she to show for it? A little tan and a callous heart, a promised winter correspondence with the hotel clerk, new slang, some knack at banjo-playing, and considerable uncertainty in her mind as to whom she





"Flits off from the house with her best young man of the moment."

is engaged to, or whether she is engaged at all. And like as not the doctor is sent for to build her up for the winter with cod-liver oil and quinine. There is too much ozone at some of these summer hotels.

We cannot hope to do away wholly with either the summer hotel or the fashionable watering-place by the assertion of parental authority. Such an endeavor, indeed, would on the whole be an unjust as well as fruitless piece of virtue. The delightful comradeship between young men and young women, which is one of our national products, is typified most saliently by the summer girl and her attendant swains. Naturally she wishes to go to some place where swains are apt to congregate; and the swain is always in search of her. Moreover, the summer hotel must continue to be the summer home of thousands who, for one reason or another, have no cottage or abandoned farm. My plea is still the same, however. Why, now that the negro slave is free, and the working-man is being legislated into peace and plenty, and the wrongs of other women are being righted, should not the American mother try to burst her bonds? It would

be a much more simple matter than it seems, for, after all, she has her own blood in her veins, and she has only to remember what a dogmatic person she herself was in the days of her youth. If the code of fathers and mothers, instead of that of girls and boys, were in force at our summer hotels and water-

ing-places, a very different state of affairs would soon exist; and that, too, without undue interference with that inherent,

cherished, and unalienable right of the American daughter, the maiden's choice. We must not forget that though our civilization boasts the free exercise of the maiden's choice as one of the brightest jewels in the crown of republican liberties, the crowded condition of our divorce courts forbids us to be too demonstrative in our self-satisfaction.

It would be dire, indeed, to bore the young person, especially the summer girl. But does it necessarily follow that a summer home or a summer life indicated by the parent would induce such a disastrous result? I am advising neither a dungeon, a convent, nor some excruciatingly dull spot to which no fascinating youth is likely to penetrate. Verily, even the crowded bathing beach may not corrupt, provided that wise motherly control and companionship point out the dangers and protect the forming soul, mind, and manners, instead of allowing them to



"Considerable uncertainty in her mind as to whom she is engaged to."



be distorted and poisoned by the ups and downs of promiscuous amatory summer guerilla warfare. But may it not happen, when the maternal foot is once firmly put down, that the summer girl will not be so easily bored as she or her mother fears, and will even be grateful for protection against her own ignorance and inexperience? Boating, sketching, riding, reading, bicycling, travel, sewing, and photography are pastimes which ought not to bore her, and would surely leave her more refreshed in the autumn than continuous gadding, dancing, and flirtation. To be a member of a small, pleasant colony, where the days are passed simply and lazily, yet interestingly; where the finer senses are constantly appealed to by the beauties of nature and the healthful character of one's occupations, is a form of exile which many a summer girl would accommodate herself to gladly if she only understood what it was like, and understood, moreover, that the selection of a summer programme had ceased to be one of her prerogatives. A determined man who wishes to marry will discover the object of his affections on an abandoned farm or in the heart of the Maine woods, if he is worth his salt. In these days of many yachts and bicycles true love can travel rapidly, and there is no occasion for marriageable girls to select courting-grounds where their lovers can have close at hand a Casino and other conveniences, including the opportunity to flirt with their next best Dulcineas.

If the summer-time is the time in which to recuperate and lie fallow, why should we have so many summer schools? After the grand panjandrum of Commencement exercises at the col-

leges is over, there ought to be a pause in the intellectual activity of the nation for at least sixty days; yet there seems to be a considerable body of men and women who, in spite of the fact that they exercise their brains vigorously during the rest of the year, insist on mental gymnastics when the thermometer is in the eighties. These schools—chiefly assemblies in the name of the ologies and osophies—bring together more or less people more or less learned, from all over the country, to talk at one another and read papers.

Judging merely from the newspaper accounts of their proceedings, it is almost invariably impossible to discover the exact meaning of anything which is uttered, but this may be due to the absence of the regular reporters on their annual vacations, and the consequent delegation to tyros of the difficult duty in question. But even assuming that the utterances of the summer schools are both intelligible and stimulating, would not the serious-minded men and



"Close their text-books with a bang on July 1st."

women concerned in them be better off lying in a hammock under a wide-spreading beech-tree, or, if this seems too relaxing an occupation, watching the bathers at Narragansett Pier? There is wisdom sometimes in sending young and very active boys to school for about an hour a day in summer, in order chiefly to know where they are and to prevent them from running their legs off; but with this exception the mental workers in this country, male and female, young and old, can afford to close their text-books with a bang on July 1st, and not peep at them again until September. Philosophy in August has much the flavor of asparagus in January.



## THE PRICE OF ROMANCE

By Robert W. Herrick

THEY were paying the price of their romance, and the question was whether they would pay it cheerfully. They had been married a couple of years, and the first flush of excitement over their passion and the stumbling-blocks it had met was fading away. When he, an untried young lawyer and delicate dilettante, had married her she was a Miss Benton, of St. Louis, "niece of Oliphant, that queer old fellow who made his money in the tobacco trust," and hence with no end of prospects. Edwards had been a pleasant enough fellow, and Oliphant had not objected to his loafing away a vacation about the old house at Quogue. Marriage with his niece, the one remaining member of his family who walked the path that pleased him, was another thing. She had plenty of warning. Had he not sent his only son adrift as a beggar because he had married a little country cousin? He could make nothing out of Edwards except that he was not keen after business—loafed much, smoked much, and fooled with music, possibly wrote songs at times.

Yet Miss Benton had not expected that cruel indifference when she announced her engagement to the keen old man. For she was fond of him and grateful.

"When do you think of marrying?" had been his single comment. She guessed the unexpressed complement to that thought. "You can stay here until that time. Then good-by."

She found in herself an admirable spirit, and her love added devotion and faith in the future, her lover's future. So she tided over the months of her engagement when her uncle's displeasure settled down like a fog over the pleasant house. Edwards would run down frequently, but Oliphant managed to keep out of his way. It was none of his affair, and he let them plainly see this aspect of it. Her spirit rose. She could do as other women did, get on without candy and roses, and it hurt her

to feel that she had expected money from her uncle. She could show him that they were above that.

So they were married and went to live in a little flat in Harlem, very modest, to fit their income. Oliphant had bade her good-by with the courtesy due to a tiresome Sunday visitor. "Oh, you're off, are you?" his indifferent tones had said. "Well, good-by, I hope you will have a good time." And that was all. Even the colored cook had said more; the servants in general looked deplorable. Wealth goes so well with a pretty, bright young woman!

Thus it all rested in the way they would accept the bed they had made. Success would be ample justification. Their friends watched to see how well they would solve the problem they had so jauntily set themselves.

Edwards was by no means a *fainéant*—his record at the Columbia Law School promised better than that, and he had found a place in a large office that might answer for the stepping-stone. As yet he had not individualized himself; he was simply charming, especially in correct summer costume and luxuriating in indolent conversation. He had the well-bred, fine-featured air of so many of the graduates from our Eastern colleges. The suspicion of effeminacy which he suggested might be unjust, but he certainly had not experienced what Oliphant would call "life." He had enough interest in music to dissipate in it. Marriage was an excellent settler, though, on a possible income of twelve hundred!

The two years had not the expected aspiring march, however; ten-dollar cases even had not been plenty in Edwards's path, and he suspected that he was not highly valued in his office. He had been compelled to tutor a boy the second year, and the hot summers made him listless. In short he felt that he had missed his particular round in the ladder. He should have studied music,



or tried for the newspapers as a musical critic. Sunday afternoons he would loll over the piano, picturing the other life—that life which is always so alluring! His wife followed him heroically into all his moods with that pitiful absorption such women give to the men they love. She believed in him tremendously, if, not as a lawyer, as a man and an artist. Somehow she hadn't been an inspiration, and for that she humbly blamed herself. How was it accomplished, this inspiration? A loving wife inspired the ordinary man. Why not an artist?

They got into the habit of planning their life all differently—so that it might not be limited and futile. *If* they had a few thousand dollars! That was a bad sign, and she knew it, and struggled against it. *If* she could only do something to keep the pot boiling while he wrote for fame and success! But she could reduce expenses; so the one servant went, and the house-bills grew tinier and tinier. However, they didn't "make connections," and something was wrong—she wondered what.

As the second summer came in they used to stroll out of their stuffy street, up St. Nicholas Avenue, to the Park, or to the Riverside Drive. There they would sit speechless, she in a faded blue serge skirt with a crisp, washed-out shirt-waist, and an old sailor hat—dark and pretty, in spite of her troubled face. He in a ready-made black serge suit, yet very much the gentleman—pale and listless. Their eyes would seek out any steamer in the river below, or anything else that reminded them of other conditions. He would hum a bit from an opera. They needed no words; their faces were evident, though mute, indications of the tragedy. Then they would return at bed-time or supper-time into the sultry streets; from the open windows of the flats came the hammered music of the city. Such discordant efforts for harmony! Her heart would fill over him, yearning like a mother to cherish him in all the pleasant ways of life, but impotent, impotent!

She never suggested greater effort. Conditions were hard, she said over and over; if there were only a little money to give him a start in another

direction. She admired his pride in never referring to old Oliphant. Her uncle was often in her mind, but she felt that even if she could bring herself to petition him, her husband would indignantly refuse to consider the matter.

Still she thought about it, and especially this summer, for she knew he was then at Quogue. Moreover, she expected her first child. That worried her daily; she saw how hopeless another complication would make their fate. She cried over it at night when the room was too hot to sleep. And then she reproached herself; God would punish her for not wanting her baby.

One day she had gone down-town to get some materials for the preparations she must make. She liked to shop, for sometimes she met old friends; this time in a large shop she happened upon a woman she had known at Quogue, the efficient wife of a successful minister in Brooklyn. This Mrs. Leicester invited her to lunch at the café at the top of the building, and she had yielded after a little urging, with real relief. They sat down at a table near the window—it was so high up there was not much noise—and the streets suddenly seemed interesting to Mrs. Edwards. The quiet table, the pleasant lunch, and the energetic Mrs. Leicester were all refreshing.

"And how is your husband?" Mrs. Leicester inquired, keenly. As a minister's wife she was compelled to interest herself in sentimental complications that inwardly bored her. It was a part of her professional duties. She had taken in this situation at once—she had seen that kind of thing before; it made her impatient. But she liked the pretty little woman before her, and was sorry she hadn't managed better.

"Pretty well," Mrs. Edwards replied, consciously. "The heat drags one down so!"

Mrs. Leicester sent another quick glance across the table. "You haven't been to Quogue much of late, have you? You know how poorly your uncle is."

"No! *You* must know that Uncle James doesn't see us."

"Well," Mrs. Leicester went on, hastily, "he's been quite ill and feeble,



and they say he's growing queer. He never goes away now, and sees nobody. Most of the servants have gone. I don't believe he will last long."

Then her worldliness struggled with her conventional position, and she relapsed into innuendo. "He ought to have someone look after him, to see him die decently, for he can't live beyond the autumn, and the only person who can get in is that fat, greasy Dr. Shapless, who is after his money for the new Methodist school in Jersey City. He goes down every week. I wonder where Mr. Oliphant's son can be?"

Mrs. Edwards took in every word avidly, while she ate. But she let the conversation drift off to Quogue, their acquaintances, and the difficulty of shopping in the summer. "Well, I must be going to get the train," exclaimed Mrs. Leicester at last. With a sigh, the young wife rose, looked regretfully down at the remains of their liberal luncheon, and then walked silently to the elevator. They didn't talk again, but there was something understood between them. Mrs. Leicester hailed a cab; just as she gathered her parcels to make a dive, she seemed illuminated with an idea. "Why don't you come down some Sunday—visit us? Mr. Leicester would be delighted."

Mrs. Edwards was taken unawares, but her instincts came to her rescue.

"Why, we don't go anywhere; it's awfully kind, and I should be delighted; I am afraid Mr. Edwards can't."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Leicester, smiling back unappeased, "come if you can; come alone." The cab drove off, and the young wife felt her cheeks burn.

The Edwardses had never talked over Oliphant or his money explicitly. They shrank from it; it would be a confession of defeat. There was something abhorrently vulgar in thus lowering the pitch of their life. They had come pretty near it often this last summer. But each feared what the other might think. Edwards especially was nervous about the impression it might make on his wife, if he should discuss

the matter. Mrs. Leicester's talk, however, had opened possibilities for the imagination. So little of Uncle James's money, she mused, would make them ideally happy—would put her husband on the road to fame. She had almost made up her mind on a course of action, and she debated the propriety of undertaking the affair without her husband's knowledge. She knew that his pride would revolt from her plan. She could pocket her own pride, but she was tender of his conscience, of his comfort, of his sensibilities. It would be best to act at once by herself—perhaps she would fail anyway—and to shield him from the disagreeable and useless knowledge and complicity. She couldn't resist throwing out some feelers, however, at supper that night. He had come in tired and soiled after a day's tramp collecting bills that wouldn't collect this drouthy season. She had fussed over him and coaxed a smile out, and now they were at their simple tea.

She recounted the day's events as indifferently as possible, but her face trembled as she described the luncheon, the talk, the news of her uncle, and at last Mrs. Leicester's invitation. Edwards had started at the first mention of Quogue.

"It's been in his mind," she thought, half-relieved, and his nervous movements of assumed indifference made it easier for her to go on.

"It was kind of her, wasn't it?" she ended.

"Yes," Edwards replied, impressively. "Of course you declined."

"Oh, yes; but she seemed to expect us all the same." Edwards frowned, but he kept an expectant silence. So she remarked, tentatively:

"It would be so pleasant to see dear old Quogue again." Her hypocrisy made her flush. Edwards rose abruptly from the table and wandered about the room. At length he said, in measured tones, his face averted from the table:

"Of course, under the circumstances we cannot visit Quogue while your uncle lives—unless he should send for us." Thus he had put himself plainly on record. His wife suddenly saw the folly and meanness of her little plans.



It was hardly a disappointment ; her mind felt suddenly relieved from an unpleasant responsibility. She went to her husband, who was nervously playing at the piano, and kissed him almost reverently. It had been a temptation from which he had saved her. They talked that evening a good deal, planning what they would do if they could get over to Europe for a year, calculating how cheaply they could go. It was an old subject. Sometimes it kept off the blues ; sometimes it indicated how blue they were. Mrs. Edwards forgot the disturbance of the day until she was lying wide awake in her hot bed. Then the old longings came in once more ; she saw the commonplace present growing each month more dreary ; her husband drudging away with his hopes sinking. Suddenly he spoke :

"What made Mrs. Leicester ask us, do you suppose?" So he was thinking of it again.

"I don't know!" she replied, vaguely. Soon his voice came again:

"You understand, Nell, that I distinctly disapprove of our making any effort *that way*." She didn't think that her husband was a hypocrite. She did not generalize when she felt deeply. But she knew that her husband didn't want the responsibility of making any effort. Somehow she felt that he would be glad if she should make the effort and take the responsibility on her own shoulders.

Why had he lugged it into plain light again if he hadn't expected her to do something? How could she accomplish it without making it unpleasant for him? Before daylight she had it planned, and she turned once and kissed her husband, protectingly.

. . . . .

That August morning as she walked up the dusty road fringed with blossoming golden-rod toward the little cottage of the Leicesters, she was content in spite of her tumultuous mind. It was all so heavenly quiet! the thin, drooping elms with their pendant vines ; like the waterfalls of a maiden lady ; the dusty snarls of blackberry bushes ; the mid-summer contented repose of the air, and

that distantly murmuring sea—it was all as she remembered it in her childhood. A gap of disturbed years closed up and peace once more! The old man slowly dying up beyond in that deserted gambrel-roofed house would forget and forgive.

Mrs. Leicester received her effusively, anxious now not to meddle dangerously in what promised to be a ticklish business. Mrs. Edwards must stay as long as she would. The Sundays were especially lonely, for Mr. Leicester did not think she should bear the heats of the city so soon, and left her alone when he returned to Brooklyn for his Sunday sermon. Of course, stay as long as Mr. Edwards could spare her—a month, if possible.

At the mention of Mr. Edwards the young wife had a twinge of remorse for the manner in which she had evaded him—her first deceit, for his sake. She had talked vaguely about visiting a friend at Moriches, and her husband had fallen in with the idea. New York was like a finely divided furnace, radiating heat from every tube-like street. So she was to go for a week or ten days. Perhaps the matter would arrange itself before that time was up ; if not, she would write him what she had done. But ten days seemed so long that she put uncomfortable thoughts out of her head.

Mrs. Leicester showed her to her room, a pretty little box, into which the woodbine peeped and nodded, and where from one window she could get a glimpse of the green marshes with the sea beyond. After chatting awhile her hostess went out, protesting that her guest must be too tired to come down. Mrs. Edwards gladly accepted the excuse, ate the luncheon the maid brought in two bites, and then prepared to sally forth.

She knew the path between the lush meadow-grass so well! Soon she was at the forbidding entrance to the "Oliphant place." It was more run down than two years ago ; the lower rooms were shut up tight in massive green blinds that reached down to the warped boards of the veranda. It looked old, neglected, sad and weary ; and she felt almost justified in her mission. She



could bring comfort and light to the dying man.

In a few minutes she was smothering the hysterical enthusiasm of her old friend Dinah. It was as she had expected: Oliphant had grown more suspicious and difficult for the last two years, and had refused to see a doctor, or, in fact, anyone but the Rev. Dr. Shapless and a country lawyer whom he used when absolutely necessary. He hadn't left his room for a month; Dinah had carried him the little he had seen fit to eat. She was evidently relieved to see her old mistress once more at hand. She asked no questions and Mrs. Edwards knew that she would obey her absolutely.

They were sitting in Oliphant's office, a small closet off the more pretentious library, and Mrs. Edwards could see the helpless disorder into which the old man's papers had fallen. The confusion preceding death had already set in.

After laying aside her hat, she went up unannounced to her uncle's room, determined not to give him an opportunity to dismiss her out of hand. He was lying with his eyes closed, so she busied herself in putting the room to rights in order to quiet her nerves. The air was heavily languorous and soon in the quiet country afternoon her self-consciousness fell asleep, and she went dreaming over the irresponsible past, the quiet summers, and the strange, stern old man. Suddenly she knew that he was awake and watching her closely. She started, but as he said nothing, she went on with her dusting, her hand shaking.

He made no comment while she brought him his supper and arranged the bed. Evidently he would accept her services. Her spirit leapt up with the joy of success. That was the first step. She deemed it best to send for her meagre satchel, and to take possession of her old room. In that way she could be more completely mistress of the situation and of him. She had had no very definite ideas of action before that afternoon; her one desire had been to be on the field of battle, to see what could be done, perhaps to use a few tears to soften the implacable heart. But now her field opened out. She

must keep the old man to herself, within her own care — not that she knew specifically what good that would do, but it was the tangible nine points of the law.

The next morning Oliphant showed more life, and while she was helping him into his dressing-gown, he vouchsafed a few grunts, followed by a piercing inquiry:

"Is *he* dead yet?"

The young wife flushed with indignant protest.

"Broke, perhaps?"

"Well, we haven't starved yet." But she cowed under his cynical examination. He relapsed into silence; his old bristly face assumed a sardonic peace whenever his eyes fell upon her. She speculated about that wicked beatitude: it made her uncomfortable. He was still, however—never a word from morning till night.

The routine of little duties about the sick-room she performed punctiliously. In that way she thought to put her conscience to rights, to regard herself in the kind rôle of ministering angel. That illusion was hard to attain in the presence of the sardonic comment the old man seemed to add. After all it was a vulgar grab after the candied fruits of this life.

She had felt it necessary to explain her continued absence to her husband. Mrs. Leicester, who did not appear to regard her actions as unexpected, had undertaken that delicate business. Evidently she had handled it tactfully, for Mrs. Edwards soon received a hurried note. He felt that she was performing her most obvious duty; he could not but be pleased that the breach caused by him had been thus tardily healed. As long as her uncle continued in his present extremity, she must remain. He would run down to the Leicesters' over Sundays, etc. Mrs. Edwards was relieved: it was nice of him, more than that, delicate, not to be stuffy over her action.

The uppermost question these days of monotonous speculation was how long would this ebb-tide of a tenacious life flow. She took a guilty interest in his condition, and yet she more than half wished him to live. Sometimes he would



rally. Something unfulfilled troubled his mind, and once he even crawled downstairs. She found him shakily putting over the papers in his huge davenport. He asked her to make a fire in the grate, and then gathering up an armful of papers he knelt down on the brick hearth, but suddenly drew back; his deep eyes gleamed hatefully at her. Holding out several stiff papers he motioned to her to burn them. Usually she would have obeyed docilely enough, but this deviltry of merriment she resented. While she delayed, standing erect before the smouldering sticks, she noticed that a look of terror crept across the sick face. A spasm shook him, and he fainted. After that his weakness kept him in bed. She wondered what he had been so anxious to burn.

From this time her thoughts grew more specific. Just how should she attain her ends? Had he made a will? Could he not now do something for them, or would it be safer to bide their time? Indeed for a few moments she resolved to decide all by one straightforward prayer. She began, and the old man seemed so contentedly prepared for the scene that she remained dumb.

In this extremity of doubt she longed to get aid from her husband. Yet under the circumstances she dared to admit so little. One Saturday afternoon he called at the house; she was compelled to share some of her perplexities.

"He seems so very feeble," she remarked. They were sitting on the veranda some distance from Oliphant's room, yet their conversation was furtive. "Perhaps he should see a doctor or a minister."

"No, I don't think so," Edwards replied, assuringly. "You see he doesn't believe in either, and such things should be left to the person himself, as long as he's in his right mind."

"And a lawyer?" Mrs. Edwards continued, probingly.

"Has he asked for one?"

"No—but he seems to find it hard to talk."

"I guess it's best not to meddle. Who's that?"

A little fat man in baggy black trousers and a seersucker coat was panting up the gentle hill to the gate. He

had a puggy nose and a heavy, thinly bearded face incased about the eyes in broad steel spectacles.

"That's Dr. Shapless," she said, in a flutter.

"What of it?" Edwards replied.

"He mustn't come in," she cried, with sudden energy. "You must see him, and send him away! He wants to see Uncle Oliphant. Tell him he's too sick, —to come another day." Edwards went down the path to meet him. Through the window she could hear a low conversation, and then crunched gravel. Meantime Oliphant seemed restlessly alert, expectant of something, and with suspicious eyes intent on her.

Her heart thumped with relief when the gate clicked. Edwards had been effective that time. Oliphant was trying to say something, but the hot August day had been too much for him—it all ended in a mumble. Then she pulled in the blinds, settled the pillows nervously, and left the room in sheer fright.

The fight had begun—and grimly.

"I wonder what the old cove wanted," Edwards said the next day; "he was dead set on seeing your uncle; said he had an engagement with him, and looked me up and down. I stood him off, but he'll be down again."

"Don't you know about that new school the Methodists are building? Uncle Oliphant has always helped the Methodists, and I suppose Dr. Shapless wanted to see him about some contributions." Edwards asked no more questions, and, in fact, got back to town on a pretext of business that afternoon. He was clearly of no use in Quogue. His wife sent for a physician that week. It was tardy justice to propriety, but it was safe then, for Oliphant had given up all attempts to talk.

The doctor came, looked at the old man, and uttered a few remarks. He would come again. Mrs. Edwards did not need to be told that the end was coming. The question was, how soon?

That week had another scare. Somehow old Slocum, the local lawyer Oliphant used, had been summoned, and one morning she ran across him in the hall. She knew the man well of old.



He was surprised and pleased to see her, and it was not difficult to get him out of the house without arousing his suspicions. But he would talk so boisterously; she felt her uncle's eyes aflame in anger.

"Be sure and send for me when he rallies, quick," Slocum whispered loudly in the hall. "Perhaps we can do a little something for some folks." And with a wink he went out.

Had she done the clever thing after all in shooing old Slocum out? Her mind went over the possibilities in tense anxiety. If there were no will, James, Jr., would get the whole, she thought. If there was a will already in the house, in that old davenport, what then? Would Shapless get the money? She grew keen in speculation. To leave her in the lurch, to give it all to that greasy Shapless would be the most natural trick in the world for an incisive old fellow like Oliphant.

It was too much! She cried a little, and she began to hate the helpless man upstairs. It occurred to her to poke about in the papers in the adjoining room. She must do it at once, for she expected Edwards every moment.

First she ran upstairs to see if her uncle was all right. As soon as she entered, he glared at her bitterly and would have spoken. She noted the effort and failure, elated. He could not betray her now, unless he rallied wonderfully. So leaving the door ajar, she walked firmly downstairs. Now she could set herself to rest.

If the money were *all* left to Shapless? She might secure the will, and bargain with the old parasite for a few thousands of dollars. Her mind was full of wild schemes; if she only knew a little more about affairs! She had heard of wills, and read many novels that turned upon wills lost or stolen. They had always seemed to her improbable, mere novels. Necessity was stranger than fiction.

It did not take long to find the very articles she was after; evidently Oliphant had been overhauling them on that last excursion from his room. The package lay where he had dropped it when he fainted. There were two documents. She unfolded them on the top

of the mussy desk. They were hard reading in all their legal dress, and her head was filled with fears lest her husband should walk in. She could make out, however, that Oliphant was much richer than she had ever vaguely supposed, and that since her departure he had relented toward his son. For in the first in date she was the principal heir, a lot of queer charities coming in besides. In the second, James, Jr., received something. Her name did not appear. Several clauses had been added from time to time, each one giving more money and lands to the Methodist school. Probably Shapless was after another codicil when he called.

It had taken her into the twilight to gain even a meagre idea of all this. She was preparing to fold the documents up in their common wrapper, when she felt the door open behind her. All she could see in the terror of the moment was the gaunt white arm of her uncle, and the two angry eyes in the shaking head. She shrieked from pure nervousness, and at her cry, the old man fell in a heap.

The accident steeled her nerves. Dinah came in a panic, and as they were lifting the bony frame from the floor, Edwards entered. With his assistance they got the sick man to bed.

That was clearly the last gasp. Yet Mrs. Edwards shook in dread every time she entered the room. The look seemed conscious still, intensified malignity and despair creeping in. She was afraid and guilty and unstrung. Perhaps with some sudden survival of his forces he would kill her. He was lying there too still for defeat. His life had been an expression of hates—the last one might be dreadful.

Yet she stood to her post in the sick-room, afraid, as she confessed to herself, to trust herself with her husband. Her mind was soiled with seething thoughts, and in contrast his seemed so fresh and pure! If she could keep him unsuspecting of her, all would be well in the end. But the task she had set herself for him was hard, so hard!

That night when all was still she crept downstairs and groped about in the davenport for the papers. They had been lying there unopened where



they had fallen earlier in the evening. She struck a match, caught up the fresher document, and hugged it to her as she toiled upstairs. When she had tucked it away in her satchel the end seemed near. They must wait now.

She put her husband out of her mind. Outside the warm summer days died away over the sea, one by one, and the grass beyond the gates grew heavier with dust. Life was tense in its monotony.

That had happened on a Saturday; Monday Dr. Shapless came again, his shoes dusty from his long walk from the station. He looked oiled as ever, but more determined. Mrs. Edwards daringly permitted him to see the dying man—he had been lying in a stupor, for she was afraid that the reverend doctor's loud tones in the hall might exasperate Oliphant to some wild act. Dr. Shapless shut her from the room when he went in, but he did not stay long. A restless despair had settled down on her uncle's face, there to remain for the last few hours. And his visitor was enraged with defeat.

Her heart sank; she longed to cry out to the poor old man on the bed that *she* did not want his money. She remained with him all night, yet she did not dare to approach his bed. She would disturb him.

He died the next afternoon, and at the last he looked out on the world and at her with his final note of intelligence. It was pathetic, a suggestion of past tenderness defeated, and of defeat in hate, too. She closed his sad eyes: it was awful to meddle with a man's last purposes.

The funeral was almost surreptitious. Old Dinah, the Leicesters, and the Edwardses occupied the one carriage that followed him to the graveyard across the village. They met a hay-cart or two on their way, but no curious neighbors. Old Oliphant's death aroused no interest in this village, ridden with summer strangers.

The day was impersonally suave and tender, with its gentle haze and autumn premonitions. Mr. Leicester said a few equivocal words, while Mrs. Edwards gazed helplessly into the grave. The

others fell back behind the minister. Between her and her uncle down there, something remained unexplained, and her heart ached.

They spent that night at the Leicesters, for Mrs. Edwards wearily refused to return to the Oliphant place. Edwards carried the keys over to Slocum, and told him to take the necessary steps toward settling the old man's affairs. The next day they returned to the little flat in Harlem. The Leicesters found their presence awkward, now that there was nothing to do, and Mrs. Edwards was craving to be alone with her husband, to shut out the past month from their lives as soon as possible.

These September days, while they both waited in secret anxiety, she clung to him as she had never before. He was pure, the ideal she had voluntarily given up, given up for his sake in order that he might have complete perfection. His delicate sensitiveness kept him from referring to that painful month, or to possible expectations. She worshipped him the more, and was thankful for his complete ignorance. Their common life could go on untainted and noble.

Yet Edwards betrayed his nervous anxiety. His eagerness for the mail every morning, his early return from business indicated his troubled mind.

The news came at breakfast-time. Mrs. Edwards handed Slocum's letter across the table and waited, her face wanly eager. The letter was long; it took the country lawyer some half-dozen large letter-sheets to tell his news, but in the end it came. He had had the will probated and was happy to say that Mrs. Edwards was a large, a very large beneficiary. Edwards read these closing sentences aloud. He threw down the letter and tried to take her in his arms. But she tearfully pushed him away, and then, repenting, clasped his knees.

"Oh, Will! it's so much, so very much," she almost sobbed.

Edwards looked as if that were not an irremediable fault in their good luck. He said nothing. Already he was planning their future movements. Under



the circumstances neither cared to discuss their happiness, and so they got little fun from the first bloom.

In spite of Mrs. Edwards's delicate health and her expected confinement they decided to go abroad. She was feverishly anxious for him to begin his real work at once, to prove himself; and it might be easier to forget her one vicious month when the Atlantic had been crossed. They put their affairs to rights hurriedly, and early in November sailed for France.

The Leicesters were at the dock to bid them God-speed and to chirrup over their good fortune.

"It's all like a good, old-fashioned story," beamed Mrs. Leicester, content with romance for once, now that it had arranged itself so decorously.

"Very satisfactory; quite right," the clergyman added. "We'll see you soon in Paris. We're thinking of a gay vacation, and will let you know."

Edwards looked fatuous; his wife had an orderly smile. She was glad when Sandy Hook sank into the mists. She had only herself to avoid now.

They took some pleasant apartments just off the Rue de Rivoli, and then their life sank into the complacent commonplace of possession. She was outwardly content to enjoy with her husband, to go to the galleries, the opera, to try the restaurants, and to drive.

Yet her life went into one idea, a very fixed idea, such as often takes hold of women during their confinement. She was eager to see him at work. If he accomplished something—even content!—she would feel justified and perhaps happy. As to the child, the idea grew strange to her. Why should she have a third in the problem? For she saw that the child must take its part in her act, must grow up and share their life and inherit the Oliphant money. In brief, she feared the yet unborn stranger, to whom she would be responsible in this queer way. And the child could not repair the wrong as could her husband. Certainly the child was an alien.

She tried to be tender of her husband in his boyish glee and loafing. She could understand that he needed to accustom himself to his new free-

dom, to have his vacation first. She held herself in, tensely, refraining from criticism lest she might mar his joy. But she counted the days, and when her child had come, she said to herself, *then* he must to work.

This morbid life was very different from what she had fancied the rich future would be, as she looked into the grave, the end of her struggle, that September afternoon. But she had grown to demand so much more from *him*; she had grown so grave! His bright, boyish face, the gentle curls, had been dear enough, and now she looked for the lines a man's face should have. Why was he so terribly at ease? The world was bitter and hard in its conditions, and a man should not play.

Late in December the Leicesters called; they were like gleeful sparrows, twittering about. Mrs. Edwards shuddered to see them again, and when they were gone she gave up and became ill.

Her tense mind relieved itself in hysterics, which frightened her to further repression. Then one night she heard herself moaning: "Why did I have to take all? It was so little, so very little, I wanted, and I had to take all. Oh, Will, Will, you should have done for yourself. Why did you need this? Why couldn't you do as other men do; it's no harder for you than for them." Then she recollected herself. Edwards was holding her hand and soothing her.

Some weeks later, when she was very ill, she remembered those words, and wondered if he had suspected anything. Her child came and died, and she forgot this matter with others. She lay nerveless for a long time without thought; Edwards and the doctor feared melancholia. So she was taken to Italy for the cold months. Edwards cared for her tenderly, but his caressing presence was irritating instead of soothing to her. She was hungry for a justification that she could not bring about.

At last it wore on into late spring. She began to force herself back into the old activities in order to leave no excuse for further dawdling. Her attitude became terribly judicial and suspicious.



An absorbing idleness had settled down over Edwards, partly excused to himself by his wife's long illness. When he noticed that his desultory days made her restless, he took to loafing about galleries or making little excursions, generally in company with some forlorn artist he had picked up. He had nothing, after all, so very definite that demanded his time; he had not yet made up his mind for any attempts. And something in the domestic atmosphere unsettled him. His wife held herself aloof, with alien sympathies, he felt.

So they drifted on to discontent and unhappiness until she could bear it no longer without expression.

"Aren't we to return to Paris soon?" she remarked one morning as they idled over a late breakfast. "I am strong now, and I should like to settle down."

Edwards took the cue, idly welcoming any change.

"Why, yes, in the fall. It's too near the summer now, and there's no hurry."

"Yes, there *is* hurry," his wife replied, hastily. "We have lost almost eight months."

"Out of a lifetime," Edwards put in, indulgently.

She paused, bewildered by the insinuation of his remark. But her mood was too incendiary to avoid taking offence. "Do you mean that that would be a *life*, loafing around all day, enjoying this, that, and the other fine pleasure. That wasn't what we planned."

"No, but I don't see why people who are not driven should drive themselves. I want to get the taste of Harlem out of my mouth." He was a bit sullen. A year ago her strict inquiry into his life would have been absurd. Perhaps the money, her money, gave her the right.

"If people don't drive themselves," she went on, passionately, "they ought to be driven. It's cowardly to take advantage of having money to do nothing. You wanted the—the opportunity to do something. Now you have it."

Edwards twisted his wicker chair into uncomfortable places. "Well, are you sorry you happen to have given me the chance?" He looked at her coldly, so that a suspicious thought shot into her mind.

"Yes," she faltered, "if it means throwing it away, I *am* sorry."

She dared no more. Her mind was so close on the great sore, the perpetual irritant in her gentle soul. He lit a cigarette, and sauntered down the hotel garden. But the look he had given her—a queer glance of disagreeable intelligence—illuminated her dormant thoughts.

What if he had known all along? She remembered his meaning words that hot night when they talked over Oliphant's illness for the first time. And why had he been so yielding, so utterly passive, during the sordid drama over the dying man? What kept him from alluding to the matter in any way? Yes, he must have encouraged her to go on. *She* had been his tool, and he, the passive spectator. The blind certainty of a woman made the thing assured, settled. She picked up the faint yellow rose he had laid by her plate, and tore it slowly into fine bits. On the whole he was worse than she.

But before he returned, she stubbornly refused to believe herself.

In the autumn they were again in Paris, in soberer quarters, which were conducive to effort. Edwards was working fitfully with several teachers, goaded on, as he must confess to himself, by a pitiless wife. Not much was discussed between them, but he knew that the price of the *statu quo* was continued labor.

She was watching him; he felt it and resented it, but he would not understand. All the idealism, the worship of the first sweet months in marriage had gone. Of course that incense had been foolish, but it was sweet. Instead, he felt these suspicious, tolerant eyes following his soul in and out on its feeble errands. He comforted himself with the trite consolation that he was suffering from the natural readjustment in a woman's mind. It was too drastic for that, however.

He was in the habit of leaving her in the evenings of the opera. The light was too much for her eyes, and she was often tired. One wet April night, when he returned late, he found her up sitting by the window that overlooked the steaming boulevard. Somehow his soul



was rebellious, and when she asked him about the opera he did not take the pains to lie.

"Oh, I haven't been there," he muttered. "I am beastly tired of it all. Let's get out of it; to St. Petersburg or Norway—for the summer," he added, guiltily.

Now that the understanding impended she trembled, for hitherto she had never actually known. In suspicion there was hope. So she almost entreated.

"We go anyway to Vienna next winter, and I thought we had decided on Switzerland for the summer."

"You decided! But what's the use of keeping up the mill night and day. There's plenty of opportunity over there for an educated gentleman with money, if what you are after is a 'sphere' for me."

"You want to—to go back now?"

"No, I want to be let alone."

"Don't you care to pay for all you have had? Haven't you any sense of justice to Uncle Oliphant, to your opportunities?"

"Oliphant," Edwards laughed, disagreeably. "Wouldn't he be pleased to have an opera, a Gilbert and Sullivan affair, dedicated to him! No. I have tried to humor your idea of making myself famous. But what's the use of being wretched?" The topic seemed fruitless. Mrs. Edwards looked over to the slight, careless figure. He was sitting dejectedly on a large fauteuil, smoking. He seemed fagged and spiritless. She almost pitied him and gave in, but suddenly she rose and crossed the room.

"We've made ourselves pretty unhappy," she said, apologetically, resting

her hand on the lapel of his coat. "I guess it's mostly my fault, Will. I have wanted so much that you should do something fine with Uncle Oliphant's money, with *yourself*. But we can make it up in other ways."

"What are you so full of that idea for?" Edwards asked, curiously. "Why can't you be happy, even as happy as you were in Harlem?" His voice was hypocritical.

"Don't you know?" she flashed back. "You *do* know, I believe. Tell me, did you look over those papers on the davenport that night Uncle James fainted?"

The unexpected rush of her mind bewildered him. A calm lie would have set matters to rights, but he was not master of it.

"So you were willing—you knew?"

"It wasn't my affair," he muttered, weakly, but she had left him.

He wandered about alone for a few days until the suspense became intolerable. When he turned up one afternoon in their apartments he found preparations on foot for their departure.

"We're going away?" he asked.

"Yes, to New York."

"Not so fast," he interrupted, bitterly. "We might as well face the matter openly. What's the use of going back there?"

"We can't live here, and besides I shall be wanted there."

"You can't do anything now. Talk sensibly about it. I will not go back."

She looked at him coldly, critically. "I cabled Slocum yesterday, and we must live somehow."

"You——" but she laid her hand on his arm. "It makes no difference *now*, you know, and it can't be changed. I've done everything."





# A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

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## “THE UNITED STATES WILL PAY”

RESUMPTION.

THE LEGAL TENDER DECISION.

DEMONETIZATION OF SILVER.

THE BLAND BILL.

FAILURE OF JAY COOKE.

PANIC OF 1873.

A NEW BLACK FRIDAY.

THE GRANGERS.

THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.

GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES.

PRESIDENT HAYES'S bold independence did not seriously divide his party. He touched the danger-line in removing Chester A. Arthur from the Collectorship of the Port of New York on the charge of partisan activity, having to rely on Democratic votes in the Senate to secure the successor's confirmation. Yet few stalwarts dared call Hayes a traitor. Democratic opposition fortified him against this. The House, Democratic throughout his term, fought nearly all his wishes, as did the Senate, now also Democratic, during his last two years. To balk him, appropriation bills were laden with riders involving legislation which he could not approve, but he firmly applied the veto. The futile attempt to "right" the alleged "fraud of 1877" by ripping up the Electoral Commission's work, kept Hayes before the country as the Republicans' man, incidentally doing much to advertise his sterling character. Fraud in seating him there may have been, and he may not have been wholly ignorant of it; but he did not originate the Commission, or even recommend it, while, under the circumstances, his acceptance of the Presidency was clearly his duty, whatever he thought of the antecedent procedure. Refreshing decency marked all of Mr. Hayes's public doings. The

men placed in office by him were the best available, chosen with little regard to political influence, and, like all others in the civil service, they were required to abstain from active participation in political affairs. This policy enraged politicians, but, by immensely relieving the party from the odium into which it had fallen, aided to put it in condition for the campaign of 1880.

The most momentous single deed of Mr. Hayes's administration was the restoration of the country's finances, public and private, to a hard-money basis. On January 1, 1879, the United States began again the payment, suspended for more than sixteen years, of specie in liquidation of its greenback promises. The familiar legend upon our Treasury notes, "The United States will Pay," became true at last. Our paper dollar had begun to sink below par so early as December 28, 1861, after which date it underwent the most painful fluctuations. On July 11, 1864, it was sixty-five per cent. below par, thenceforward sinking and rising fitfully, but never reaching gold value again till the month of December, 1878.

The difficulties of replacing the country's business on a solid monetary platform had been foreseen as soon as the subject loomed into view. Senator Sher-







ance of greenbacks for customs—\$109,467,456 during 1879—the Treasury at the end of that year experienced a dearth of these and a plethora of coin, having actually to force debtors to receive hard money.

The magnitude and meaning of the financial policy thus launched can hardly be over-estimated. The nation had piled up a war debt amounting to the enormous sum of \$2,844,649,626. This figure, the highest which the debt ever attained, was reached in August, 1865. Many people at home and in other countries thought that amounts so vast as were called for could never

possibly be paid. When we began borrowing, the *London Economist* declared it "utterly out of the question for the Americans to obtain the extravagant sums they asked," saying: "Europe won't lend them; Americans cannot." The Washington agent of the London bankers, through whom our Government did foreign business, after the battle of Bull Run called at the Treasury on Sunday to get his "little bill" settled, having the effrontery to ask the acting Secretary, Mr. George Harrington, to give security that the balance, about \$40,000, would be paid. Mr. Harrington directed the anxious Englishman



John Sherman.

G. F. Edmunds.  
O. P. Morton.  
F. T. Frelinghuysen.

W. B. Allison.  
John A. Logan.  
T. O. Howe.  
G. S. Boutwell.

T. W. Ferry.  
Roscoe Conkling.

A. A. Sargent.

The Republican Caucus Committee which Formulated the Resumption Act in December, 1874.





Justice Field. Justice Miller. Justice Clifford. Justice Nelson. Chief-Justice Chase. Justice Grier. Justice Swayne. Justice Davis.

Chief-Justice Chase Announcing the Decision of the Supreme Court in the First "Legal Tender" Trial: *Hepburn vs. Griswold*.

to wait, as the Government would probably not break up before business hours next day. The *London Times* declared: "No pressure that ever threatened is equal to that which now hangs over the United States, and it may safely be said that if in future generations they faithfully meet their liabilities, they will fairly earn a fame which will shine throughout the world." In March, 1863, concluding an article on Secretary Chase's stupendous operations, the same newspaper exclaimed: "What strength, what resources, what vitality, what energy there must be in a nation that is able to ruin itself on a scale so transcendent!"\*

No nation ever took a braver course than did the United States in deliberately beginning the reduction of that

enormous war debt. The will to reduce it opened the way, and the payment went on by leaps and bounds. The policy was to call in high-rate bonds as soon as callable, and replace them by others bearing lower rates. So immense was the Government's income that to have set so late a date as 1891 for the time when the four-and-a-halves could be cancelled proved unfortunate. To fix for the maturity of the fours so remote a date as 1907 was worse still. The three-per-cent of 1882, which supplanted earlier issues, were wisely made payable at the Government's option. For the twenty-three years beginning with August, 1865, the reduction proceeded at an average rate of a little under \$63,000,000 yearly, which would be \$5,250,000 each month, \$175,000 each day, \$7,291 each hour, and \$121 each minute.

\* Shucker's *Life of S. P. Chase*, pages 225, 226.



## THE LEGAL TENDER QUESTION

AN act of Congress passed February 25, 1862, had authorized the issue of \$150,000,000 in non-interest-bearing Treasury notes. These notes had no precedent with us since colonial times. Neither receivable for duties nor payable for interest on the public debt, they were yet legal tender for all other payments, public and private. As the Government paid its own debts with them they amounted to a forced loan.

The legal-tender clause of the 1862 law roused bitterest antagonism. The press ridiculed it, in some cases being refused the use of the mails for that reason. "The financial fabric of the Union totters to its base," said a leading journal. Secretary Chase himself, the father of the greenback, afterward, as Chief-Justice, pronounced the law unconstitutional. This was his judgment from the first, and he overrode it, after painful deliberation, only because such a course seemed absolutely necessary to save the nation. Mr. Lincoln is said to have aided his Secretary at this crisis by the parable of the captain who, his ship aleak, worse and worse in spite of his prayers to the Virgin, threw her image overboard, and, having successfully made port and docked his vessel for repairs, found the image neatly filling the hole where the water had come in. Both deemed it patriotic to make jetsam of the Constitution if

thereby they might bring safe into port the leaky ship of state, in danger of being engulfed in the mad ocean of civil war.

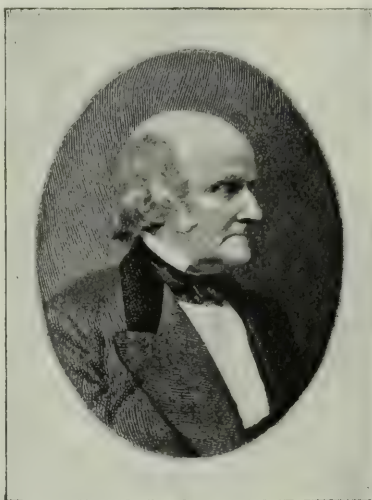
Thus the issue of legal-tenders began under the pressure of urgent necessity. From first to last \$450,000,000 of this paper had been voted, whereof, on January 3, 1864, \$449,338,902 was outstanding. Specie payments were suspended two days before the introduction of the legal-tender act. Gold went to a premium while that act was under discussion, remaining so till

just before resumption, January 1, 1879. Even the subsidiary silver coinage disappeared, and Congress was obliged to issue fractional paper currency, "shin-plasters," in its stead.

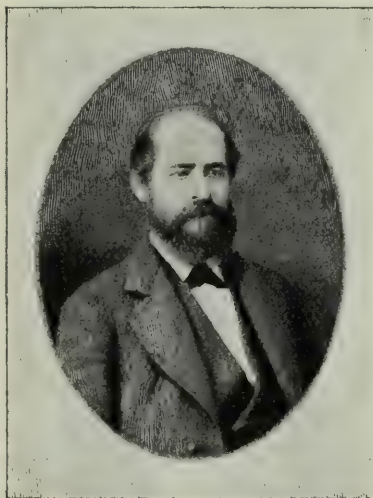
Several constitutional questions were connected with the greenback. In *Hepburn vs. Griswold* (8 Wall., 603) the Court held, four† Justices against three, that, while the act of February 25, 1862, might, as a war measure be valid, making greenbacks legal tender for debts contracted after its passage, yet, so far as its provisions related to pre-existing debts, it was inconsistent with the Constitution, not being a "necessary" or "proper" means to any end therein authorized. In *Parker vs. Davis* (12 Wall., 457), the *personnel* of the Court having been changed by the resignation of Justice Grier and the appoint-

\* One of the chief promoters of the Legal Tender Act.

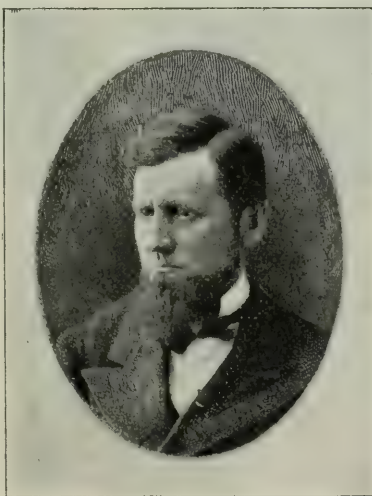
† Or five if Grier be counted. He agreed with the majority, but resigned before the opinion was announced.



Elbridge G. Spaulding.\*

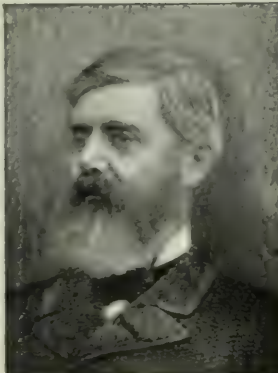
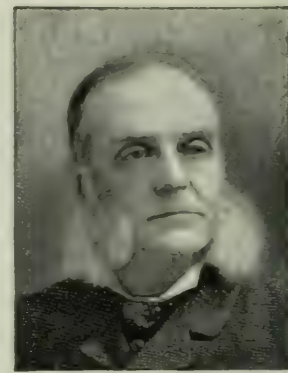
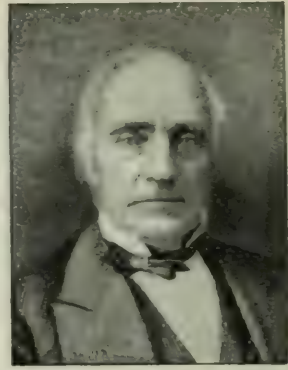


Richard P. Bland.



William B. Allison.





W. A. Richardson, Massachusetts,  
March 17, 1873-June 2, 1874.  
John Sherman, Ohio,  
March 8, 1877-March 5, 1881.  
W. Q. Green, Indiana,  
October 24, 1884-October 28, 1884.  
C. S. Fairchild, New York,  
April 1, 1887-March 5, 1889.

B. H. Bristol, Kentucky,  
June 2, 1874-June 21, 1876.  
William Wadsworth, Minnesota,  
March 5, 1881-October 27, 1881.  
Hugh McCulloch, Indiana,  
October 28, 1884-March 6, 1885.  
Charles Foster, Ohio,  
February 24, 1891-March 6, 1893.

L. M. Merrill, Maine,  
June 21, 1876-March 8, 1877.  
C. J. Folger, New York,  
October 27, 1881-October 24, 1884.  
Daniel Manning, New York,  
March 6, 1885-April 1, 1887.  
James G. Carlisle, Kentucky,  
March 6, 1893-

The Secretaries of the Treasury during the Last Quarter-Century.\*

\* For G. S. Boutwell, March 11, 1869-March 17, 1873, see March issue, p. 279.



ment of Justices Bradley and Strong, though Chase, Clifford, and Field strenuously maintained their former views, the *Hepburn vs. Griswold* decision was reversed. That case, the Court now said, "was decided by a divided Court," having fewer Judges "than the law then in existence provided that this Court shall have. These cases have been heard before a full Court, and they have received our most careful consideration." Justice Bradley, whom in the judgment of Senator Hoar, "the general voice of the profession and of his brethren of the bench would place at the head of all then living American jurists," concurred with the majority in a separate opinion of his own, at once elaborate and emphatic. In the famous case of *Juilliard vs. Greenman* (110 U. S., 421) a third question was tried out, namely, whether Congress has the constitutional power to make United States Treasury notes legal tender for private debts in peace as well as in war. The decision was again in favor of the greenback, Field being the only Justice to register dissent. Though this was the first decision of the question arrived at by strictly legal reasoning, it evoked much hostile criticism. When equal to gold, greenbacks began to be glorified, and all thoughts of retiring them gave way. June 20, 1874, the maximum greenback circulation was placed at \$382,000,000, which the operation of the Resumption Act in 1875 brought down to \$346,681,000, letting the gap be filled by national bank notes. The sum last named is, within a trifle, that still outstanding (1895), all further retirement or cancellation of legal-tenders being forbidden by the act approved May 31, 1878. This popularity of the greenbacks stimulated to fresh life the "fiat greenback" theory, whose pith lay in the proposition that money requires in its material no labor-cost value, its purchasing power coming from the decree of the public authority issuing it, so that paper money put forth by a financially responsible government, though involving no promise whatever, will be the peer of gold. This idea was long very influential throughout States so conservative as Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, where, in several campaigns, the

able stump addresses of men like Garfield, Schurz, and Stanley Matthews laid it pretty well to rest. It was, however, the rallying thought of the National Labor Greenback Party, organized at Indianapolis, May 17, 1876, when it nominated Peter Cooper for the Presidency. On the very day that resumption went into effect, a Greenbacker Convention in New England declared it the paramount issue of their party to substitute greenbacks for national bank notes.

#### DEMONETIZATION OF SILVER

THE old silver dollar, "the Dollar of our Fathers," had never ceased to be full legal tender until 1873, although it had since 1853 been, as compared with the gold dollar, too valuable to circulate much. In 1873 a law was unobservedly passed demonetizing it, and making gold the exclusive form of United States full tender hard money.

That legislation of such importance should have passed without general debate, either in Congress or by the public, was unfortunate; but, contrary to a very prevalent view, there is no evidence that a single Congressional vote for it was secured by fraud. Little silver had been coined by the United States since 1834. The monetary problem of 1873 was not that of to-day. Then, simplicity of monetary system was considered the great desideratum, whereas authorities now deem adequacy in volume the most important trait of a hard-money system. In 1873 gold had been for twenty years pouring out of the earth in immense volume, rendering not unnatural the expectation that it alone, without silver, would soon suffice for the world's hard-money stock. Such was then the judgment of the leaders of public opinion in all lands. It was the view of the Paris Conference in 1867, which recommended the general demonetization of silver—a recommendation extremely influential in determining to a gold policy the German Empire, whose course toward silver in 1873 was identical with ours.

European opinion on the subject was



known and concurred in here. At intervals ever since 1816 representative Americans had suggested that we should adopt Great Britain's metallic money system. In his report of November 29, 1851, the Director of our Mint declared the "main features" of that system "eminently worthy of adoption into the monetary policy of our own country." Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, then Secretary of the Treasury, whom no one will charge with obsequiousness to England or to the Money Power at home, in his Report of January 6, 1852, seconded the recommendation of the Director of the Mint, carefully setting forth the argument for adopting it. To the Act of 1873 the Senators from Oregon, California, and Nevada unanimously agreed. At the 1867 Paris Conference the United States was (by delegates) present as a gold country, Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, being responsible for this, though no one protested. Inspired by such example and by the recommendation of the Conference, the Secretary of our Treasury, in 1870, drafted the bill discontinuing the silver dollar, which passed the Senate early in 1871 and became a law in 1873.

#### PASSAGE OF THE BLAND BILL

AN increased value attaching to gold was soon apparent, or, what is the same thing, a general fall in prices. This began so soon as silver full money had been laid aside, silver falling in gold price almost exactly as products at large fell. In view of this movement, since all Government bonds outstanding in 1873 were payable in "coin," it was a nearly universal belief in most sections of the country that the abridgment of the right to pay debts in silver would, if persisted in, be very unjust to taxpayers in liquidating the national debt. The Bland Bill was therefore brought forward, and in 1878 passed, restoring silver again to its ancient legal equality with gold as debt-paying money. In this act, however, so great was now the disparity in value between gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, Congress did not venture to

give back to the white metal the right of free coinage. The "Allison tip," as it was called, was incorporated in the bill, requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase monthly not less than two million dollars' worth of silver, or more than four million dollars' worth, and to coin it into dollars. The Bland-Allison Act was disapproved by President Hayes, but immediately passed over his veto, February 28, 1878.

However necessary to final prosperity, the contraction of our currency was a sore process, and it encountered at every stage the most bitter opposition. The war left us, as it found us, with painfully little grasp on the principles of money. Men of one type felt that low or falling prices, however caused, meant prosperity; another class attached this meaning to high prices, however caused. Few reflected enough to see that great and solid prosperity may attend rising prices, as between 1850 and 1870, or that, on the other hand, prices may be going down and yet greater and greater effort be required to obtain the necessities of life. The generally conceded desirableness of replacing business upon a precious-metal basis, whatever hardship in lowered values this might cost those whose property consisted of goods or lands and not of money, misled many, even after the gold platform was reached, to hail each drop in general prices with hallelujahs. Eastern people and the creditor class elsewhere were usually in this frame of mind.

Far different felt those, so numerous throughout the West, who had run in debt when rank inflation was on, and who, tied to their mortgaged farms, were compelled to produce against a constantly falling market. They writhed under the pinch, and more or less correctly understood the philosophy of it. A Montgomery County, Pa., farmer once went into a store in Norristown and bought a suit of clothes. The storekeeper said: "That is the cheapest suit of clothes you ever bought." "Oh, no," said the farmer, "this suit cost me twenty bushels of wheat. I have never paid over fifteen bushels of wheat for a suit of clothes before."



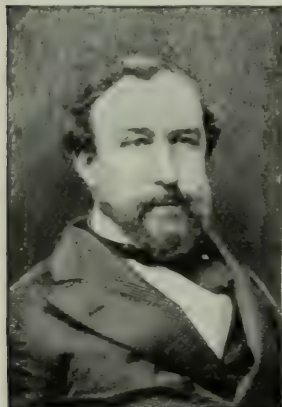


The Rush from the New York Stock Exchange on September 18, 1873.

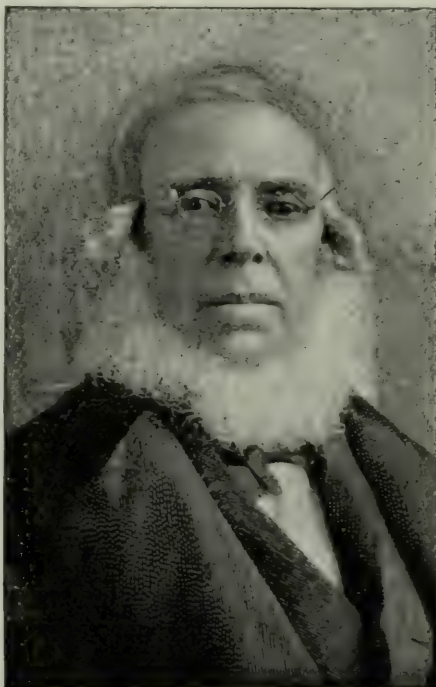


## THE PANIC OF 1873

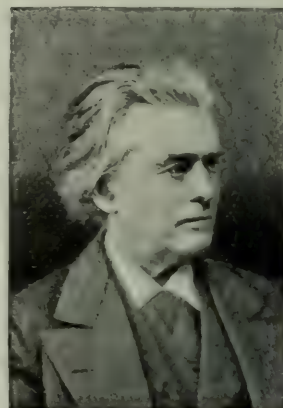
THE panic of 1873, so far as it resulted from contraction, had its main origin abroad, not in America, so that its subordinate causes were generally looked upon as its sole occasion; yet these by causes were important. The shocking destruction of wealth by fires and by reckless speculation,



Newton Booth.



Peter Cooper.



Samuel F. Cary.

Three of the Prominent "Greenbackers."

houses in New York. Jay Cooke & Co., who had invested heavily in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railway, suspended on September 18th. When authoritative news of this event was made known in the Stock Exchange a perfect stampede of the brokers ensued. They surged out of the Exchange, tumbling pell-mell over each other in the general confusion, hastening to notify their

of course, had a baneful effect. During 1872 the balance of trade was strongly against the United States. The circulation of depreciated paper money had brought to many an apparent prosperity which was not real, leading to the free creation of debts by individuals, corporations, towns, cities, and States. An unprecedented mileage of railways had been constructed. Within the half decade ending with December, 1873, \$1,700,000,000 were thus spent in this country. Much supposed wealth consisted in the bonds of these railroads and of other new concerns, like mining and manufacturing corporations. Thus the entire business of the country was on a basis of inflation, and when contraction came disaster was inevitable.

In the course of the summer solid values began to be hoarded and interest rates consequently to rise. In August there was a partial corner in gold, broken by a government sale of \$6,000,000. In September panic came, with suspension of several large banking-

respective houses. Next day, September 19th, Fiske & Hatch, very conservative people, went down.

September 19th was a second Black Friday. Never since the original Black Friday had the Street and the Stock Exchange been so frantic. The weather, dark and rainy, seemed to sympathize with the gloom which clouded the financial situation. Wall, Broad, and Nassau Streets were thronged with people. From the corner of Wall Street and Broadway down to the corner of Hanover Street a solid mass of men filled both sidewalks. From the Post-Office along Nassau Street down Broad Street to Exchange Place another dense throng moved slowly, aimlessly, hither and thither. Sections of Broadway itself were packed. Weaving in and out like the shuttles in a loom were brokers and brokers' clerks making the best speed they could from point to point. All faces wore a bewildered and foreboding look. To help them seem cool, moneyed men talked about the weather,



but their incoherent words and nervous motions betrayed their anxiety. The part of Wall Street at the corner of Broad Street held a specially interested mass of men. They seemed like an assemblage anxiously awaiting the appearance of a great spectacle. High up on the stone balustrade of the Sub-treasury were numerous spectators, umbrellas sheltering them from the pelt-

ing rain as they gazed with rapt attention on the scene below. All the brokers' offices were filled. In each, at the first click of the indicator, everybody present was breathless, showing an interest more and more intense as the figures telegraphed were read off.

It was half-past ten in the morning when the Fiske & Hatch failure was announced in the Stock Exchange



The Trial of Thomas Munley, the "Molly Maguire," at Pottsville, Pa.

From photographs by George A. Bretz.



For a moment there was silence ; then a hoarse murmur broke out from bulls and bears alike, followed by yells and cries indescribable, clearly audible on the street. Even the heartless bear, in glee over the havoc he was making, paused to utter a growl of sorrow that gentlemen so honorable should become ursine prey. The news of the failure ran like a prairie fire, spreading dismay that showed itself on all faces. Annotators of values in the various offices made known in doleful ticks the depreciation of stocks and securities. Old *habitues* of the exchanges, each usually placid as a moonlit lake, were wrought up till they acted like wild men.

At the corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place a delirious crowd of money-lenders and borrowers collected and tried to fix a rate for loans. The matter hung in the balance for some time until the extent of the panic became known. Then they bid until the price of money touched one-half of one per cent. a day and legal interest. One man, after lending \$30,000 at three-eighths per cent., said that he had \$20,000 left, but that he thought he would not lend it. As he said this, he turned toward his office, but was immediately surrounded by about twenty borrowers who hung on to his arms and coat-tails till he had agreed to lend them the \$20,000.

The Stock Exchange witnessed the chief tragedy and the chief farce of the day. Such tumult, push, and bellowing had never been known there even in the wildest moments of the war. The inte-

rior of the Exchange was of noble altitude, with a vaulting top, brilliantly colored in Renaissance design, that sprang upward with a strength and grace seldom so happily united. A cluster of gas-jets, hanging high, well illuminated the enclosure. On the capacious floor, unobstructed by pillars or by furniture, save one small table whereon a large basket of flowers rested, a mob of brokers and brokers' clerks surged back and forth, filling the immense space above with roars and screams. The floor was portioned off to some twenty different groups. Here was one tossing "New York Central" up and down ; near by another playing ball with "Wabash ;" "Northwestern" jumped and sank as if afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. In the middle of the floor "Rock Island" cut up similar capers. In a remote corner "Pacific Mail" was beaten with clubs, while "Harlem" rose like a balloon filled with pure hydrogen. The uninitiated expected every instant to see the mob fight. Jobbers squared off at each other and screamed and yelled violently, flinging their arms around and producing a scene which Bedlam itself could not equal.

Behind the raised desk, in snowy shirt-front and necktie, stood the President of the Exchange, his strong tenor voice every now and then ringing out over the Babel of sounds beneath. The gallery opposite him contained an eager throng of spectators bending forward and craning their necks to view the pandemonium on



Franklin B. Gowen.

From photograph by Gutekunst.

James McParlan,  
the detective.

Thomas Munley.

"Jimmy" Kerrigan,  
the "squealer."

From photographs by George A. Bretz





The attempt to Fire the Pennsylvania Railroad Round-house in Pittsburgh, at Daybreak on Sunday, July 22, 1877.

Painted by W. R. Leigh, from photographs by Robinson.

the floor. The rush for this gallery was fearful, and, apparently, but for the utmost effort of the police, must have proved fatal to some. Excitement in Wall Street not infrequently draws crowds to the main front of the Exchange; but hardly ever, if ever before, had the vicinity been so packed as now. Two large blackboards exhibited in chalk figures the incessantly fluctuating quotations. Telegraph wires connected the Exchange with a thousand indicators throughout the city, whence the quotations, big with meaning to many, were flashed over the land.

The first Black Friday was a bull Friday; the second was a bear Friday. Early in the panic powerful brokers

began to sell short, and they succeeded in hammering down from ten to forty per cent. many of the finest stocks like "Harlem," "New York Central," "Erie," "Wabash," "Northwestern," "Rock Island," and "Western Union." They then bought to cover their sales. Bull brokers, unable to pay their contracts, shrieked for margin money, which their principals would not or could not put up. They also sought relief from the banks, but in vain. It had long been the practice of certain banks, though contrary to law, early each day to certify checks to enormous amounts in favor of brokers who had not a cent on deposit to their credit, the understanding in each case being



that before three o'clock the broker would hand in enough cash or securities to cancel his debt. The banks now refused this accommodation. In the Exchange eighteen names were read off of brokers who could not fulfil their contracts. As fast as the failures were announced the news was carried out on to the street. In spite of the rain, hundreds of people gathered about the offices of fallen repu-

Secretary McCulloch had called in for cancellation were set free. But as Mr. Richardson announced no policy on which the public could depend, most of the cash let loose was instantly hoarded in vaults or used in the purchase of other bonds then temporarily depressed, so doing nothing whatever to allay the distress. On the 25th the Treasury ceased buying bonds. The person who, at the worst, sustained the



Burnt Freight Cars.\*

Union Station.

Round-house.

Scenes After the Railway Riot of 1877 in Pittsburgh.

tation, and gazed curiously through the windows trying to make out how the broken brokers were behaving.

In deference to a general wish that dealings in stocks should cease, the Exchange was shut on Saturday September 20th, and not opened again till the 30th. Such closure had never occurred before. On Sunday morning President Grant and Secretary Richardson, of the Treasury, came to New York, spending the day in anxious consultation with Vanderbilt, Clews, and other prominent business men.

Had the Secretary of the Treasury acted promptly and firmly he might have relieved the situation much; but he vacillated. Some \$13,500,000 in five-twenty bonds were bought, and a few millions of the greenbacks which

market and kept it from breaking to a point where half of the street would have been inevitably ruined, was Jay Gould, mischief itself on the first Black Friday, but on this one a blessing. He bought during the low prices several hundred thousand shares of railroad stocks, principally of the Vanderbilt stripe, and in this way put a check on the ruinous decline.

The national banks of New York weathered this cyclone by a novel device of the Clearing-house or associated banks. These pooled their cash and collaterals into a common fund, placed this in the hands of a trusty committee, and issued against it loan certificates that were receivable at the Clearing-house, just like cash, in payment of debit balances. Ten million dollars worth of these certificates was issued at first, a sum subsequently doubled. This Clearing-house paper served its

\* Owing to the general congestion of traffic there were miles of freight trains blocked at this point, which the rioters burned just as they stood.



purpose admirably. By October 3d confidence was so restored that \$1,000,000 of it was called in and cancelled, followed next day by \$1,500,000 more. None of it was long outstanding. The Clearing-house febrifuge was successfully applied also in Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and other cities, but not in Chicago.

The panic overspread the country. Credit in business was refused, debtors were pressed for payment, securities were rushed into the market and fell greatly in price. Even United States bonds went down from five to ten per cent. There was a run upon savings-banks, many of which succumbed. Manufactured goods were little salable, and the prices of agricultural products painfully sank. Factories began to run on short time, many closed entirely, many corporations failed. The peculiarity of this crisis was the slowness with which it abated, though fortunately its acute phase was of brief duration. No date can be set as its term, its evil effects dragging on through years.

#### THE GRANGER AGITATION

THE complaints evoked by industrial depression were in due time echoed in politics. Agrarian movements and labor movements in great numbers—

##### V.

(Notice found in yard of D. Patchen, Engineer, Cressona.)

from the gap  
remember you will be running in this coal ragion at  
night you took an nother mans engin we will give you fair  
warning in time and some more. V. L.

M. M. H. S. T.



##### VI.

we hear notify you to leave th Road for you took a nother  
man chop take a warning to Save your live  
to Yost

A Notice Put in Evidence During the "Molly Maguire"  
Prosecutions.

social phenomena at first, but rapidly evolving political significance—marked the times.

The "Grangers," or "Patrons of Husbandry," was a secret organization for the promotion of farmers' interests. It was founded at Washington, December 4, 1867, women as well as men being members. In 1868 there were but 11 granges. The total membership of the order on April 1, 1874, six years from the time when local granges began to be formed, was 1,500,000, distributed throughout nearly all the States, though most numerous in the West and South.

The central aim of Granger agitation at first was to secure better transportation and lower freight rates, particularly from the West to the East. After waiting for railway facilities to be developed, the shippers of grain and beef found themselves, when railways were at last supplied, hardly better off than before. The vast demand for transportation sent freight charges up to appalling figures. All sorts of relief devices were considered, among them a project for opening canal and slack-water navigation between the Mississippi and the Atlantic coast. This was earnestly urged by the Southern Commercial Convention at Cincinnati in 1870.

The difficulties of freight transportation between the States was discussed at length by Congress, spite of railway attorneys' insistence that the subject was beyond Congressional control. In the House of Representatives, during January, 1874, Hon. G. W. McCrary, Chairman of the Committee on Railroads and Canals, made an exhaustive report affirming the constitutional power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce. This valuable paper laid bare, in Section 8, Article 1, of the Constitution, a depth of meaning which, till then, few had suspected, a discovery that prepared the way for the Interstate Commerce Act, passed on February 4, 1887.

Discrimination in freight charges was a fruitful source of discontent. In Illinois a dispute known as the "Three-Cent War" intensified feeling against railroads. This particular trouble was the outgrowth of the Illinois Central's disregard of an order issued by the Illinois Railroad Com-



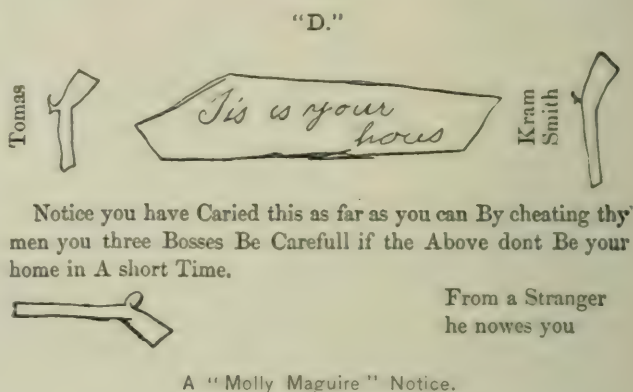
missioners, limiting passenger fares to three cents per mile. The Commissioners' decree having been found contrary to the State Constitution, the Legislature passed a law to limit fares. This the railroads fought with all energy in both State and Federal Courts. In November, 1875, in the case of the people against the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company, the United States Circuit Court handed down a decision sustaining the constitutionality of the law. Several "Granger" cases went to the national Supreme Court, which affirmed a State's right to fix maximum railway charges.

In 1865 a Labor "Congress" was held at Louisville, with but twenty-five or thirty delegates. A second sat at Baltimore in August, the next year, whose proceedings attracted some attention. Labor agitation had by this time assumed considerable proportions, most, perhaps, in Massachusetts, where the Grand Lodge of the Knights of St. Crispin was chartered in 1870. Able men and influential newspapers began to espouse the labor cause. The Congress of 1867 was held in Chicago, and it mooted a scheme of labor unions—city, county, and State. The Congress of 1868 was in New York, that of 1869 in Philadelphia. These marked little progress; but the National Labor Congress which met in Cincinnati, August 15, 1870, was said to represent four hundred thousand people. It demanded Treasury notes not based on coin, an eight-hour work-day, the exclusion of Chinese laborers from the country, and the creation of a National Department of Labor.

Till now the movement was non-political, but the Chicago Congress, by a close vote, adopted a resolution creating an independent political organization to be known as the National Labor Reform Party. The party at once began to have influence. In the Massachusetts election of 1870 it fused with the Prohibitionists, making Wendell Phillips the candidate for Governor, who received nearly twenty-two thousand of the about one hundred and fifty-two thousand votes which were cast. One labor reformer was elected to the Massachusetts Senate, and eleven to the

House. In 1871 the Congress met at St. Louis, August 10th. Little was done here beyond adopting a platform on which it was proposed to appeal to the country in the presidential election of 1872.

This platform, slightly modified, was launched at the Columbus Convention, which met on February 21, 1872. Twelve States were represented. The Convention demanded as the nation's money greenbacks not based on coin. A tariff taxing luxuries and protecting



home industries, a law for an eight-hour labor day, and the governmental control of railways and telegraphs were also insisted on. Hon. David Davis was nominated for the Presidency, but declined to run. Subsequently Charles O'Connor was named.

After the passage of the Resumption Act, January 14, 1875, the forces of labor reform were directed more particularly against the policy of contraction. A convention of anti-contractionists met in Detroit, August 23, 1875. Protesting that they were not inflationists, they yet earnestly deprecated any diminution in the volume of currency, which they would maintain by greenbacks redeemable only in bonds, these, in turn, being convertible into greenbacks.

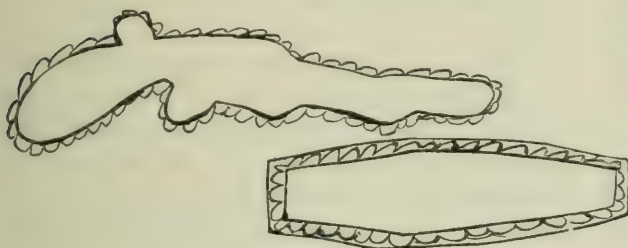
#### THE NATIONAL GREENBACK PARTY

THE Independents, known as the National Greenback Party, assembled at Indianapolis, Ind., on May 17, 1876. Two hundred and thirty-nine delegates were present from nineteen States. The platform was essentially a demand



for the immediate and unconditional repeal of the Resumption Act and for the issue of United States notes convertible on demand into Government obligations bearing a low rate of interest, such notes to form our circulating

"C."



Notice is here given to you men the first and the last Notice that you will get for no man to go Down this slope After to Night if yo Do you Can Bring your Coffion Along With you for By the internal Crist We mean What this Notice says you Drift man stop at home and Cut no more Coal let him go and get Coal himself I Dont mean Engineer or firemans let them mine there one Work now men the Next Notice you Will get I Dont mean to Do it With my Pen I Will Do it With that there Rolver I Don't Want no more Black legs at this Collary.

(No signature)

A "Molly Maguire" Notice.

medium, and such bonds, re-exchangeable for notes at the option of the holder, to render needless any further sales of bonds payable in coin. Peter Cooper was the nominee for President, Newton Booth for Vice-President. Mr. Booth declining, Samuel F. Cary, of Ohio, was chosen in his stead. Mr. Cooper accepted the nomination conditionally, expressing the hope that the Independents might attain their aims through either the Republican or the Democratic party, permitting him "to step aside and remain in that quiet which" he declared "most congenial to his nature and time of life." Cooper ran, however, receiving 82,640 votes. The next year his party polled 187,095 votes, and in 1878, 1,000,365. The Greenback or National Greenback-Labor party entered actively into the canvass of 1880, running General J. B. Weaver for President, who polled 307,740 votes. Four years later General B. F. Butler was the presidential candidate both of this party and of the "Anti-monopoly" party. He received 133,825 votes.

Happy had it been for the country could we have diverted the entire force of the labor agitation into political channels. But this was impossible. The worst labor troubles of these years had to be settled not at the polls but by force. This was mainly due to the large number of immigrants now arriving, among them Hungarians, Poles, Italians, and Portuguese, usually ignorant clay for the hand of the first unscrupulous demagogue. Another cause of the labor wars was the wide and sedulous inculcation in this country of the social — democratic, communist, and anarchist doctrines long prevalent in Europe. Influences concurrent with both these were the actual injustice and the haughty and overbearing manner of many employers. Capital had been mismanaged and wasted. The war had brought unearned fortunes to many, sudden wealth to a much larger number, while the unexampled prosperity of the country raised up in a perfectly normal manner a wealthy class, the like of which, in number and power,

our country had never known before. As, therefore, immigration, along with much else, multiplied the poor, the eternal angry strife of wealth with poverty, of high with low, of classes with masses, crossed over from Europe and began on our shores.

The rise of trusts and gigantic corporations was connected with this struggle. Corporations worth nigh half a billion dollars apiece were able to buy or defy legislatures and make or break laws as they pleased; and since such corporations, instead of individuals, more and more became the employers of labor, not only did the old-time kindness between help and hirers die out, but men the most cool and intelligent feared the new power as a menace to democracy. Strikes, therefore, commanded large public sympathy. Stock-watering and other vicious practices, involving the ruin of corporators themselves by the few holders of a majority of the shares, in order to repurchase the property for next to nothing, contributed to this hostility. So did the presence, in many great corporations,



of foreign capital and capitalists, and also the mutual favoritism of corporations, showing itself, for instance, in special freight rates to privileged concerns. Minor interests, and particularly employees, powerless against these Titan agencies by any legal process, resorted to counter-organization. Labor agitation was facilitated by the extraordinary increase of urban population, it being mostly manufacturing and mechanical industry which brought the hordes of workmen together. Trades-unions secured rank development. The Knights of Labor, intended as a sort of union of them all, attained a membership of a million. The manufacturers' "black list," to prevent any "agitator laborer from securing work," was answered by the "boycott," to keep the products of obnoxious establishments from finding sale. Labor organizations, so strong, often tyrannized over their own members, and boycotting became a nuisance that had to be abated by law.

#### THE MOLLY MAGUIRES

In the Pennsylvania mining districts labor troubles early became acute. The great coal barons, offending the public by pricing their indispensable product extortionately high, long received no sympathy and no aid in repressing employees' crimes. During 1873, 1874, and 1875, these grew frightfully common. Usually the motive seemed to be not so much to injure employers' property as to scare "scab" help from the mines during contests against "cuts" in wages. A cut at the Ben Franklin Colliery had been accepted by the men, who were peaceably at work, when the "breaker" was burned, throwing them all out. Another "breaker" near by, a gang of strikers fired almost by daylight, first driving the workmen away.

A common method of intimidation was for ten or twelve roughs to form a gang, and, armed, to sweep through a mining camp, forcing every man to join; the numbers so collected being soon sufficient to overawe any inclined to resist. June 3, 1875, one thousand men thus gathered stopped work at

several mines near Mahanoy City, and a similar band did the same at Shenandoah. At night there was an attempt to derail a passenger train approaching Shenandoah, but the plot was discovered in time. The same night a "breaker" near Mount Carmel went up in smoke, and a few days later two contractors at the Oakdale mine were shot.

For a time every passenger train on the Reading Railroad had to be preceded through the mining districts by a locomotive carrying an armed posse. Watchmen and station-agents were beaten; loaded cars and other obstructions were put upon main tracks; switches were misplaced and warehouses plundered. At every cut or forest along the line lay armed assassins to shoot trainmen and passengers. Each engineer ran his train, his left hand on the throttle, his right clutching a revolver.

Bosses and "scabs" specially hated by the desperate miners were served with notices denouncing vengeance on them if they did not leave. Some of these are reproduced on pp. 85, 86, and 87.

One admonition ran :

"Now men i have warented ye before and i willnt warind you no mor—but i will gwrintee you the will be the report of the revolver."

A rude drawing of a revolver was subjoined as the author's sign manual.

Others were as follows :

#### "NOTICE

"Any blackleg that takes a Union Man's job While He is standing for His Rights will have a hard Road to travel and if He don't he will have to Suffer the Consequences."

This "Notice" was followed by a picture of a dead man in his coffin, and signed "BEACHER AND TILTON."

At Locust Summit, March 31, 1875, was posted the following :

#### "NOTICE."

"Mr. Black-legs if you don't leave in 2 days time You meet your doom there vill Be an Open war—imeateatly—"



Such threats, unless heeded, were nearly always executed. Among others notified in these ways was one McCarron, a policeman in Tamaqua, who had aroused the enmity of "Powder Keg" Carrigan. Two men were detailed to kill McCarron late on a given night, and hid themselves for this purpose near his beat. But on this night McCarron happened to have changed beats with another policeman, named Yost, an old soldier, whom all, even the Mollies, liked. Climbing a lamp-post ladder early in the morning to turn out the gas, Yost was fatally shot by the men who had been lying low for McCarron.

The chief source of these atrocities was a secret society known as the "Molly Maguires," their name and spirit both imported from Ireland. They terrorized the entire Schuylkill and Shamokin districts. A superintendent or a boss was attacked, beaten, or shot down somewhere almost every day. Gangs of these thugs would waylay a victim in the field or by the roadside if they could, but, failing in this, they surrounded his house, forced him out, and did him to death. Among the most brutal of their murders was that of Alexander Rae, a mine superintendent, pounded to death in October, 1868. Driving along a lonely road between Mount Carmel and Centralia, supposed to be going to pay off his men, and therefore to have \$19,000, more or less, in his buggy, he was set upon by four Mollies—Pat Hester, Dooley, McHugh, and "Kelly the Bum." After filling themselves with liquor, the four, at dawn, hid in a piece of woods through which their victim was to pass, and, upon his approach, rushed at him, pistols in hand. "Kelly the Bum" fired first. Rae piteously begged for his life. He happened on this occasion to have only \$60 with him, having sent the pay-money ahead by a clerk; but he offered his assailants all he had, as well as his watch, agreeing also to sign a check for any amount if they would spare him. In vain. Having fired several bullets into the wretched man without killing him, they finished the work with clubs and the butts of their revolvers. All four of the bloody villains were subsequently tried, convicted, and hung for this murder.

Law-abiding people feared to stir out after dark, or even by day, unless well armed. The Mollies had their signs and passwords for use when necessary, but they grew so bold that such devices were rarely needed. In cases of arrest plenty of perjurers were ready to swear an *alibi*, though not a witness could be drummed up for the State. The Mollies nominated officers and controlled elections. Members of the Order became chiefs of police, constables, and county commissioners. One of them came very near being elected to the Schuylkill County bench. Superintendents of jobs had to hire and discharge men at the Mollies' behest or be shot. At a certain State election a high State official gave the Order large money for casting its vote his way. Jack Kehoe, a leading Molly, when in prison for murder, boasted that if he were convicted and sentenced "the old man up at Harrisburg" would never let him swing. The entire power of the Catholic Church in the region was used against the Order, but in vain.

The principal honor of exposing and suppressing this Pennsylvania Mafia is due to Hon. Franklin B. Gowen, a lawyer, at the time President of the Pennsylvania and Reading Coal and Iron Co. Knowing the uselessness of attempting the work with the local police, he, in 1873, secured from Pinkerton's Detective Agency in Chicago the services of one James McParlan, a young Irishman of phenomenal tact and grit, to go among the Mollies as a secret detective. No bolder, no more dangerous, no more telling work was ever wrought by a detective than that now undertaken by McParlan. Calling himself McKenna, he began operations in the autumn of 1873. By stating that he had killed a man in Buffalo and that his favorite business had been "shoving the queer," he was at once admitted to the Order, and soon became one of its prominent officers. He seems, however, to have been from the first the object of some suspicion, so that the progress of his mission was slow.

It was not till 1875 that McParlan's work began to tell. Two murders to which he was privy he unfortunately could not prevent, so closely was he



watched. One of these was that of Thomas Sanger, a young English boss miner. Early on the morning of September 1st, Sanger started from his house to his work. Hardly out of sight of his door a man faced him and shot him through the arm. Running round a house near by he was met by a second villain, pistol in hand. Turning, he stumbled and fell, just as a third appeared, who shot him fatally. A fourth deliberately turned the body over so as to make sure of hitting a vital part, and shot him again. Robert Heaton, an employer, heard the firing and rushed, armed, to Sanger's aid. The murderers fled. Poor, brave Sanger, bleeding to death, told Heaton: "Never mind me, give it to them, Bob." Sanger's agonized wife, from whom he had just parted, reached his prostrate form barely in time to hear him gasp: "Kiss me, Sarah, for I am dying."

The assassins escaped Heaton, but went straight to the house where McParlan was, acquainting him with every detail of their bloody deed. Gowen had employed him on the express condition that he should never be called as a witness or be required in any way to show his hand, but when arrests were made the Mollies suspected him, so that it appeared to be his safest course to come out openly for the prosecution. Going upon the witness-stand he demolished the sham *alibi* which the culprits sought to establish, and gave clues which led to the extirpation of the entire gang. Schuylkill County, where the worst crimes had occurred, rose in its might and stamped out the conspiracy. A small army of *alibi* witnesses were punished for perjury. Nine of the Mollies were sentenced to death, and most of the other leaders imprisoned for long terms.

"Then," said Mr. Gowen, who acted as counsel for the prosecution, "we knew that we were free men. Then we could go to Patsy Collins, the commissioner of this county, and say to him: 'Build well the walls of the new addition to the prison; dig the foundations deep and make them strong; put in good masonry and iron bars; for, as the Lord liveth, the time will come when, side by side with William

Love, the murderer of Squire Gwither, you will enter the walls that you are now building for others.' Then we could say to Jack Kehoe, the high constable of a great borough in this county: 'We have no fear of you.' Then we could say to Ned Monaghan, chief of police and murderer and assassin: 'Behind you the scaffold is prepared for your reception.' Then we could say to Pat Conry, commissioner of this county: 'The time has ceased when a governor of this State dares to pardon a Molly Maguire—you have had your last pardon.' Then we could say to John Slattery, who was almost elected judge of this court: 'We know that of you that it were better you had not been born than that it should be known.' Then all of us looked up. Then, at last, we were free, and I came to this county and walked through it as safely as in the most crowded thoroughfares of Philadelphia."

The times evoked a specially bitter feeling against great railway corporations, and a widespread desire to set legal limitations to their power. Their reckless rivalries, their ruinous borrowing and extravagance were freely criticised even by such as did not deem themselves injured thereby; but their employees were rendered frantic.

#### GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES

THE most desperate and extensive strike that had yet occurred in this country was that of 1877, by the employees of the principal railway trunk lines—the Baltimore & Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the New York Central, and their western prolongations. At a preconcerted time junctions and other main points were seized. Freight traffic on the roads named was entirely suspended, and the passenger and mail service greatly impeded. When new employees sought to work, militia had to be called out to preserve order. Baltimore and Pittsburgh were each the scene of a bloody riot. At the latter place, where the mob was immense and most furious, the militia were overcome and besieged in a round-house, which it was then attempted to burn by



lighting oil-cars and pushing them against it. Fortunately the soldiers escaped across the river. The militia having had several bloody and doubtful encounters, on July 21, 22, and 23, at the request of the Governors, President Hayes despatched United States troops to Pennsylvania, Maryland, and West Virginia. Faced by these forces the rioters in every instance gave way without bloodshed.

The torch was applied freely and with dreadful effect. Machine-shops, warehouses, and two thousand freight-cars were pillaged or burned. Men, women, and children fell to thieving, carrying off all sorts of goods—kid ball-shoes, parasols, coffee-mills, whips, and gas-stoves. The police found seven great trunks full of clothes in one house; eleven barrels of flour in another. It is said that a wagon-load of sewing-machines was sold on the street, the machines bringing from ten cents to \$1 apiece. The loss of property was estimated at \$10,000,000. In disturb-

ances at Chicago nineteen were killed, at Baltimore nine, at Reading thirteen, and thrice as many wounded. One hundred thousand laborers are believed to have taken part in the movement, and at one time or another 6,000 or 7,000 miles of road were in their power. The agitation began on July 14th, and was serious till the 27th, but had mostly died away by the end of the month, the laborers nearly all returning to their work.

Hosts of Pennsylvania miners went out along with the railroad men. The railway strike itself was largely sympathetic, the ten per cent. reduction in wages assigned as its cause applying to comparatively few. The next years witnessed continual troubles of this sort, though rarely, if in any case, so serious, between wage-workers and their employers in nearly all industries. The worst ones befell the manufacturing portions of the country, where strikes and lock-outs were part of the news almost every day.

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## THE SMOKE

*By Hannah Parker Kimball*

DOVE-WINGED against a tender, turquoise sky  
 The white smoke flits; or through the lambent air  
 Quivers to fading violet spirals fair;  
 Or shifts to gray, curled upward heavily.  
 It rises in strong, twisted columns high  
 From grimy funnels, flecked with fitful flare;  
 Or through the planks of creaking bridges bare  
 It sifts a sinuous way to trail and die.

The still, vast skies are background for its strife;  
 'Tis like man's yearning, mounting from man's pain,  
 Seeking the tranquil Heavens, waveringly;  
 Earth's ceaseless clash and clangor give it life;  
 'Tis like man's prayers, that rise from toil and strain,  
 Trail, and are lost, in God's immensity.



## AN ASSISTED DESTINY

*By Francis Lynde*

THE hands of the synchronized clock on the wall of the train-despatcher's office pointed to midnight, and Macdonald got up from his place at the telegraph-table and kicked the chair toward his successor.

"There you are, Pinckney," he said; "everything rolling and nobody hurt. See if you can do as well from now till morning. Reddick, you solemn-eyed owl, why don't you go home and go to bed?"

"Haven't any home," retorted Reddick; "besides, I have to stay here to keep you fellows from going to sleep. If the train-men knew how many times I've saved their lives they'd chip in and buy me a house and lot."

Macdonald knocked the ashes out of his pipe and threw it at Reddick, after which he bent over the train-sheet with Pinckney.

"3 and 4 are both on time, and 4's engine is steaming well, for a wonder. 16 is an hour off, with about ten more loads than the mogul can handle; you won't hear anything more from her till she's doubled over the hill. Come on, Reddick—let's go home."

"Told you I didn't have any home," replied the general agent's chief clerk, putting his feet upon the deserted Western Union table and refilling Macdonald's pipe from the absent operator's tobacco-box.

"So say we all of us—and more's the pity," rejoined Macdonald, putting on his coat. "If I had money enough, I'd see if I couldn't buy myself a little comfort along that line."

"Get somebody to die and leave you a legacy," suggested Reddick; and Pinckney looked up from the train-sheet to say:

"That's a good idea, Mac; got any rich relatives?"

Macdonald laughed and said, "No;" then he corrected himself.

"Yes, I have, too; a grandaunt's a relative, isn't she?"

"I don't know—I never had one,"

replied Reddick; but Pinckney thought there was no doubt about it.

"If you're sure of that, I have one rich kinswoman," said Macdonald. "My grandfather's sister lives in Whittlesey, Canada, and she has all the money there ever was in the family."

Pinckney looked up again at the mention of the place. "Whittlesey? What is her name?"

"Elvira Spurlock, spinster—at least, that's what she used to be; perhaps she's married now—I don't keep up with my mother's side of the family. You're not going up town, then, Reddick?"

"No."

"Well, I am; good-night."

When he was gone the midnight silence in the despatcher's office was unmarred save by the clicking of the sounders and the irregular crashings of the night switch-engine coupling the cars in the crowded freight-yard. Reddick smoked reflectively for a few minutes, and when Pinckney closed his key and leaned back in his chair, the chief clerk began to vilify the absent Macdonald.

"What a hypocrite Mac is!" he said, sententiously. "Talking poverty all the time, and he's got over a thousand dollars in the bank! If he should ever happen to strike it rich, I believe he'd be the worst miser on top of the earth."

Pinckney shook his head. "That's just where you're off wrong," he argued. "You take a fellow that saves his money by littles, as Mac does, and he's all right; but you give him a pot of it in a lump and see how quick it'll turn his head. If Mac's aunt should happen to remember him in her will, you'll see a spoiled Scotchman trying to buy experience by the car-load."

"All the same, I don't believe it," asserted Reddick.

Just then Pinckney had to answer the wire, and while he was busy, Reddick reached for the "Official Guide."



When the despatcher closed the key again, the chief clerk said, "Whittlesey's on the Great Eastern, isn't it?"

"Yes; I know the place."

"That's so; I forgot you were a Canuck. Do you happen to have an operator's roster in your kit?"

Pinckney found the book in the table-drawer and gave it to Reddick.

The chief clerk ran down the list of names. "Here we are," he said; "'John Whitcomb, night-operator, Great Eastern, Whittlesey.' I wonder what kind of a fellow he is?"

"Jack Whitcomb! He's one of the best fellows in the world. I had the night trick with him in the commercial office in London. I didn't know he was at Whittlesey."

"Seems to be," said Reddick, adding, thoughtfully, "Say, Pinckney, do you suppose he'd do you a small favor if you'd ask him?"

"Of course he would; why?"

"I have a scheme; I'll tell you about it when I come back."

The passenger office was just across the corridor, and a little later Pinckney heard, in a lull in the telegraphic clatter, the clicking of a typewriter. When Reddick returned he handed the despatcher a freshly written letter.

"How would that do for an experiment?" he asked.

Pinckney's solemn face relaxed in a sardonic grin as he read. "Humph! you'll get yourself badly disliked some day. But this won't do, you know; these people wouldn't write on a blank sheet of paper—they'd have a letter-head."

"All right, they shall have a letter-head."

Reddick disappeared again, and when he came back the synchronized clock was measuring off the second of the small hours.

"Think that'll pass muster?" he asked, tossing the sheet of paper across the railing to the despatcher.

"That's better," said Pinckney; "how did you do it?"

"With a pen and some India-ink; you didn't know I'd been sent up for forgery once, did you?"

"No, but I think it's quite likely. You'll get us both killed on this deal, though, if Mac ever finds out."

"Never mind about that," said Reddick, yawning cavernously; "you go ahead and do your part, and I'll go hunt me a little sleep. Good-night."

Fergus Macdonald was indebted to his father's fore-elders for two things besides his Scottish name. One was the Macdonald physique, the figure of a young giant with a handsome face, curly brown hair, and honest blue eyes. The other was something more than one man's fair share of Scottish caution. It was the latter trait which made him a laggard in love. To himself, Macdonald stated the case thus: "Miss Elbert was the superintendent's daughter; her father's salary stood sponsor for all of the comforts and not a few of the luxuries; therefore, he, Fergus Macdonald, must wait until his savings would make Mellicent's future somewhat nearer akin to her present."

They had been acquainted a year, but Macdonald's courtship, tempered by thrift and hampered by an occupation which kept him at his office from four in the afternoon to midnight, seven days in the week, had been rather more formal than a young woman of Mellicent's temperament could approve. Moreover, there was Mr. Hugh Mancraft, whose evenings were his own, who called four times to Macdonald's once, and whose suit was warmly seconded by her father.

It was upon the night of Reddick's experiment in pen-lettering that the Macdonald possibilities first took form in the mind of the superintendent. Mancraft had taken Mellicent to the theatre, and had again urged his unsuccessful suit. As he left the house he met the superintendent coming home from the club; and ten minutes later Mellicent was listening to a statement of the case from the parental point of view.

"Now, why can't you be reasonable about this thing, Mellie?"—the argument concluded—"Mancraft is a good fellow, in a good line of business, and he can give you any kind of a social position you want."

"I know, papa," said Mellicent, tying nervous little knots in the fringe of her opera shawl as she talked, "but you forget that I don't love him."



"Love—nonsense! You are living in the wrong end of the century to fall back on sentiment! This is the age of common-sense, and you know you can't urge a single reasonable objection to Mancraft."

"No—only that."

The superintendent leaned forward in his chair. "You're keeping something back, Mellie," he said; "there's some other fellow in the background. Who is it?—not Macdonald, I hope."

Unfortunately, Macdonald's self-repression had left Mellicent thus far without weapons, but she took something for granted, and said:

"I—like—Mr. Macdonald."

"Oho! that's it, is it?" The superintendent's look of displeasure deepened into the judicial frown which made him a terror to erring train-men called into the private office for reprimand. "Well, let me tell you: Mac is nothing but an operator, and he'll never be anything else on this division. You promised your mother before she died that you wouldn't marry without my consent, and I'll never consent to let you throw yourself away on a poor devil of an office-man"—here the official habit asserted itself irresistibly, and he concluded: "Just take ten days to think about that, will you?"

Mellicent wanted to cry, but the familiar sentence of suspension saved her, and she caught eagerly at the reprieve. "It shall be as you say, papa," she said, submissively; "I'll give Mr. Mancraft his answer—in ten days."

If Macdonald had been omniscient, it is fair to presume that he would have thrown his frugal scruples to the dogs; but knowing nothing of Mancraft, the parental point of view, or the reprieve, he suffered nine of these precious days to make yesterdays of themselves unmarked save by his usual Sunday afternoon call upon Mellicent. On that occasion she did what a modest young woman may do toward smoothing the difficulties from the path of a reticent lover, and more than once during his visit Macdonald had to emphasize the contrast between her home surroundings and the modest figure of his bank account, before he could persuade himself to hold his peace yet a little longer.

It was on the morning of the tenth day that the despatcher, coming down to his late breakfast in Mrs. Jordan's dining-room, found a Canadian letter on his plate. Mrs. Jordan, herself, came in with his coffee while he was reading the address, and like an honest woman she made instant confession and apology.

"I'm ever so sorry, Mr. Macdonald—the postman brought that letter four or five days ago, and I put it up here on the mantel and clean forgot it. I do hope there's no harm done."

It is doubtful if Macdonald heard a word of Mrs. Jordan's explanation. He had opened the letter, and the first typewritten line made him forget that Mrs. Jordan was observing him and that his coffee was getting cold.

"Dear Mr. Macdonald," it began: "As attorneys for Elvira Spurlock, lately deceased, it was our mournful privilege to draw up her last will and testament. Although the terms of this document have not yet been made public, we are in a position to know that you are the principal legatee, and as such we hasten to offer you our hearty congratulations upon your good fortune. Owing to the absence of one of the executors, the reading of the will will be postponed for a few days; but as your presence will be necessary, you may rely upon us to give you due notice.

"In the meantime, in evidence of our good-will toward one whom we hope to retain as our client, we authorize you to draw upon us for any sum you may need for your present requirements up to \$1,000, the advance to be repaid when we shall have the pleasure of turning over the major portion of the Spurlock estate to its future owner. Until then, believe us, dear sir,

"Your most obedient servants,

"GRIMSHAW & FLYNT."

Some tokens of Macdonald's mingled emotions must have found their way into his face, since Mrs. Jordan hastened to ask: "No bad news, is it, Mr. Macdonald?"

"Oh, no; it's rather the other way, I believe," replied Macdonald, putting



the letter into his pocket and trying to bring himself down to the commonplace necessity of eating his breakfast.

Mrs. Jordan went to the window and looped back the curtain so that he might have more light. As she looked out, a young man passed on his way down-town.

"There goes Mr. Elbert's future son-in-law," she remarked, coming back to replenish Macdonald's coffee-cup.

"What Mr. Elbert?" asked the despatcher, absently.

"Why, our Mr. Elbert—the superintendent. Didn't you know that his daughter Mellie was going to be married to Mr. Mancraft, the mining engineer?"

There is a limit to the number and nature of the surprises that a man may endure with becoming indifference, and Mrs. Jordan's bit of gossip wrecked Macdonald's equanimity instantaneously and hopelessly.

"What's that you say?" he gasped, pushing his plate back and staring wildly at his landlady.

Mrs. Jordan repeated the scrap of gossip.

"But it can't be," insisted Macdonald. "I—excuse me, Mrs. Jordan, I don't believe I want any more breakfast"—and the closing of the front door behind him punctuated his apology.

Once in the street, his determination was quickly taken, and within the quarter-hour he was closeted with the superintendent in the latter's private office.

"You'll have to talk quick this morning, Mac; I'm going out on No. 43 to meet the Boston excursion."

Macdonald's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, but he was not the man to look back after he had put his hand to the plough.

"It's about—about your daughter, Mr. Elbert," he stammered; "I love her, and I want your permission to ask her to be my wife."

The superintendent glanced at his watch. "Am I to infer from this that you haven't already asked her?" he inquired.

"Yes; I came to you first because——"

Mr. Elbert waved his hand impatiently. "There is no need of making any more talk about it; the matter can be settled in one word—no."

Macdonald was already overwrought, and the curt negative set the hot blood of his Celtic ancestry to dancing uncivilized measures in his brain. Putting his broad shoulders against the door, he burst out passionately: "You shall hear what I've got to say, if you miss twenty trains! I want to marry your daughter; I can give her a good name; I've saved up enough money to start us in decently; and if that isn't enough—" taking the attorneys' letter from his pocket—"I can give her more. Read that!"

The superintendent glanced at the letter, impatiently at first, and then with awakening interest.

"Open that door and tell Burwell to have 43 held till I come down," he said; and when Macdonald had done so—"You're a hot-headed young fool, like all the rest of them, but I like your spirit. Now tell me all about this."

"There isn't much to tell," rejoined Macdonald, whose wrath vanished with the provocation. "My grandfather disinherited my mother for marrying a Scotch gardener and left his money to his sister. It seems now that she has tried to repair the injustice done to my mother."

"How much of a fortune is it?"

"I don't know that; grandfather left \$50,000 in English securities, and there was some real estate in Canada."

Mr. Elbert was a man of quick decision, as a superintendent should be. Handing the letter back, he said, "I'm not more mercenary than I have to be, Mac, but you see how it is, yourself; I wouldn't be much of a father if I didn't keep a level head where Mellie's interests are involved. After all, though, it rests with her; but if you can get her consent, why—I guess you won't have any trouble with me. Now I must go, before I get 43 laid out on her meeting-point."

At the door he thought of something else, and paused with his hand on the knob. "By the way, Mac, perhaps it would be as well for you to



change off with some of the boys so that you could run up to the house to-night—and I'd go pretty middling early, if I were you."

Macdonald needed no urging, but it took the better part of the forenoon to make the desired change in his working hours. It was accomplished finally by his agreeing to work during the afternoon for one of the day men, who was to relieve him at seven and who, in turn, was to be relieved at nine by Pinckney.

It was unquestionably the longest afternoon in Macdonald's life, and when it came to an end, he could only make a pretence of eating the supper which Mrs. Jordan had kept warm for him. Running up to his room to dress, he met the twins Delay and Haste on the threshold, and it was eight o'clock when the rang the bell at the superintendent's house. While waiting on the doorstep he had a chill of apprehension superinduced by the sight of the lighted parlor windows, presaging another and an earlier visitor; and the presentiment had its fulfilment when the servant led him past the parlor door and into the deserted family sitting-room.

It was five measureless minutes before Mellicent joined him, and he saw at once that she had come only to excuse herself. There was no time for the commonplaces, and still less for subtle and progressive upleadings to the object of his visit.

"Miss Elbert—Mellie," he began, taking her hands in his, "give me just one minute. I don't need to tell you that I love you—that's been saying itself for more than a year—but I've been an over-cautious fool. I've been given to understand that I had a meeting-point to make here to-night; tell me in just one word—am I too late?"

The whispered answer was frank and unhesitating: "No; wait." And before he could put his joy into words she was gone.

"Wait? I should think I would! I'll wait till midnight, God bless her!" said Macdonald, tramping up and down the room in the exuberance of his happiness. "I hope the other fellow will take his medicine easier than I could mine. Whew! I can almost find it in my heart to pity him, poor devil!"

Nevertheless, Macdonald's patience was tested severely before he was permitted to mend the broken thread of his wooing. Mancraft was only human; and inasmuch as Mellicent left him to his own devices for a good half hour while she went to her room to have it out with her emotions, he retaliated by killing time mercilessly after she returned. Putting this and that together, what with the mining engineer's dalliance, and his obstinate refusal to take anything less than an argumentative series of negatives for his final answer, it was after nine o'clock when Mellicent rejoined Macdonald. A little later, when the arrearages of repressed affection had been given a hearing, and coherence once more became possible, Mellicent thought of her promise, and of her father's displeasure.

"Oh, Fergus!" she whispered, "we can't go on and be happy, after all! Papa will never, *never* give his consent."

"Yes, he will," asserted Macdonald, cheerfully; "he has done it already—I asked him this morning."

"And you made him say yes, after he had told me——" Mellicent stopped abruptly and left the sentence unfinished. "Tell me what you said to him."

It was Macdonald's turn to hesitate now, and he floundered helplessly among the introductory phrases. "I told him he'd have to—that is, I gave him to understand—or rather, I should say, he wasn't going to——"

Mellicent laughed and clapped her hands softly. "Go on, Fergus; you're doing beautifully."

"Oh, pshaw! I suppose I might as well tell the truth and be done with it. He said no, at first, and wasn't going to hear me—he was just going away, you know—and then I got angry and put my back against the door, and told him he'd have to listen. He was good about it afterward, though, and when I told him about my savings, and about the fortune Aunt Spurlock had left me——" he stopped in deference to the wide-eyed astonishment of his listener, and suddenly remembered that Mellicent knew nothing about the legacy.

"Why, bless my idiotic soul!" he



exclaimed, "I haven't told you yet! Another day like this would curdle what little brain I have left—here, read this letter, and I'll explain afterward."

Mellicent read Messrs. Grimshaw & Flynt's letter with kindling enthusiasm. At its conclusion she said, fervently, "Oh, I'm so glad; now you won't have to work nights, will you, Fergus?"

Macdonald smiled lovingly at her unselfish first thought. "That wasn't what I was thinking of," he said. "I'm glad because it makes it possible for me to give you all the little comforts and luxuries you've been used to; that's what I was saving for, and it's why I waited so——"

The clang of the front door bell interrupted him, and a sleepy servant came in with a telegram addressed to Mellicent. Macdonald watched her face as she read, and so was not wholly unprepared for her little gasp of dismay.

"What is it, Mellie?" he asked, excitedly.

For answer she gave him the message, and he read it with a curious inversion of the senses which seemed to set him upon a pinnacle remotely apart from the commonplace realities. It was from the superintendent, and it was incisive and curtly definite.

"Tell Macdonald his trick is discovered, and send him about his business. Miss Elvira Spurlock is a passenger on this train."

Macdonald grappled with his sanity, and got up to rage back and forth like a caged lion.

"What do you make of it, Fergus?" asked Mellicent, shading her eyes from the light with the opened letter.

"Make of it? There's only one thing that can be made of it—it's a miserable hoax, and he thinks I'm a party to it!"

"You mustn't mind—he's angry now," pleaded Mellicent. "Who in the world could do such a thing?"—she glanced up at the letter and caught her breath—"Fergus, would anyone in Canada be likely to use C. & G. R. paper?"

"What's that?"

She rose and held the letter before the lamp and Macdonald read the water-mark in the paper, "Colorado &

Grand River Railway." Then he remembered the midnight talk with Pinckney and Reddick.

"That tells the story," he said, savagely; "I know who did it, and I'll make them both wish they'd never been born. Where's my hat?"

Mellicent saw battle and murder and sudden death in his flashing eyes, and a pair of soft arms went quickly about his neck. "You mustn't, Fergus, dear," she entreated. "Whoever did it couldn't know what would happen; and, besides"—she hid her face on his shoulder—"you know you were waiting, and—and if it hadn't been for the letter——"

The most courageous affection could go no farther, and Macdonald's wrath dropped a few degrees below the murder point when he supplied the missing half of the suggestion.

"You're right, Mellie," he said, disengaging himself gently from the clinging arms; "I won't kill either of them, but in justice to your father I must go. Good-night, dear; try hard to think me out of this ghastly scrape"—and he was gone before she could promise.

Notwithstanding his relenting admission, Macdonald was determined to have it out with Pinckney and Reddick before he slept; and while he was on his way down-town, a dramatic little scene came upon the stage in the despatcher's office. Pinckney had relieved the day man, and had settled down to his night's work, when Reddick rushed in with a Western Union telegram.

"Great murder, man! Read that, will you?" he exclaimed, dropping into a chair and fanning himself vigorously with his straw hat.

Pinckney read: "Miss Elvira Spurlock, of my party, wants Fergus Macdonald to meet her on arrival of excursion in morning. Find and notify him quick."  
J. M. JOHNSON.

"Who is Johnson?" he asked.

"Passenger man in charge of the excursion. What on top of earth do you suppose brings that old woman out here right in the middle of things?"

Pinckney had the answer to that question in his pocket. In asking the



Whittlesey operator to mail Messrs. Grimshaw & Flynt's incendiary epistle, he could not refrain from telling the joke. Whitcomb had thoughtlessly repeated it, and he wrote in some contrition to say that Miss Spurlock had been making inquiries and had taken a ticket for the Boston-California excursion. For prudential reasons, however, Pinckney ignored the question and asked :

"Do you suppose Mac's got his legacy yet?"

"Got it? I should say he had! I met Burwell a half hour ago, and he says Mac had a row with the superintendent about his daughter this morning—scored the old man up one hill and down the other, and ended by shoving that fool letter under his nose."

Pinckney came out of his indifference at once. "That's serious—that's why Mac wanted to get off to-night. Did you know there was anything between him and Mellie Elbert?"

"Yes; but I didn't suppose he would go and make a full-blown idiot of himself before he'd taken time to find out."

"You might have known he would, when there was a woman in the case. Oh, you're in for it—the old man's on the train, and he's probably seen the passenger agent; that means a red-hot message to his daughter, or to Mac, or to both of them. Reddick, if I were you, I'd get out of town for a day or two, if I had to walk."

"I? What's the matter with you? You're as deep in the mud as I am in the mire."

"Mac won't think so; and, besides, one scapegoat's a-plenty—what was that?"

A door slammed at the foot of the stairs and a quick step echoed in the corridor.

"Here he comes now," said the despatcher, coolly; "if you want to keep a whole skin, you'd better get out of here."

The advice was good, but there was only one door to the room and Reddick did what he could, diving into a cupboard under the copying-press a scant half-second before Macdonald entered the office. Pinckney looked up, nod-

ded, and took his cue from appearances.

"Where's Reddick?" asked Macdonald.

"Don't know; he was in awhile ago, but he went out again"—the despatcher on duty found it convenient to be very busy over the day man's transfer-notes.

Macdonald tossed an open letter upon the table. "I want to know which one of you fellows wrote that," he said, sternly.

Pinckney read the letter with well-simulated interest. "What makes you think either of us wrote it?" he asked.

"I don't think—I know"—Macdonald held the sheet up to the gas-jet—"you see the water-mark," he continued; "well, this letter has cost me my job, and something more, and I'm going to punch somebody's head. Shall I begin on you?"

Pinckney had a just regard for the righteous anger of a good-tempered young giant, and he was mindful of his cue. "Don't be a fool, Mac," he said, with a fine assumption of virtuous indignation; "I'm no school-boy. If that letter is a fake, you know well enough who wrote it."

"Reddick, you mean?"

"Of course; he's the only man in the outfit with a pin-head brain. Besides, I remember his asking me something about Whittlesey that night after you told us about your aunt."

"He did, eh?" Macdonald spoke doubtfully; "I more than half believe you're trying to lie yourself out of a licking."

Pinckney went from indignant deprecation to pathetic. "I didn't think you'd go back on an old partner like that, Mac; it's rough, especially when the thing is as plain as the nose on your face. Let me show you—here is a passenger department letter written by that chuckle-headed dwarf of a chief clerk to-day; just look at it, and see if the typewriting isn't the same."

"You are right," admitted Macdonald, comparing the letters; "I take it all back, old man, but I've had grief enough to-day to rattle anybody, and all on account of that idiotic letter. Pinckney," he went on, his wrath rising



again at the mental review of his misfortunes, "you tell Reddick to keep out of my way. If I get my hands on him before I've had time to cool off, there'll be a murder."

He let himself out through the gate in the railing, but Pinckney called him back to give him the passenger agent's telegram. Macdonald read it with a snort of contempt. "I'll do nothing of the sort!" he said, crumpling the message into a ball and throwing it into the waste-basket on his way to the door.

When Macdonald was gone, the cupboard under the copying-press yawned, and a dusty, sweat-begrimed harlequin bounded into the circle of light to dance around Pinckney's table, shaking its fists and rolling its eyes.

"Oh, you double-dyed hypocrite!—you smooth-faced, lantern-jawed foreigner! Chuckle-headed dwarf, am I?—with a pin-head brain? You just wait, will you? Maybe I won't make you wish you'd been born deaf, dumb, and blind, before I get through with you!"

Reddick vanished, breathing out threatenings, and when the door closed behind him, an opportune call for a train-order saved Pinckney from the collapse which might otherwise have followed his bad quarter of an hour.

When Macdonald awoke the following morning, his angry determination to ignore his aunt's request had lost some of its vehemence. He was obliged to confess that she was in nowise to blame for his misfortunes; and since kinship has its undeniable demands, he could scarcely do less than she had asked. Accordingly, he met the excursion train upon its arrival and sought out the passenger agent, who was too busy at the moment to answer his question. When the time served, Miss Spurlock was not to be found; but a brakeman enlightened the inquirers.

"The little old Englishwoman, you mean? Yes, she was in this car; Mr. Elbert's been looking out for her—reckon she must be one of the English stockholders, isn't she?"

"Did they go away together?" asked Macdonald.

"That's what they did; made a bee-

line for a carriage, soon as the train pulled in."

It was the last drop of bitterness in Macdonald's brimming cup. His affair was the common ground upon which these two people had met; the assumption of his rascality was doubtless the theme upon which each had enlarged during their short acquaintance. And now they had gone to Mellicent!

When an optimistic young man of cheerful habit begins to give ground to the blue devils, his retreat is apt to become a rout. Looking back upon his performances of yesterday, Macdonald accused himself wrathfully of having given place to childish credulity and unreasoning impulse; and the affront to his self-respect was simply unbearable. Clearly, there remained but one thing for him to do—to obliterate himself at once and unobtrusively. A west-bound train, ready to depart, offered the means. He could telegraph his resignation from a way-station, and he could send for his belongings when he had settled upon his destination. The conductor's "All aboard!" and the ringing of the engine-bell decided him; and he swung up to the step of the last car as No. 5 steamed out of the station.

An hour later, when Reddick went to the superintendent's office to arrange for the future movement of the excursion train, Burwell handed him a telegram. It was Macdonald's resignation; and the chief clerk of the passenger department did not shirk his responsibility. Obtaining permission to deliver the message, he went straight to the superintendent's house, and was closeted with Mr. Elbert for a humiliating quarter of an hour. When he came out, he was the bearer of a telegram which reached Macdonald at noon.

"Don't make a fool of yourself," it read. "Double back on No. 6 and come to the house. Your aunt wants to see you.  
R. A. ELBERT."

Macdonald read it twice and emphasized his decision by tearing the telegram into bits. It was too late to return now, he told himself; and he determined to think no more of it, at least not until the train had passed its



meeting-point with No. 6. That was an hour away, however, and many resolutions may be made and broken in sixty minutes. Before the time was half spent, Macdonald found himself fighting a losing battle with an irresistible desire to go back to Mellicent at whatever sacrifice of pride or self-esteem. The crisis came when the operator at Jornado handed two telegrams through the open window of the car as the train pulled in beside No. 6. The first was a telegraphic return pass; the second was less formal:

"Come back and take it out on me. I have owned up and squared you with everybody.  
REDDICK."

No. 6 was behind time that evening, and it was late when Macdonald rung the bell at the house of the superintendent. Mellicent opened the door, and she scolded him tearfully for running away.

"There wasn't anything else to do, this morning," he said, humbly; and then—"Mellie, give me my cue quick, before we go in; what am I to say or do?"

"Anything you please; the murder's

out—papa and your aunt have fixed it all up between them, somehow. She has been trying to find you for years, and it was that letter that gave her the clew. The joke was too good to keep, and Mr. Pinckney wrote the operator at Whittlesey all about it."

"The villain!" said Macdonald; and then they went arm in arm into the sitting-room.

They were married a few weeks later, and Reddick, who did many things well, was Macdonald's best man. The wedding journey paused longest at Whittlesey, and the young couple might have settled there had Fergus been less independent. As it was, they turned their faces westward again in the autumn, and Macdonald is, or was at last accounts, the division superintendent of the Grand River Extension. Having been his guest, I can testify to the cosiness of his home in the wind-swept valley at Mountain Junction; and it was there—when I had risen to examine a typewritten letter framed and hanging over the library fireplace—that I heard from his own lips the story of "An Assisted Destiny."

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## STORIES OF GIRLS' COLLEGE LIFE

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### AS TOLD BY HER

*By Abbe Carter Goodloe*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

THE waiters had served the coffee and were retiring in long rows down the sides of the big dining-hall. The rattle of knives and forks and the noise of general and animated talk was subsiding, and the pleased, expectant hush which always precedes the toasts was falling upon the assembly. At the lower end of the room, farthest from the "distinguished-guest" table, the unimportant people began to turn their chairs around toward the speakers and to say "Sh," and "Who's that?" to each other in subdued whispers, and the seniors

grasped their sheep-skins less nervously and began to realize their importance, and the fact that they were no longer undergraduates but full-fledged alumnae. And with the realization came a curious disagreeable sensation and a queer tightening in the throat, accompanied by a horrible inclination to shed tears over the closed chapter of their lives. Then they fiercely thought how their brothers act under similar circumstances, and wished they were men and could give the class yell and drink champagne to stifle their feelings. That be-



ing impossible they tasted a very mild decoction of coffee and turned their troubled eyes to the far end of the room, and wished ardently that the President would get on her feet and say something funny to make them forget that this was the end—the last act of politeness on the part of the faculty to them—that they were being gracefully evicted, as it were, and could never be taken back upon the same terms or under the same conditions.

It was the annual Commencement dinner to the retiring senior class, and the senior class was, as usual, feeling collapsed and blank after the excitement of Commencement week and the discovery that they were B. A.'s or B. S.'s, and that the world was before them and there would be no more faculties to set them going or haul them up, but that they would have to depend on their own faculties in the future. There was the annual foregathering of brilliant men and women whose presence was to be an incentive to the newly fledged alumnae, and the display of whose wit and wisdom in after-dinner speeches was to be a last forcible impression of intellectual vigor and acquirements left on their minds.

Suddenly the President arose. She stood there, graceful, perfectly at ease, waiting for a moment of entire silence. Her sensitive, bloodless face looked more animated than usual, her brown eyes quietly humorous. It was a face eminently characteristic—indicative of the element of popularity and adaptability in her nature that made her, just then, so valuable to the college. When she spoke her voice carried surprisingly far, notwithstanding its veiled, soft quality, so that those farthest from her were able to catch and enjoy the witty, gnomic, sarcastic manner of her speech.

What she said was taken down by the short-hand reporter smuggled in for the occasion by the enterprising class-president and is enrolled in the class-book, so it need not be recorded here; but when she had finished, the editor of one of the foremost magazines in the country was smiling and nodding his head appreciatively, and a man whose sermons are listened to by thousands every Lord's Day leaned over and made some

quick side remark to her and ran his hands in a pleased, interested way through his long hair; and the young and already famous President of a certain college said, on rising, that he felt very genuine trepidation at attempting any remarks after *that*. He fully sustained his reputation, however, of a brilliant talker, and was followed by the honorary member of the juniors, whose post-prandial speeches have made him famous on both sides of the water.

The room became absolutely quiet, save for the voice of the speaker, the occasional burst of applause, and the appreciative murmur of the listeners. Outside, the afternoon began to grow mellow, long shadows thrown by the pointed turrets of the building lay across the green campus, the ivy at the big windows waved to and fro slightly in the cool breeze. Attention flagged; people began to tire of the clever, witty responses to the toasts and to look about them a little.

At one of the tables, reserved for the alumnae, near the upper end of the room, sat a girl dressed in deep mourning. Her face was very beautiful and intelligent, with the intelligence that is more the result of experience than of unusual mental ability. There were delicate, fine lines about the mouth and eyes. She could not have been more than twenty-four or five, but there was an air of firmness and decision about her which contradicted her blond—almost frivolous—beauty and lent dignity to the delicate figure.

After a while she leaned back in her chair a trifle wearily and looked about her curiously as if for changes. The general aspect of the place remained the same, she decided, but there were a great many new faces—new faces in the faculty, too, where one least likes to find them. Here and there she saw an old acquaintance and smiled perfunctorily, but, on the whole, there was no one present she cared very much to see. She had just come to the conclusion that she was sorry she had made the long journey to be present at the dinner when she became conscious that someone was looking intently at her across the room. She leaned forward eagerly and smiled naturally and



cordially for the first time. And then she sank back suddenly and blushed like a school-girl and smiled again, but in a different way, as if at herself, or at some thought that tickled her fancy. It certainly did strike her as rather amusing and presuming for her to be smiling and bowing so cordially to Professor Arbuthnot. She remembered very distinctly, in what awe she had stood of that learned lady, and that in her undergraduate days she had systematically avoided her, since she could not avoid her examinations and their occasionally disastrous consequences. She recalled very forcibly the masterly lectures, the logical, profound, often original talks, which she had heard in her lecture-room, though she had to acknowledge to herself reproachfully, that the matter of them had entirely escaped her memory. She had been one of a big majority who had always considered Professor Arbuthnot as a very high type—perhaps the highest type the college afforded—of a woman whose brains and attainments would make her remarkable in any assembly of *savants*. In her presence she had always realized very keenly her own superficiality, and she felt very much flattered that such a woman should have remembered her and not a little abashed as she thought of the entire renunciation of study she had made since leaving college. She wondered what Professor Arbuthnot might be thinking about her—she knew she was thinking about her, because the bright eyes opposite were still fixed upon her with their piercing, not unkindly gaze. It occurred to her at last, humorously, that perhaps the Professor was not considering her at all, but some question in—thermo-electric currents for instance.

But Miss Arbuthnot's mind was not on thermo-electric currents; she was saying to herself: "She is much more beautiful than when she was here, and there is a new element of beauty in her face, too. I wonder where she has been since, and why she is in mourning. She was unintelligent, I remember. It's a great pity—brains and that sort of beauty rarely ever go together. Her name was Ellis—yes—Grace Ellis.

I think I must see her later." And the Professor gave her another piercing smile and settled herself to listen to a distinguished political economist—a great friend of hers—speak.

The Political Economist got upon his feet slowly and with a certain diffidence. He was a man who had made his way, self-taught, from poverty and ignorance to a professorship in one of the finest technical schools of America.

There was a brusqueness in his manner, and the hard experiences of his life had made him old. He spoke in a quiet, authoritative way. He declared with a rather heavy attempt at jocoseness, that his hearers had had their sweets first, so to speak, and that they must now go back and take a little solid, unpalatable nourishment; that he had never made a witty or amusing remark in his life, and he did not propose to begin and try then, and finally he hinted that the President had made a very bad selection when she invited him to respond to the toast—"The Modern Education of Woman." As he warmed to his subject he became more gracious and easy in manner. He spoke at length of the evolution of women's colleges, their methods, their advantages, their limitations; he touched upon the salient points of difference between a man's college life and that of a girl; differences of character, of interests, of methods of work. And then he went on:

"I believe in it—I believe firmly in the modern education of woman. It is one of the things of most vital interest to me; but my enthusiasm does not blind me. There are phases of it which I do not endorse. I object to many of its results. The most obvious bad result is the exaggerated importance which the very phrase has assumed." He smiled plaintively around upon the company. "Are we to have nothing but woman's education—*toujours l'éducation de la femme*? There is such eagerness to get to college, such blind belief in what is to be learned there, such a *demand* for a college education for women, that we are overwhelmed by it. Every year these doors are closed upon hundreds of disappointed women who turn elsewhere, or relin-



quish the much-prized college education. The day is not far distant when it will be a distinct reproach to a woman that she is not college-bred." He looked down thoughtfully and intently and spoke more slowly.

"It is this phase of it which sometimes troubles me. Life is so rich in experiences for woman—so much richer and fuller for woman than for man—that I tremble at this violent reaction from nature to art. To-day woman seems to forget that she must learn to live, not live to learn. At the risk of being branded as 'behind the times,' of being considered narrow, bigoted, old-fashioned, I must say that until woman re-discovers that *life* is everything, that all she can learn here in a hundred times the four years of her college course, is but the least part of what life and nature can teach her, until then I shall not be wholly satisfied with the modern education of woman."

When he ceased there was an awkward and significant silence, and the editor looked over at him and smiled and shook his head reprovingly. And then the President got up quickly and with a few graceful, apropos remarks she restored good-humor, and taking the arm of the distinguished divine, led the way from the dining-hall to the reception-rooms, and people jostled each other good-naturedly, and edged themselves between chairs and tables to speak to acquaintances, and there was much laughter and questioning and exclamations of surprise and delight, until finally the long procession got itself outside the dining-hall into the big corridors.

At the door Professor Arbuthnot caught sight of Miss Ellis again. She beckoned to the girl, who came quickly toward her.

"I am tired and am going to my rooms for a while, will you come?" The girl blushed again with pleasure and some embarrassment.

"I should be delighted," she said simply, and together they walked down the broad hall-way.

"It's very good of you," she broke in nervously looking down at the small, quiet figure beside hers—she was head and shoulders taller than the Professor.

"Not at all," declared Miss Arbuthnot, kindly. "I want to see you—it has been a long while since you were a student here—four or five years I should say—and you recall other faces and times."

"It has been four years—I can hardly believe it," said the girl, softly. She wondered vaguely what on earth Miss Arbuthnot could wish to see her for—she had been anything but a favorite with the faculty as a student, but she felt very much flattered and very nervous at the attention bestowed upon her.

When she reached Professor Arbuthnot's rooms, the embarrassment she had felt at being noticed by so distinguished a member of the faculty, visibly increased.

The place was so typical—the absence of all ornament and feminine bric-à-brac—the long rows of book-shelves filled with the most advanced works on natural sciences, the tables piled up with brochures and scientific magazines, enveloped her in an atmosphere of profound learning quite oppressive. She had never been in the room but once before, and that was on a most inauspicious occasion—just after the mid-year's. She wondered uneasily, and yet with some amusement, if Professor Arbuthnot remembered the circumstance. But that lady was not thinking of the young girl. She was busy with her mail, which had just been brought in, opening and folding up letter after letter in a quick, methodical way.

"More work for me," she said, smiling; "here is an invitation to deliver six lectures on electro-optics." The girl looked at her admiringly.

"Absolutely I've forgotten the very meaning of the words; and as for lecturing!" she broke off with a little laugh. "Are you going to give them?"

"Yes: it makes a great deal of work for me, but I never refuse such invitations. Besides I shall be able to take these lectures almost bodily from a little book I am getting out." Professor Arbuthnot went over to the desk and lifted up a pile of manuscript, and smiled indulgently at the girl's exclamation of awe.



"It isn't much," she went on. "Only some experiments I have been making in the optical effects of powerful magnets. They turned out very prettily. I have a good deal of hard work to do on the book yet. I shall stay here a week or two longer, quite alone, and finish it all up."

The girl touched the papers reverently.

"Here is a note I have just received from Professor ——" (Miss Arbuthnot named one of the most distinguished authorities of the day on magnetism and electricity). "I sent him some of the first proof-sheets, and he says he's delighted with them. We are great friends."

The girl's awe and admiration increased with every moment. She looked at the small, slight woman whose intelligent, ugly face, had an almost child-like simplicity of expression, contrasting strangely enough with the wrinkled, bloodless skin, and piercing eyes. Her hair, which was parted and brushed severely back, was thickly sprinkled with gray.

She gasped a little. "You actually know him—know Professor ——?"

Miss Arbuthnot laughed. "Oh, yes," she said; "we often work together. We get along famously; we are 'sympathetic' in our work, as the French say."

The girl swept her a mock courtesy.

"I feel too flattered for anything that you deign to speak to me," she said, laughing and bowing low.

Professor Arbuthnot looked pleased; she was far above conceit, but she was not entirely impervious to such fresh, genuine admiration. She was feeling particularly happy too, over the results of her experiments—particularly interested in her work.

"If you are so impressed by *that*," she laughed, "I shall have to tell you something even more wonderful still. I have just received an honorary degree from —— College. It was quite unexpected, and I must say I am extremely pleased. It is very agreeable to know that one's work is appreciated when one has given one's life to it."

It seemed to the girl, with these evidences of success appealing to her, that a life could not be more nobly

spent than in such work. She went slowly around the room after that, looking at a great many interesting things. At books with priceless autographs on their title-pages, and photographs of famous scientists, and diagrams of electrical apparatus, and editions in pamphlet form of articles by Professor Arbuthnot, published originally in scientific journals.

The girl suddenly felt sick and ashamed of herself. It struck her very forcibly just how little she knew, and how she had neglected her opportunities.

"What an awful ignoramus I am!" she burst out at length. "I don't know what these mean; I have only the vaguest idea what these men have done. How different *you* are! Your life has had a high aim and you have attained it. While I——!" she stopped with a scornful gesture. "If it were not for Julian I believe I would come back here and start over!"

Miss Arbuthnot looked at her critically. She admired the girl's beauty tremendously—it was her one weakness—this love of beauty. She never looked at herself in a mirror oftener than necessary.

"Ah! Julian; who is Julian?"

The girl blushed again—she had a pretty way of flushing quickly.

"Julian?—why he's my husband. I forgot to tell you that I married my cousin, Julian Ellis, as soon as I left college."

"Really!" Miss Arbuthnot came over and sat down on the divan beside the girl. "You look so young," she said, rather wistfully. "And you have been married four years?"

The girl nodded. "It seems much longer," she said. "I have had—a great deal of trouble."

"Tell me about it," said the older woman kindly. But the girl was much embarrassed at the idea of talking of her own little affairs to Professor Arbuthnot.

"I am afraid it would only bore you," she said, hurriedly. "Your interests—you are interested in so many——"

But Miss Arbuthnot was firm. "Let me hear," she insisted.

"I'm sure I hardly know what there



is to tell," the girl began nervously. "My father was much opposed to my marrying Julian. He did not wish me to leave college; and he did not believe in cousins marrying. He said that if we did he would disinherit me—you know he is rich. But Julian and I were in love with each other, and so of course we got married." She stopped suddenly and drawing off her glove looked at her wedding-ring. Professor Arbuthnot watched her curiously. The girl's simple statement—"and of course we got married" struck her forcibly. She wondered what it would feel like to be swayed by an emotion so powerful that a father's commands and the loss of a fortune would have absolutely no influence upon it. She could not remember ever having felt anything like that.

"Julian was awfully poor and I of course had nothing more, and so we went to Texas—Julian had an opening there," she went on. "It was awfully lonely—we lived ten miles from the nearest town—and you know what a Texas town is." Miss Arbuthnot shook her head. She had never been west of Ohio.

The girl gave a little in-drawn gasp. "Well, it's worse than anything you can conceive of. I think one has to live in one of them and then move away and have ten miles of dead level prairie land between you and it to know just what loneliness is. But we were so happy, so happy at first—until Julian was taken ill." She leaned back against the couch and clasped her hands around her knees.

"It was awful—I can't tell you," she went on in a broken voice. "But you know what unspeakable agony it is to see what you love best on earth, ill and

suffering, and you nearly powerless to do a thing. And how I loved him! I never knew until then what he was—how much of my life he had become. You must know what agony I went through?" she looked interrogatively, beseechingly at the woman beside her.

Miss Arbuthnot looked away. "I am not sure—I—I was never in love," she said uncertainly. A curious wave of jealousy swept over her that she who had been such a student, whose whole life had been a study, should have somehow missed experiences that this girl had lived through already. The girl shook her head softly, pityingly, as if she could hardly believe her.

"I shall never forget it, and that night," she went on, closing her eyes faintly. "I

thought he was dying. I *had* to have a doctor, but I was afraid to leave him. I remember how everything flashed through my mind. It was a decision for life or death. If I left him I knew I might never see him alive again, and yet if I did not—" She opened her eyes wide and clasped and unclasped her hands. "It was the most horrible moment of my life."

"My poor child!" Miss Arbuthnot put her hand timidly on the girl's arm. She suddenly felt absurdly inexperienced in her presence.

"I got Ivan's saddle on him—I don't know just how—and we started. It was about two o'clock I remember. The prairie looked just like the sea, at night—only more lonesome and quite silent. I was horribly frightened. Even Ivan was frightened. He trembled all over—it's a terrible thing to see a horse tremble with fright."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Professor Arbuthnot, "that you rode



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twenty miles in the dead of night, alone upon a Texas prairie?"

"Yes," answered the girl mechanically. "It was for Julian," she added as if in entire explanation.

Miss Arbuthnot looked at her, she could not realize such wealth of courage and devotion. She wondered with a sudden, hot shame whether she would have dared it had she been in this girl's place.

"I don't think I ever prayed before—really *prayed* you know." She ran on meditatively as if she had forgotten the Professor's presence. "It was dawn when we got back." She stopped entirely and looked out through the window onto the cool green campus. Miss Arbuthnot scarcely dared move. There was something so intimate, almost sacred in the girl's revelations.

"Did he live?" she inquired softly at length.

The girl turned her face toward her. An almost illuminated look had come into it.

"Yes—the doctor saved his life, but he said if I had been two hours later——!"

"*You* saved his life!" Professor Arbuthnot got up and walked to the window. She could not quite take it all in. The girl appeared entirely different to her. She was looking at a woman who had saved the life of the man she loved.

"And then—" the girl gave a little laugh—"I fainted—wasn't it ridiculous? I *am* such an idiot. It makes me ashamed to think of it now—when there was so much to be done—and for me to faint!" She gave an impatient little shake of the head.

"I am sure you never did anything so silly as to faint!" She glanced admiringly at Professor Arbuthnot.

"I don't think I ever experienced any emotion sufficiently strong to make me." Miss Arbuthnot spoke so grimly that the girl jumped up hurriedly.

"I'm awfully afraid I am boring you and keeping you from your work——" She gave a glance at the manuscript upon the desk. "I'm sure you are wanting to get at it, and think me very troublesome to tell you all this about myself."

Professor Arbuthnot looked at her a moment.

"Sit down!" she said imperiously. "I am learning more than if I were working on the physical principles of the nebular theory!"

The girl gave a gay, puzzled little laugh.

"Are you making fun of me? I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

Miss Arbuthnot waved her remark away impatiently.

"And after you had recovered from your fainting spell, what happened?"

"Oh—I helped the doctor and we pulled Julian through together somehow. And then, I went to work. He was ill all winter—something had to be done—I sing fairly well——"

"I remember now," broke in Miss Arbuthnot. "You used to sing at College Vespers. I liked your voice."

The girl gave a gasp of pleasure. She felt immensely flattered that Professor Arbuthnot had liked to hear her sing.

"Thank you," she said feelingly. "I got a position in a church choir and I went into town three days in the week and gave lessons. I made four hundred dollars that winter." She broke off with a little laugh. "I don't think I ever felt so good in all my life as when I counted up and found I had really made four hundred dollars for Julian! I never understood before why poor people want to get married—it's for the fun of working for each other I think. It's the most satisfying sensation I know of." She glanced up at the woman beside the window. Miss Arbuthnot nodded absently. She was thinking of her safe investments—she had accumulated a good deal of money during her long years of teaching and her people had all been well off and she had never given a cent to anyone except in presents and trifling remembrances and organized charitable work. A strange desire grew upon her to share her life with someone. She looked with troubled eyes at the girl who had suddenly made her work and her life dissatisfying to her.

"I don't understand"—she murmured—"and didn't you ever regret—regret your wealth and social position? the other life you had known?"





"It has been a long while since you were a student here."—Page 103.

"I think it's my turn not to understand," said the girl slowly with a puzzled look. "You mean did I regret marrying Julian?"

Miss Arbuthnot nodded. An angry little flush mounted to the girl's cheek, and then, as if the mere thought was too amusing to be taken seriously:

"Regret marrying Julian? O! Professor Arbuthnot—and then there was little Julian, you know. He was

the dearest, the sweetest—wait, I have his picture." She pulled at a little silk cord about her neck and drew forth a small miniature case. In it, painted on porcelain, was the head of a child with the blond beauty of its mother. As the girl looked at it her eyes filled with tears and she bent over it sobbing and kissing it passionately.

"*That* is all I have to regret," she said. "He was two years old when he



died—that was almost a year ago. I couldn't tell you what he was like. I think he was the brightest, prettiest, sweetest boy in the world. You ought to have seen his hands and feet—all dimples and soft pinkiness and milky whiteness—and his eyes and long lashes——!" she stopped breathlessly.

Professor Arbuthnot looked at her wonderingly. She went over to her and looked down at the crushed figure.

"You have loved and loved again and lost. You have been a mother and your child is dead," she said slowly. "I would sympathize with you if I knew how."

The girl caught her hand.

"How kind you are! I never speak of this—I hardly know how I came to do so with you. I am sure I must have

wearied you." She put the locket back and began to draw on her gloves again slowly.

Professor Arbuthnot said nothing. In the last hour she had had glimpses of a life and a love she had never known, and the revelation silenced her. She had sometimes reproached herself that the studious calm, the entire absorption of her life in her work had been exaggerated, and as she looked at the slight figure in its black gown, at the pale face with its sombred, youthful beauty, the conviction was borne in upon her, by this little breath from the outside world, by the life of this girl as told by her, that the insularity of her existence had been a mistake. A sudden intense dissatisfaction and impatience with her life took hold upon her.



"How kind you are."



The girl rose to go. She stood there hesitating, embarrassed, as if she wished to ask something and rather dreaded doing so.

"I—I shall have a great deal of time this winter," she hazarded, twisting the ring of her fan slowly round and round her finger, "and I am going to study—indeed I am!" She glanced up quickly, as if afraid Professor Arbuthnot might be smiling. "I know you think it foolish for me to try, but you don't know how you've inspired me this afternoon!" She went on enthusiastically. "You and everything here make me realize intensely how little I know, and I am going to begin and really learn something. You don't know how much obliged I'd be if you would tell me a little how to begin—what to start on—something easy, adapted for weak intellects!"

She looked up smiling and with heightened color at Professor Arbuthnot. She still stood in so much awe of her and was so afraid of being laughed at!

But that lady was not laughing at all. She looked preternaturally grave.

"It seems to me," she said slowly, "that you and the natural sciences can get along admirably without each other.

Why, child, you have *lived*!" she cried with sudden vehemence. She went over and shook her gently by the shoulder. "You are twenty-four and I am fifty! In four years you have crowded into your life more than I shall *ever* learn!"

The girl looked at her wonderingly, puzzled.

"Have you forgotten so soon what we heard this afternoon—that 'life is everything, that all that you can learn in a hundred times the four years of your college course is but the least part of what life and nature can teach you?'" She pushed the girl toward the door.

"When you are tired of living come back to me."

She stood and watched the girl, with the mystified, half-hurt look on her face, disappear down the corridor. When she had quite gone she went in and stood at the window for a long, long while looking out at the deepening shadows, and then she seated herself grimly at her desk and wrote to her publishers that they would have to delay the appearance of her book, as she felt she needed a vacation and would have to give up work on it for a while.

## ENDYMION

*By J. Russell Taylor*

THE new moon like Diana's ankle dips  
 From out a cloud-skirt dusky in the west,  
 And lights this pool of night and all my breast  
 With dim desire. I dreamed my hair, my lips  
 Felt touch I know not what fine finger-tips;  
 And waking, one long thread of silver o'er  
 The silent ripples crawling in to shore  
 Showed me the way she vanished, whither slips  
 That silver ankle into cloud. Strange dream,  
 Strange lonely waking: it may be that she  
 Bent really o'er me, an elusive gleam  
 Of longing-laughing love; or it may be  
 'Twas born of slumber and the quiet stream  
 That shakes a few drown'd stars phantasmally.



# THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

## CHAPTER XXV

### THE PHILOSOPHER MAN OF ACTION

GOWER'S bedroom window looked over the shrubs of the square, and as his form of revolt from a city life was to be up and out with the sparrows in the early flutter of morning, for a stretch of the legs where grass was green and trees were not enclosed, he rarely saw a figure below when he stood dressing. Now there appeared a petticoated one stationary against the rails, with her face lifted. She fronted the house, and while he speculated abstractedly, recognition rushed on him. He was down and across the roadway at leaps.

"It's Madge here!"

The girl panted for her voice.

"Mr. Woodseer, I'm glad; I thought I should have to wait hours. She's safe."

"Where?"

"Will you come, sir?"

"Step ahead."

Madge set forth to north of the square.

He judged of the well-favored girl, that she could steer her way through cities. Mouth and brows were a warning to challenger pirate craft of a vessel carrying guns; and the red lips kept their firm line when they yielded to the pressure for speech.

"It's a distance. She's quite safe, no harm; she's a prisoner; she's well fed; she's not ill-treated."

"You're out?"

"That's as it happens. I'm lucky in seeing you early. He don't mean to hurt her; he won't be beaten. All she asks is ten minutes with him. If he would!—he won't. She didn't mean to do him offence t'other night in that place—you've heard. Kit Ines told me he was on duty there—going. She couldn't help speaking when she had eyes on her husband. She kisses the ground of his footsoles, you may say,

let him be ever so unkind. She and I were crossing to the corner of Roper Street a rainy night, on away to Mile End a way down, to one of your father's families, Mother Davis and her sick daughter and the little ones, and close under the public-house Goat and Beard, we were seized on and hustled into a covered carriage that was there, and they drove sharp. She's not one to scream. We weren't frightened. We both made the same guess. They drove us to the house she's locked in, and me too, up till three o'clock this morning."

"You've seen nobody, Madge?"

"He's fixed she's to leave London, Mr. Woodseer. I've seen Kit Ines. And she's to have one of the big houses to her use. I guessed Kit Ines was his broom. He defends it because he has his money to make—and be a dirty broom for a fortune! But any woman's sure of decent handling with Kit Ines—not to speak of lady. He and a mate guard the house. An old woman cooks."

"He guards the house and he gave you a pass?"

"Not he. His pride's his obedience to his 'paytron'—he calls his master, and won't hear that name abused. We are on the first floor; all the lower doors are locked day and night. New street, not much neighbors; she wouldn't cry out of the window. She's to be let free if she'll leave London."

"You jumped it!"

"If I'd broke a leg, Mr. Kit Ines would have had to go to his drams. It wasn't very high; and a flower-bed underneath. My mistress wanted to be the one. She has to be careful. She taught me how to jump down not to hurt. She makes you feel you can do anything. I had a bother to get her to let me and be quiet herself. She's not one to put it upon others, you'll learn. When I was down I felt like a stick in the ground, and sat till I had my feet, she at the window waiting; and I started for you. She kissed her hand. I was



to come to you, and then your father, you nowhere seen. I wasn't spoken to. I know empty London."

"Kit Ines was left sleeping in the house?"

"Snoring, I dare say. He don't drink on duty."

"He must be kept on duty."

"Drink or that kind of duty, it's a poor choice."

"You'll take him in charge, Madge."

"I've got a mistress to look after."

"You've warmed to her."

"That's not new, Mr. Woodseer. I do trust you, and you his friend. But you are the minister's son, and any man not a great nobleman must have some heart for her. You'll learn. He kills her so because she's fond of him—loves him, however he strikes. No, not like a dog, as men say of us. She'd die for him this night, need were. Live with her, you won't find many men match her for brave; and she's good. My Sally calls her a Bible saint. I could tell you stories of her goodness, short the time though she's been down our way. And better there for her than at that inn he left her at to pine and watch the Royal Sovereign come swing come smirk in sailor blue and star to meet the rain—would make anybody disrespect royalty or else go mad. He's a great nobleman, he can't buy what she's ready to give; and if he thinks he breaks her will now, it's because she thinks she's obeying a higher than him, or no lord alive and Kit Ines to back him's told her. Women want a priest to speak to men certain times. I wish I dared; we have to bite our tongues. He's master now, but, as I believe God's above, if he plays her false, he's the one to be brought to shame. I talk."

"Talk on, Madge," said Gower, to whom the girl's short-syllabled run of the lips was a mountain rill compared with London park-waters.

"You won't let him hurry her off where she'll eat her heart for never seeing him again? She prays to be near him, if she's not to see him."

"She speaks in that way?"

"I get it by bits. I'm with her, so it's as good as if I was inside her. She can't obey when it goes the wrong way of her heart to him."

"Love and wisdom won't pull together, and they part company for good at the church-door," said Gower. "This matrimony's a bad business."

Madge hummed a moan of assent. "And my poor Sally'll have to marry. I can't leave my mistress while she wants me, and Sally can't be alone. It seems we take a step and harm's done, though it's the right step we take."

"It seems to me you've engaged yourself to follow Sally's lead, Madge."

"Girls' minds turn corners, Mr. Woodseer."

He passed the remark what it was that girls' mind's occasionally or habitually did, or whether they had minds to turn, or whether they took their whims for minds, were untroubled questions with a young man studying abstract and adoring surface nature too exclusively to be aware of the manifestation of her spirit in the flesh, as it is not revealed so much by men. However, she had a voice and a face that led him to be thoughtful over her devotedness to her mistress, after 'nearly losing her character' for the prize-fighter; and he had to thank her for invigorating him. His disposition was to muse and fall slack, helpless to a friend. Here walked a creature exactly the contrary. He listened to the steps of the dissimilar pair on the detonating pavement, and eyed a church-clock shining to the sun.

She was sure of the direction: "Out Camden way, where the murder was."

They walked at a brisk pace, conversing or not.

"Tired? You must be," he said.

"Not when I'm hot to do a thing."

"There's the word of the thoroughbred."

"You don't tire, sir," said she. "Sally and I see you stalking out for the open country in the still of the morning. She thinks you look pale for want of food, and ought to have some one put a biscuit into your pocket overnight."

"Who'd have guessed I was under motherly observation?"

"You shouldn't go so long empty, if you listen to trainers."

"Capital doctors, no doubt. But I get a fine appetite."

"You may grind the edge too sharp."

He was about to be astonished, and



reflected that she had grounds for her sagacity. His next thought plunged him into contempt of Kit Ines, on account of the fellow's lapses to sottishness. But there would be no contempt of Kit Ines in a tussle with him. Nor could one funk the tussle and play cur, if Kit's engaged young woman were looking on. We get to our courage or the show of it by queer screws.

Contemplative over these matters, the philosopher transformed to man of action heard Madge say she read directions in London by churches, and presently exclaiming disdainfully, and yet relieved, "Spooner Villas," she turned down a row of small detached houses facing a brick-field, that had just contributed to the erection of them, and threatened the big city with further defacements.

Madge pointed to the marks of her jump, deep in flower-bed earth under an open window.

Gower measured the heights with sensational shanks.

She smote at the door. Carinthia nodded from her window. Close upon that, Kit Ines came bounding to the parlor window; he spied and stared. Gower was known to him as the earl's paymaster; so he went to the passage and flung the door open, blocking the way.

"Any commands, your honor?"

"You bring the Countess to my lord, immediately," said Gower.

Kit swallowed his mouthful of surprise in a second look at Madge and the ploughed garden-bed beneath the chamber window.

"Are the orders written, sir?"

"To me?—for me to deliver to you?—for you to do my lord's bidding? Where's your head?"

Kit's finger-nails travelled up to it. Madge pushed past him.

She and her mistress, and Kit's mate, and the old woman receiving the word for a cup of tea, were soon in the passage. Kit's mate had a ready obedience for his pay, nothing else, no counsel at all, not a suggestion to a head knocked to a pudding by Madge's jump and my lord's paymaster here upon the scene.

"My lady was to go down Wales-way, sir."

"That may be ordered after."

"I'm to take my lady to my lord?" and, "Does it mean my lady wants a fly?" Kit asked, and harked back on whether Madge had seen my lord?

"At five in the morning? Don't sham donkey with me," said Gower.

The business looked inclined to be leaky, but which the way for proving himself other than a donkey puzzled Kit; so much so, that a shove made him partly grateful. Madge's clever counter-move had stunned his judgment. He was, besides, acting subordinate to his patron's paymaster; and, by the luck of it, no voice of woman interposed. The countess and her maid stood by like a disinterested couple. Why be suspicious, if he was to keep the Countess in sight? She was a nice lady, and he preferred her good opinion. She was brave, and he did her homage. It might be, my lord had got himself round to the idea of thanking her for saving his nob that night, and his way was to send and have her up, to tell her he forgave her, after the style of lords. Gower pricked into him by saying, aside, "Mad, I suppose, in case of a noise?" And he could not answer quite manfully; lost his eyes and colored. Neighbors might have required an explanation of shrieks, he confessed. Men have sometimes to do nasty work for their patrons.

They were afoot, walking at Carinthia's pace, before half-past seven. She would not hear of any conveyance. She was cheerful, and, as it was pitiful to see, enjoyed her walk. Hearing of her brother's departure for the Austrian capital, she sparkled. Her snatches of speech were short flights out of the meditation possessing her. Gower noticed her easier English; that came home to the perpetual student he was. She made use of some of his father's words, and had assimilated them mentally besides appropriating them; the verbalizing of "purpose," then peculiar to his father, for example. She said, in reply to a hint from him: "If my lord will allow me an interview, I purpose to be obedient." No one could imagine of her that she spoke broken-spiritedly. Her obedience was to a higher than a mortal lord, and Gower was touched to the quick through the use of the word.



Contrasting her with Countess Livia and her cousin, the Earl might think her inferior on the one small square compartment called by them the world; but she carried the promise of growth, a character in expansion; and she had at least natural grace, a deer-like step. Although her picturesqueness did not swarm on him with images illumining night, subduing day, like the Countess Livia's, it was marked, it could tower and intermittently eclipse, and it was of the uplifting and healing kind, by comparison, not a delicious balefulness.

The bigger houses, larger shops, austere streets of private residences, were observed by the recent inhabitant of Whitechapel.

"My lord lives in a square," she said.

"We shall soon be there now," he encouraged her, doubtful though the issue appeared.

"It is a summer morning for the Ortler, the Gross-Glockner, the Venediger—all our Alps, Mr. Woodseer."

"If we could fly!"

"We love them."

"Why, then we beat a wing—yes."

"For I have them when I want them to sight. It is the feet are so desirous. I feel them so this morning, after prisonership. I could not have been driven to my lord."

"I know the feeling," said Gower; "any movement of us, not our own impulse, hurries the body and deadens the mind. And by the way, my dear lady, I spoke of the Earl's commands, to this man behind us walking with your Madge. My father would accuse me of Jesuitry. Ines mentioned commands, and I took advantage of it."

"I feared," said Carinthia. "I go for my chance."

Gower had a thought of the smaller creature, greater by position, to whom she was going for her chance. He alluded to his experience of the Earl's kindness in relation to himself—from a belief in his "honesty;" dotted outlines of her husband's complex character, or unmixed and violently opposing elements.

She remarked: "I will try and learn."

The name of the street of beautiful shops woke a happy smile on her mouth.

"Father talked of it; my mother too.

He had it written down in his Book of Maxims. When I was a girl, I dreamed of one day walking up Bond Street."

They stepped from the pavement and crossed the roadway for a side-street leading to the square. With the swift variation of her aspect at times, her tone changed.

"We are near. My lord will not be troubled by me. He has only to meet me. There has been misunderstanding, I have vexed him; I could not help it. I will go where he pleases after I have heard him give orders. He thinks me a frightful woman. I am peaceful."

Gower muttered her word "misunderstanding." They were at the Earl's house-door. One tap at it, and the two applicants for admission would probably be shot as far away from Lord Fleetwood, as when they were on the Styrian heights last autumn. He delivered the tap, amused by the idea; it was like a summons to a genie of doubtful service.

My lord was out riding in the park.

Only the footman appeared at that early hour, and his countenance was blank whitewash as he stood rigid against the wall for the lady to pass. Madge followed into the morning-room; Ines remained in the hall, where he could have the opening speech with his patron, and where he soon had communication with the butler.

This official entered presently to Gower, presenting a loaded forehead. A note addressed to Mrs. Kirby-Levelier at the Countess Livia's house hard by, was handed to him for instant dispatch. He signified a deferential wish to speak.

"You can speak in the presence of the Countess of Fleetwood, Mr. Wayte," Gower said.

Wayte checked a bend of his shoulders. He had not a word, and he turned to send the note. He was compelled to think that he saw a well-grown young woman in the Whitechapel Countess.

Gower's note reached Henrietta on her descent to the breakfast-table. She was alone and thrown into a torture of perplexity; for she wanted advice as to the advice to be given to Janey, and Livia was an utterly unprofitable person to consult in the case. She thought of



Lady Arpington, not many doors distant. Drinking one hasty cup of tea, she sent for her bonnet, and hastened away to the great lady, whom she found rising from breakfast with the Marquis.

Lady Arpington read Gower's note. She unburdened herself: "Oh! so it's no longer a bachelor's household!"

Henrietta heaved the biggest of sighs. "I fear the poor dear may have made matters worse."

To which Lady Arpington said: "Worse or better, my child!" and shrugged; for the present situation strained to snapping.

She proposed to go forthwith, and give what support she could to the Countess of Fleetwood.

They descended the steps of the house to the garden and the Green Park's gravel walk up to Piccadilly. There they had a view of Lord Fleetwood on horseback leisurely turning out of the main way's tide. They saw him alight at the mews. As they entered the square, he was met some doors from the south corner by his good or evil genius, whose influence with him came next after the marriage in the amazement it caused, and was perhaps to be explained by it; for the wealthiest of young noblemen bestowing his name on an unknown girl, would be the one to make an absurd adventurer his intimate. Lord Fleetwood bent a listening head while Mr. Gower Woodseer, apparently a good genius for the moment, spoke at his ear.

How do we understand laughter at such a communication as he must be hearing from the man. Signs of a sharp laugh indicated either his cruel levity or that his presumptuous favorite trifled—and the man's talk could be droll, Lady Arpington knew: it had, she recollected angrily, diverted her, and softened her to tolerate the intruder into regions from which her class and her period excluded the lowly born, except at the dinner-tables of stale politics and tattered scandal. Nevertheless, Lord Fleetwood mounted to his house-door, still listening. His 'Asmodeus,' on the tongue of the world, might be doing the part of Mentor really. The house-door stood open.

Fleetwood said something to Gower;

he swung round, beheld the ladies and advanced to them, saluting. "My dear Lady Arpington! quite so, you arrive opportunely. When the enemy occupies the citadel, it's proper to surrender. Say, I beg, she can have the house, if she prefers it. I will fall back on Esslemont. Arrangements for her convenience will be made. I thank you by anticipation."

His bow included Henrietta loosely. Lady Arpington had exclaimed: "Enemy, Fleetwood?" and Gower, in his ignorance of the smoothness of aristocratic manners, expected a remonstrance; but Fleetwood was allowed to go on with his air of steely geniality and a decision, that his friend imagined he could have broken down like an old partition-board under the kick of a sarcasm sharpening an appeal.

"Lord Fleetwood was on the point of going in," he assured the great lady.

"Lord Fleetwood may regret his change of mind," said she. "The Countess of Fleetwood will have my advice to keep her footing in this house."

She and Henrietta sat alone with Carinthia for an hour. Coming forth, Lady Arpington ejaculated to herself: "Villany somewhere!—You will do well, Henrietta, to take up your quarters with her a day or two. She can hold her position a month. Longer, is past possibility."

A shudder of the repulsion from men crept over the younger lady. But she was a warrior's daughter, and observed: "My husband, her brother, will be back before the month ends."

"No need for hostilities to lighten our darkness," Lady Arpington rejoined. "You know her? trust her?"

"One cannot doubt her face. She is my husband's sister. Yes, I do trust her. I nail my flag to her cause."

The flag was crimson, as it appeared on her cheeks; and that intimated a further tale, though not of so dramatic an import as the cognizant short survey of Carinthia had been.

These young women, with the new complications obtruded by them, irritated a benevolent great governing lady, who had married off her daughters and embraced her grandchildren, comfortably finishing that chapter; and beheld



now the apparition of the sex's ancient tripping foe, when circumstances in themselves were quite enough to contend against on their behalf. It seemed to say, that nature's most burdened weaker must always be beaten. Despite Henrietta's advocacy and Carinthia's clear face, it raised a spectral form of a suspicion, the more effective by reason of the much-required justification it fetched from the shades to plead apologies for Lord Fleetwood's erratic, if not mad, and in any case ugly conduct. What otherwise could be his excuse? Such was his need of one, that the wife he crushed had to be proposed for sacrifice, in the mind of a lady tending strongly to side with her and condemn her husband.

Lady Arpington had counselled Carinthia to stay where she was, the Fates having brought her there. Henrietta was too generous to hesitate in her choice between her husband's sister and the Earl. She removed from Livia's house to Lord Fleetwood's. My lord was at Esslemont two days; then established his quarters at Scrope's Hotel, five minutes' walk from the wedded lady to whom the right to bear his title was granted, an interview with him refused. Such a squaring for the battle of spouses had never—or not in mighty London—been seen since that old fight began.

## CHAPTER XXVI

AFTER SOME FENCING THE DAME PASSES  
OUR GUARD

**D**AME GOSSIP at this present pass bursts to give us a review of the social world siding for the Earl or for his Countess; and her parrot cry of "John Rose Mackrell!" with her head's loose shake over the smack of her lap, to convey the contemporaneous tipsy relish of the rich good things he said on the subject of the contest, indicates the kind of intervention it would be.

To save the story from having its vein tired, we may accept the reminder, that he was the Countess's voluble advocate at a period when her friends were shy to speak of her. After relating the

Vauxhall Gardens episode in burlesque Homeric during the freshness of the scandal, Rose Mackrell's enthusiasm for the heroine of his humor set in. He tracked her to her parentage, which was new breath blown into the sunken tradition of some old Buccaneer and his Countess Fanny; and a turn of great good luck helping him to a copy of the book of the "Maxims for Men," he would quote certain of the racier ones, passages of Captain John Peter Kirby's personal adventures in various lands and waters illustrating the text, to prove that the old warrior acted by the rule of his recommendations. They had the repulsive attraction proper to rusty lumber swords and truncheons that have tasted brains. They wove no mild sort of halo for the head of a shillelah-flourishing Whitechapel Countess descended from the writer and doer.

People were willing to believe in her jump of thirty feet or more off a suburban house-top to escape durance, and her midnight storming of her lord's town-house, and ousting of him to go find his quarters at Scrope's Hotel. He, too, had his band of pugilists, as it was known; and he might have heightened a raging scandal. The nobleman forbore. A woman's blow gracefully taken adds a score of inches to our stature, floor us as it may; we win the world's afterthoughts. Rose Mackrell sketched the Earl;—always alert, smart, quick to meet a combination and protect a dignity never obtruded, and in spite of himself the laugh of the town. His humor flickered wildly round the ridiculous position of a prominent young nobleman, whose bearing and character were foreign to a position of ridicule.

Nevertheless, the Earl's figure continuing to be classic sculpture, it allied him with the aristocracy of martyrs, that burn and do not wince. He propitiated none, and as he could not but suffer shrewdly, he gained esteem enough to shine through the woman's pitiless drenching of him. During his term at Scrope's Hotel, the carousals there were quite old-century and matter of discourse. He had proved his return to sound sense in the dismissal of "the fiddler," notoriously the woman's lieutenant, or more; and nightly the rev-



elry closed at the great gaming tables of St. James's Street, while Whitechapel held the coronetted square, well on her way to the law courts as Abrane and Potts reported; and positively so: "clear case." That was the coming development and finale of the marriage. London waited for it.

A rich man's easy smile over losses at play merely taught his emulous troop to feel themselves poor devils in the pocket. But Fleetwood's contempt of sleep was a marvel, superhuman, and accused them of an inferior vigor, hard for young men to admit by the example. He never went to bed. Issuing from Fortune's hall-doors in the bright, lively summer morning, he mounted horse and was away to the hills. Or he took the arm of a Roman Catholic nobleman, Lord Feltre, and walked with him from the green tables and the establishment's renowned dry still Sillery to matins at a Papist chapel. As it was not known that he had given his word to adjure his religion, the pious gamblers did no worse than spread an alarm and quiet it, by the citation of his character for having a try at everything.

Henrietta dispatched at this period the following letter to Chillon:

"I am with Livia to-morrow. Janey starts for Wales to-morrow morning, a voluntary exile. She pleaded to go back to that place where you had to leave her, promising she would not come westward, but was persuaded. Lady Arpington approves. The situation was getting too terribly strained. We met and passed my lord in the park.

"He was walking his horse—elegant cavalier that he is; would not look on his wife. A woman pulled by her collar should be passive; if she pulls her way, she is treated as a dog. I see nothing else in the intention of poor Janey's last offence to him. There is an opposite counsel, and he can be eloquent, and he will be heard on her side. How could she manage the most wayward, when she has not an idea of ordinary men. But, my husband, they have our tie between them; it may move him. It subdues her—and nothing else would have done that. If she had been in England a year before the marriage, she would, I

think, have understood better how to guide her steps and her tongue for his good pleasure. She learns daily, very quickly; observes, assimilates; she reads, and has her comments—would have shot far ahead of your Riette, with my advantages.

"Your uncle—but he will bear any charge on his conscience as long as he can get the burden off his shoulders. Do not fret, my own. Reperuse the above—you will see we have grounds for hope.

"He should have looked down on her. No tears from her eyes, but her eyes *were* tears. She does not rank among beautiful women. She has her moments for outshining them—the loveliest of spectres. She caught at my heart. I cannot forget her face looking up for him to look. A great painter would have reproduced it, a great poet have rendered the impression. Nothing short of the greatest. That is odd to say of one so simple as she. But when accidents call up her reserves, you see mountain heights where mists were—she is actually glorified. Her friend—I do believe a friend—the Mr. Woodseer you are to remember meeting somewhere—a sprained ankle—has a dozen similes ready for what she is when pain or happiness vivify her. Or it may be tender charity. She says that if she feels for suffering people, it is because she is the child of Chillon's mother. In like manner Chillon is the son of Janey's father.

"Mr. Woodseer came every other evening. Our only enlivenment. Livia followed her policy in refusing to call. We lived luxuriously; no money, not enough for a box at the opera, though we yearned—you can imagine. Chapters of philosophy read out and expounded instead. Janey likes them. He sets lessons to her queer maid—reading, writing, pronunciation of English. An inferior language to Welsh, for poetical purposes, we are informed. So Janey determining to apply herself to Welsh, and a chameleon Riette dreading that she will be taking a contrary view of the honest souls—as she feels them to be—when again under Livia's shadow.

"The message from Janey to Scrope's Hotel was dispatched half an hour after



we had driven in from the park ; fruit of a brown meditation. I wrote it—third person—a single sentence. Arrangements are made for her to travel comfortably. It is funny—the shops for her purchases of clothes, necessities, etc., are specified. She may order to any extent. Not a shilling of money for her poor purse. What can be the secret of that? He does nothing without an object. To me, uniformly civil, no irony, few compliments. Livia writes that I am commended for keeping Janey company. What can be the secret of a man scrupulously just with one hand and at the same time cruel with the other? Mr. Woodseer says his wealth—‘More money than is required for their needs, men go into harness to Plutus’—if that is clever.

‘I have written my husband—as Janey ceases to call her own; and it was pretty and touching to hear her ‘my husband.’ Oh! a dull letter. But he is my husband though he keeps absent—to be longed for—he is my husband still, my husband always. Chillon is Henrietta’s husband, the world cries out, and when she is flattered she does the like, for then it is not too presumptuous that she should name Henrietta Chillon’s wife. In my ears, husband has the sweeter sound. It brings an angel from overhead. Will it bring him one half hour sooner? My love! My dear! if it did I should be lisping ‘husband, husband, husband’ from cock-crow to owl’s cry. Livia thinks the world foolish, if not detestable. She and I have our different opinions. She is for luxury. I choose poverty and my husband. Poverty has its beauty, if my husband is the sun of it. *Elle radote*. She would not have written so dull a letter to her husband if she had been at the opera last night or listened to a distant street band. No more—the next line would be bleeding. He should have her blood, too, if that were her husband’s—it never would be; but if it were for his good in the smallest way. Chillon’s wish is to give his blood for them he loves. Never did woman try more to write worthily to her absent lord and fall so miserably into the state of dripping babe from bath on nurse’s knee. Cover me, my lord and love, my lover, my cause for—

no, my excuse, my refuge from myself. We are one? Oh! we are one!—and we have been separated eight and twenty days.

“HENRIETTA KIRBY-LEVELLIER.”

That was a letter for the husband and lover to receive in a foreign land and be warmed.

The tidings of Carinthia washed him clean of the grimy district where his waxen sister had developed her stubborn insensibility—resembling craziness, every perversion of the refinement demanded by young Englishmen of their ladies; and it pacified him with the belief that she was now at rest, the disturbed history of their father and mother at rest as well; his conscience in relation to the marriage likewise at rest. Chillon had a wife. Her writing of the welcome to poverty stirred his knowledge of his wife’s nature. Carinthia might bear it and harden to flint. Henrietta was a butterfly for the golden rays. His thoughts, all his energies, were bent on the making of money to supply her need for the pleasures she flew in—a butterfly’s grub without it. Accurately so did the husband and lover read his wife, adoring her the more.

Her letter’s embracing close was costly to them. It hurried him to the compromise of a debatable business, and he fell into the Austrian Government’s terms for the payment of the inheritance from his father; calculating, that—his sister’s share deducted—money would be on hand to pay pressing debts and enable Henrietta to live unworried by cares until he should have squeezed debts, long due and increasing, out of the miserly old lord, his uncle. A prospect of supplies for twelve months, counting the hack and carriage Henrietta had always been used to, seemed about as far as it was required to look by the husband hastening homeward to his wife’s call. Her letter was a call in the night. Besides, there were his yet untried inventions. The new gunpowder testing at Croridge promised to provide Henrietta with many of the luxuries she could have had, and had abandoned for his sake. The new blasting powder and a destructive shell might build her the palace she deserved.



His uncle was, no doubt, his partner. If, however, the profits were divided, sufficient wealth was assured. But his uncle remained a dubious image. The husband and lover could enfold no positive prospect to suit his wife's tastes beyond the twelve months.

We have Dame Gossip upon us.

One minute let mention be of the excitement over Protestant England when that rumor disseminated, telling of her wealthiest nobleman's visit to a mountain monastery, up in the peaks and snows; and of his dwelling among the monks, and assisting in all their services day and night, hymning and chanting, uttering not one word for one whole week; his Papistical friend, Lord Feltre, with him, of course, after Jesuit arts had allured him to that place of torrents and lightnings and canticles and demon echoes, all as though expressly contrived for the horrifying of sinners into penitence and confession and the monkish cowl up to life's end, not to speak of the abjuration of worldly possessions and donation of them into the keeping of the shaven brothers. There was a general consent, that if the Earl of Fleetwood went to the extreme of making over his property to those monks, he should be pronounced insane and incapable. Ultimately the world was a little pacified by hearing that a portion of it was entailed, Esslemont and the Welsh mines.

So it might be; but what if he had no child! The marriage amazing everybody, scarcely promised fruit, it was thought. Countess Livia, much besought for her opinion, scouted the possibility. And Carinthia Jane was proclaimed by John Rose Mackrell (to his dying day the poor gentleman tried vainly to get the second syllable of his name accentuated) a young woman who would outlive twice over the husband she had. He said of his name it was destined to pass him down a dead fish in the nose of posterity, and would affect his best jokes; which something has done, or the present generation has lost the sense of genuine humor.

Thanks to him, the talk of the White-chapel Countess again sprang up, merrily as ever; and after her having become, as he said, "a desiccated celeb-

rity," she outdid cabinet ministers and naughty wives for a living morsel in the world's mouth. She was denounced by the patriotic party as the cause of the Earl's dalliance with Rome.

The Earl, you are to know, was then coasting along the Mediterranean, on board his beautiful schooner yacht, with his Lord Feltre, bound to make an inspection of Syrian monasteries, and forget, if he could, the face of all faces, another's possession, by the law.

Those two lords, shut up together in a yacht, were advised by their situation to be bosom friends, and they quarrelled violently, and were reconciled, and they quarrelled again; they were explosive chemicals; until the touch of dry land relieved them of what they really fancied the spell of the fiend. For their argumentative topic during confinement was woman, when it was not theology; and even off a yacht, those are subjects to kindle the utmost hatred of dissension if men are not perfectly concordant. They agreed upon land to banish any talk of woman or theology, where it would have been comparatively innocent; so they both desiring to be doing the thing they had sworn they would not do, the thoughts of both were fastened on one or the other interdicted subject. They hardly spoke; they perceived in their longing minds that the imagined spell of the fiend was indeed the bile of the sea, secreted thickly for want of exercise, and they both regretted the days and nights of their angry controversies; unfit pilgrims of the Holy Land, they owned.


To such effect, Lord Fleetwood wrote to Gower Woodseer, as though there had been no breach between them, from Jerusalem, expressing the wish to hear his cool wood-notes of the philosophy of life, fresh drawn from Nature's breast; and urgent for an answer, to be addressed to his hotel at Southampton, that he might be greeted on his return home first by his "friend Gower."

He wrote in the month of January. His arrival at Southampton was on the thirteenth day of March; and there he opened a letter some weeks old, the bearer of news which ought by rights to make husbands proudly happy.



## CHAPTER XXVII

## WE DESCEND INTO A STEAMER'S ENGINE-ROOM

LEETWOOD had dropped his friend, Lord Feltre, at Ancona; his good fortune was to be alone when the clang of bells rang through his head in the reading of Gower's lines. Other letters were opened: from the Countess Livia, from Lady Arpington, from Captain Kirby-Levellier. There was one from his lawyers, informing him of their receipt of a communication, dated South Wales, December 11th, and signed Owain Wythan; to the effect, that the birth of a son to the Earl of Fleetwood was registered on the day of the date, with a copy of the document forwarded.

Livia scornfully stated the tattling world's "latest." The Captain was as brief, in ordinary words, whose quick run to the stop could be taken for a challenge of the eye. It stamped the adversary's frown on Fleetwood reading. Lady Arpington was more politic; she wrote of "a healthy boy," and "the healthy mother giving him breast," this being "the way for the rearing of strong men." She condescended to the particulars, that she might touch him.

The Earl had not been so reared; his mother was not the healthy mother. One of his multitudinous, shifty, but ineradicable ambitions, was to exhibit an excellingly vigorous, tireless constitution. He remembered the needed refreshment of the sea-breezes aboard his yacht during the week following the sleep-discarded nights at Scrope's and the green tables. For a week he hung to the smell of brine, in rapturous amity with Feltre, until they yellowed, differed, wrangled, hated.

A powerful leaven was put into him by the tidings out of Wales. Gower, good fellow, had gone down to see the young mother three weeks after the birth of her child. She was already renewing her bloom. She had produced the boy in the world's early manner, lightly, without any of the tragic modern hovering over death to give the life. Gower compared it to a "flush of the

vernal orchard after a day's drink of sunlight." That was well: that was how it should be. One loathes the idea of tortured women.

The good fellow was perhaps absurdly poetical. Still we must have poetry to hallow this and other forms of energy: or say, if you like, the right view of them impels to poetry. Otherwise we are in the breeding yards, among the litters and the farrows. It is a question of looking down or looking up. If we are poor creatures—as we are if we do but feast and gamble and beget—we shall run for a time with the dogs and come to the finish of swine. Better say, life is holy! Why, then we have to thank her who teaches it.

He gazed at the string of visions of the woman naming him husband, making him a father: the imagined Carinthia—beautiful Gorgon, haggard Venus; the Carinthia of the precipice tree-shoot; Carinthia of the Ducal dancing hall; and she at the altar-rails; she on the coach-box; she alternately softest of brides, doughtiest of amazons. A mate for the caress, an electrical heroine, fronted him.

Yes, and she was Lord Fleetwood's wife, cracking sconces—a demoiselle Moll Flanders—the world's White-chapel Countess out for an airing, infernally earnest about it, madly ludicrous; the schemer to catch his word, the petticoated Shylock to bind him to the letter of it, now persecuting, haunting him, now immovable for obstinacy; malignant to stay down in those vile slums and direct tons of sooty waters on his head from its mains in the sight of London, causing the least histrionic of men to behave as an actor. He beheld her a skull with a lamp behind the eyeholes.

But this woman was the woman who made him a father; she was the mother of the heir of the house, and the boy she clasped and suckled as her boy was his boy. They met inseparably in that new life.

Truly, there could not be a woman of flesh so near to a likeness with the beatific image of Feltre's worshipped Madonna!

The thought sparkled and darkened in Fleetwood's mind, as a star passing



into cloud. For an uproarious world claimed the woman, jeered at all allied with her; at her husband most, of course; the punctilious noodle, the golden jackass, tethered and goaded. He had choice among the pick of women; the daughter of the Old Buccaneer was preferred by this wiseacre Coelebs. She tricked him cunningly and struck a tremendous return blow in producing her male infant.

By the way, was she actually born in wedlock? Lord Levellier's assurances regarding her origin were, by the calculation, a miser's shuffles to clinch his bargain. Assuming the representative of holy motherhood to be a woman of illegitimate birth, the history of the house to which the spotted woman gave an heir would suffer a jolt when touching on her. And altogether the history fumed rank vapors. Imagine her boy in his father's name, a young collegian. No commonly sensitive lad could bear the gibes of the fellows raking at antecedents; Fleetwood would be the name to start roars. Smarting for his name, the Earl chafed at the boy's mother. Her production of a man-child was the further and grosser offence.

He recurred to Gower Woodseer's letter.

The pictures and images in it were not the principal matters, the impression had been deep. A plain transcription of the young mother's acts and words did more to portray her; the reader could supply reflections.

Would her boy's father be very pleased to see him? she had asked.

And she spoke of a fear that the father would try to take her boy from her.

Never that—you have my word, Fleetwood said; and he nodded, consentingly, over her next remark: "Not while I live, till he must go to school!"

The stubborn wife would be the last of women to sit and weep as a rifled mother.

A child of the Countess Carinthia (he phrased it) would not be deficient in will, nor would the youngster lack bravery.

For his part, comparison rushing at him and searching him, he owned that

he leaned on pride. To think that he did, became a theme for pride. The mother had primitive virtues; the father the developed; he was the richer mine. And besides, he was he; the unriddled, complex, individual he; she was the plain, barbarian survival, good for giving her offspring bone, muscle, stout heart.

Shape the hypothesis of a fairer woman, the mother of the heir to the earldom.

Henrietta was analyzed in a glimpse. Courage, animal healthfulness, she, too, might—her husband not obstructing—transmit; and good looks, eyes of the sapphire Egæan. And therewith such pliability as the Mother of Love requires of her servants.

Could that woman resist seductions?

Fleetwood's wrath with her for refusing him and inducing him in spite to pledge his word elsewhere, haphazard, pricked a curiosity to know whether the woman could be—and easily, easily he wagered—led to make her conduct warrant for his contempt of her. Led; that is, misled, you might say, if you were pleading for a doll. But it was necessary to bait the pleasures for the woman, in order to have full view of the precious fine fate one has escaped. Also to get well rid of a sort of hectic in the blood, which the woman's beauty has cast on that reflecting tide; a fever-sign, where the fever has become quite emotionless and is merely desirous for the stain of it to be washed out. As this is not the desire to possess, or even to taste, contempt will do it. When we know that the weaver of the fascinations is purchasable, we toss her to the market where men buy; and we walk released from vile subjection to one of the female heaps—subjection no longer, doubtless, and yet a stain of the past flush, often coloring our reveries, creating active phantasms of a passion absolutely extinct, if it ever was the veritable passion.

The plot—formless plot—to get release by the sacrifice or at least a crucial temptation of the woman, that should wash his blood clean of her image, had a shade of the devilish, he acknowledged; and the apology offered



no improvement of its aspect. She might come out of the trial triumphant. And benefit for himself, even a small privilege, even the pressure of her hand, he not only shrank from the thought of winning, he loathed the thought. He was too delicate over the idea of the married woman whom he fancied he loved in her maidenhood. Others might press her hand, lead her the dance; he simply wanted his release. She had set him on fire; he conceived a method for trampling the remaining sparks and erasing stain and scars; that was all. Henrietta rejected her wealthy suitor; she might some day hence be seen crawling abjectly to wealth, glad of a drink from the cup it holds, intoxicated with the draught. An injured pride could animate his wealth to crave solace of such a spectacle.

Devilish, if you like. He had expiated the wickedness in Cistercian seclusion. His wife now drove him to sin again.

She had given him a son. That fluted of home and honorable life. She had her charm, known to him alone.

But how, supposing she did not rub him to bristle with fresh irritations, how go to his wife while Henrietta held her throne? Consideration was her due until she stumbled. Enough if she wavered. Almost enough if she stood firm as a statue in the winds, and proved that the first page of her was a false introduction. The surprising apparition of a beautiful woman with character; a lightly thrilled, pleasure-loving woman devoted to her husband or protected by her rightful self-esteem, would loosen him creditably. It had to be witnessed, for faith in it. He revered our legendary good woman, and he bowed to noble deeds; and he ascribed the former to poetical creativeness; the latter operated as a scourging of his flesh to yield its demoniacal inmates. Nothing of the kind was doing at present.

Or stay: a studious reperusal of Gower Woodseer's letter enriched a little incident. Fleetwood gave his wife her name of Carinthia when he had read deliberately and caught the scene.

Mrs. Wythan down in Wales, related it to Gower. Carinthia and Madge, trudging over the treeless hills, came on a birchen clump round a deep hollow or

gully-pit; precipitous, the Earl knew, he had peeped over the edge in his infant days. There at the bottom, in a foot or so of water, they espied a lamb; and they rescued the poor beastie by going down to it, one or both. It must have been the mountain-footed one. A man would hesitate, spying below. Fleetwood wondered how she had managed to climb up, and carrying the lamb. Down pitches Madge Winch to help—they did it between them. We who stand aloof admire stupidly. To defend himself from admiring, he condemned the two women for the risk they ran to save a probably broken-legged little beast; and he escaped the melting mood by forcing a sneer at the sort of stuff out of which popular ballads are woven. Carinthia was accused of letting her adventurous impulses and sentimental female compassion swamp thought of a mother's duties. If both those two women had broken their legs, the child might have cried itself into fits for the mother, there she would have remained.

Gower wrote in a language transparent of the act, addressed to a reader whose memory was to be impregnated. His reader would have flown away from the simple occurrence on arabesques and modulated tones; and then envisaging them critically, would have tossed his poor little story to the winds, as a small thing magnified—with an object, being the next thought about it. He knew his Fleetwood so far.

His letter concluded: "I am in a small Surrey village, over a baker's shop, rent eight shillings per week, a dame's infant school opposite my window, miles of firwood, heath, and bracken openings, for the winged or the nested fancies. Love Nature, she makes you a lord of her boundless, off any ten square feet of common earth. I go through my illusions and come always back on that good truth. It says, beware of the world's passion for flavors and spices. Much tasted, they turn and bite the biter. My exemplars are the lately breeched youngsters with twopence in their pockets for the gingerbread-nut booth on a fair day. I learn more from one of them than you can from the whole cavalcade of your attendant Ixionides."



Mounting the box of his coach for the drive to London, Fleetwood had the new name for the parasitic and sham vital troop of his ears.

"My Ixionides!" he repeated; and did not scorn them so much as he rejoiced to be enlightened by the title. He craved the presence of the magician who dropped illumination with a single word; wholesomer to think of than the whole body of these Ixionides; not bad fellows here and there, he reflected, tolerantly half laughing at some of their clownish fun. Gower Woodseer and he had not quarrelled? No, they had merely parted at one of the crossways. The plebeian could teach that son of the genuflexions, Lord Feltre, a lesson in manners. Woodseer was the better comrade and director of routes. Into the forest, upon the heights; and free, not locked; and not parroting day and night, but quick for all that the world has learnt and can tell, though two-thirds of it be composed of Ixionides; that way lies wisdom, and his index was cut that way.

Arrived in town, he ran over the headings of his letters, in no degree anxious for a communication from Wales. There was none. Why none?

She might as well have scrawled her announcement of an event pleasing to her, and, by the calculation, important to him, if not particularly interesting. The mother's wifish lines would, perhaps, have been tested in a furnace. He smarted at the blank of any, of even two or three formal words. She sulked? "I am not a fallen lamb!" he said. Evidently one had to be a shivering beast in trouble, to excite her to move a hand.

Through so slight a fissure as this piece of discontent cracked in him, the crowd of his grievances with the woman rushed pell-mell, deluging young shoots of sweeter feeling. She sulked! If that woman could not get the command, he was to know her incapable of submission.

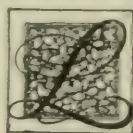
After besmutting the name she had filched from him, she let him understand that there was no intention to repent. Possibly she meant war. In which case, a man must fly, or stand assailed by the most intolerable of vul-

gar farces; to be compared to a pelting of one on the stage.

The time came to him to knock at doors and face his public.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

BY CONCESSIONS TO MISTRESS GOSSIP A FURTHER INTRUSION IS AVERTED



LIVIA welcomed him, with commiserating inquiry behind her languid eyelids. "You have all the latest?" it said.

He struck on the burning matter.

"You wish to know the part you have to play, ma'am."

"Tell me, Russett."

"You will contradict nothing."

Her eyebrows asked: "It means?"

"You have authority from me to admit the facts."

"They are facts?" she remarked.

"Women love teasing round certain facts, apparently; like the law courts over their pet cases."

"But Russett, will you listen?"

"Has the luck been civil of late?"

"I think of something else at present. No, it has not."

"Abrane?"

"Pray attend to me. No, not Abrane."

"I believe you've all been cleared out in my absence. St. Ombre?"

Her complexion varied. "Mr. Ambrose Mallard has once or twice. . . . But let me beg you; the town is raging with it. My dear Russett, a bold front now—there's the chance of your release in view."

"A rascal in view! Name the sum."

"I must reckon. My head is—can you intend to submit?"

"So, it's Brosey Mallard now. You choose your deputy queerly. He's as bad as Abrane, with steam to it. Chummy Potts would have been better."

"He wins one night; loses every pound-note he has the next; and comes vaunting 'the dry still Sillery' of the establishment—a perpetual chorus to his losses!"

"His consolation to you for yours. That is the gentleman. Chummy



doesn't change. Say, why not St. Om-bre? He's cool."

"There are reasons."

"Let them rest. And I have my reasons. Do the same for them."

"Yours concerns the honor of the family."

"Deeply; respect them."

"Your relatives have to be thought of, though they are few and not too pleasant."

"If I had thought much of them, what would our relations be? They object to dicing, and I to leading-strings."

She turned to a brighter subject, of no visible connection with the preceding.

"Henrietta comes in May."

"The month of her colors!"

"Her money troubles are terrible."

"Both of you appear unlucky in your partners—if winning was the object. She shall have all the distractions we can offer."

"Your visit to the Chartreuse alarmed her."

"She has rejoined her husband?"

"A girl. She feared the Jesuit in your friend."

"Feltre and she are about equally affected by music. They shall meet."

"Russett, this once: I do entreat you to take counsel with your good sense, and remember that you stand where you are by going against my advice. It is a perfect storm over London. The world has not to be informed of your generosity; but a chivalry that invites the most horrible of sneers at a man! And what can I say? I have said it was impossible."

"Add the postscript: you find it was perfectly possible."

"I have to learn more than I care to hear."

"Your knowledge is not in request: you will speak in my name."

"Will you consult your lawyers, Russett, before you commit yourself?"

"I am on my way to Lady Arpington."

"You cannot be thinking how serious it is."

"I rather value the opinion of a hard-headed woman of the world."

"Why not listen to me?"

"You have your points, ma'am."

"She's a torch."

"She serves my purpose."

Livia shrugged sadly. "I suppose it serves your purpose to be unintelligible to me."

He rendered himself intelligible immediately, by saying: "Before I go—a thousand?"

"Oh, my dear Russett!" she sighed.

"State the amount."

She seemed to be casting unwieldy figures and he helped her with, "Mr. Isaacs?"

"Not less than three, I fear."

"Has he been pressing?"

"You are always good to us, Russett."

"You are always considerate for the honor of the family, ma'am. Order for the money with you here to-morrow. And I thank you for your advice. Do me the favor to follow mine."

"Commands, should be the word."

"Phrase it as you please."

"You know I hate responsibility."

"The Chorus in classical dramas had generally that sentiment, but the singing was the sweeter for it."

"Whom do you not win when you condescend to the mood, you dear boy."

He restrained a bitter reply, touching the kind of persons he had won; a girl from the mountains, a philosophical tramp of the roads, troops of the bought.

Livia spelt at the problem he was. She put away the task of reading it. He departed to see Lady Arpington, and thereby rivet his chains.

As Livia had said, she was a torch. Lady Endor, Lady Eldritch, Lady Cowry kindled at her. Again there were flights of the burning brands over London. The very odd marriage; the no-marriage; the two-ends-of-the-town marriage; and the maiden marriage a fruitful marriage; the monstrous marriage of the countess productive in banishment, and the unreadable earl accepting paternity; this amazing marriage was again the riddle in the cracker for tattlers and gapers.

But the lady, though absent, did not figure poorly at all. Granting Whitechapel and the shillelah affair, certain whispers of her good looks, contested



only to be the more violently asserted ; and therewith Rose Mackrell's tale of being a "young woman of birth," having a "romantic story to tell of herself and her parentage ;" made her latest performance the champagne event of it hitherto. Men sparkled when they had it on their lips.

How, then, London asked, would the Earl of Fleetwood move his pieces in reply to his Countess's particularly clever indication of the check threatening mate ?

His move had no relation to the game, it was thought at first. The world could not suppose that he moved a simple pawn on his marriage board. He purchased a shop in Piccadilly for the sale of fruit and flowers.

Lady Arpington was entreated to deal at the shop, Countess Livia had her orders ; his friends, his parasites and satellites, were to deal there. Intensely earnest as usual, he besought great ladies to let him have the overflow of their hot-houses ; and they classing it as another of the mystifications of a purse crazy for repleteness, inquired, "But it is you we are to deal with ?" And he quite seriously said : "With me, yes, at present." Something was behind the curtain, of course. His gravity had an effect of the ultra-comical in concealing it.

The shop was opened. We have the assurance of Rose Mackrell, that he entered and examined the piles and pans of fruits, and the bouquets cunningly arranged by a hand smelling French. The shop was roomy, splendid windows lighted the yellow, the golden, the green, and party-colored stores. Four doors off, a chemist's, motley in bellied glasses, crashed on the sight. Passengers along the pavement had presented to them such a contrast as might be shown if we could imagine the Lethæan ferry-boat-load brought sharp against Pomona's lapful. In addition to the plucked flowers and fruits of the shop, Rose Mackrell more attentively examined the samples doing service at the counters. They were three, under supervision of a watchful-eyed fourth ; and all wore white caps of one pattern ; they repaid scrutiny—punctually, as he said—with just the modest lifting of a lid to return it.

Dame Gossip is for quoting his wit. But the conclusion he reached, after quitting the shop and pacing his dozen steps, is important ; for it sent a wind over the town to set the springs of tattle going as wildly as when the herald's trumpet blew the announcement for the world to hear out of Wales.

He had observed that the young woman supervising was deficient in the ease of an established superior ; her brows were troubled ; she was, therefore, a lieutenant elevated from a lower grade ; and, to his thinking, conducted the business during the temporary retirement of the mistress of the shop.

And the mistress of the shop ?

The question hardly needs be put.

Rose Mackrell or his humor answered it in unfaltering terms.

London heard, with the variety of feelings which are indistinguishable under a flooding amazement, that the beautiful new fruit and flower shop had been purchased and stocked by the fabulously wealthy young Earl of Fleetwood, to give Whitechapel Countess a taste for business, an occupation, and an honorable means of livelihood.

There was, Dame Gossip thumps to say, a general belief in this report. Crowds were on the pavement, peering through the shop-windows. Carriages driving by stopped to look. My lord himself had been visible, displaying his array of provision to friends. Nor was credulity damped appreciably when over the shop, in gold letters, appeared the name of Sarah Winch. It might be the Countess's maiden name, if she really was a married countess.

But, in truth, the better informed of the town, having begun to think its Cræsus capable of any eccentricity, chose to believe. They were at the pitch of excitement which demands and will swallow a succession of wilder extravagances. To accelerate the delirium of the fun, nothing was too much, because every absurdity was anticipated. And the Earl's readiness to be complimented on the shop's particular merits, his gratified air at an allusion to it, whirled the fun faster. He seemed entirely unconscious that each step he now took wakened peals. His child-like unconsciousness of the boiling sentiments



around, seasoned, pricked, and maddened his parasites under compression to invent, for a faint relief. He had his title for them, they their tales of him.

Dame Gossip would recount the tales. She is of the order of persons inclining to suspect the title of truth in prodigies of scandal. She is rustling and bustling to tell us of "Carinthia Jane's run up to London to see Sarah Winch's grand new shop," an eclipse of all existing grand London Western shops; and Rose Mackrell's account of her dance of proud delight in the shop, ending with "a lovely cheese" just as my lord enters, and then a scene, wild beyond any conceivable "for pathos and humor," and the Earl has the Whitechapel baby-boy plumped into his arms; and the Countess fetches him a splendid boddip and rises out of a second cheese to twirl and fandango it; and all serious on a sudden, request, whimperingly beseech, his thanks to her for the crowing successor she has presented him with; my lord ultimately, but carefully, depositing the infant on a basket of the last oranges of the season, fresh from the Azores, by delivery off my lord's own schooner-yacht in Southampton Water; and escaping, leaving his gold-headed stick behind him, a trophy for the Countess; a weapon, it may be.

The Dame shall expose her confusions. She really would seem to fancy that the story is not an impossible one. Carinthia had not the means to travel; she was moneyless. Every bill of her establishment was paid without stint by Mr. Howell Edwards, the Earl's manager of mines; but she had not even the means for a journey to the Gowerland rocks she longed to see. She had none since she forced her brother to take the half of her share of their inheritance, £1,400, and sent him the remainder. Accepted by Chillon John as a loan, says Dame Gossip; and no sooner received than consumed by the pressing necessities of a husband with the Rose Beauty of England to support in the comforts and luxuries he deemed befitting.

Fleetwood was honestly unaware of ridicule in the condition of inventive mania at his heels. Scheming, and hesitating to do, one half of his mind was absorbed with the problem of how to

treat the mother of his boy. Her behavior in becoming a mother was acknowledged to be good; the production of a boy was good—considerate, he almost thought. He grew so far reconciled to her as to have intimations of a softness coming on; a wish to hear her speak of the trifling kindness done to the sister of Madge in reward of kindness done to her; wishes for looks he remembered, secret to him, more his own than any possessions. Dozens of men had wealth, some had beautiful wives; none could claim as his own that face of the look of sharp steel melting into the bridal flower, when she sprang from her bed to defend herself and recognized the intruder at her window, stood smitten. "It is my husband." Moonlight gave the variation of her features.

And that did not appease the resentment tearing him from her; so justifiable then, as he forced himself to think, now hideous. Glimpses of the pictures his deeds painted of him since his first meeting with this woman had to be shunned. He threw them off; they were set down to the mystery men are. The degrading, utterly different, back view of them teaches that life is an irony. If the teaching is not accepted, and we are to take the blame, can we bear to live? Therefore, either way the irony of life is proved. Young men straining at thought, in the grip of their sensations, reach this logical conclusion. They will not begin by examining the ground they stand on, and questioning whether they have consciences at peace with the steps to rearward.

Having established life as the coldly malignant element, which induces to what it chastises, a loathing of womanhood, the deputed mother of life, ensues by natural sequence. And if there be one among women who disturbs the serenity we choose to think our due, she wears for us the sinister aspect of a confidential messenger between Nemesis and the Parcae. Fleetwood was thus compelled to regard Carinthia as both originally and successively the cause of his internal as well as his exterior discomfort; otherwise those glimpses would have burnt in to perpetual stigmas. He had also to get his mind away from her.



They pleaded against him volubly with the rising of her image into it.

His manager at the mines had sent word of ominous discontent down there. His presence might be required. Obviously, then, the threatened place was unfitting for the Countess of Fleetwood. He dispatched a kind of order through Mr. Howell Edwards, that she should remove to Esslemont to escape annoyances. Esslemont was the preferable residence. She could there entertain her friends, could spend a pleasanter time there.

He waited for the reply. Edwards deferred it.

Were they to be in a struggle with her obstinate will once more?

Henrietta was preparing to leave London for her dismal, narrow, and after an absence desired, love-nest. The Earl called to say farewell, cool as a loyal wife could wish him to be, admiring perforce. Marriage and maternity withdrew nothing—added to the fair young woman's bloom.

She had gone to her room to pack and dress. Livia received him. In the midst of the casual commonplaces, her memory was enlightened.

"Oh," said she, and idly drew a letter out of a blotting-pad, "we have heard from Wales." She handed it to him.

Before he knew the thing he did, he was reading:

"There is no rest for my brother, and I cannot help; I am kept so poor I have not the smallest of sums. I do not wish to leave Wales, the people begin to love me; and can one be mistaken? I know if I am loved or hated. But if my lord will give me an allowance of money of some hundreds, I will do his bidding; I will leave England or I will go to Esslemont; I could say—to Mr. Woodseer, in that part of London. He would not permit. He thinks me blacked by it, like a sweep-boy coming from a chimney; and that I have done injury to his title. No, Riette, to be a true sister, I must bargain with my lord before I submit. He has not cared to come and see his little son. His boy has not offended him. There may be some of me in this dear. I know whose features will soon show to defend the mother's good name. He is early my

champion. He is not christened yet, and I hear it accuse me, and I am not to blame, I still wait my lord's answer."

"Don't be bothered to read the whole," Livia had said, with her hand out, when his eyes were halfway down the page.

Fleetwood turned it, to read the signature: "Janey."

She seemed servile enough to some of her friends. "Carinthia" would have had a pleasanter sound. He folded the letter.

"Why give me this? Take it," said he.

She laid it on the open pad.

Henrietta entered and had it restored to her, Livia remarking: "I found it in the blotter after all."

She left them together, having to dress for the drive to the coach-office with Henrietta.

"Poor amusement for you this time." Fleetwood bowed, gently smiling.

"Oh!" cried Henrietta, "Balls, routs, dinners, music—as much music as I could desire, even I. What more could be asked? I am eternally grateful."

"The world says you are more beautiful than ever."

"Happiness does it, then—happiness owing to you, Lord Fleetwood."

"Columelli pleased you?"

"His voice is heavenly. He carries me away from earth."

"He is a gentleman, too—rare with those fellows."

"A pretty manner. He will speak his compliments in his English."

"You are seasoned to endure then in all languages. Pity another of your wounded; Brailstone has been hard hit at the tables."

"I cannot pity gamblers. May I venture?—half a word?"

"Tomes! But just a little compassion for the devoted. He wouldn't play so madly if—well, say, a tenth dilution of the rapt hearing Columelli gets."

"Signor Columelli sings divinely."

"You don't dislike Brailstone?"

"He is one of the agreeable."

"He must put his feelings into Italian song."

"To put them aside will do."

"We are not to have our feelings?"

"Yes, on the proviso that ours are



respected. But, one instant, Lord Fleetwood, pray. She is—I have to speak of her as my sister. I am sure she regrets . . . She writes very nicely.”

“You have a letter from her?”

Henrietta sighed that it would not bear exposure to him; “Yes.”

“Nicely worded?”

“Well, yes, it is.”

He paused; not expecting that the letter would be shown, but silence fired shots, and he has stopped the petition. “We are to have you for a week’s yachting. You prescribe your company. Only, be merciful. Exclusion will mean death to some. Columelli will be touring in Switzerland. You shall have him in the house when my new bit of ground northwest of London is open; very handy, ten miles out. We’ll have the opera troupe there and you shall command the opera.”

Her beauty sweetened to thank him.

If, as Livia said, his passion for her was unchanged, the generosity manifested in the considerate screen it wore over any physical betrayal of it deserved the lustre of her eyes. It dwelt a moment, vivid with the heart close behind and remorseful for misreading of old his fine character. Here was a young man who could be the very kindest of friends to the woman rejecting him to wed another. Her smile wavered. How shall a loving wife express warmth of sentiment elsewhere, without the one beam too much, that plunges her on a tideway? His claim of nothing called for everything short of the proscribed. She gave him her beauty in fullest flower.

It had the appearance of a temptation; and he was not tempted, though he admired; his thought being: Husband of the thing!

But he admired. That condition awakened his unsatisfied past days to desire positive proof of her worthlessness. The past days writhed in him. The present were loveless, entirely cold. He had not even the wish to press her hand. The market held beautiful women of a like description. He wished simply to see her proved the thing he read her to be; and not proved as such by himself. He was unable to summon or imagine emotion enough for him to

simulate the forms by which fair women are wooed to their perdition. For all he cared, any man on earth might try, succeed or fail, as long as he had visual assurance that she coveted, a slave to the pleasures commanded by the wealth once disdained by her. Till that time, he could not feel himself perfectly free.

Dame Gossip prefers to ejaculate, young men are mysteries, and bowl us onward. No one ever did comprehend the Earl of Fleetwood, she says: he was bad, he was good; he was whimsical and steadfast; a splendid figure, a mark for ridicule; romantic and a close arithmetician; often a devil, sometimes the humanest of creatures.

In fine, he was a millionaire nobleman, owing to a considerable infusion of Welsh blood in the composition of him. Now, to the Cymry and to the pure Kelt, the past is at their elbows continually. The past of their lives has lost neither face nor voice behind the shroud; nor are the passions of the flesh, nor is the animate soul, wanting to it. Other races forfeit infancy, forfeit youth and manhood with their progression to the wisdom age may bestow. These have each stage always alive, quick at a word, a scent, a sound, to conjure up scenes, in spirit and in flame. Historically they still march with Cadwallader, with Llewellyn, with Glendower; sing with Aneurin, Taliesin, old Llywarch; individually, they are in the heart of the injury done them thirty years back, or thrilling to the glorious deed which strikes an empty buckler for most of the sons of Time. An old sea rises in them, rolling no phantom billows to break to spray against existing rocks of the shore. That is why, and even if they have a dose of the Teuton in them, they have often to feel themselves exiles when still in amicable community among the preponderating Saxon English.

Add to the singular differentiation enormous wealth—we convulse the excellent dame by terming it a chained hurricane, to launch in foul blasts or beneficent showers according to the moods during youth—and the composite Lord Fleetwood comes nearer into our focus. Dame Gossip with her jiggling to be at the butterwoman’s trot,



when she is not violently interrupting, would suffer just punishment were we to digress upon the morality of a young man's legal possession of enormous wealth as well.

Wholly Cambrian Fleetwood was not. But he had to the full the Cambrian's reverential esteem for high qualities. His good-by with Henrietta, and estimate of her, left a dusky mental void, requiring an orb of some sort of contemplation; and an idea of the totally contrary Carinthia, the woman he had avowedly wedded, usurped her place. Qualities were admitted. She was thrust away because she had offended; still more because he had offended. She bore the blame for forcing him to an examination of his conduct at this point and that, where an ancestral savage in his lineaments cocked a strange eye. Yet at the moment of the act of the deed he had known himself the veritable Fleetwood. He had now to vindicate himself by extinguishing her under the load of her unwomanliness: she was like sun-dried linen matched beside oriental silk; she was rough, crisp, unyielding. That was now the capital charge. Henrietta could never

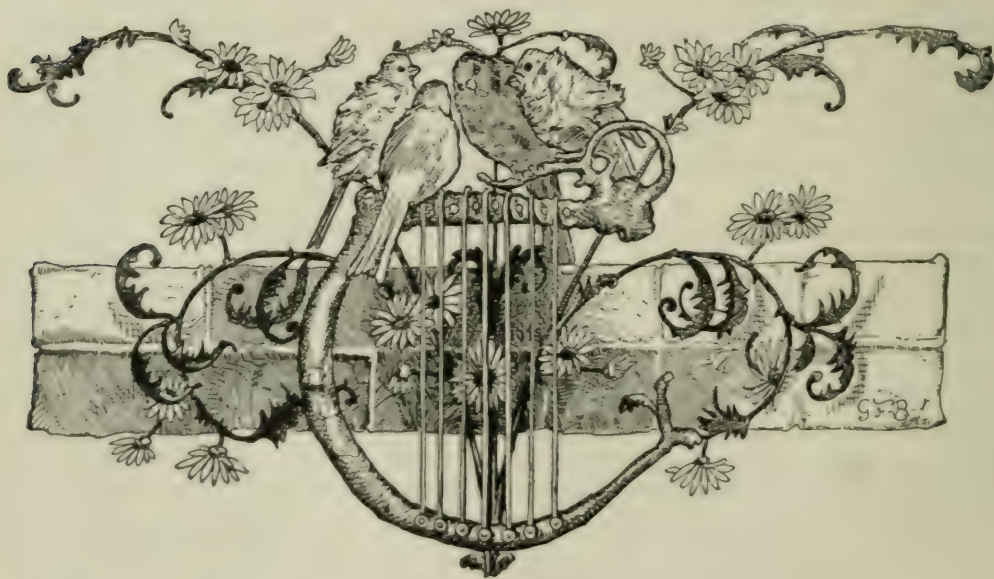
be guilty of the unfeminine. Which did he prefer?

It is of all questions the one causing young men to screw wry faces when they are asked: they do so love the feminine, the ultra-feminine whom they so hate for her inclination to the frail. His depths were sounded, and he answered independently of his will, that he must be up to the heroical pitch to decide. Carinthia stood near him then. The confession was a step, and fraught with consequences. Her unacknowledged influence expedited him to Sarah Winch's shop, for sight of one of earth's honest souls; for whom he had the latest of the two others down in Wales, and of an infant there.

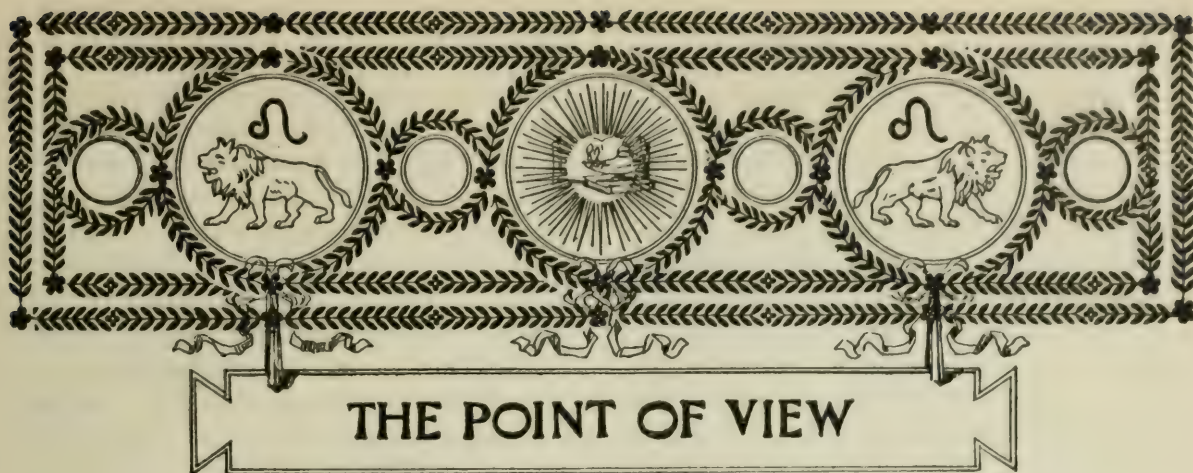
He dined the host of his Ixionides, leaving them early for a drive at night eastward, and a chat with old Mr. Woodseer over his punching and sewing of his boot-leather. Another honest soul. Mr. Woodseer thankfully consented to mount his coach-box next day, and astonish Gower with a drop on his head from the skies about the time of the mid-day meal.

There we have our peep into Dame Gossip's young man mysterious.

(To be concluded.)







It was said the other day of a man noted for his charitable estimate of his fellow-creatures that he would find something to admire in Satan himself. The remark was told him, and he said, "Yes, I always did admire the devil for his persistence." If he adopted the popular notion of Satan he might have found easily enough other grounds for admiring him; for while it is commonly held that the devil is not so black as he is painted, the better opinion seems to me to be that nowadays he is not painted anything like as black as he is, and that owing to the unfaithfulness with which his likeness is set forth he is very much more generally admired and respected than his qualities and true character deserve. The popular contemporary conception of Satan is of a highly successful man of the world. It is admitted that there are shady spots in his past history, that he has done some things that he should regret, that he is a hazardous associate and an unsafe person to have transactions with. But conversely it is realized that he is rich, powerful, and attractive, and intimately concerned and interested in promoting the material prosperity of the human race. He is known to be full of enterprise and public spirit, disposed to make things pleasant, and powerful in carrying the enterprises with which he is concerned to a profitable issue. It is true that he is understood to be unscrupulous, but it is felt that success excuses very much, and that when an individual has attained a position which enables him to be useful to the public it is a mistake to be over-nice about rejecting his good offices because in early life when his necessities were more pressing, his methods or affiliations were not always such as

a conscientious person could approve. Then, thanks to the misdirected zeal of a multitude of worthy persons who assume to abhor Satan and all his works, he gets credit for a host of things with which he really had very little to do. Lots of clergymen and others are sure that he invented all kinds of dances and laid the cornerstones of all the theatres. He gets immense credit all the time in certain quarters as the loosener of restrictions as to the use of the Sabbath, so that in some parts of the country folks can hardly walk in the fields on a Sunday afternoon without a sense of obligation to him for his share in the enlargement of their liberties. Inasmuch as he is earnestly and continuously denounced by hordes of good and zealous people as the discoverer and promoter of all exhilarating beverages, people who like beverages of that sort and feel safe in consuming them in moderate quantities cannot help a certain kindness of feeling toward him on that account.

The upshot of all this perversion is that the enemies of the Adversary have unwittingly carved him out a great reputation as the champion of personal liberty, and the purveyor of manifold terrestrial delights which are not necessarily hurtful to those who realize them with discretion, and which are undeniably in favor with the natural man. Consequently it is easy for him to masquerade as a public benefactor, and folks, without admitting even to themselves how well they think of him, grow to feel that perhaps he has come to be good-natured in his old age, and that, nowadays, anyhow, his behavior seems pretty square, and that, maybe, the stories of his depravity do him an injustice.



To give the devil his due is proverbially proper, but to make such a hero of him is not only inexpedient but very bad morals. John Milton is partly to blame for it, for he first made Satan grand and semi-respectable, but the work has made great progress since his day. The pleasantest and most reassuring line in the prayer-book is that which describes the service of God as perfect freedom. If that idea of God's service would be more generally disseminated, with due supplementary inculcation of the truth that all the salutary and truly pleasant things in life are the gifts of God and not devices of the Evil One, Satan would come much nearer to getting his due than he usually does come nowadays, or is likely to come perhaps, until the final reckoning.

WHILE we toil slowly together up life's long incline our fellow-travellers upon the strange, eventful journey observe, if we ourselves do not, that certain of our peculiarities in speech, gesture, and expression have gradually become so intensified as to make remembrance of us incomplete without them.

"Thread by thread the strands we twist  
Till they bind us neck and wrist,"

before we are conscious of the self-inflicted thralldom; and no man who has come to what are commonly called years of discretion ever entirely frees himself from the net-work of habit daily forming 'round him. The utmost that an altruistic philosopher can do is to make his net a web of gossamer, so that, however much he may be entangled in its meshes, those who are forced to brush by him shall escape galling. This is a task by no means easy. But to snap, or even to lighten the web of opinion when we have once woven it about some obstinate brain-cell—*hoc opus, hic labor est*, which might baffle the Cumæan Sibyl herself, with all her seven hundred years of wisdom. Why then will many of us persist in accumulating such fetters upon the reason, and even go so far as to glory in the servitude which their adoption entails?

Of course we must all have our little innocent preferences which need not therefore be aggressive even to ourselves

—preferences in the choice of food, of our friends, for the hard bed and the leather cushion. We like some cheeses best, but we can put up with Roquefort if Camembert and Brie are not attainable. These are mild affairs of semi-unconscious growth, like the personal manners and customs that spring from the conditions in which we live. It is not of these that I speak, but of those assertive, rasping prejudices which yield to no persuasion, gentle or otherwise, and are flaunted upon all occasions with arrogant pride. I know men, and good men too, who sit so encircled by unquenchable bigotries that they resemble Wotan's daughter, cut off from temporal things by tongues of fire. For discussion leading always to the same invincible issue is profitless, and the points upon which they have satisfied themselves through their own violent iteration grow wearisome to others. A mystic circle of conviction, solemnly drawn about a subject soon makes that subject one to be tabooed.

When these howling dervishes of prejudice are strictly faithful to their tenets what delight in life they lose! Following the beaten path which they maintain is the right one, they see but a single landscape, and never know the pleasures of exploration. In literature and the arts their course, like some Italian by-way between high garden-walls, has no outlook at all. One declares that music died with Beethoven, and that Liszt, Chopin, and Berlioz are all charlatans, while Wagner, of course, is an abomination. "Trollope!" cries another: "I have never read a line of him. Scott is my novelist." As though Barsetshire were non-existent, and human nature valueless south of the Tweed! Yet this same tissue of complexities will only laugh in the theatre; he must see French farce there, or nothing; the words of Hamlet bore him. How much surer his ground of satisfaction might be, if he would draw one long breath and expand sufficiently to like Hamlet and the French farce too.

Once, long ago, in the street, there was pointed out to me a man who had become famous in his little way, for never committing himself to an opinion. I suppose that he was a very ridiculous person; evi-



dently my companion thought so. But he wore a happier look than I often see in the faces of my positive friends, and I have since learned that he lived to a green and prosperous old age.

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THE Japanese have many nice qualities and some great ones. They are clean, they are polite, and apparently they are very gentle and very brave. They are said to be exceedingly neat, too, and to be bountifully endowed with that sense of propriety, a defective development of which accounts for much of the rubbish in American streets and most of the disagreeableness of American street-car travel. They certainly beat us in a good many things, and not unreasonably their example is much held up to us nowadays for emulation. Intelligent foreigners who have observed us closely have declared that we are the rudest and the kindest people in the world. Of course it is a pity that we are not more universally courteous; that our children are not demure and orderly like the Japanese children; that we throw papers into the street and drop peanut-shells and orange-peel on the floors of our public conveyances. Of course it is a pity that we are not more like the Japanese in many particulars; but, for my part, I make bold to confess that American manners, with all their defects, are better suited to my American taste than Japanese manners with all their gentle perfections.

When Nature finds bark necessary for the protection of her growths it may be noticed that she always applies it to the outside. Our manners are to a certain extent our bark, and though it is by no means necessary that it should be disagreeably rough or scraggy, it seems not a thing to be altogether deplored that what we have of it we should choose to wear as the trees do, externally and in sight. When Nature leaves the bark thin she is apt to provide thorns, and if one must make a choice between the two means of protection, it may be excusable to prefer the bark which one can recognize afar off, to the thorn which draws blood without warning.

We are quite accustomed to the traditional disparagement of the French as a

people in whom a superficial politeness is developed at some cost of more indispensable merits, but the politeness of the Japanese being a trait of comparatively recent observation, seems to be accepted without much consideration of its cost. It is not worth very much, but it does cost something. For one thing, travellers tell us that it takes a prodigious amount of time. Japanese etiquette takes no note of the hands of the clock, or the rising or the setting of the sun. Japanese business seems not to be very much prompter. Time in Japan is estimated at its Eastern value. We are told, too, that Japanese courtesy condemns even such a reasonable candor as would permit one in polite conversation to acknowledge that he held an opinion different from one his friend had expressed. Letters are not punctuated in Japan because it would seem to imply ignorance in the recipient. There can scarcely be such an extreme softness of conduct without some sacrifice of downright honesty.

American manners are not nearly as good as they should be, not nearly as good as one may hope they may become, but that Japanning would profit them is not so certain as it looks at first sight, even if it did not involve a much greater amount of self-repression or self-obliteration (doubtless more apparent than actual) than the American temperament could endure or has any desire to attain to. The amelioration of our national demeanor must rather be sought in an increased and enlightened self-control joined to a strengthened self-respect. If we ever do become civilized, it will be first at the heart and afterward at the rind.

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I WAS saying the other day to Mrs. Damocles, that I had such a high opinion of Winship, partly because of his exceptionally enlivening personal qualities and partly for his marvellous discrimination in the choice of a wife. And I added that I had the very highest opinion of Mrs. Winship because of her sense and her loveliness, and especially because of her success in living with Winship and being his wife. Now Winship is a good man and delightful company. He is pretty to look at and very good indeed to go; but



he has a prodigious enjoyment of life and such an unbroken eagerness to taste everything that is good, and be in everything that is moving, that I felt that I cast no reflection upon him when I said that for a woman to live with him, as Mrs. Winship did, was a great feat.

"It is a great feat," remarked Mrs. Damocles, with a certain air of giving her mind relief, "for any woman to live with any man, or any man to live with any woman."

"Well, if it comes to that," said I, "I presume it is, and it is a feat exceedingly well worth accomplishing. I find I have more and more respect the older I grow for people who hit it off gracefully and successfully."

That was true. I do have such a sentiment for such people, and I dare say it is a sentiment as common as it is well founded. I respect them whether their success is due to natural sweetness or to sustained effort. People who are capable of sustained effort to maintain the harmony of their domestic relations are a very good sort of people. They must have fidelity, that king-pin among the virtues, and divers other strong ingredients that go to make up what we call "good stuff." I am not sure but that we should respect them even more than folks who are simply born sweet and reasonable, and who love each other and get on without trying.

It is matter of record that in patriarchal and scriptural times it was held a thing particularly good and pleasant to behold brethren dwell together in unity. That man and wife should dwell in that way seems not to have been thought so affecting a spectacle. Perhaps it was held that if a patriarch could not live harmoniously with one wife, he could with another; or perhaps the sentiment of the times favored hammering a disorderly wife with a tent-pin until she became tractable, so that domestic tranquillity was taken for granted. It is not surprising that with changed conditions and the new woman we moderns should have assumed a different point of view. It is pleasant to be sure to see brethren brotherly, but it is no great matter if they differ, for the world is big enough for them

all. But the world is not big enough for the successful disagreement of man and wife. They may part, but it is not success; it is failure. Both must carry away the marks of it, and whatever may happen neither is quite as good as before. In spite of divorce laws and all easements of that sort, we have contrived to make a deeply serious business of marriage. We ought to applaud those who succeed in it, because success is so indispensably necessary.

It would be a little different if folks were really free to marry or not as they chose, with no fierce bugaboo behind the alternative. But the fact is the majority of us are not quite free. We are taught and believe that, if we don't marry, a worse thing may happen to us, for we will grow old without either the discipline or the companionship of a mate, without children to bring youth back into our lives; indeed, without the elements of a home. We see people in that predicament, and though there are plenty of encouraging exceptions, on the whole celibacy seems so very second-rate to most of us that we don't bargain for it except under stress of strong necessity. Marriage in most cases seems so preponderantly expedient that we would feel that we ought to marry even if we didn't want to, and as usually we do want to, marriage becomes, practically, a necessity.

I declare that I am personally grateful to married people who get on conspicuously well. They are a reassuring spectacle in society, and as part of society I take comfort in knowing them, and am obliged to them for existing. And, of course, I am especially obliged to the women like Winship's wife, who are particularly good wives. You should see that lady, how she holds that hare-brained creature, not with too tight a lariat or too loose; neither nagging nor neglectful; not so dependent on him as to shackle him, nor so independent as to leave him too free. Of course, she couldn't do it unless she was a woman of brains, and unless Winship was a good fellow—a fellow, that is, with some gaps in his selfishness. She is too good a wife for him, but I am glad he has got her, and so, unmistakably, is he.









NINETY-THREE.

ENGRAVED BY A. LÉVEILLÉ.

From the bust by Rodin.



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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No. 2

## THE PASTELS OF EDWIN A. ABBEY

*By F. Hopkinson Smith*

ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF MR. ABBEY'S PASTELS



THE most irritating of mediums is pastel. It is never what you want, and it is never where you want it.

When you raise the lid of the box containing this color puzzle, with all its blues, reds, and yellows in infinite gradations, each color occupying its proper place, and each one delighting your eye with its brilliancy, you are charmed with the freshness and purity of the tones. You are quite sure that this is what you have been looking for—something that leaves a positive result when it touches your canvas, and requires no dabbings in of brush, no thinnings with juice of poppy or olive; something that stays “put” and is not constantly drying lighter, as do water-colors, or turning yellow and dull, as do oils; something requiring no frequent dippings into ink, with splutterings of pen and scratchings of paper; no constant washings of brushes; no careful pattings of pigment, correctings of tone, tryings on canvas, re-correcting and trying again; no getting “tacky” before you are half through—none of all these worries, often so harassing that half one’s inspiration is gone because of the shortcomings of the materials needed to express it.

So you gloat over your classified color scheme—for all the world like sample skeins of silk of every shade and hue—

and in your enthusiasm up goes your easel and you begin to work.

Then you discover that pastels are not at all what you want. In other words, that they are half a dozen tones higher or lower, or more metallic than anything you have ever handled. You worry along, trying to be content with the rawest of impressionistic purples, when you long for a delicate atmospheric gray-blue, or you suffer under a lettuce green, when you require nothing stronger than olive broken with brown.

With this discovery comes another. You find that these little bits of chalk break with the handling, and as you never stop to note the exact spot from which you picked up any particular stick, you can never replace the pieces. So they are thrown among the nearest blues, yellows, or reds, and often become so coated with the last color that stuck to your fingers, that their own tone is concealed; or they are mislaid on the easel ledge or dropped on the floor—generally on the floor—the impression of your heel scattering their remains. When this accident occurs you awake to the fact that there was but one stick of this shade in the box, and that you cannot finish your sketch without it.

If you are the ordinary man picking up pastel for the first time, in exchange for any of your regular mediums, you waste an enormous amount of vital en-





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A Girl in Red with a Mandolin





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Josephine.



ergy, indulge in a certain form of suppressed profanity, close the box and never open it again. No—I am wrong—you *cannot* close it. The box never shuts tight after you fuss with it for a day or two, for everything in it is in a heap. No man, since the death of the prophet, has ever been found who would be patient enough to straighten out a box of pastels. When you cool off you are of the opinion that pastel is a crude, Chinesely raw, uncertain, unsatisfactory, and highly perishable medium not worth the bothering over.

If, however, you happen to be born a genius and are master of your own mediums, whether ink, oil, water-color, or charcoal, you accept pastel as you accept any of the others, knowing that each has its limitations—that none are perfect, and that your business, as an expert, is not to abuse the quality of the horn but to make the spoon.

In a talk with Whistler a few months since, in one of his studios—the one up that queer court in the Latin Quarter, not where he works, but where he plays—he handed me half a dozen exquisite pastels of figures drawn on a dark bluish-brown paper. The flesh tones were laid on with the flat of the chalk dragged lightly across the paper, only the top points of its roughness catching the color, leaving the paper clear in spaces for the shadow tones. The draperies were expressed in the same way, except that here and there in the deeper shadows where the paper would not exactly give the needed tone, a delicate hare's-foot touch of the stump, soft as a zephyr, was lightly passed over them, melting the tones together. Each sketch had all the refinement of touch, certainty of handling, and harmony of color, which distinguish the work of this master—master in every medium he handles—and he has five, the needle, lithographic crayon, pastel, water-color, and oil. These drawings were not finished works—only suggestions, fantasies, impressions, as if the painter's hand had wandered over the paper in a dream.

"Do you ever carry these things any farther?" I asked.

The painter had been in one of his happiest moods. The details of his cu-

rious attack upon Trilby's creator—still even then a delicious morsel under the tongue of his irony—his constant sallies of wit as he made mince-meat of the work of his brother painters, especially those across the channel—all had shown that peculiar side of his nature which endears him to his enemies—he will tell you he has no more friends now, Du Maurier being the last.

Suddenly, at my question, his whole manner changed. The man of the world, the cynic, wit, and sensationalist instantly vanished. His answer came slowly and thoughtfully.

"My dear boy. Never carry a medium farther than it ought to go."

It was only one of his lifelong convictions, perhaps, one that has made his work as great as it is, but it was as wise a saw as any philosopher in any other department of law or morals can ever give us. The art of knowing when to stop!

With this in mind most of the delays, irritations, and disappointments of this Pandora's Box of crumbling, breakable, unshapable, unfindable color points will disappear.

If, in addition, you have a firm conviction of what you want to express, a touch that obeys you instantly and implicitly, and a precise knowledge that comes of years of training—a knowledge of anatomy, of drapery, of tree and cloud form—you can be bold enough to lift the lid of a box of pastels. If not, then pass on to something else; no medium will ever be more difficult.

This knowing "when to stop" is the predominating characteristic as seen in Edwin A. Abbey's pastels exhibited in connection with the superb panels painted for the Boston Public Library—works which have placed his name among those of the first painters of his time.

The larger oil panels were a surprise to many who knew Abbey only as an exquisite draughtsman, a painter of daintily drawn and charmingly tinted water-colors, expressive of quaint English life or illustrative of English drama and poetry. These smaller pastels, however, came as a confirmation of a belief in his genius.





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The Blue Door.

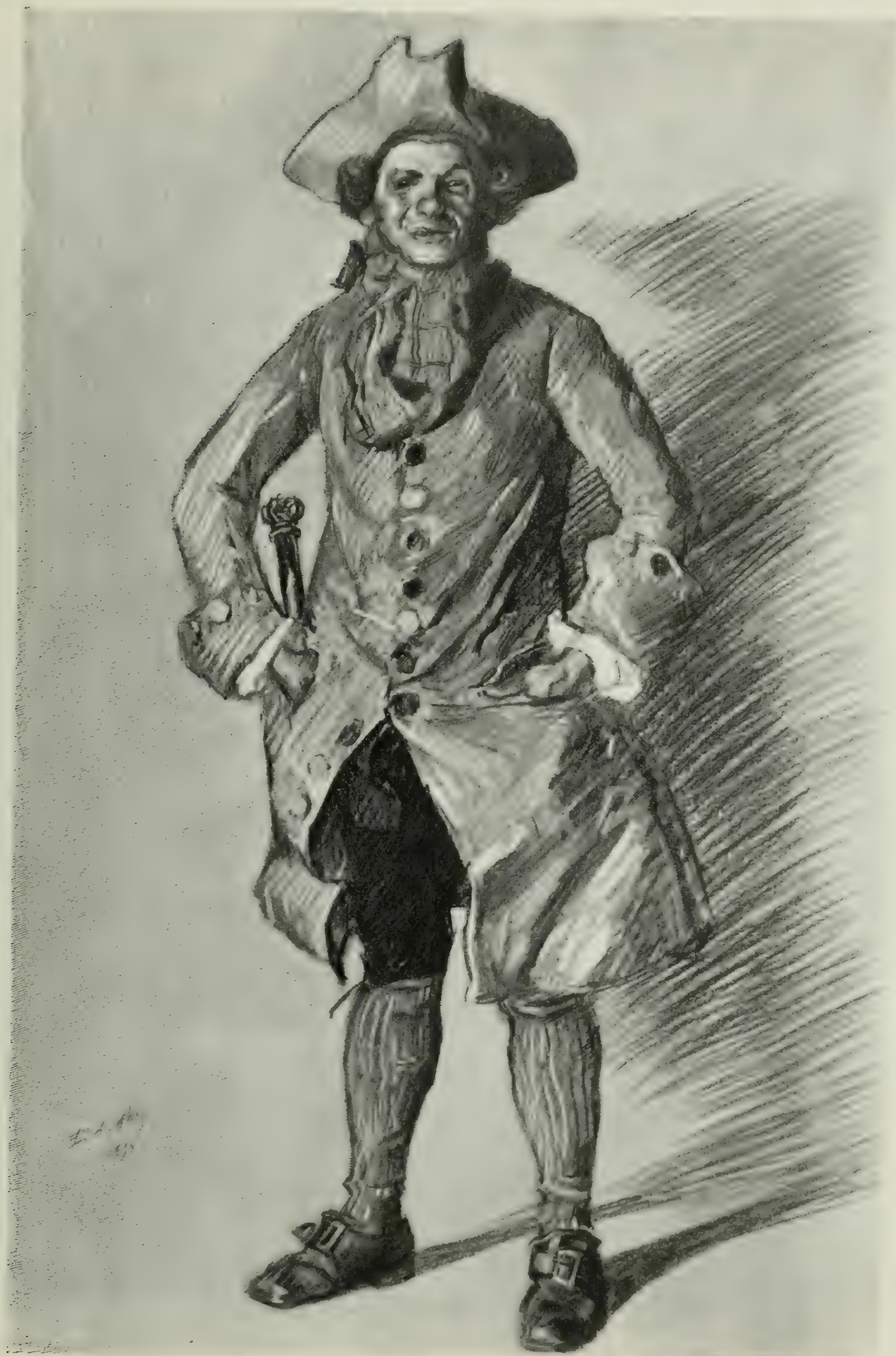




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Mr. Lofty and Dubardieu.  
From the "Good-natured Man."





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The Bailiff.

From the "Good-natured Man."



You feel in them—a few of which are reproduced in these pages—that when once he had clearly conveyed his idea he stopped short; that when by some dexterous use of the “grit” of the medium he had expressed the sheen on the round of the mandolin in “The Girl in Red,” or caught the glint of gold on the dish in “The Golden Dish,” he threw the bit of chalk aside, knowing that no added touch could improve, just as did that other painter, the late William Hunt, who would say to his pupils, whenever a morsel of gray paper escaped the wash of the brush and by some lucky chance was the exact tone needed, “Leave it. Thank God and pass on, you can never better it.”

These pastels brought besides that comfort and peace and delight one feels in the successful accomplishment by some dear friend of whatever he has set his hand to do. You detected in them something of the happiness and enthusiasm the painter himself must have felt as the productions of his genius grew under his touch. You saw the joyousness that came with every stroke. You felt immediately that this almost insurmountable medium played about fingers that knew their every secret. That because of his life-long training, because of his thorough mastery of detail—detail of background, dimple of cheek, and crinkle of gown—the painter revelled in the growth of the picture under his touch fully as much as you do in his result. That it was a joy, a delight, a very pastime for him to draw them. It was as if he could not keep his eager, restless fingers out of the color-box, and could not wait a moment longer to record the visions of his brain on a paper equally hungry to receive them.

It is this insight into the painter's happiest mood which makes these pastels so delightful, for it is rarely in his most serious moments that an artist is at his best. The intense mental application required in solving problems of perspective, composition, and color, the hours of anxious thought over correct historical details, the many groupings half completed and discarded, the careful weighing in the artist's mind of the effect of contrasting colors,

are always apparent to the critical mind in such work as the Library panels, no matter how noble the result. One sees that the painter has given his best, and one knows that this can only come through certain processes of mental suffering. It is when his mind is at rest and when his hand is at play over some simple sketch that we get a glimpse of the true greatness of the man beneath. In these moments the painter, unconsciously to himself, is drawing upon all that store of knowledge accumulated through a lifetime and which now flows from his finger's ends. And all the more spontaneously because the mind is free of mental strain and unhampered by fears of ultimate success.

The marvellous powers shown in the composition and drawing of these pastels were expected of Abbey. We all knew his life-long apprenticeship and how faithfully he always studied the details of furniture, equipment, and architecture. We knew, too, his slavish devotion to his models—always the flesh and blood before him and in the exact costume and appointment of the period. But the richness, harmony, and purity of his color were a surprise, an overwhelming surprise, to many who have held to the opinion that the constant study of black and white eliminates the color-sense, and that no black-and-white man of our time could ever succeed as a great colorist.

This sort of babble can now come to an end. The art of the illustrator is a distinct and honorable art by itself, and the men who devote themselves to its development are making excellent the art of the century. They are not all great colorists, because life is too short for the highest success in more than one medium, and only a genius untrammelled by the ordinary shortcomings of humanity can arrive at success in every branch of his art. The surprise was therefore all the greater when this man, pre-eminently the first black-and-white draughtsman of his time, a man distinguished for the directness and accuracy in his single line, in a few short years developed into a colorist of such power.

As regards the varying color-tones, no clear understanding of their harmonies,





The Golden Dish.

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subtleties, meltings in one with the other, can of course be given to the reader of these pages who has had the misfortune not to see the originals. But enough is suggested to arouse the very pertinent speculation as to the future of a man and the value of his influences on the art of his time, who at forty years of age has completely routed the firm convictions of critics by this tremendous surprise. But yesterday a careful, precise pen-and-ink draughtsman, and to-day covering square feet of canvas with all the delicacy of a drawing the size of your hand, and with all the breadth and power necessary in a canvas whose point of sight is below an elevation of some fifteen feet. What next will a man do thus endowed and thus forceful and fruitful?

Unfortunately, color-processes for reproduction are as yet too complicated to permit our magazines to give us fac-similes, but by the "azalene" process now used in reproducing color drawings, the defects of photography—the blues paling out and the yellows and reds becoming darker—are corrected to a great extent, and these black-and-white reproductions here in these pages do give something of the "values" of the originals.

Abbey never fails to rise above the place of the mere illustrator—that of the man who illustrates the text and is content. He has always done more than this, he has worked as the poets do. He has chosen themes which other men have used, stories they have told, men and women they have pictured. About these has played the fire of his own fine imagination, transforming and ennobling them.

Where Goldsmith leaves off Abbey begins. It is always something of himself that he adds, and it is always a refinement of the theme, never a touch that degrades.

If he gives us *Portia*, it is not only the woman of affairs, the wise counsellor, but the merry triumph beneath it all that shows at a glance her enjoyment of the humor of her escapade.

It is difficult in discussing the many qualities of his work not to be led away by the very excellence of his technique, the management of his high

lights, the skill of his arrangements, the charm of his appointments, all so satisfying to the artistic sense. And yet there is another and far more important sense which he satisfies as well. That sense in every critic and observer which is always alert to detect the artist's purpose, his sentiment toward the subject he selects, his ideals, his grasp of the emotions, his understanding of character, his understanding, indeed, of life. Mr. Abbey, within the limitations chosen for himself, seldom fails to prove this understanding. Among his illustrations of Goldsmith's "Good-natured Man" he has given us that of *Mr. Honeywood* lying relaxed in his chair. The perplexity which Abbey has written across his forehead belongs, we all recognize, as much to every amiable man whose undue generousities have swamped him as it does to *Honeywood* himself. It is the old conflict between the theoretical and the practical virtues which Abbey has expressed in his drawing, a conflict which baffles every reformer. Then what repose, even solemnity, there is in the bending figure of *Dubardieu* as he closes the door behind. *Lofty!* How low the head, how soft the purring voice, how cat-like the noiseless tread. His very legs have turned the wrong way from many years of bowing!

And yet with what skill has Abbey made us feel that the deference of the servitor is the deference of the man who regards that attitude as a duty, in no way conflicting with his right to his own individuality and opinions.

Again, in the face of old *Mr. Croaker*—that man who was wont to exclaim, "Come, then, produce your reasons. I tell you I'm fixed, determined; so now produce your reasons. When I'm determined I always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm"—Abbey has given us an expression always found on the face of an obstinate man, in constant fear of being surprised by a convincing argument, just like a spoiled child or grumbler afraid of being pleased with some nice thing you may do.

The sketch of *Lofty* is perhaps less satisfying as a study of character. The man's own artificiality, his lack of truth, his vain boastings and braggings, his underhand methods and his sudden





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Mr. Croaker.

From the "Good-natured Man."





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A Lady with a Parasol



reform, never made him lovable. Besides, *Lofty* deceived too many people to have been so palpably the deceiver that Abbey has made him here. Perhaps, however, he meant to treat him from a certain theatrical standpoint.

For all that, there are few more delightful bits of composition in the whole collection than this which represents *Lofty* and his servant. The blending lines of the two figures, the bending of the servant's head, the opposite bending of *Lofty's*, the repetition of certain dominant curves, the exquisite poise of *Lofty's* figure—a movement caught midway in its action without losing the sense of its motion—that poise so difficult to catch, so impossible for any but a master to portray.

But of all Abbey's characters his women are the best. They are always so wholesome. Even in their dejected moments they are never lackadaisical. They have always a reserve fund of spirit. They are full of sprightliness, of grace, vitality, beauty, refinement. They are eternally young. If he has ever shown them to us in old age, we have forgotten them in delight of their younger sisters. They are never, to be sure, every-day home acquaintances. Our introductions to them are more or less formal; on occasions as it were—when they are in some mood or some dress that sets them apart for the moment. We see them always through the medium of the picturesque, removed from us by tradition, by a different habit of living, by almost impassable barriers of another time and custom. They are to us like people who speak a different tongue, with whom we cannot be *en rapport* at once. Yet we know them to be always delicate, always pure, always vivacious, always buoyant, always tender.

Moreover, he has never drawn a woman in whom refinement had no part. Here, for instance, are five women distinct in individuality, in pose, gesture, costume, mood, and yet in them all we find these same delightful qualities which distinguish his many creations. Josephine, with her airy grace and undulating movement, seems for a moment to have nothing in common with the girl in red who holds a mandolin, yet the same refinement, the same exquisite sentiment, is characteristic of both. Or take again "A Lady with a Parasol," and she with the "Golden Dish." One is seen in the quaint, prim dress of an old English village; one in that of sumptuous Venice at her height. Greater contrasts could hardly be imagined. But the woman underneath the dress in both is the woman whom Abbey best understands, she of virginal charm and beauty, of dignity, of sweetness, and that guilelessness and tenderness which come with a desire to please. They are always so human too; women of whom one could make companions and friends when once the first reserve is broken through.

Abbey in his art really has done what Wagner has done in music, Tennyson and the poets in verse. He has taken the old, retouched it and made it new, giving us something infinitely better than the thing he found. An author's noblest work, his truest ideal, may indeed be always safely trusted in his hands. Dr. Holmes once said to an artist who illustrated one of his poems,

"I am so glad. I was afraid you would spoil it."

"I am so glad" would have been the verdict of Goldsmith and of all the old English balladists whose men and women Abbey's touch has glorified.







"Who is this man and what has he to do with you? —Page 157.



# "THE WHEEL OF LOVE"

A COMEDY IN NARRATIVE

By *Anthony Hope*

"It is a familiar fact that the intensity of a passion varies with the proximity of the appropriate object."—MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, "Data of Ethics."

"How the devil is it that fresh features  
Have such a charm for us poor human creatures?"

—LORD BYRON, "Don Juan."

## CHAPTER I

### THE VIRTUOUS HYPOCRITE

AT first sight they had as little reason for being unhappy as it is possible to have in a world half full of sorrow. They were young and healthy; they had each declared the other more than common good-looking, half a dozen times; they both had, and never knew what it was not to have, money enough for comfort, and in addition that divine little superfluity wherefrom joys are born. The house was good to look at and good to live in; there were horses to ride, the river to go a-rowing on, and a big box from Mudie's every week. No one worried them; Miss Bussey was generally visiting the poor; or, as it happened at this moment, asleep in her arm-chair, with Paul, the terrier, in his basket beside her, and the cat on her lap. Lastly, they were plighted lovers, and John was staying with Miss Bussey for the express purpose of delighting and being delighted by his *fiancée*, Mary Travers. For these and all their mercies they should certainly have been truly thankful.

However, the heart of man is wicked. This fact alone can explain why Mary sat sadly in the drawing-room, feeling a letter that was tucked inside her waistband (there was just room; she was a sensible girl, and did not pinch her waist too tightly), and John strode moodily up and down the gravel walk, a cigar, badly bitten, between his teeth, and his hand ever and again covertly stealing toward his breast-pocket and pressing a scented note that lay there.

In the course of every turn John would pass the window of the drawing-room; then Mary would look up with a smile and blow him a kiss, and he nodded and laughed and returned the salute. But, the window passed, both sighed deeply and returned to fingering those hidden missives.

"Poor little girl! I must keep it up!" said John.

"Dear, good John! He must never know," thought Mary.

And the two fell to thinking just what was remarked a few lines back, namely, that the human heart is very wicked; they were shocked at themselves—the young often are.

Miss Bussey awoke, sat up, evicted the cat, and found her spectacles.

"Where are those children?" said she. "Billing and cooing somewhere, I suppose. Bless me! why don't they get tired of it?"

They had—not indeed of billing and cooing in general, for no one at their age does or ought to get tired of that—but of billing and cooing with one another.

It will be observed that the situation promised well for a tragedy. Nevertheless this is not the story of an unhappy marriage.

If there be one thing which Government should forbid, it is a secret engagement. Engagements should be advertised as marriages are, but unless we happen to be persons of social importance, or considerable independence, no such precautions are taken. Of course there are engagement rings; but a man never knows one when he sees it on a lady's hand—it would indeed be impertinent to look too closely



—and when he goes out alone he generally puts his in his pocket, considering that the evening will thus be rendered more enjoyable. The Ashforth-Travers engagement was not a secret now, but it had been, and had been too long. Hence, when Mary went to Scotland and met Charlie Ellerton—and when John went to Switzerland and met Dora Bellairs—the truth is, they ought never to have separated, and Miss Bussey (who was one of the people in the secret) had been quite right when she remarked that it seemed a curious engagement. John and Mary had scoffed at the idea of a few weeks' absence having any effect on their feelings except, if indeed it were possible, that of intensifying them.

"I really think I ought to go and find them," said Miss Bussey. "Come, Paul!"

She took a parasol, for the April sun was bright, and went into the garden. When she came to the drawing-room window John was away at the end of the walk. She looked at him: he was reading a letter. She looked in at the window: Mary was reading a letter.

"Well!" exclaimed Miss Bussey, "have they had a tiff?" and she slowly waddled (truth imposes this word—she was very stout) toward the unconscious John. He advanced toward her still reading; not only did he not see her, but he failed to notice that Paul had got under his feet. He fell over Paul, and as he stumbled the letter fluttered out of his hand. Paul seized it and began to toss it about in great glee.

"Good doggie!" cried Miss Bussey. "Come then! Bring it to me, dear. Good Paul!"

John's face was distorted with agony. He darted toward Paul, fell on him, and gripped him closely. Paul yelped and Miss Bussey observed, in an indignant tone, that John need not throttle the dog. John muttered something.

"Is the letter so very precious?" asked his hostess, ironically.

"Precious!" cried John. "Yes!—No!—It's nothing at all."

But he opened Paul's mouth and took out his treasure with wonderful care.

"And why?" inquired Miss Bussey,

are you not with Mary, young man? You're very neglectful."

"Neglectful! Surely, Miss Bussey, you haven't noticed anything like neglect? Don't say——"

"Bless the boy! I was only joking. You're a model lover."

"Thank you, thank you. I'll go to her at once," and he sped toward the window, opened it and walked up to Mary. Miss Bussey followed him, and arrived just in time to see the lovers locked in one another's arms, their faces expressing all appropriate rapture.

"There's nothing much wrong," said Miss Bussey; wherein Miss Bussey herself was much wrong.

"What a shame! I've left you alone for more than an hour!" said John. "Have you been very unhappy?" and he added, "darling." It sounded like an afterthought.

"I have been rather unhappy," answered Mary, and her answer was true. As she said it she tucked in a projecting edge of her letter. John had hurriedly slipped his (it was rather the worse for its mauling) into his trousers-pocket.

"You—you didn't think me neglectful?"

"Oh, no."

"I was thinking of you all the time."

"And I was thinking of you, dear."

"Are you very happy?"

"Yes, John; aren't you?"

"Of course I am. Happy! I should think so," and he kissed her with unimpeachable fervor.

When a conscientious person makes up his mind that he ought, for good reasons, to deceive somebody, there is no one like him for thorough-paced hypocrisy. When two conscientious people resolve to deceive one another, on grounds of duty, the acme of duplicity is in a fair way to be reached. John Ashworth and Mary Travers illustrated this proposition. The former had been all his life a good son and was now a trustworthy partner to his father, who justly relied no less on his character than on his brains. The latter, since her parents' early death had left her to her aunt's care, had been the comfort and prop of Miss Bussey's life. It is



difficult to describe good people without making them seem dull ; but luckily nature is defter than novelists, and it is quite possible to be good without being dull. Neither Mary nor John was dull ; a trifle limited, perhaps, they were, a thought severe in their judgments of others as well as of themselves ; a little exacting with their friends and more than a little with themselves. One description paints them both ; doubtless their harmony of mind had contributed more than Mary's sweet expression and finely cut features, or John's upstanding six feet, and honest, capable face, to produce that attachment between them which had, six months before this story begins, culminated in their engagement. Once arrived at, this ending seemed to have been inevitable. Everybody discovered that they had foretold it from the first, and modestly disclaimed any credit for anticipating a union between a couple so obviously made for one another.

The distress into which lovers such as these fell when they discovered by personal experience that sincerely to vow eternal love is one thing, and sincerely to give it quite another, may be well imagined, and may well be left to be imagined. They both went through a terrible period of temptation, wherein they listened longingly to the seductive pleading of their hearts ; but both emerged triumphant, resolved to stifle their mad fancy, to prefer good faith to mere inclination, and to avoid, at all costs, wounding one to whom they had sworn to be true. Thus far their steadfastness carried them, but not beyond. They could part from their loved ones, and they did ; but they could not leave them without a word. Each wrote, after leaving Scotland and Switzerland respectively, a few lines of adieu, confessing the love they felt, but with resolute sadness, saying farewell forever. They belonged to another.

It was the answers that Mary and John were reading when Miss Bussey discovered them.

Mary's ran :

“ MY DEAR MISS TRAVERS : I have received your letter. I can't tell you what it means to me. You say all must be

over between us. Don't be offended—but I won't say that yet. It can't be your duty to marry a man you don't love. You forbid me to write or come to you ; and you ask only for a word of good-by. I won't say good-by. I'll say *Au revoir*—*au revoir*, my darling.

“ CHARLIE.

“ Burn this.”

This was John's :

“ MY DEAR MR. ASHFORTH : What am I to say to you ? Oh, why, why didn't you tell me before ? I oughtn't to say that, but it is too late to conceal anything from *you*. Yes, you are right. It must be good-by. Yes, I will try to forget you. But oh, John, it's very, very, *very* difficult. I don't know how to sign this—so I won't. You'll know who it comes from, won't you ? Good-by. Burn this.”

These letters, no doubt, make it plain that there had been at least a momentary weakness both in Mary and John ; but in a true and charitable view their conduct in finally rising superior to temptation was all the more remarkable and praiseworthy. They had indeed, for the time, been carried away. Even now, Mary found it hard not to make allowances for herself, little as she was prone to do that, when she thought of the impetuous *abandon* and conquering whirl with which Charlie Ellerton had wooed her ; and John confessed that flight alone—a hasty flight from Interlaken after a certain evening, spent in gazing at the Jungfrau, had saved him from casting everything to the winds and yielding to the slavery of Dora Bellairs's sunny smiles and charming coquetries. He had always thought that that sort of girl had no attractions for him, just as Mary had despised “ butterfly - men ” like Charlie Ellerton. Well, they were wrong. The only comfort was that shallow natures felt these sorrows less ; it would have broken Mary's heart (thought John), or John's (thought Mary), but Dora and Charlie would soon find consolation in another. But here, oddly enough, John generally swore heartily and Mary always began to search for her handkerchief.



"They're as affectionate as one could wish when they're together," mused Miss Bussey, as she stroked the cat, "but at other times they're gloomy company. I suppose they can't be happy apart. Dear! dear!" And the good lady fell to wondering whether she had ever been so foolish as that.

## CHAPTER II

### SYMPATHY IN SORROW

"GIVE me," observed Sir Roger Deane, "Cannes, a fine day, a good set to look at, a beehive chair, a good cigar, a cocktail on one side and a nice girl on the other, and there I am! I don't want anything else."

General Bellairs pulled his white mustache and examined Sir Roger's figure and surroundings with a smile.

"Then only Lady Deane is wanting to your complete happiness," said he.

"Maud is certainly a nice girl, but when she deserts me——"

"Where is she?"

"I don't know."

"I do," interposed a young man, who wore an eye-glass and was in charge of a large jug. "She's gone to Monte."

"I might have known," said Sir Roger. "Being missed here always means you've gone to Monte—like not being at church means you've gone to Brighton."

"Surely she doesn't play?" asked the General.

"Not she! She's going to put it in a book. She writes books you know. She put me in the last—made me a dashed fool, too, by Jove!"

"That was unkind," said the General, "from your wife."

"Oh, Lord love you, she didn't mean it. I was a hero. That's how I came to be such an ass. The dear girl meant everything that was kind. Who's taken her to Monte?"

"Charlie Ellerton," said the young man with the eye-glass.

"There! I told you she was a kind girl. She's trying to pull old Charlie up a peg or two. He's had the deuce of a facer, you know."

"I thought he seemed less cheerful than usual."

"Oh, rather. He met a girl some-

where or other—I always forget places—Miss—Miss—hang it I can't remember names—and got awfully smitten, and everything went pleasantly and she took to him like anything, and at last old Charlie spoke up like a man and——" Sir Roger paused dramatically.

"Well?" asked the General.

"She was engaged to another fellow. Rough, wasn't it? She told old Charlie she liked him infernally, but promises were promises, don't you know, and she'd thank him to take his hook. And he had to take it, by Gad! Rough, don't you know? So Maud's been cheering him up. The devil!"

"What's the matter now?" inquired the General.

"Why I've just remembered that I promised to say nothing about it. I say, don't you repeat it, General, nor you either, Laing."

The General laughed.

"Well," said Sir Roger, "he oughtn't to have been such a fool as to tell me. He knows I never remember to keep things dark. It's not my fault."

A girl came out of the hotel and strolled up to where the group was. She was dark, slight, and rather below middle height; her complexion at this moment was a trifle sallow and her eyes listless, but it seemed rather as if she had dressed her face into a tragic cast, the set of the features being naturally mirthful. She acknowledged the men's salutations and sat down with a sigh.

"Not on to-day?" asked Sir Roger, waving his cigar toward the lawn-tennis courts.

"No," said Miss Bellairs.

"Are you seedy, Dolly?" inquired the General.

"No," said Miss Bellairs.

Mr. Laing fixed his eye-glass and surveyed the young lady.

"Are you taking any?" said he, indicating the jug.

"I don't see any fun in vulgarity," observed Miss Bellairs.

The General smiled. Sir Roger's lips assumed the shape for a whistle.

"That's a nasty one for me," said Laing.

"Ah! Here you are, Roger," exclaimed a fresh, clear voice from behind



the chairs. “ I’ve been looking for you everywhere. We’ve seen everything—Mr. Ellerton was most kind—and I do so want to tell you my impressions.”

The new-comer was Lady Deane, a tall young woman, plainly dressed in a serviceable cloth walking-gown. By her side stood Charlie Ellerton in a flannel suit of pronounced striping ; he wore a little, yellow mustache, had blue eyes and curly hair, and his face was tanned a wholesome ruddy-brown. He looked very melancholy.

“ Letters from Hell,” murmured Sir Roger.

“ But I was so distressed,” continued his wife. “ Mr. Ellerton would gamble, and he lost ever so much money.”

“ A fellow must amuse himself,” remarked Charlie, gloomily, and with apparent unconsciousness he took a glass from Laing and drained it.

“ Gambling and drink — what does that mean ? ” asked Sir Roger.

“ Shut up, Deane,” said Charlie.

Miss Bellairs rose suddenly and walked away. Her movement expressed impatience with her surroundings. After a moment Charlie Ellerton slowly sauntered after her. She sat down on a garden-seat some way off. Charlie placed himself at the opposite end. A long pause ensued.

“ I’m afraid I’m precious poor company,” said Charlie.

“ I didn’t count you to be company at all,” answered Miss Bellairs, and she sloped her parasol until it obstructed his view of her face.

“ I’m awfully sorry, but I can’t stand the sort of rot Deane and Laing are talking.”

“ Can’t you ? Neither can I.”

“ They never seem to be serious about anything, you know,” and Charlie sighed deeply, and for three minutes there was silence.

“ Do you know Scotland at all ? ” asked Charlie at last.

“ Only a little.”

“ There last year ? ”

“ No, I was in Switzerland.”

“ Oh.”

“ Do you know Interlaken ? ”

“ No.”

“ Oh.”

“ May I have a cigarette ? ”

“ Of course, if you like.”

Charlie lit his cigarette and smoked silently for a minute or two.

“ I call this a beastly place,” said he.

“ Yes, horrid,” she answered, and the force of sympathy made her move the parasol and turn her face toward her companion. “ But I thought,” she continued, “ you came here every spring ? ”

“ Oh, I don’t mind the place so much. It’s the people.”

“ Yes, isn’t it ? I know what you mean.”

“ You can’t make a joke of everything, can you ? ”

“ Indeed no,” sighed Dora.

Charlie looked at his cigarette, and, his eyes carefully fixed on it, said, in a timid tone :

“ What’s the point, for instance, of talking as if love was all bosh ? ”

Dora’s parasol swept down again swiftly, but Charlie was still looking at the cigarette and he did not notice its descent, nor could he see that Miss Bellairs’s cheek was no longer sallow.

“ It’s such cheap rot,” he continued, “ and when a fellow’s—I say, Miss Bellairs, I’m not boring you ? ”

The parasol wavered and finally moved.

“ No,” said Miss Bellairs.

“ I don’t know whether you—no, I mustn’t say that, but I know what it is to be in love, Miss Bellairs ; but what’s the good of talking about it ? Everybody laughs.”

Miss Bellairs put down her parasol.

“ I shouldn’t laugh,” she said, softly. “ It’s horrid to laugh at people when they’re in trouble,” and her eyes were very sympathetic.

“ You are kind. I don’t mind talking about it to you. You know I’m not the sort of fellow who falls in love with every girl he meets ; so of course it’s worse when I do.”

“ Was it just lately ? ” murmured Dora.

“ Last summer.”

“ Ah ! And—and didn’t she—— ? ”

“ Oh, I don’t know. Yes, hang it, I believe she did. She was perfectly straight, Miss Bellairs. I don’t say a word against her. She—I think she didn’t know her own feelings until—until I spoke, you know—and then——”



"Do go on, if—if it doesn't——"

"Why, then, the poor girl cried and said it couldn't be because she—she was engaged to another fellow, and she sent me away."

Miss Bellairs was listening attentively.

"And," continued Charlie, "she wrote and said it must be good-by and—and——"

"And you think she——?"

"She told me so," whispered Charlie. "She said she couldn't part without telling me. Oh, I say, Miss Bellairs, isn't it all damnable? I beg your pardon."

Dora was tracing little figures on the gravel with her parasol.

"Now what would you do?" cried Charlie. "She loves me, I know she does! and she's going to marry this other fellow because she promised him first. I don't suppose she knew what love was then."

"Oh, I'm sure she didn't," exclaimed Dora, earnestly.

"You can't blame her, you know. And it's absurd to—to—to—not to—well, to marry a fellow you don't care for when you care for another fellow, you know!"

"Yes."

"Of course you can hardly imagine yourself in that position, but suppose a man liked you and—and was placed like that, you know, what should you feel you ought to do?"

"Oh, I don't know," exclaimed Dora, clasping her hands.

"Oh, do tell me what you think! I'd give the world to know!"

Charlie's surprised glance warned her of her betrayal. "You mustn't ask me," she exclaimed, hastily.

"I won't ask a word. I—I'm awfully sorry, Miss Bellairs."

"Nobody knows," she murmured.

"Nobody shall through me."

"You're not very —? I'm very ashamed."

"Why? And because of me! After what I've told you!"

Charlie rose suddenly.

"I'm not going to stand it," he announced.

Dora looked up eagerly.

"What? You're going to——?"

"I'm going to have a shot at it. Am I to stand by and see her——? I'm hanged if I do. Could that be right?"

"I should like to know what one's *duty* is?"

"This talk with you has made me quite clear. We've reasoned it out, you see. They're not to be married for two or three months. A lot can be done in that time."

"Ah, you're a man!"

"I shall write first. If that doesn't do, I shall go to her."

Dora shook her head mournfully.

"Now, look here, Miss Bellairs—you don't mind me advising you?"

"I ought not to have let you see, but as it is——"

"You do as I do, you stick to it. Confound it, you know—when one's life's happiness is at stake——"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"One mustn't be squeamish, must one?"

And Dora Bellairs, in a very low whisper, answered, "No."

"I shall write to-night."

"Oh! To-night?"

"Yes. Now promise me you will too."

"It's harder for me than you."

"Not if he really——"

"Oh, indeed, he really does, Mr. Allerton."

"Then you'll write?"

"Perhaps."

"No. Promise?"

"Well—it must be right. Yes, I will."

"I feel the better for our talk, Miss Bellairs, don't you?"

"I do a little."

"We shall be friends now, you know, even if I bring it off I shan't be content unless you do too. Won't you give me your good wishes?"

"Indeed I will."

"Shake hands on it."

They shook hands and began to stroll back to the tennis-courts.

"They look a little better," observed Sir Roger Deane, who had been listening to an eloquent description of the gaming-tables.

Dora and Charlie walked on toward the hotel.

"Hi!" shouted Sir Roger. "Tea's coming out here."



“I’ve got a letter to write,” said Charlie.

“Well, Miss Bellairs, you must come. Who’s to pour it out?”

“I must catch the post, Sir Roger,” answered Dora.

They went into the house together. In the hall they parted.

“You’ll let me know what happens, Mr. Ellerton, won’t you? I’m so interested.”

“And you?”

“Oh—well, perhaps,” and the sallow of her cheeks had turned to a fine dusky red as she ran upstairs.

Thus it happened that a second letter for John Ashforth and a second letter for Mary Travers left Cannes that night.

And if it seems a curious coincidence that Dora and Charlie should meet at Cannes, it can only be answered that they were each of them just as likely to be at Cannes as anywhere else. Besides, who knows that these things are all coincidence?

### CHAPTER III

#### A PROVIDENTIAL DISCLOSURE

ON Wednesday, the eleventh of April, John Ashforth rose from his bed full of a great and momentous resolution. There is nothing very strange in that, perhaps; it is just the time of day when such things come to a man, and, in ordinary cases, they are very prone to disappear with the relics of breakfast. But John was of sterner stuff. He had passed a restless night, tossed to and fro by very disturbing gusts of emotion, and he arose with the firm conviction that if he would escape shipwreck he must secure his bark by immovable anchors while he was, though not in honor, yet in law and fact, free; he could not trust himself. Sorrowfully admitting his weakness, he turned to the true, the right, the heroic remedy.

“I’ll marry Mary to-day fortnight,” said he. “When we are man and wife I shall forget this madness and love her as I used to.”

He went down to breakfast, ate a bit of toast and drank a cup of very strong

tea. Presently Mary appeared and greeted him with remarkable tenderness. His heart smote him, and his remorse strengthened his determination.

“I want to speak to you after breakfast,” he told her.

His manner was so significant that a sudden gleam of hope flashed into her mind. Could it be that he had seen, that he would be generous. She banished the shameful hope. She would not accept generosity at the expense of pain to him.

Miss Bussey, professing to find bed the best place in the world, was in the habit of taking her breakfast there. The lovers were alone, and, the meal ended, they passed together into the conservatory. Mary sat down and John leant against the glass door opposite her.

“Well?” said she, smiling at him.

It suddenly struck John that, in a scene of this nature, it ill-befitted him to stand three yards from the lady. He took a chair and drew it close beside her. The thing had to be done and it should be done properly.

“We’ve made a mistake, Mary,” he announced, taking her hand and speaking in a rallying tone.

“A mistake!” she cried; “oh, how?”

“In fixing our marriage——”

“So soon?”

“My darling!” said John (and it was impossible to withhold admiration for the tone he said it in), “no. So late! What are we waiting for? Why are we wasting all this precious time?”

Mary could not speak, but consternation passed for an appropriate confusion, and John pursued his passionate pleadings. As Mary felt his grasp and looked into his honest eyes, her duty lay plain before her. She would not stoop to paltry excuses on the score of clothes, invitations, or such trifles. She had made up her mind to the thing; surely she ought to do it in the way most gracious and most pleasing to her lover.

“If Aunt consents,” she murmured at last, “do as you like, John dear,” and the embrace which each felt to be inevitable at such a crisis passed between them.

A discreet cough separated them.



The butler stood in the doorway, with two letters on a salver. One he handed to Mary, the other to John, and walked away with a twinkle in his eye. However, even our butlers do not know everything that happens in our houses (to say nothing of our hearts), however much they may think they do.

John glanced at his letter, started violently and crushed it into his pocket. He glanced at Mary; her letter lay neglected on her lap. She was looking steadily out of the window.

"Well, that's settled," said John. "I—I think I'll have a cigar, dear."

"Yes, do, darling," said Mary, and John went out.

These second letters were unfortunately so long as to make it impossible to reproduce them. They were also very affecting. Dora's from its pathos, Charlie's from its passion. But the waves of emotion beat fruitlessly on the rock-built walls of conscience. At almost the same moment, Mary, brushing away a tear, and John, blowing his nose, sat down to write a brief, a final answer. "We are to be married to-day fortnight," they said. They closed the envelopes without a moment's delay and went to drop their letters in the box. The butler was already waiting to go to the post with them and a second later the fateful documents were on their way to Cannes.

"Now," said John, with a ghastly smile, "we can have a glorious long day together!"

Mary was determined to leave herself no loophole.

"We must tell Aunt what—what we have decided upon this morning," she reminded him. "It means that the wedding must be very quiet."

"I sha'n't mind that. Shall you?"

"I shall like it of all things," she answered. "Come and find Aunt Sarah."

Miss Bussey had always—or at least for a great many years back—maintained the general proposition that young people do not know their own minds. This morning's vows confirmed her opinion.

"Why the other day you both agreed that the middle of June would do perfectly. Now you want it all done in a scramble."

The pair stood before her, looking very guilty.

"What is the meaning of this—this [she very nearly said "indecent"] extraordinary haste?"

Miss Bussey asked only one indulgence from her friends. Before she did a kind thing she liked to be allowed to say one or two sharp ones. Her niece was aware of this fancy of hers and took refuge in silence. John, less experienced in his hostess's ways, launched into the protests appropriate to an impatient lover.

"Well," said Miss Bussey, "I must say you look properly ashamed of yourself [John certainly did], so I'll see what can be done. What a fluster we shall live in! Upon my word you might as well have made it to-morrow. The fuss would have been no worse and a good deal shorter."

The next few days passed, as Miss Bussey had predicted, in a fluster. Mary was running after dress-makers, John after licenses, Cook's tickets, a best man, and all the *impedimenta* of a marriage. The intercourse of the lovers was much interrupted, and to this Miss Bussey attributed the low spirits that Mary sometimes displayed.

"There, there, my dear," she would say impatiently—for the cheerful old lady hated long faces, "you'll have enough of him and to spare by and by."

Curiously this point of view did not exhilarate Mary. She liked John very much; she esteemed him even more than she liked him, he would, she thought, have made an ideal brother. Ah, why had she not made a brother of him while there was time? Then she would have enjoyed his constant friendship all her life; for it was not with him as with that foolish boy, Charlie, all or nothing. John was reasonable; he would not have threatened—well, reading his letter one way, Charlie almost seemed to be tampering with propriety. John would never have done that. And these reflections, all of which should have pleaded for John, ended in weeping over the lost charms of Charlie.

One evening, just a week before the wedding, she roused herself from some



such sad meditations, and, duty-driven, sought John in the smoking-room. The door was half open and she entered noiselessly. John was sitting at the table; his arms were outspread on it, and his face buried in his hands. Thinking he was asleep she approached on tiptoe and leant over his shoulder. As she did so her eyes fell on a sheet of note-paper; it was clutched in John's right hand, and the encircling grasp covered it, save at the top. The top was visible, and Mary, before she knew what she was doing, had read the embossed heading—nothing else, just the embossed heading—*Hotel de Luxe, Cannes, Alpes Maritimes*.

The drama teaches us how often a guilty mind rushes, on some trifling cause, to self-revelation. Like a flash came the conviction that Charlie had written to John, that her secret was known, and John's heart broken. In a moment she fell on her knees crying,

"Oh, how wicked I've been. Forgive me, do forgive me! Oh, John, can you forgive me?"

John was not asleep—he also was merely meditating; but, if he had been a very Rip Van Winkle this cry of agony would have roused him. He started violently—as well he might—from his seat, looked at Mary, and crumpled the letter into a shapeless ball.

"You didn't see?" he asked, hoarsely.

"No, but I know. I mean I saw the heading, and knew it must be from him. Oh, John!"

"From *him*!"

"Yes. He's—he's staying there. Oh, John! really I'll never see or speak to him again. Really I won't. Oh, you can trust me, John. See! I'll hide nothing. Here's his letter! You see I've sent him away?"

And she took from her pocket Charlie's letter, and in her noble fidelity (to John—the less we say about poor Charlie the better) handed it to him.

"What's this?" asked John, in bewilderment. "Who's it from?"

"Charlie Ellerton," she stammered.

"Who's Charlie Ellerton? I never heard—but am I to read it?"

"Yes, please, I—I think you'd better."

John read it; Mary followed his eyes, and the moment they reached the end, without giving him time to speak, she exclaimed,

"There, you see I spoke the truth. I had sent him away. What does he say to you, John?"

"I never heard of him in my life before?"

"John! Then who is your letter from?"

He hesitated. He felt an impulse to imitate her candor, but prudence suggested that he should be sure of his ground first.

"Tell me all," he said, sitting down. "Who is this man, and what has he to do with you?"

"Why don't you show me his letter? I don't know what he's said about me."

"What could he say about you?"

"Well he—he might say that—that I cared for him, John."

"And do you?" demanded John, and his voice was anxious.

Duty demanded a falsehood; Mary did her very best to satisfy its imperious commands. It was no use.

"Oh, John," she murmured; and then began to cry.

For a moment wounded pride struggled with John's relief; but then a glorious vision of what this admission of Mary's might mean to him swept away his pique.

"Read this," he said, giving her Dora Bellairs's letter, "and then we'll have an explanation."

Half an hour later Miss Bussey was roused from a pleasant snooze. John and Mary stood beside her, hand in hand. They were brother and sister now—that was an integral part of the arrangement—and so they stood hand in hand. Their faces were radiant.

"We came to tell you, Auntie dear, that we have decided that we're not suited to one another," began Mary.

"Not at all," said John, decisively.

Miss Bussey stared helplessly from one to the other.

"It's all right, Miss Bussey," remarked John, cheerfully. "We've had an explanation; we part by mutual consent."

"John," said Mary, "is to be just my brother and I his sister. Oh, and



Auntie, I want to go with him to Cannes."

This last suggestion, which naturally did not appear to any well-regulated mind to harmonize with what had gone before, restored voice to Miss Bussey.

"What's the matter with you? Are you mad?" she demanded.

John sat down beside her. His friends anticipated a distinguished Parliamentary career for John; he could make anything sound reasonable. Miss Bussey was fascinated by his suave and fluent narrative of what had befallen Mary and himself; she could not but admire his just remarks on the providential disclosure of the true state of the case before it was too late, and sympathized with the picture of suffering nobly suppressed which grew under his skilful hand; she was inflamed when he ardently declared his purpose of seeking out Dora; she was touched when he kissed Mary's hand and declared that the world had no nobler woman. Before John's eloquence even the stern facts of a public engagement, of invited guests, of dresses ordered and presents received, lost their force, and the romantic spirit, rekindled, held undivided sway in Miss Bussey's heart.

"But," she said, "why does Mary talk of going to Cannes with you?"

"Mr. Allerton is at Cannes, Aunt," murmured Mary, shyly.

"But you can't travel with John."

"Oh, but you must come too."

"It looks as if you were running after him."

"I'll chance Charlie thinking that," cried Mary, clasping her hands in glee.

Miss Bussey pretended to be reluctant to undertake the journey, but she was really quite ready to yield, and soon everything was settled on the new basis.

"And now to write and tell people," said Miss Bussey. "That's the worst part of it."

"Poor dear! We'll help," cried Mary. "But I must write to Cannes."

"Wire!" cried John.

"Of course wire!" echoed Mary.

"The first thing to-morrow."

"Before breakfast."

"Mary, I shall never forget——"

"No, John, it's you who——" and

they went off in a torrent of mutual laudation.

Miss Bussey shook her head.

"If they think all that of one another why don't they marry," she said.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE TALE OF A POSTMARK

"YES," said Lady Deane, "we leave to-day week: Roger has to be back the first week in May, and I want to stop at one or two places *en route*."

"Let's see. To-day's the 19th, no, the 20th; there's nothing to remind one of time here. That'll be the 27th. That's about my date; we might go together if you and Deane have no objection."

"Oh, I should be delighted, General; and shall you stay at all in Paris?"

"A few days—just to show Dolly the sights."

"How charming! And you and I must have some expeditions together. Roger is so odd about not liking to take me."

"We'll do the whole thing, Lady Deane," answered General Bellairs, heartily. "Notre Dame, the Versailles, the Invalides, Eiffel Tower."

Lady Deane's broad, white brow showed a little pucker.

"That wasn't quite what I meant," said she. "Oh, but Roger could take Dora to those, couldn't he, while you and I made a point of seeing some of the real life of the people?—of studying them in their ordinary resorts, their places of recreation and amusement."

"Oh, the Français, and the opera, and so on, of course."

"No, no, no," exclaimed Lady Deane, tapping her foot impatiently and fixing her gray eyes on the General's now puzzled face. "Not the same old treadmill in Paris as in London! Not that, General!"

"What then, my dear lady?" asked he. "Your wish is law to me," and it was true that he had become very fond of his earnest young friend. "What do you want to see, the Chamber of Deputies?"

Sir Roger's voice struck in.

"I'm not a puritanical husband, Bel-



lairs, but I must make a stand somewhere. *Not* the Chamber of Deputies.”

“Don’t be silly, Roger dear,” said Lady Deane, in her usual tone of dispassionate reproof.

“I can’t find out where she does want to go to,” remarked the General.

“I can tell you,” said Sir Roger, and he leant down and whispered a name in the General’s ear. The General jumped.

“Good heavens!” he exclaimed. “I haven’t been there since the fifties. Is it still like what it used to be?”

“How should I know?” inquired Sir Roger. “I’m not a student of social phenomena. Maud is, so she wants to go.”

Lady Deane was looking on with a quiet smile.

“She never mentioned it,” protested the General.

“Oh, of course if there’s a worse place now!” conceded Sir Roger.

“I’ll make up my mind when we arrive,” observed Lady Deane. “Anyhow I shall rely on you, General.”

The General looked a little uncomfortable.

“If Deane doesn’t object——”

“I shouldn’t think of taking my wife to such places.”

Suddenly Dora Bellairs rushed up to them.

“Have you seen Mr. Ellerton?” she cried. “Where is he?”

“In the *salon*,” answered Sir Roger. “Do you want him?”

“Would you mind. I can’t go in there: it’s full of *men*.”

“After all we must be somewhere,” pleaded Sir Roger as he went on his errand.

“Dolly,” said the General, “I’ve just made a charming arrangement. Lady Deane and Sir Roger start for Paris to-day week, and we’re going with them. You said you’d like another week here.”

“It’s charming our being able to go together, isn’t it?” said Lady Deane. Dora’s face did not express rapture, yet she liked the Deanes very much.

“Oh, but——” she began.

“Well?” asked her father.

“I rather want to go a little sooner.”

“I’m afraid,” said Lady Deane, “we

shan’t get Roger to move before then. He’s bent on seeing the tennis tournament through. When did you want to go, Dora?”

“Well, in fact—to-night.”

“My dear Dolly, what a weathercock you are! It’s impossible. I’m dining with the Grand Duke on Monday. You must make up your mind to stay, young woman.”

“Oh, please, papa——”

“But why do you want to go?” asked the General, rather impatiently.

Dora had absolutely no producible reason for her eagerness to go. And yet—Oh, if they only knew what was at stake! “We’re to be married in a fortnight!” She could see the words dancing before her eyes. And she must waste a precious week here!

“Do you want me, Miss Bellairs?” asked Charlie Ellerton, coming up to them.

“Yes. I want—oh, I want to go to Rumpelmayer’s.”

“All right. Come along. I’m delighted to go with you.”

They walked off in silence. Dora was in distress. She saw that the General was immovable.

Suddenly Charlie turned to her and remarked,

“Well, it’s all over with me, Miss Bellairs.”

“What? How do you mean?”

“My chance is gone. They’re to be married in a fortnight. I had a letter to say so this morning.”

Dora turned suddenly to him.

“Oh, but it’s too extraordinary,” she cried. “So had I!”

“What?”

“Why, a letter to say they were to be married in a fortnight.”

“Nonsense!”

“Yes. Mr. Ellerton—who—who is your friend?”

“Her name’s Mary Travers.”

“And who is she going to marry?”

“Ah! She hasn’t told me that.”

A suspicion of the truth struck them both. Charlie produced his letter.

“She writes,” he said, showing the postmark, “from Dittington.”

“It is! It is!” she cried. “It must be Mary Travers that Mr. Ashforth is going to marry!”



"Is that your friend?"

"Yes. Is she pretty, Mr. Ellerton?"

"Oh, awfully. What sort of a fellow is he?"

"Splendid!"

"Isn't it a deuced queer thing?"

"Most extraordinary. And when we told one another we never thought——"

"How could we?"

"Well, no, we couldn't, of course."

A pause followed. Then Charlie observed:

"I suppose there's nothing to be done."

"Nothing to be done, Mr. Ellerton! Why if I were a man I'd leave for England to-night."

"And why can't you?"

"Papa won't. But you might."

"Ye-es, I suppose I might. It would look rather odd, wouldn't it?"

"Why, you yourself suggested it!"

"Yes, but the marriage was a long way off then."

"There's the more reason now for haste."

"Of course, that's true, but——"

"Oh, if papa would only take me!"

A sudden idea seemed to strike Charlie; he assumed an air of chivalrous sympathy.

"When shall you go?" he asked

"Not till to-day week," she said. "We sha'n't get to England till three or four days before—it." Dora knew nothing of the proposed stay in Paris.

"Look here, Miss Bellairs," said Charlie, "we agreed to stand by one another. I shall wait and go when you do."

"But think——"

"I've thought."

"You're risking everything."

"If she'll break it off ten days before, she'll do the same four days before."

"If she really loves you she will."

"Anyhow we'll stand or fall together."

"Oh, I oughtn't to let you, but I can't refuse. How kind you are."

"Then that's settled," said Charlie. "And we must try to console one another till then."

"The suspense is awful, isn't it?"

"Of course. But we must appear cheerful. We mustn't betray ourselves."

"Not for the world! I can never

thank you enough. You'll come with us all the way."

"Yes."

"Thank you again."

She gave him her hand, which he pressed gently.

"Hullo!" said he. "We seem to have got up by the church somewhere. Where were we going to?"

"Why, to Rumpelmayer's."

"Oh, ah! Well, let's go back to the hotel."

Wonderings on the extraordinary coincidence, with an occasional reference to the tender tie of a common sorrow which bound them together, beguiled the journey back, and when they reached the hotel Dora was quite calm. Charlie seemed distinctly cheerful, and when his companion left him he sat down by Deane and remarked, in a careless way, just as if he neither knew nor cared what the rest of them were going to do,

"Well, I shall light out of here in a few days. I suppose you're staying some time longer?"

"Off in a week," said Sir Roger.

"Oh, by Jove, that's about my mark. Going back to England?"

"Yes, I suppose so — ultimately. We shall stay a few days in Paris *en route*. The Bellairs go with us."

"Oh, do they?"

Sir Roger smiled gently.

"Surprised?" he asked

Charlie ignored the question.

"And you aren't going to hurry?" he inquired.

"Why should we?"

Charlie sat silent. It was tolerably plain that, unless the few days *en route* were very few indeed, John Ashforth and Mary Travers were in a fair way to be prosperously and peacefully married before Dora Bellairs set foot in England. And if he stayed with the Bellairs, before he did, either! Charlie lit a cigarette and sat puffing and thinking

"Dashed nice girl, Dora Bellairs," observed Sir Roger.

"Think so?"

"I do. She's the only girl I ever saw that Laing was smitten with."

"Laing!" said Charlie.

"Well, what's the matter? He's an



uncommon good chap, Laing—one of the best chaps I know—and he’s got lots of coin. I don’t expect she’d sneeze at Laing.”

It is, no doubt, taking a very serious responsibility to try to upset an arrangement arrived at deliberately and carried almost to a conclusion. A man should be very sure that he can make a woman happy—happier than any other man could—before he asks her to face the turmoil and the scandal of breaking off her marriage only a week before its celebration. Sure as he may be of his own affection, he must be equally sure of hers, equally sure that their mutual love is deep and permanent. He must consider his claims to demand such a sacrifice. What remorse will be his if, afterward, he discovers that what he did was not, in truth, for her real happiness! He must be on his guard against mere selfishness or mere vanity masquerading in the garb of a genuine passion.

As these thoughts occurred to Charlie Ellerton he felt that he was at a crisis of his life. He also felt glad that he had still a quiet week at Cannes in which to revolve these considerations in his mind. Above all, he must do nothing hastily.

Dora came out, a book in her hand. The soft white frock fluttered in the breeze, and she pushed back a loose lock of dark hair that caressed her cheek.

“A dashed nice girl, upon my honor,” said Sir Roger Deane.

“Oh, very.”

“I say, old chap, I suppose you’re in no hurry. You’ll put in a few days in Paris? We might have a day out, mightn’t we?”

“I don’t know yet,” said Charlie, and, when Deane left him, he sat on in solitude. Was it possible that in the space of a week——? No, it was impossible. And yet, with a girl like that——”

“I did the right thing in waiting to go with her, anyhow,” said Charlie, comforting himself.

## CHAPTER V

### A SECOND EDITION

“DON’T you think it’s an interesting sort of title?” inquired Lady Deane of Mr. Laing.

Laing was always a little uneasy in her presence. He felt not only that she was analyzing him, but that the results of the analysis seemed to her to be a very small *residuum* of solid matter. Besides, he had been told that she had described him as a “commonplace young man,” a thing nobody could be expected to like.

“Capital!” he answered, nervously fingering his eye-glass. “The Transformation of Giles Brockleton! Capital!”

“I think it will do,” said Lady Deane, complacently.

“Er—what was he transformed into, Lady Deane?”

“A man,” replied the lady, emphatically.

“Of course. I see,” murmured Laing, apologetically, and stifling a desire to ask what Giles had been before.

A moment later the authoress enlightened him.

“Yes,” said she, “into a man, from a useless, mischievous, contemptible idler, a parasite, Mr. Laing, a creature to whom——”

“What did it, Lady Deane?” interrupted Laing, hastily. He felt somehow as if he were being catalogued.

“Just a woman’s influence.”

Laing’s face displayed relief; he felt that he was in his depth again.

“Oh, got married, you mean? Well, of course, he’d have to pull up a bit, wouldn’t he? Hang it, I think it’s a fellow’s duty——”

“You don’t quite understand me,” observed Lady Deane, coldly. “He did not marry the woman.”

“What, did she give him the—I mean, wouldn’t she have him, Lady Deane?”

“She would have married him; but beside her, he saw himself in his true colors. Knowing what he was, how could he dare? That was his punishment, and punishment brought transformation.”

As Lady Deane sketched her idea, her eyes kindled and her tone became animated. Laing admired both her and her idea, and he expressed his feelings by saying:

“Remarkable sort of chap, Lady Deane. I shall read it all right, you know.”



"I think you ought," said she, rising, and leaving him to wonder if she had "meant anything."

He gave himself a little shake, as though to escape from the atmosphere of seriousness which she had diffused about him, and looked round. A little way off he saw Dora Bellairs and Charlie Ellerton sitting side by side. His brow clouded. Before Charlie came it had been his privilege to be Miss Bellairs's cavalier, and although he never hoped, nor, to tell the truth, desired more than a temporary favor in her eyes, he did not quite like being ousted.

"Pretty good for a fellow who's just had the bag!" he remarked, scornfully, referring to Roger Deane's unauthorized revelation.

It was the day before the exodus to Paris. Dora's period of weary waiting had worn itself away, and she was acknowledging to Charlie that the last two or three days had passed quicker than she had ever thought they could.

"The first two days I was wretched, the next two gloomy, but these last almost peaceful. In spite of—you know what—I think you've done me good on the whole."

"Don't mention it," said Charlie, flinging his arm over the back of the seat and looking at his companion.

"And now—in the end," pursued Dora, "I'm actually a little sorry to leave all this—it's so beautiful," and she waved her parasol vaguely at the hills and the islands, while with the other hand she took off her hat and allowed the breeze to blow through her hair.

"It is jolly, isn't it?" she asked.

"I should rather think it was," said Charlie. "The jolliest I've ever seen." It was evident that he did not refer to the scenery.

"Oh, you promised you wouldn't," cried Dora, reproachfully.

"Well, then, I'll promise again," he replied, smiling amiably.

"What must I think of you, when only a week or so ago—? Oh, and what must you think of me to suppose I could? Oh, Mr. Ellerton!"

"Like to know what I think of you?" inquired Charlie, quite unperturbed by this passionate return.

"Certainly not," said she, with dig-

nity, and turned away. A moment later, however, she attacked him again.

"And you've done nothing," she said, indignantly, "but suggest to papa interesting places to stop at on the way, and things he ought to see in Paris. Yes, and you actually suggested going home by sea from Marseilles. And all the time you knew it was vital to me to get home as soon as possible. To me? Yes, and to you *last week*. Shall I tell you something, Mr. Ellerton?"

"Please," said Charlie. "Whisper it in my ear," and he offered his head in fitting proximity.

"I shouldn't mind who heard," she declared. "I despise you, Mr. Ellerton."

Charlie was roused to a protest.

"For downright unfairness give me a girl!" said he. "Here have I taken the manly course. After a short period of weakness—I admit that—I have conquered my feelings; I have determined not to distress Miss Travers by intruding upon her; I have overcome the promptings of a cowardly despair; I have turned my back resolutely on a past devoid of hope. I am, after a sore struggle, myself again. And my reward, Miss Bellairs, is to be told that you despise me. Upon my honor, you'll be despising Simon Stylites next."

"And you wrote and told Miss Travers you were coming!"

"All right. I shall write and tell her I'm not coming. I shall say, Miss Bellairs, that it seems to me to be an undignified thing——"

"To do what I'm going to do? Thank you, Mr. Ellerton."

"Oh, I forgot."

"What—that's the irony of it. You persuaded me to do it yourself."

"I was a fool; but I didn't know you so well then."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything."

"You didn't know yourself, I'm afraid," she remarked. "You thought you were a man of some—some depth of feeling, some constancy—a man whose—whose regard a girl would value, instead of being——"

"Just a poor devil who worships the ground you tread on."

Dora laughed scornfully.



“Second edition!” said she. “The first dedicated to Miss Travers.”

And then Charlie (and it is things like these which shake that faith in human nature which we try to cling to) said in a low, but quite distinct voice:

“Oh, d——n Miss Travers!”

Dora shot—it almost looked as if something had shot her, as it used, in old days, Miss Zazel—up from her seat.

“I thought I was talking to a *gentleman*,” said she. “I suppose you’ll use that—expression—about me in a week.”

“In a good deal less, if you treat me like this,” said Charlie, and his air was one of hopeless misery.

We all recollect that Anne ended by being tolerably kind to wicked King Richard. After all, Charlie had the same excuse.

“I don’t want to be unkind,” said Dora, more gently.

“I’ll do anything in the world to please you.”

“Then make papa go straight to Paris, and straight on from Paris,” said Dora, using her power mercilessly.

“Oh, I say, I didn’t mean that, Miss Bellairs.”

“You said you’d do anything I liked.”

Charlie looked at her thoughtfully.

“I suppose you’ve no pity?” he inquired.

“For you? Not a bit.”

“You probably don’t know how beautiful you are.”

“Don’t be foolish, and—and impertinent.”

She was standing opposite him. With a sudden motion, he sprang forward, fell on one knee, seized her ungloved hand, covered it with kisses, sprang up, and hastened away, crying as he went:

“All right. I’ll do it.”

Dora stood where he left her. First she looked at her hand, then at Charlie’s retreating back, then again at her hand. Her cheek was flushed and she trembled a little.

“John never did that,” she said, “at least, not without asking. And even then, not quite like that.”

She walked on slowly, then stopped and exclaimed:

“I wonder if he ever did that to Mary Travers.”

And her last reflection was:

“Poor boy. He must be—oh, dear me!”

When Charlie reached the tennis-courts, he was, considering the moving scene through which he had passed, wonderfully calm. In fact he was smiling and whistling. Espying Sir Roger Deane, he went and sat down by him.

“Roger,” said he, “I’m going with you and the Bellairs to-morrow.”

“I know that.”

“Miss Bellairs wants to go straight through to England without stopping anywhere.”

“She’ll have to want, I expect.”

“And I’ve promised to try and get the General to do what she wants.”

“Have you though?”

“I suppose, Roger, old fellow—you know you’ve great influence with him—I suppose it’s no use asking you to say a word to him?”

“Not a bit.”

“Why?”

“Because Maud particularly wants him to stay with us in Paris.”

“Oh, of course, if Lady Deane wishes it, I mustn’t say a word. She’s quite made up her mind about it, has she?”

“Well, I suppose so.”

“She’s strong on it, I mean? Not likely to change?”

“I think not, Charlie.”

“She’d ask him to stay, as a favor to her?”

“I shouldn’t at all wonder.”

“Oh, well then, my asking him won’t make much difference.”

“Frankly, I don’t see why it should.”

“Thanks. I only wanted to know. You’re not in a hurry, Roger? I mean, you won’t ask your wife to go straight on?”

“No, I shan’t, Charlie. I want to stop myself.”

“Thanks, old chap! See you at dinner,” and Charlie strolled off with a reassured air.

Sir Roger sat and thought.

“I see his game,” he said to himself at last, “but I’m hanged if I see hers. Why does she want to get back to England? Perhaps if I delay her as much as I can, she’ll tell me. Hanged if I don’t. Anyhow I’m glad to see old Charlie getting convalescent.”

The next morning the whole party



left Cannes by the early train. The Bellairs, the Deanes, and Charlie Ellerton travelled together. Laing announced his intention of following by the afternoon train.

"Oh," said Lady Deane, "you'll get to Paris sooner than we do." Dora looked gloomy; so did Charlie, after a momentary, hastily smothered smile.

The porter approached and asked for an address. They told him the Grand Hotel, Paris.

"If anything comes to-day, I'll bring it on," said Laing.

"Yes, do; we shall have no address before Paris," answered General Bellairs.

They drove off, and Laing, feeling rather solitary, returned to his cigar. An hour later the waiter brought him two telegrams—one for Dora and one for Charlie. He looked at the addresses.

"Just too late, by Jove! All right, garçon, I'll take 'em," and he thrust them into the pocket of his flannel jacket. And when, after lunch, he could not stand the dulness any longer and went to Monte Carlo, he left the telegrams in the discarded flannels, where they lay till—the time when they were discovered. For Mr. Laing clean forgot all about them!

## CHAPTER VI

### A MAN WITH A THEORY

EVEN Miss Bussey was inclined to think that all had happened for the best. John's eloquence had shaken her first disapprobation; the visible happiness of the persons chiefly concerned pleaded yet more persuasively. What harm, after all, was done, except for a little trouble and a little gossip? To these Mary and John were utterly indifferent. At first they had been rather shy in referring, before one another, to their loves, but custom taught them to mention the names without confusion, and ere long they had exchanged confidences as to their future plans. John's arrangement was obviously the more prudent and becoming. He discountenanced Mary's suggestion of an unannounced descent on Cannes, and persuaded her to follow his example and

inform her lover that she would await news from him in Paris. They were to put up at the Continental, and telegrams there from Cannes would find them on and after April 28th. All this valuable information was contained in the despatches, which lay, with their priceless messages, on the said April 28th, in Mr. Arthur Laing's flannel jacket, inside his portmanteau, on the way to Paris.

Paris claims to be the centre of the world, and if it be, the world has a very good centre. Anyhow Paris becomes, from this moment, the centre of this drama. Not only was Arthur Laing being whirled there by the Nice express, and Miss Bussey's party proceeding thither by the eleven o'clock train from Victoria—Mary laughed as she thought it might have been her honeymoon she was starting on—but the Bellairs and their friends were heading for the same point. Miss Bussey's party had the pleasanter journey; they were all of one mind; Miss Bussey was eager to get to Paris because it was the end of the journey; John and Mary desired nothing but the moment when, with trembling fingers they should tear open their telegrams in the hall of the Continental. The expedition from the south did not enjoy a like unanimity; but before following their steps we may, in the interest of simplicity, land our first detachment safely at their destination.

When Mary and John, followed by Miss Bussey—they outstripped her in their eagerness—entered the Continental, a young man with an eye-glass was just engaging a bedroom. John took his place beside the stranger, and asked in a voice, which he strove to render calm, if there were any letters for—

"Beg pardon, sir. In one moment," said the clerk, and he added to Laing, "Number 37, sir." Laing—oh, the irony of things!—turned just that one supercilious glance which we bestow on other tourists, on John, and his companion and followed his baggage upstairs.

"Anything," resumed John, "for Miss Travers or Mr. Ashforth," and he succeeded in looking as if he did not



care a straw whether there were or not.

After a search the porter answered,

“Nothing, sir.”

“What?” exclaimed John, aghast.

“Oh, nonsense, look again.”

Another search followed; it was without result.

John saw Mary’s appealing eyes fixed on him.

“Nothing,” he said, tragically.

“Oh, John?”

“Have you taken the rooms, Mr. Ashforth?” inquired Miss Bussey.

“No. I’m sorry. I forgot all about them.”

Miss Bussey was tired; she had been seasick, and the train always made her feel queer.

“Have neither of you got an ounce of wits about you?” she demanded, and plunged forward to the desk. John and Mary received their numbers in gloomy silence, and mounted the stairs.

Now Arthur Laing in his hasty survey of the party had arrived at a not unnatural but wholly erroneous conclusion. He had seen a young man, rather nervous, a young woman, looking anxious and shy, and an elderly person, plainly dressed (Miss Bussey was no dandy) sitting (Miss Bussey always sat as soon as she could) on a trunk. He took John and Mary for a newly married couple, and Miss Bussey for an old family servant detailed to look after her young mistress’s entry into independent housekeeping.

“More infernal honeymoons,” he said to himself, as he washed his hands. “The place is always full of ’em. Girl wasn’t bad-looking, though.”

The next morning, unhappily, confirmed him in his mistake. For Miss Bussey, overcome by the various trials of the day before, kept her bed, and when Laing came down, the first sight which met his eyes was a breakfast-table, whereat Mary and John sat *tête-à-tête*. He eyed them with that mixture of scorn and envy which their supposed situation awakens in a bachelor’s heart, and took a place from which he could survey them at leisure. There is a bright side to everything; and that of Laing’s mistake was the pleasure he de-

rived from his delusion. Sticking his glass firmly in his eye, he watched like a cat for those playful little endearments which his cynical mood—he was, like many of us, not at his best in the morning—led him to anticipate. He watched in vain. The young people were decorum itself; more than that, they showed signs of preoccupation; they spoke only occasionally, and then with a business-like brevity.

Suddenly the waiter entered, with a handful of letters which he proceeded to distribute. Laing expected none, and kept his gaze on his honeymooners. To his surprise they showed animation enough now; their eyes were first on the waiter’s approaching form; the bridegroom even rose an inch or two from his seat; both stretched out their hands.

Alas! with a little bow, a smile, and a shrug, the waiter passed by, and the disappointed couple sank back, with looks of blank despair.

Surely here was enough to set any open-minded man on the right track! Yes; but not enough to free one who was tied and bound to his own theory.

“She’s dashed anxious to hear from home!” mused Laing. “Poor girl! It ain’t over and above flattering to him, though.”

He finished his breakfast and went out to smoke. Presently he saw his friends come out also; they went to the porter’s desk and he heard one of them say “telegram.” A sudden idea struck him.

“I am an ass!” said he. “Tell you what it is; they’ve wired for rooms somewhere—Monte, most likely—and can’t start till they get an answer.”

He was so pleased with his explanation that his last doubt vanished and he watched Mary and John start for a walk—the fraternal relations they had established would have allowed such a thing even in London, much more in Paris—with quite a benevolent smile.

“Aunt Sarah is really quite poorly,” remarked Mary as they crossed the road and entered the Tuileries Gardens. “She’ll have to stay in all to-day and perhaps to-morrow. Isn’t it hard upon her? Paris amuses her so much.”

John expressed his sympathy.



"Now if it had been you or I," he ended, "we shouldn't have minded. Paris doesn't amuse us just now."

"Oh, but, John, we must be ready to start at any moment."

"You can't start without Miss Bussey."

"I think that in a *wagon-lit*——" began Mary.

"But what's the good of talking?" cried John, bitterly. "Why is there no news from her?"

"He *might* have wired—John, is it possible our telegrams went astray?"

"Well, we must wait a day or two; or, if you like, we can wire again."

Mary hesitated.

"I—I can't do that, John. Suppose he'd received the first, and—and——"

"Yes, I see. I don't want to humiliate myself either."

"We'll wait a day, anyhow. And, now, John, let's think no more about them! Oh, well, that's nonsense; but let's enjoy ourselves as well as we can."

They managed to enjoy themselves very well. The town was new to Mary, and John found a pleasure in showing it off to her. After a morning of sight-seeing, they drove in the Bois, and ended the day at the theatre. Miss Bussey, unfortunately, was no better. She had sent for an English doctor and he talked vaguely about two or three days in bed. Mary ventured to ask if her aunt could travel.

"Oh, if absolutely necessary, perhaps; but much better not," was the answer.

"Well, it was not absolutely necessary yet, for no letter and no telegram arrived. This was the awful fact that greeted them when they came in from the theatre.

"We'll wire the first thing to-morrow, declared John, in a resolute tone. "Write yours to-night, Mary, and I'll give them to the porter——"

"Oh, not mine please," cried Mary, in shrinking bashfulness. "I can't let the porter see mine!"

"Well, then, we'll take them out before breakfast to-morrow."

To this Mary agreed, and they sat down and wrote their despatches. While they were so engaged Laing jumped

out of a cab and entered the room. He seized an English paper, and, flinging himself into a chair, began to study the sporting news. Presently he stole a glance at Mary. It so chanced that at just the same moment she was stealing a glance at him. Mary dropped her eyes with a blush; Laing withdrew behind his paper.

"Shy, of course. Anybody would be," he thought, with a smile.

"Did you like the piece, Mary?" asked John.

"Oh, very much. I wish Aunt Sarah could have seen it. She missed so much fun."

"Well, she could hardly have come with us, could she?" remarked John.

"Oh, no," said Mary.

"Well, I should rather think not," whispered Laing.

"I shouldn't have been happy if she had," said Mary.

"I simply wouldn't have let her," said John, in that authoritative tone which so became him.

"No more would I in your place, old chap," murmured Mr. Laing.

Mary rose.

"Thanks for all your kindness, John. Good-night."

"I'm so glad you've had a pleasant day. Good-night, Mary."

So they parted—with a good-night as calm, as decorous, as frankly fraternal as one could wish (or wish otherwise). Yet its very virtues undid it in the prematurely suspicious eyes of Arthur Laing. For no sooner was he left alone than he threw down his paper and began to chuckle.

"All for my benefit, that, eh? "Good-night, Mary! Good-night, John! Lord! Lord!" and he rose, lit a cigarette, and ordered a brandy-and-soda. And ever and again he smiled. He felt very acute indeed.

So vain is it for either wisdom or simplicity, candor or diplomacy—nay, for facts themselves—to struggle against a Man with a Theory. Mr. Laing went to bed no more doubting that Mary and John were man and wife than he doubted that he had spotted the winner of the Derby. Certitude could no farther go.





## WOOD-ENGRAVERS—A. LÉVEILLÉ



WHILE Léveillé has received some of the highest honors which a French artist can obtain, the Cross of the Legion of Honor, Salon Medals, and Medals of Honor at

universal exhibitions, I venture to guess that none of these official recognitions are worth to him the friendship of Rodin, which he won by his splendid interpretations of a few of the sculptor's works. An enthusiastic admirer of the master's creations, he found the way to translate them into his medium with an effacement of self, a loving subserviency to the sculptor's purpose and ideas, and a vibrating sympathy which let Rodin express himself as naturally in the printed image as in the bronze.

Léveillé has had the serious education characteristic of French artists. He has advanced slowly step by step from an apprenticeship of years in the atelier of Bert and Hotelin, the founders of the *Magasin Pittoresque*, to the position of engraver on the regular staff of great Parisian publishing houses, until he finally came into full possession of his technique, and became "master of his tools," as the French put it. Having grown to an appreciation of the higher possibilities of his art and facing them squarely, he sought a class of subjects no one had attempted before (except in commercial engraving, which, it cannot be said too emphatically, is as far removed from artistic engraving as a chromo from a painting).

Léveillé felt sculpture, and very natu-

rally chose to render that which in modern sculpture appealed most strongly to him—that which he admired and instinctively understood: the bust of Baudry, the painter, by Guillaume, an equestrian statue, the bust of Dalou, of Rochefort, of Antonin Proust by Rodin.

These few engravings are of so high an order that they assure the permanent fame of their author. The problems which confronted Léveillé in them were peculiarly difficult because, as they were entirely new problems, he had to invent means of his own to meet them—with no help whatever from the works of predecessors, whose experiments and achievements seem invariably to stand in the background of the performances of all modern artists. With the exercise of sound and delicate judgment, with much-reasoned and tactful audacity, he succeeded in bringing forth finished pages, brilliantly individual and full of reserve power.

There being so little color in wax, marble, or bronze, Léveillé could not depend upon color to give character to these engravings. He therefore expressed himself chiefly through chiar-oscuro, letting the light model his images as it does model the solid reality of his models. He gets his great effect in subtly letting the whole gamut of grays punctuate, emphasize, or softly accompany the rich dark blacks and the pure whites—a blending of tones which play into and help one another, like the hundred instruments of an orchestra playing a symphony.

Léveillé's engravings have a fashion



of their own of looking bright and pleasant, as if they had been easy to do, as if behind each component part there was not a world of thought, a wonderful sense of measure, all that mysterious alchemy of the artist's nature which is infinitely complex and sensitive to slight agencies. But this lack of evidence of the trials, the pains of creation, is a valuable part of the artist's achievement. He gives us what interests us, what is of permanent value; the result, not the spectacle of his effort.

A Parisian critic wrote that it was evident from looking at L  veill  's works that he was one of those happy fellows who produce without effort. He would have realized the mistake he was making had he heard the artist speak about the difficulties which he had to meet. "Think of it!" L  veill   once said to me, "the same printer's ink of the same thickness, the same blackness is deposited uniformly over my block, and yet I must have all sorts of tones, dark and light grays, blondes, brutal blacks (not solid, mind you—for solid black is not our most intense black), and frail

tones, to accompany the rare pure whites and form a luminous whole with them (as, for example, in the halo around the light of a candle).

"Look at the process engravings and see how dull and gray they are by the side of our work. They are not bright like wood-engravings. One great difficulty, one which is ever troubling me, is to succeed in giving that luminous, limpid, brilliant effect to my work, while studying scrupulously the forms. I have to get through such complicated problems and reach that result which seems so simple with nothing else but the help of little black lines. How easily one can make mistakes! Think of the amount of observation I have accumulated, and yet I am never sure of myself, but I feel like an apprentice before each new work."

Among Rodin's latest works (those which have never been exhibited) L  veill   chose for his representative frontispiece in this Magazine "Ninety-three," one of the sculptor's most powerful and characteristic heads, and engraved it from the plaster cast in the sculptor's studio.

## THE CALM

*By Z. D. Underbill*

OH, sea, whose gleaming ripples run  
In liquid laughter toward the sun,  
Have you forgot the storm so soon?  
And how through all the awful night  
Your billows broke in lines of white,  
Till the wide beach with wreck was strewn?

All night the roaring wind blew free,  
All night you sobbed and moaned, oh, sea;  
With your cold tears the rocks were wet;  
Yet sunny waves and wreathing spray  
Greet tranquilly the new-born day:  
Oh, happy ocean, to forget!



# OUR AROMATIC UNCLE



ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
ORSON LOWELL

BY H C BUNNER

It is always with a feeling of personal tenderness and regret that I recall his story, although it began long before I was born, and must have ended shortly after that important date, and although I myself never laid eyes on the personage of whom my wife and I always speak as "The Aromatic Uncle."

The story begins so long ago, indeed, that I can tell it only as a tradition of my wife's family. It goes back to the days when Boston was so frankly provincial a town that one of its leading citizens, a man of eminent position and ancient family, remarked to a young kinsman whom he was entertaining at his hospitable board, by way of pleasing and profitable discourse: "Nephew, it may interest you to know that it is Mr. Everett who has the *other* hind-quarter of this lamb." This simple tale I will vouch for, for I got it from the lips of the nephew, who has been my uncle for so many years that I know him to be a trustworthy authority.

In those days which seem so far away—and yet the space between them and us is spanned by a lifetime of three-score years and ten—life was simpler in all its details; yet such towns as Boston, already old, had well-established local customs which varied not

at all from year to year; many of which lingered in later phases of urban growth. In Boston, or at least in that part of Boston where my wife's family dwelt, it was the invariable custom for the head of the family to go to market in the early morning with his wife's list of the day's needs. When the list was filled, the articles were placed in a basket; and the baskets thus filled were systematically deposited by the market-boys at the back door of the house to which they were consigned. Then the house-keeper came to the back-door at her convenience, and took the basket in. Exposed as this position must have been, such a thing as a theft of the day's edibles was unknown, and the first authentic account of any illegitimate handling of the baskets brings me to the introduction of my wife's uncle.

It was on a summer morning, as far as I can find out, that a little butcher-boy—a very little butcher-boy to be driving so big a cart—stopped in the rear of two houses that stood close together in a suburban street. One of these houses belonged to my wife's father, who was, from all I can gather, a very pompous, severe, and generally objectionable old gentleman; a judge, and a very considerable dignitary, who



apparently devoted all his leisure to making life miserable for his family. The other was owned by a comparatively poor and unimportant man, who did a shipping business in a small way. He had bought it during a period of temporary affluence, and it hung on his hands like a white elephant. He could not sell it, and it was turning his hair gray to pay the taxes on it. On this particular morning he had got up at four o'clock to go down to the wharves to see if a certain ship in which he was interested had arrived. It was due and overdue, and its arrival would settle the question of his domestic comfort for the whole year; for if it failed to appear, or came home with an empty bottom, his fate would be hard indeed; but if it brought him money or marketable goods from its long Oriental trip, he might take heart of grace and look forward to better times.

When the butcher's boy stopped at the house of my wife's father, he set down at the back-door a basket containing fish, a big joint of roast beef, and a generous load of fruit and vegetables, including some fine fat oranges. At the other door he left a rather unpromising-looking lump of steak and a half-peck of potatoes, not of the first quality. When he had deposited these two burdens he ran back and started his cart up the road.

But he looked back as he did so, and he saw a sight familiar to him, and saw the commission of a deed entirely unfamiliar. A handsome young boy of about his own age stepped out of the back-door of my wife's father's house and looked carelessly around him. He was one of the boys who compel the admiration of all other boys—strong, sturdy, and a trifle arrogant.

He had long ago compelled the admiration of the little butcher-boy. They had been playmates together at the public school, and although the judge's son looked down from an infinite height upon his poor little comrade, the butcher-boy worshipped him with the deepest and most fervent adoration. He had for him the admiring reverence which the boy who can't lick anybody has for the boy who can lick everybody. He was a superior being, a pattern, a model; an ideal never to be achieved,

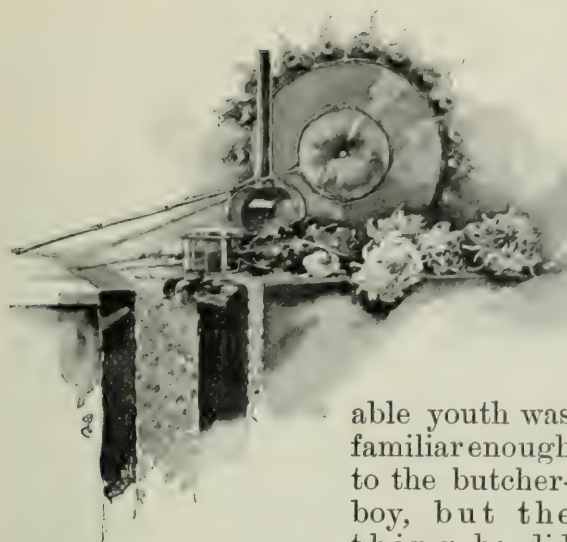


It was on a summer morning.—Page 169.

but perhaps in a crude, humble way to be imitated. And there is no hero-worship in the world like a boy's worship of a boy-hero.

The sight of this fortunate and ador-





able youth was familiar enough to the butcher-boy, but the thing he did startled and shocked that poor little workingman almost as much as if his idol had committed a capital crime right before his very eyes. For the judge's son suddenly let a look into his face that meant mischief, glanced around him to see whether anybody was observing him or not, and, failing to notice the butcher-boy, quickly and dexterously changed the two baskets. Then he went back into the house and shut the door on himself.

The butcher-boy reined up his horse and jumped from his cart. His first impulse, of course, was to undo the shocking iniquity which the object of his admiration had committed. But before he had walked back a dozen yards, it struck him that he was taking a great liberty in spoiling the other boy's joke. It was wrong, of course, he knew it; but was it for him to rebuke the wrong-doing of such an exalted personage? If the judge's son came out again, he would see that his joke had miscarried, and then he would be displeased. And to the butcher-boy it did not seem right in the nature of things that anything should displease the judge's son. Three times he went hesitatingly backward and forward, trying to make up his mind, and then he made it up. The king could do no wrong. Of course he himself was doing wrong in not putting the baskets back where they belonged; but then, he reflected, he took that sin on his own humble conscience, and in some measure took it off the conscience of the judge's son—if, indeed, it troubled that

lightsome conscience at all. And, of course, too, he knew that, being an apprentice, he would be whipped for it when the substitution was discovered. But he didn't mind being whipped for the boy he worshipped. So he drove out along the road; and the wife of the poor shipping-merchant, coming to the back-door, and finding the basket full of good things,

and noticing especially the beautiful China oranges, naturally concluded that her husband's ship had come in, and that he had provided his family with a rare treat. And the judge, when he came home to dinner, and Mrs. Judge introduced him to the rump-steak and potatoes—but I do not wish to make this story any more pathetic than is necessary.

A few months after this episode, perhaps indirectly in consequence of it—I have never been able to find out exactly—the judge's son, my wife's uncle, ran away to sea, and for many years his recklessness, his strength, and his good looks were only traditions in the family, but traditions which he himself kept alive by remembrances than which none could have been more effective.

At first he wrote but seldom, later on more regularly, but his letters—I have seen many of them—were the most uncommunicative documents that I ever saw in my life. His wanderings took him to many strange places on the other side of the globe, but he never wrote of what he saw or did. His family gleaned from them that his health was good, that the weather was such-and-such, and that he wished to have his love, duty, and respects conveyed to his various relatives. In fact, the first positive bit of personal intelligence that they received from him was five years after his departure, when he wrote them from a Chinese port on letter-paper whose heading showed that he was a member of a commercial firm. The letter itself made no mention of the fact. As the years passed on, however, the letters came more regularly and they told less about the weather, and were slightly—very slightly—more ex-



pressive of a kind regard for his relatives. But at the best they were cramped by the formality of his day and generation, and we of to-day would have called them cold and perfunctory.

But the practical assurances that he gave of his undiminished — nay, his steadily increasing — affection for the people at home, were of a most satisfying character, for they were convincing proof not only of his love but of his material prosperity. Almost from his first time of writing he began to send gifts to all the members of the family. At first these were mere trifles, little curios of travel such as he was able to

purchase out of a seaman's scanty wages; but as the years went on they grew richer and richer, till the munificence of the runaway son became the pride of the whole family.

The old house that had been in the suburbs of Boston was fairly in the heart of the city when I first made its acquaintance, and one of the famous houses of the town. And it was no wonder it was famous, for such a collection of Oriental furniture, bric-à-brac, and objects of art never was seen outside of a museum. There were ebony cabinets, book-cases, tables, and couches wonderfully carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. There were beautiful things in bronze and jade and ivory. There were all sorts of strange rugs and curtains and portières. As to the china-ware and the vases, no house was ever so stocked; and as for such trifles as shawls and fans and silk handkerchiefs, why such things were sent not singly but by dozens.

No one could forget his first entrance into that house. The great drawing-room was darkened by heavy curtains, and at first you had only a dim vision of the strange and graceful shapes of its curious furnishing. But you could not but be instantly conscious of the delicate perfume that pervaded the apartment, and, for the matter of that, the whole house. It was a combination of all the delightful Eastern smells — not sandal-wood only, nor teak, nor couscous, but all these odors and a hundred others blent in one. Yet it was not heavy nor overpowering, but delightfully faint and sweet, diffused through those ample rooms. There was good reason, indeed, for the children of the generation to which my wife belonged to speak of the generous relative whom they had never seen as "Our Aromatic Uncle." There were other uncles, and I have no doubt they gave presents freely, for it was a wealthy and free-handed family; but there was no other uncle who sent such a delicate and delightful reminder with every gift, to breathe a soft memory of him by day and by night.

I did my courting in the sweet atmosphere of that house, and although



The Uncle.



I had no earthly desire to live in Boston I could not help missing that strangely blended odor when my wife and I

only continued to send his fragrant gifts to my wife at Christmas and upon her birthday, but he actually adopted me too, and sent me Chinese cabinets and Chinese gods in various minerals and metals, and many articles designed for a smoker's use, which no smoker would ever want to touch with a ten-foot pole. But I cared very little about the utility of these presents, for it was not many years before, among them all, they set up that exquisite perfume in the house, which we had learned to associate with our aromatic uncle.

“FOO-CHOO-LI, CHINA,  
January—, 18—.

“DEAR NEPHEW  
AND NIECE: The Present is to inform you that I have this day shipped to your address, per Steamer Ocean Queen, one marble and ebony Table, six assorted gods, and a blue Dinner set; also that I purpose leaving this Country for a visit to the Land of my Nativity on the 6th



In the sweet atmosphere of that house.—Page 172.

moved into an old house in an old part of New York, whose former owners had no connections in the Eastern trade. It was a charming and home-like old house; but at first, although my wife had brought some belongings from her father's house, we missed the pleasant flavor of our aromatic uncle, for he was now my uncle as well as my wife's. I say at first, for we did not miss it long. Uncle David—that was his name—not

of March next, and will, if same is satisfactory to you, take up my Abode temporarily in your Household. Should same not be satisfactory, please cable at my charge. Messrs. Smithson & Smithson, my Customs Brokers, will attend to all charges on the goods, and will deliver them at your readiness. The health of this place is better than customary by reason of the cool weather, which Health I am as usual enjoying. Trusting that



you both are at present in the possession of the same Blessing, and will so continue, I remain, dear nephew and niece,

"Your affectionate

"UNCLE."

This was, I believe, by four dozen words—those which he used to inform us of his intention of visiting America—the longest letter that Uncle David had ever written to any member of his family. It also conveyed more information about himself than he had ever given since the day he ran away to sea. Of course we cabled the old gentleman that we should be delighted to see him.

And, late that Spring, at some date at which he could not possibly have been expected to arrive, he turned up at our house.

Of course we had talked a great deal about him, and wondered what manner of man we should find him. Between us, my wife and I had got an idea of his personal appearance which I despair of conveying in words. Vaguely, I should say that we had pictured him as something mid-way between an abnormally tall Chinese mandarin and a benevolent Quaker. What we found, when we got home and were told that our uncle from India was awaiting us, was a shrunken and bent old gentleman, dressed very cleanly and neatly in black broadcloth, with a limp, many-pleated shirt-front of old-fashioned style, and a plain black cravat. If he had worn an old-time stock we could have forgiven him the rest of the disappointment he cost us; but we had to admit to ourselves that he had the most absolutely commonplace appearance of all our acquaintance. In fact, we soon discovered that, except for a taciturnity the like of which we had never encountered, our aromatic uncle had positively not one picturesque characteristic about him. Even his aroma was a disappointment. He had it, but it was of patchouly or some other cheap perfume of the sort, where-with he scented his handkerchief, which was not even a bandanna, but a plain decent white one of the unnecessarily large sort which clergymen and old gentlemen affect.

But, even if we could not get one single romantic association to cluster about him, we very soon got to like the old gentleman. It is true that at our first meeting, after saying "How d'ye do, how d'ye do," to me, and receiving in impassive placidity the kiss which my wife gave him, he relapsed into dead silence, and continued to smoke a clay pipe with a long stem and a short bowl. This instrument he filled and refilled every few minutes, and it seemed to be his only employment. We plied him with questions, of course, but to these he responded with a wonderful brevity. In the course of an hour's conversation we got from him that he had had a pleasant voyage, that it was not a long voyage, that it was not a short voyage, that it was about the usual voyage, that he had not been sea-sick, that he was glad to be back, and that he was not surprised to find the country very much changed. This last piece of information was repeated in the form of a simple "No," given in reply to the direct question; and although it was given politely, and evidently without the least unamiable intent, it made us both feel very cheap. After all, it *was* absurd to ask a man if he were surprised to find the country changed after fifty or sixty years of absence. Unless he was an idiot, and unable to read at that, he must have expected something of the sort.

But we grew to like him. He was thoroughly kind and inoffensive in every way. He was entirely willing to be talked to, but he did not care to talk. If it was absolutely necessary, he *could* talk, and when he did talk he always made me think of the "French-English Dictionary for the Pocket," compiled by the ingenious Mr. John Bellows; for nobody except that extraordinary Englishman could condense a greater amount of information into a smaller number of words. During the time of his stay with us I think I learned more about China than any other man in the United States knew, and I do not believe that the aggregate of his utterances in the course of that six months could have amounted to one hour's continuous talk. Don't ask me for the information. I had no sort





of use for it, and I forgot it as soon as I could. I like Chinese bric-à-brac, but my interest in China ends there.

Yet it was not long before Uncle David slid into his own place in the family circle. We soon found that he did not expect us to entertain him. He wanted only to sit quiet and smoke his pipe, to take his two daily walks by himself, and to read the daily paper one afternoon and Macaulay's "History of England" the next. He was never tired of sitting and gazing amiably but silently at my wife; and, to head the list of his good points, he would hold the baby by the hour, and for some mysterious reason that baby, who required the exhibition of seventeen toys in a minute to be reasonably quiet in the arms of anybody else, would sit placidly in Uncle David's lap, teething away steadily on the old gentleman's watch-chain, as quiet and as solemn and as aged in appearance as anyone of the assorted gods of

porcelain and jade and ivory which our aromatic uncle had sent us.

The old house in Boston was a thing of the past. My wife's parents had been dead for some years, and no one remained of her immediate family except a certain Aunt Lucretia, who had lived with them until shortly before our marriage, when the breaking up of the family sent her West to find a home with a distant relative in California. We asked Uncle Davy if he had stopped to see Aunt Lucretia as he came through California. He said he had not. We asked him if he wanted to have Aunt Lucretia invited on to pass a visit during his stay with us. He answered that he did not. This did not surprise us at all. You might think that a brother might long to see a sister from whom he had been



separated nearly all of a long lifetime, but then you might never have met Aunt Lucretia. My wife made the offer only from a sense of duty; and only after a contest with me which lasted three days and nights. Nothing but loss of sleep during an exceptionally busy time at my office induced me to consent to her project of inviting Aunt Lucretia. When Uncle David put his veto upon the proposition I felt that he might have taken back all his rare and costly gifts, and I could still have loved him.

But Aunt Lucretia came, all the same. My wife is afflicted with a New England conscience, originally of a most uncomfortable character. It has been much modified and ameliorated, until it is now considerably less like a case of moral hives; but some wretched lingering remnant of the original article induced her to write to Aunt Lucretia that Uncle David was staying with us, and of course Aunt Lucretia came without invitation and without warning, dropping in on us with ruthless unexpectedness.

You may not think, from what I have said, that Aunt Lucretia's visit was a pleasant event. But it was, in some respects; for it was not only the shortest visit she ever paid us, but it was the last with which she ever honored us.

She arrived one morning shortly after breakfast, just as we were preparing to go out for a drive. She would not have been Aunt Lucretia if she had not upset somebody's calculations at every turn of her existence. We welcomed her with as much hypocrisy as we could summon to our aid on short notice, and she was not more than usually offensive, although she certainly did herself full justice in telling us what she thought of us for not inviting her as soon as we even heard of Uncle David's intention to return to his native land. She said she ought to have been the first to embrace her beloved brother—to whom I don't believe she had given one thought in more years than I have yet seen.

Uncle David was dressing for his drive. His long residence in tropical

countries had rendered him sensitive to the cold, and although it was a fine, clear September day, with the thermometer at about sixty, he was industriously building himself up with a series of overcoats. On a really snappy day I have known him to get into six of these garments; and, when he entered the room on this occasion I think he had on five, at least.

My wife had heard his familiar foot on the stairs, and Aunt Lucretia had risen up and braced herself for an outburst of emotional affection. I could see that it was going to be such a greeting as is given only once in two or three centuries, and then on the stage. I felt sure it would end in a swoon, and I was looking around for a sofa-pillow for the old lady to fall upon, for from what I knew of Aunt Lucretia I did not believe she had ever swooned enough to be able to go through the performance without danger to her aged person.

But I need not have troubled myself. Uncle David toddled into the room, gazed at Aunt Lucretia without a sign of recognition in his features, and toddled out into the hall, where he got his hat and gloves, and went out to the front lawn, where he always paced up and down for a few minutes before taking a drive, in order to stimulate his circulation. This was a surprise, but Aunt Lucretia's behavior was a greater surprise. The moment she set eyes on Uncle David the theatrical fervor went out of her entire system, literally in one instant; and an absolutely natural, unaffected astonishment displayed itself in her expressive and strongly marked features. For almost a minute, until the sound of Uncle David's footsteps had died away, she stood absolutely rigid; while my wife and I gazed at her spell-bound.

Then Aunt Lucretia pointed one long bony finger at me, and hissed out, with true feminine disregard of grammar:

"That ain't *him*!"

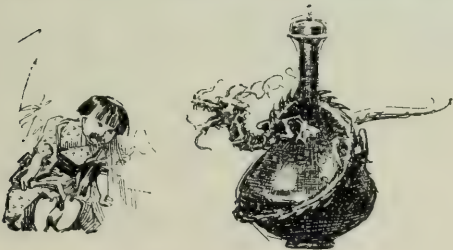
"David," said Aunt Lucretia, impressively, "had only one arm. He lost the other in Madagascar."

I was too dumfounded to take in the situation. I remember thinking, in





"I'm Tommy Biggs, Miss Lucretia."—Page 178.





a vague sort of way, that Madagascar was a curious sort of place to go to for the purpose of losing an arm; but I did not apprehend the full significance of this disclosure until I heard my wife's distressed protestations that Aunt Lucretia must be mistaken; that there must be some horrible mistake somewhere.

But Aunt Lucretia was not mistaken, and there was no mistake anywhere. The arm had been lost, and lost in Madagascar, and she could give the date of the occurrence, and the circumstances attendant. Moreover, she produced her evidence on the spot. It was an old daguerreotype, taken in Calcutta a year or two after the Madagascar episode. She had it in her handbag, and she opened it with fingers trembling with rage and excitement. It showed two men standing side by side near one of those three-foot Ionic pillars that were an indispensable adjunct of photography in its early stages. One of the men was large, broad-shouldered, and handsome — unmistakably a handsome edition of Aunt Lucretia. His empty left sleeve was pinned across his breast. The other man was, making allowance for the difference in years, no less unmistakably the Uncle David who was at that moment walking to and fro under our windows. For one instant my wife's face lighted up.

"Why, Aunt Lucretia," she cried, "there he is! That's Uncle David, dear Uncle David."

"There he is *not*," replied Aunt Lucretia. "That's his business partner—some common person that he picked up on the ship he first sailed in—and, upon my word, I do believe it's that wretched creature outside. And I'll Uncle David *him*."

She marched out like a grenadier going to battle, and we followed her meekly. There was, unfortunately, no room for doubt in the case. It only needed a glance to see that the man



"You're my own dear Uncle David, *anyway*!"—Page 179.

with one arm was a member of my wife's family, and that the man by his side, *our* Uncle David, bore no resemblance to him in stature or features.

Out on the lawn Aunt Lucretia sailed into the dear old gentleman in the five overcoats with a volley of vituperation. He did not interrupt her, but stood patiently to the end, listening, with his hands behind his back; and when, with her last gasp of available breath, Aunt Lucretia demanded:

"Who—who—who *are* you, you wretch?" he responded, calmly and respectfully, "I'm Tommy Biggs, Miss Lucretia."

But just here my wife threw herself



on his neck and hugged him, and cried :

"You're my own dear Uncle David, anyway !"

It was a fortunate, a gloriously fortunate inspiration. Aunt Lucretia drew herself up in speechless scorn, stretched forth her bony finger, tried to say something and failed, and then she and her hand-bag went out of my gates, never to come in again.

When she had gone, our aromatic uncle—for we shall always continue to think of him in that light, or rather in that odor—looked thoughtfully after her till she disappeared, and then made one of the few remarks I ever knew him to volunteer.

"Ain't changed a mite in forty-seven years."

Up to this time I had been in a dazed condition of mind. As I have said, my

wife's family was extinct save for herself and Aunt Lucretia, and she remembered so little of her parents, and she looked, herself, so little like Aunt Lucretia, that it was small wonder that neither of us remarked Uncle David's unlikeness to the family type. We knew that he did not resemble the ideal we had formed of him ; and that had been the only consideration we had given to his looks. Now, it took only a moment of reflection to recall the fact that all the members of the family had been tall and shapely, and that even between the ugly ones, like Aunt Lucretia, and the pretty ones, like my wife, there was a certain resemblance. Perhaps it was only the nose—the nose is the brand in most families, I believe—but whatever it was, I had only to see my wife and Aunt Lucretia together to realize that the man who had passed himself off as







Told him all the things that I should not have known how to say.—Page 181.

our Uncle David had not one feature in common with either of them—nor with the one-armed man in the daguerreotype. I was thinking of this, and looking at my wife's troubled face, when our aromatic uncle touched me on the arm.

"I'll explain," he said, "to you. *You* tell *her*."

We dismissed the carriage, went into the house, and sat down. The old gentleman was perfectly cool and collected, but he lit his clay pipe, and reflected for a good five minutes before he opened his mouth. Then he began :

"Finest man in the world, sir. Finest *boy* in the world. Never anything

like him. But, peculiarities. Had 'em. Peculiarities. Wouldn't write home. Wouldn't—" here he hesitated—"send things home. I had to do it. Did it for him. Didn't want his folks to know. Other peculiari-

ties. Never had any money. Other peculiarities. Drank. Other peculiarities. Ladies. Finest man in the world, all the same. Nobody like him. Kept him right with his folks for thirty-one years. Then died. Fever. Canton. Never been myself since. Kept right on writing, all the same. Also—" here he hesitated again—"sending things. Why? Don't know. Been a fool all my life. Never could do anything but make money. No family, no friends. Only *him*. Ran away to sea to look after him. Did look after him. Thought maybe your wife would be some like him. Barring peculiarities, she is. Getting old. Came here for company.



Meant no harm. Didn't calculate on Miss Lucretia."

Here he paused and smoked reflectively for a minute or two.

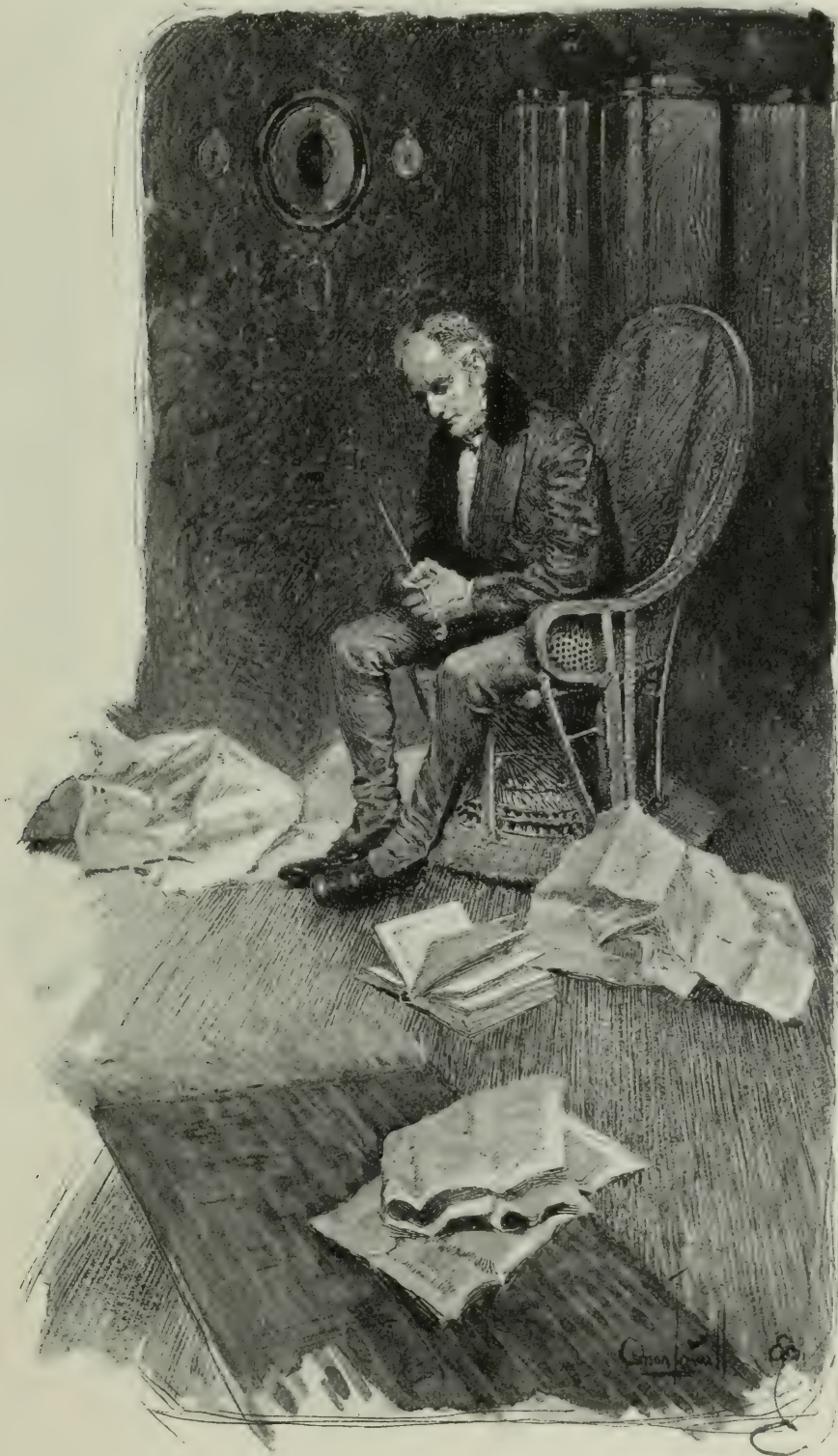
"Hot in the collar—Miss Lucretia. Haughty. Like him, some. Just like she was forty-seven years ago. Slapped my face one day when I was delivering

meat because my jumper wasn't clean. Ain't changed a mite."

This was the first condensed statement of the case of our aromatic uncle. It was only in reply to patient, and, I hope, loving, gentle, and considerate questioning that the whole story came out—at once pitiful and noble—of the

poor little butcher-boy who ran away to sea to be body-guard, servant, and friend to the splendid, showy, selfish youth whom he worshipped; whose heartlessness he cloaked for many a long year, who lived upon his bounty, and who died in his arms, nursed with a tenderness surpassing that of a brother. And as far as I could find out, ingratitude and contempt had been his only reward.

I need not tell you that when I repeated all this to my wife, she ran to the old gentleman's room and told him all the things that I should not have known how to say—that we cared for him; that we wanted him to stay with us; that he was far, far more our uncle than the brilliant, unprincipled scapegrace who had died years before, dead for almost a lifetime to the family who idolized him; and that we wanted him to stay with us as long as kind heaven would let him. But it was of no use. A change had come



The duplicity of which he had been guilty weighed on his spirit.—Page 182.



over our aromatic uncle which we could both of us see, but could not understand. The duplicity of which he had been guilty weighed on his spirit. The next day he went out for his usual walk, and he never came back. We used every means of search and inquiry, but we never heard from him until we got this letter from Foo-choo-li:

"DEAR NEPHEW AND NIECE: The present is to inform you that I am enjoying the Health that might be expected of my Age, and in my condition of Body, which is to say Bad. I ship you by to-day's steamer, Pacific Monarch, four dozen jars of ginger, and two dozen ditto preserved oranges, to which I would have added some other Comfits,

which I purposed offering for your acceptance, if it were not that my Physician has forbidden me to leave my Bed. In case of Fatal Results from this trying Condition, my Will, duly attested, and made in your favor, will be placed in your hands by Messrs. Smithson & Smithson, my Customs Brokers, who will also pay all charges on goods sent. The Health of this place being unfavorably affected by the Weather, you are unlikely to hear more from,

"Dear Nephew and Niece,

"Your affectionate

"UNCLE."

And we never did hear more—except for his will—from Our Aromatic Uncle; but our whole house still smells of his love.



Exit OUR AROMATIC UNCLE



## MISS DELAMAR'S UNDERSTUDY

*By Richard Harding Davis*

A YOUNG man runs two chances of marrying the wrong woman. He marries her because she is beautiful, and because he persuades himself that every other lovable attribute must be associated with such beauty, or because she is in love with him. If this latter is the case, she gives certain values to what he thinks and to what he says which no other woman gives, and so he observes to himself, "This is the woman who best understands *me*."

You can reverse this and say that young women run the same risks, but as men are seldom beautiful, the first danger is eliminated. Women still marry men however because they are loved by them, and in time the woman grows to depend upon this love and to need it, and is not content without it, and so she consents to marry the man for no other reason than because he cares for her. For if a dog, even, runs up to you wagging his tail and acting as though he were glad to see you, you pat him on the head and say "what a nice dog." You like him because he likes you, and not because he belongs to a fine breed of animal and could take blue ribbons at bench shows.

This is the story of a young man who was in love with a beautiful woman, and who allowed her beauty to compensate him for many other things. When she failed to understand what he said to her he smiled and looked at her and forgave her at once, and when she began to grow uninteresting, he would take up his hat and go away, and so he never knew how very uninteresting she might possibly be if she were given time enough in which to demonstrate the fact. He never considered that, were he married to her, he could not take up his hat and go away when she became uninteresting, and that her remarks, which were not brilliant, could not be smiled away, either. They would rise up and greet him every morning, and would be the last thing he would hear at night.

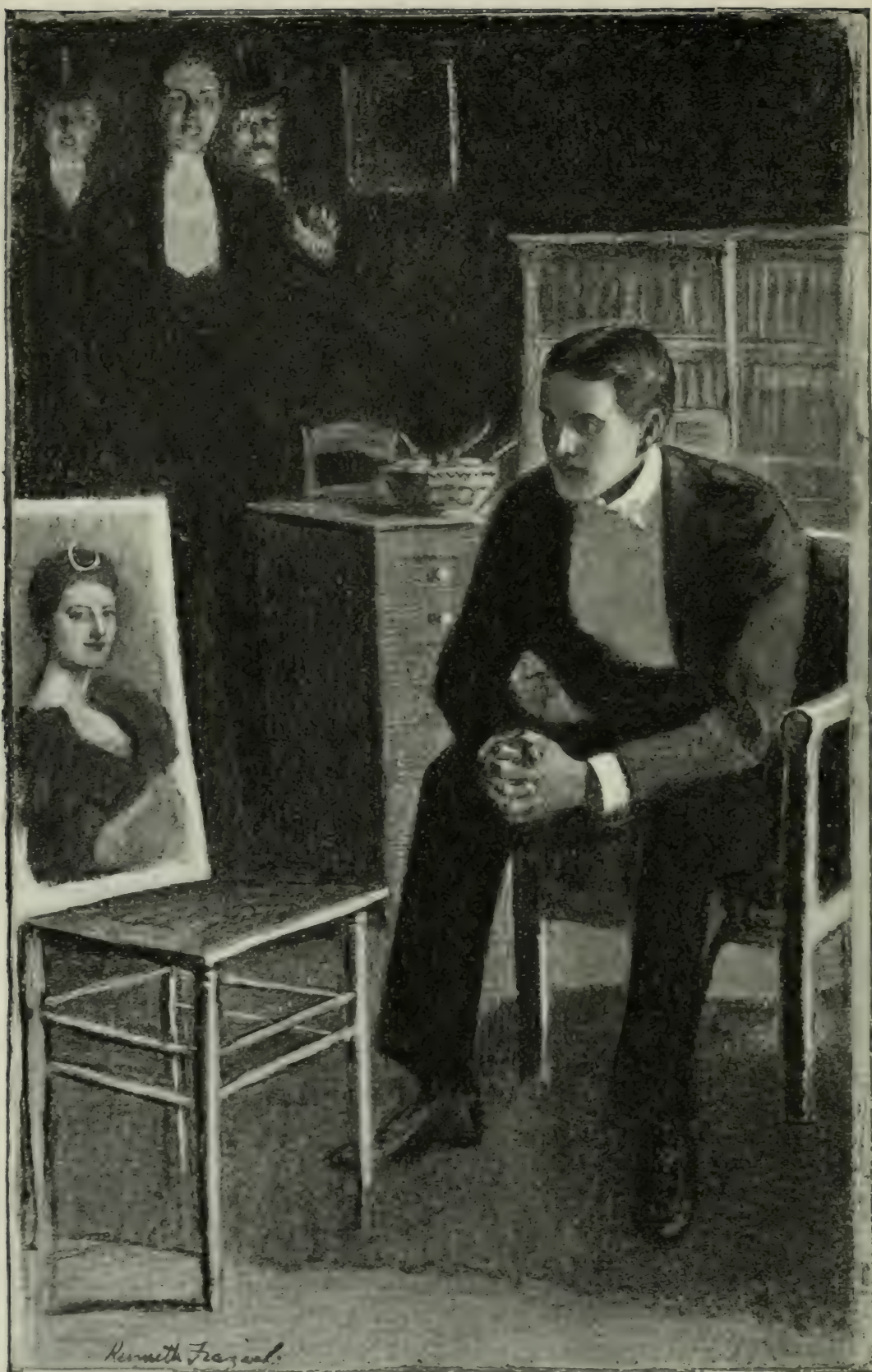
Miss Delamar's beauty was so conspicuous that to pretend not to notice it was more foolish than well-bred. You got along more easily and simply by accepting it at once, and referring to it, and enjoying its effect upon other people. To go out of one's way to talk of other things when every one, even Miss Delamar herself, knew what must be uppermost in your mind, always seemed as absurd as to strain a point in politeness and to pretend not to notice that a guest had upset his claret, or any other embarrassing fact. For Miss Delamar's beauty was so distinctly embarrassing that this was the only way to meet it—to smile and pass it over and to try, if possible, to get on to something else. It was on account of this extraordinary quality in her appearance that every one considered her beauty as something which transcended her private ownership, and which belonged by right to the polite world at large, to whomsoever could appreciate it properly, just as though it were a sunset or a great work of art or of nature. And so, when she gave away her photographs no one thought it meant anything more serious than a recognition on her part of the fact that it would have been unkind and selfish in her not to have shared the enjoyment of so much loveliness with others.

Consequently, when she sent one of her largest and most aggravatingly beautiful photographs to young Stuart, it was no sign that she cared especially for him.

How much young Stuart cared for Miss Delamar, however, was an open question, and a condition yet to be discovered. That he cared for some one, and cared so much that his imagination had begun to picture the awful joys and responsibilities of marriage, was only too well known to himself and was a state of mind already suspected by his friends.

Stuart was a member of the New York Bar, and the distinguished law firm to which he belonged was very





"He looked beyond, through the dying fire, into the succeeding years."—Page 193.



proud of its junior member, and treated him with indulgence and affection, which was not unmingled with amusement. For Stuart's legal knowledge had been gathered in many odd corners of the globe, and was various and peculiar. It had been his pleasure to study the laws by which men ruled other men in every condition of life, and under every sun. The regulations of a new mining camp were fraught with as great interest to him as the accumulated precedents of the English Constitution, and he had investigated the rulings of the mixed courts of Egypt and of the governments of the little Dutch republics near the Cape with as keen an effort to comprehend, as he had shown in studying the laws of the American Colonies and of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

But he was not always serious, and it sometimes happened that after he had arrived at some queer little island where the native Prince and the English Governor sat in judgment together, his interest in the intricacies of their laws would give way to the more absorbing occupation of chasing wild boar or shooting at tigers from the top of an elephant. And so he was not only regarded as an authority on many forms of government and of law, into which no one else had ever taken the trouble to look, but his books on big game were eagerly read and his articles in the magazines were earnestly discussed, whether they told of the divorce laws of Dakota, and the legal rights of widows in Cambodia, or the habits of the Mexican lion.

Stuart loved his work better than he knew, but how well he loved Miss Delamar neither he nor his friends could tell. She was the most beautiful and lovely creature that he had ever seen, and of that only was he certain.

Stuart was sitting in the club one day when the conversation turned to matrimony. He was among his own particular friends, the men before whom he could speak seriously or foolishly without fear of being misunderstood or of having what he said re-told and spoiled in the telling. There was Selton, the actor, and Rives who painted pictures, and young Sloane who trav-

elled for pleasure and adventure, and Weimer who stayed at home and wrote for the reviews. They were all bachelors and very good friends and jealously guarded their little circle from the intrusion of either men or women.

"Of course the chief objection to marriage," Stuart said—it was the very day in which the picture had been sent to his rooms—"is the old one that you can't tell anything about it until you are committed to it forever. It is a very silly thing to discuss, even, because there is no way of bringing it about, but there really should be some sort of a preliminary trial. As the man says in the play, 'you wouldn't buy a watch without testing it first.' You don't buy a hat, even, without putting it on, and finding out whether it is becoming or not, or whether your peculiar style of ugliness can stand it. And yet men go gayly off and get married, and make the most awful promises, and alter their whole order of life and risk the happiness of some lovely creature on trust, as it were, knowing absolutely nothing of the new conditions and responsibilities of the life before them. Even a river pilot has to serve an apprenticeship before he gets a license, and yet we are allowed to take just as great risks, and only because we *want* to take them. It's awful, and it's all wrong."

"Well, I don't see what one is going to do about it," commented young Sloane, lightly, "except to get divorced. That road is always open."

Sloane was starting the next morning for the Somali Country, in Abyssinia, to shoot rhinoceros, and his interest in matrimony was in consequence somewhat slight.

"It isn't the fear of the responsibilities that keeps Stuart, nor any one of us, back," said Weimer, contemptuously. "It's because we're selfish. That's the whole truth of the matter. We love our work, or our pleasure, or to knock about the world, better than we do any particular woman. When one of us comes to love the woman best, his conscience won't trouble him long about the responsibilities of marrying her."

"Not at all," said Stuart, "I am quite sincere; I maintain that there should be a preliminary stage. Of course there



can't be, and it's absurd to think of it, but it would save a lot of unhappiness."

"Well," said Seldon, dryly, "when you've invented a way to prevent marriage from being a lottery, let me know, will you?" He stood up and smiled nervously. "Any of you coming to see us to-night?" he asked.

"That's so," exclaimed Weimer, "I forgot. It's the first night of 'A Fool and His Money,' isn't it? Of course we're coming."

"I told them to put a box away for you in case you wanted it," Seldon continued. "Don't expect much. It's a silly piece, and I've a silly part, and I'm very bad in it. You must come around to supper, and tell me where I'm wrong in it, and we will talk it over. You coming, Stuart?"

"My dear old man," said Stuart, reproachfully. "Of course I am. I have had my seats for the last three weeks. Do you suppose I could miss hearing you mispronounce all the Hindostanee I've taught you?"

"Well, good-night then," said the actor, waving his hand to his friends as he moved away. "'We, who are about to die, salute you!'"

"Good luck to you," said Sloane, holding up his glass. "To The Fool and His Money," he laughed. He turned to the table again and sounded the bell for the waiter. "Now let's send him a telegram and wish him success, and all sign it," he said, "and don't you fellows tell him that I wasn't in front to-night. I've got to go to a dinner the Travellers' Club are giving me." There was a protesting chorus of remonstrance. "Oh, I don't like it any better than you do," said Sloane, "but I'll get away early and join you before the play's over. No one in the Travellers' Club, you see, has ever travelled farther from New York than London or the Riviera, and so when a member starts for Abyssinia they give him a dinner, and he has to take himself very seriously indeed, and say with Seldon, 'I who am about to die, salute you.' If that man there was any use," he added, interrupting himself and pointing with his glass at Stuart, "he'd pack up his things to-night and come with me."

"Oh, don't urge him," remonstrated

Weimer, who had travelled all over the world in imagination, with the aid of globes and maps, but never had got any farther from home than Montreal. "We can't spare Stuart. He has to stop here and invent a preliminary marriage state, so that if he finds he doesn't like a girl, he can leave her before it is too late."

"You sail at seven, I believe, and from Hoboken, don't you?" asked Stuart, calmly. "If you'll start at ten from the New York side, I think I'll go with you, but I hate getting up early; and then you see—I know what dangers lurk in Abyssinia, but who could tell what might not happen to him in Hoboken?"

When Stuart returned to his room, he found a large package set upright in an armchair and enveloped by many wrappings, but the handwriting on the outside told him at once from whom it came and what it might be, and he pounced upon it eagerly and tore it from its covers. The photograph was a very large one, and the likeness to the original so admirable that the face seemed to smile and radiate with all the loveliness and beauty of Miss Delamar herself. Stuart beamed upon it with genuine surprise and pleasure, and exclaimed delightedly to himself. There was a living quality about the picture which made him almost speak to it, and thank Miss Delamar through it for the pleasure she had given him and the honor she had bestowed. He was proud, flattered, and triumphant, and while he walked about the room deciding where he would place it, and holding the picture respectfully before him, he smiled upon it with grateful satisfaction.

He decided against his dressing-table as being too intimate a place for it, and so carried the picture on from his bed-room to the dining-room beyond, where he set it among his silver on the sideboard. But so little of his time was spent in this room that he concluded he would derive but little pleasure from it there, and so bore it back again into his library, where there were many other photographs and portraits, and where to other eyes than his own it would be less conspicuous.



He tried it first in one place and then in another, but in each position the picture predominated and asserted itself so markedly, that Stuart gave up the idea of keeping it inconspicuous and placed it prominently over the fireplace, where it reigned supreme above every other object in the room. It was not only the most conspicuous object there, but the living quality which it possessed in so marked a degree, and which was due to its naturalness of pose and the excellence of the likeness, made it permeate the place like a presence and with the individuality of a real person. Stuart observed this effect with amused interest and noted also that the photographs of other women had become commonplace in comparison, like lithographs in a shop window, and that the more masculine accessories of a bachelor's apartment had grown suddenly aggressive and out of keeping. The liquor case and the racks of arms and of barbarous weapons which he had collected with such pride seemed to have lost their former value and meaning, and he instinctively began to gather up the mass of books and maps and photographs and pipes and gloves which lay scattered upon the table, and to put them in their proper place, or to shove them out of sight altogether. "If I'm to live up to that picture," he thought, "I must see that George keeps this room in better order—and I must stop wandering round here in my bath-robe." His mind continued on the picture while he was dressing, and he was so wrapped up in it and in analyzing the effect it had had upon him, that his servant spoke twice before he heard him.

"No," he answered, "I shall not dine here to-night." Dining at home was with him a very simple affair, and a somewhat lonely one, and he avoided it almost nightly by indulging himself in a more expensive fashion.

But even as he spoke an idea came to Stuart which made him reconsider his determination, and which struck him as so amusing, that he stopped pulling at his tie and smiled delightedly at himself in the glass before him.

"Yes," he said, still smiling, "I will dine here to-night. Get me anything

in a hurry. You need not wait now, go get the dinner up as soon as possible."

The effect which the photograph of Miss Delamar had upon him, and the transformation it had accomplished in his room, had been as great as would have marked the presence there of the girl herself, and while considering this it had come to Stuart, like a flash of inspiration, that here was a way by which he could test the responsibilities and conditions of married life without compromising either himself, or the girl to whom he would suppose himself to be married.

"I will put that picture at the head of the table," he said, "and I will play that it is she herself, her own, beautiful, lovely self, and I will talk to her and exchange views with her, and make her answer me just as she would were we actually married and settled." He looked at his watch and found it was just seven o'clock. "I will begin now," he said, "and I will keep up the delusion until midnight. To-night is the best time to try the experiment because the picture is new now, and its influence will be all the more real. In a few weeks it may have lost some of its freshness and reality, and will have become one of the fixtures in the room."

Stuart decided that under these new conditions it would be more pleasant to dine at Delmonico's, and he was on the point of going to ask the Picture what she thought of it, when he remembered that while it might be possible for him to make a practice of dining at that place as a bachelor, he could not now afford so expensive a luxury, and he decided that he had better economize in that particular and go instead to one of the table d'hôte restaurants in the neighborhood. He regretted not having thought of this sooner, for he did not care to dine at a table d'hôte in evening dress, as in some places it rendered him conspicuous. So sooner than have this happen, he decided to dine at home as he had originally intended when he first thought of attempting this experiment, and so conducted the picture into dinner and placed her in an armchair facing him, with the candles full upon the face.



"Now this is something like," he exclaimed, joyously. "I can't imagine anything better than this. Here we are all to ourselves with no one to bother us, with no chaperone, or chaperone's husband either, which is generally worse. Why is it, my dear," he asked gayly, in a tone that he considered affectionate and husbandly, "that the attractive chaperones are always handicapped by such stupid husbands, and vice versa?"

"If that is true," replied the Picture, or replied Stuart, rather, for the picture, "I cannot be a very attractive chaperone."

Stuart bowed politely at this, and then considered the point it had raised as to whether he had, in assuming both characters, the right to pay himself compliments. He decided against himself in this particular instance, but agreed that he was not responsible for anything the Picture might say, so long as he sincerely and fairly tried to make it answer him as he thought the original would do under like circumstances. From what he knew of the original under other conditions, he decided that he could give a very close imitation of her point of view.

Stuart's interest in his dinner was so real that he found himself neglecting his wife, and he had to pull himself up to his duty with a sharp reproof. After smiling back at her for a moment or two until his servant had again left them alone, he asked her to tell him what she had been doing during the day.

"Oh, nothing very important," said the Picture. "I went shopping in the morning and——"

Stuart stopped himself and considered this last remark doubtfully. "Now, how do I know she would go shopping," he asked himself. "I don't believe the women I know go shopping. It sounds very common—people from Harlem and women who like bargain counters and who eat chocolate meringue for lunch, and then stop in at a continuous performance, go shopping. But I never heard of any of my friends doing it, they always get things abroad. It must be the comic paper sort of wives who go about matching shades and buying

hooks and eyes. Yes, I must have made Miss Delamar's understudy misrepresent her. I beg your pardon, my dear," he said aloud to the Picture. "You did not go shopping this morning. You probably went to a woman's luncheon somewhere. Tell me about that."

"Oh, yes, I went to lunch with the Antwerps," said the Picture, "and they had that Russian woman there who is getting up subscriptions for the Siberian prisoners. It's rather fine of her because it exiles her from Russia. She is a princess."

"That's nothing," Stuart interrupted, "they're all princesses when you see them on Broadway."

"I beg your pardon," said the Picture.

"It's of no consequence," said Stuart, apologetically, "it's a comic song. I forgot you didn't like comic songs. Well—go on."

"Oh, then I went to a tea, and then I stopped in to hear Madame Ruvier read a paper on the Ethics of Ibsen, and she——"

Stuart's voice had died away gradually, and he caught himself wondering whether he had told George to lay in a fresh supply of cigars. "I beg your pardon," he said, briskly, "I was listening, but I was just wondering whether I had any cigars left. You were saying that you had been at Madame Ruvier's, and——"

"I am afraid that you were not interested," said the Picture. "Never mind, it's my fault. Sometimes I think I ought to do more things of more interest, so that I should have something to talk to you about when you come home."

Stuart wondered at what hour he would come home now that he was married. As a bachelor he had been in the habit of stopping on his way up town from the law office, at the Club, or to take tea at the houses of the different girls he liked. Of course he could not do that now as a married man. He would instead have to limit his calls to married women, which was what all the other married men of his acquaintance did. But at the moment he could not think of any attractive married women who would like his dropping in on them in such a familiar manner, and



the other sort did not as yet appeal to him.

He seated himself in front of the coal fire in the library, with the Picture in a chair close beside him, and as he puffed pleasantly on his cigar he thought how well this suited him, and how delightful it was to find content in so simple and continuing a pleasure. He could almost feel the pressure of his wife's hand as it lay in his own, as they sat in silent sympathy looking into the friendly glow of the fire.

There was a long pleasant pause.

"They're giving Sloane a dinner to-night at the Travellers'," Stuart said, at last, "in honor of his going to Abyssinia."

Stuart pondered for some short time as to what sort of a reply Miss Delamar's understudy ought to make to this innocent remark. He recalled the fact that on numerous occasions she had shown not only a lack of knowledge in far-away places, but what was more trying, a lack of interest as well. For the moment he could not see her robbed of her pretty environment and tramping through undiscovered countries at his side. So the Picture's reply, when it came, was strictly in keeping with several remarks which Miss Delamar herself had made to him in the past.

"Yes," said the Picture, politely, "and where is Abyssinia—in India, isn't it?"

"No, not exactly," corrected Stuart, mildly; "you pass it on your way to India, though, as you go through the Red Sea. Sloane is taking Winchesters with him and a double express and a 'five fifty.' He wants to test their penetration. I think, myself, that the express is the best, but he says Selous and Chanler think very highly of the Winchester. I don't know, I never shot a rhinoceros. The time I killed that elephant," he went on, pointing at two tusks that stood with some assegais in a corner, "I used an express, and I had to let go with both barrels. I suppose, though, if I'd needed a third shot I'd have wished it was a Winchester. He was charging the smoke, you see, and I couldn't get away because I'd caught my foot—but I told you about that, didn't I?" Stuart interrupted himself to ask politely.

"Yes," said the Picture, cheerfully, "I remember it very well; it was very foolish of you."

Stuart straightened himself with a slightly injured air and avoided the Picture's eye. He had been stopped midway in what was one of his favorite stories, and it took a brief space of time for him to recover himself, and to sink back again into the pleasant lethargy in which he had been basking.

"Still," he said, "I think the express is the better gun."

"Oh, is an 'express' a gun?" exclaimed the Picture, with sudden interest. "Of course, I might have known."

Stuart turned in his chair and surveyed the Picture in some surprise. "But, my dear girl," he remonstrated kindly, "why didn't you ask, if you didn't know what I was talking about. What did you suppose it was?"

"I didn't know," said the Picture, "I thought it was something to do with his luggage. Abyssinia sounds so far away," she explained, smiling sweetly. "You can't expect one to be interested in such queer places, can you?"

"No," Stuart answered, reluctantly, and looking steadily at the fire, "I suppose not. But you see, my dear," he said, "I'd have gone with him, if I hadn't married you, and so I am naturally interested in his outfit. They wanted me to make a comparative study of the little semi-independent states down there, and of how far the Italian Government allows them to rule themselves. That's what I was to have done."

But the Picture hastened to reassure him. "Oh, you mustn't think," she exclaimed, quickly, "that I mean to keep you at home. I love to travel, too. I want you to go on exploring places just as you've always done, only now I will go with you. We might do the Cathedral Towns, for instance.

"The what!" gasped Stuart, sitting upright. "Oh, yes, of course," he added, hurriedly, sinking back into his chair with a slightly bewildered expression. "That would be very nice. Perhaps your mother would like to go too; it's not a dangerous expedition, is it? I was thinking of taking you on a trip through the South Seas—but I suppose



the Cathedral Towns are just as exciting. Or we might even penetrate as far into the interior as the English Lakes and read Wordsworth and Coleridge as we go."

Miss Delamar's understudy observed him closely for a moment, but he made no sign, and so she turned her eyes again to the fire with a slightly troubled look. She had not a strong sense of humor, but she was very beautiful.

Stuart's conscience troubled him for the next few moments, and he endeavored to make up for his impatience of the moment before, by telling the Picture how particularly well she was looking.

"It seems almost selfish to keep it all to myself," he mused.

"You don't mean," inquired the Picture, with tender anxiety, "that you want any one else here, do you? I'm sure I could be content to spend every evening like this. I've had enough of going out, and talking to people I don't care about. Two seasons," she added, with the superior air of one who has put away childish things, "was quite enough of it for me."

"Well, I never took it as seriously as that," said Stuart, "but, of course, I don't want any one else here to spoil our evening. It is perfect."

He assured himself that it *was* perfect, but he wondered what was the loyal thing for a married couple to do when the conversation came to a dead stop. And did the conversation come to a stop because they preferred to sit in silent sympathy and communion, or because they had nothing interesting to talk about? Stuart doubted if silence was the truest expression of the most perfect confidence and sympathy. He generally found when he was interested, that either he or his companion talked all the time. It was when he was bored that he sat silent. But it was probably different with married people. Possibly they thought of each other during these pauses, and of their own affairs and interests, and he asked himself how many interests could they fairly retain with which the other had nothing to do?

"I suppose," thought Stuart, "that I had better compromise and read aloud.

Should you like me to read aloud?" he asked, doubtfully.

The Picture brightened perceptibly at this and said that she thought that would be charming. "We might make it quite instructive," she suggested, entering eagerly into the idea. "We ought to agree to read so many pages every week. Suppose we begin with Guizot's 'History of France.' I have always meant to read that, the illustrations look so interesting."

"Yes, we might do that," assented Stuart, doubtfully. "It is in six volumes, isn't it? Suppose now, instead," he suggested, with an impartial air, "we begin that to-morrow night, and go this evening to see Seldon's new play, 'The Fool and His Money.' It's not too late, and he has saved a box for us, and Weimer and Rives and Sloane will be there, and——"

The Picture's beautiful face settled for just an instant in an expression of disappointment. "Of course," she replied, slowly, "if you wish it. But I thought you said," she went on with a sweet smile, "that this was perfect. Now you want to go out again. Isn't this better than a hot theatre? You might put up with it for one evening, don't you think?"

"Put up with it!" exclaimed Stuart, enthusiastically; "I could spend every evening so. It was only a suggestion. It wasn't that I wanted to go so much as that I thought Seldon might be a little hurt if I didn't. But I can tell him you were not feeling very well, and that we will come some other evening. He generally likes to have us there on the first night, that's all. But he'll understand."

"Oh," said the Picture, "if you put it in the light of a duty to your friend, of course we will go."

"Not at all," replied Stuart, hastily; "I will read something. I should really prefer it. How would you like something of Browning's?"

"Oh, I read all of Browning once," said the Picture, "I think I should like something new."

Stuart gasped at this, but said nothing, and began turning over the books on the centre table. He selected one of the monthly magazines, and



choosing a story which neither one of them had read, sat down comfortably in front of the fire, and finished it without interruption and to the satisfaction of the Picture and himself. The story had made the half-hour pass very pleasantly, and they both commented on it with interest.

"I had an experience myself once something like that," said Stuart, with a pleased smile of recollection; "it happened in Paris"—he began with the deliberation of a man who is sure of his story—"and it turned out in much the same way. It didn't begin in Paris, it really began while we were crossing the English Channel to——"

"Oh, you mean about the Russian who took you for some one else and had you followed," said the Picture. "Yes, that was like it, except that in your case nothing happened."

Stuart took his cigar from between his lips and frowned severely at the lighted end for some little time before he spoke.

"My dear," he remonstrated, gently, "you mustn't tell me I've told you all my old stories before. It isn't fair. Now that I'm married, you see, I can't go about and have new experiences, and I've got to make use of the old ones."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," exclaimed the Picture, remorsefully. "I didn't mean to be rude. Please tell me about it. I should like to hear it again, ever so much. I *should* like to hear it again, really."

"Nonsense," said Stuart, laughing and shaking his head. "I was only joking; personally I hate people who tell long stories. That doesn't matter. I was thinking of something else."

He continued thinking of something else, which was, that though he had been in jest when he spoke of having given up the chance of meeting fresh experiences, he had nevertheless described a condition, and a painfully true one. His real life seemed to have stopped, and he saw himself in the future looking back and referring to it, as though it were the career of an entirely different person, of a young man, with quick sympathies which required satisfying, as any appetite requires food. And he had an uncomfort-

able doubt that these many ever-ready sympathies would rebel if fed on only one diet. The Picture did not interrupt him in his thoughts, and he let his mind follow his eyes as they wandered over the objects above him on the mantle. They all meant something from the past, a busy, wholesome past which had formed habits of thought and action, habits he could no longer enjoy alone, and which, on the other hand, it was quite impossible for him to share with any one else. He was no longer to be alone.

Stuart stirred uneasily in his chair and poked at the fire before him.

"Do you remember the day you came to see me," said the Picture, sentimentally, "and built the fire yourself and lighted some girl's letters to make it burn?"

"Yes," said Stuart, "that is, I *said* that they were some girl's letters. It made it more picturesque. I am afraid they were bills. I should say I did remember it," he continued, enthusiastically. "You wore a black dress and little red slippers with big black rosettes, and you looked as beautiful as—as night—as a moonlight night."

The Picture frowned slightly.

"You are always telling me about how I looked," she complained; "can't you remember any time when we were together without remembering what I had on and how I appeared?"

"I cannot," said Stuart, promptly. "I can recall lots of other things besides, but I can't forget how you looked. You have a fashion of emphasizing episodes in that way which is entirely your own, but, as I say, I can remember something else. Do you remember, for instance, when we went up to West Point on that yacht? Wasn't it a grand day, with the autumn leaves on both sides of the Hudson, and the dress parade, and the dance afterward at the hotel?"

"Yes, I should think I did," said the Picture, smiling. "You spent all your time examining cannon, and talking to the men about 'firing in open order,' and left me all alone."

"Left you all alone! I like that," laughed Stuart; "all alone with about eighteen officers."



"Well, but that was natural," returned the Picture. "They were men. It's natural for a girl to talk to men, but why should a man want to talk to men?"

"Well, I know better than that now," said Stuart.

He then proceeded to show that he knew better by remaining silent for the next half-hour, during which time he continued to wonder whether this effort to keep up a conversation was not radically wrong. He thought of several things he might say, but he argued that it was an impossible situation where a man had to make conversation with his own wife; the talk should just flow naturally of its own accord. The clock struck ten as he sat waiting, and he moved uneasily in his chair.

"What is it?" asked the Picture; "what makes you so restless?"

Stuart regarded the Picture timidly for a moment before he spoke. "I was just thinking," he said, doubtfully, "that we might run down after all, and take a look in at the last act; it's not too late even now. They're sure to run behind on the first night. And then," he urged, "we can go around and see Seldon. You have never been behind the scenes, have you? It's very interesting."

"No, I have not, but if we do," remonstrated the Picture, pathetically, "you *know* all those men will come trooping home with us. You know they will."

"But that's very complimentary," said Stuart. "Why, I like my friends to like my wife."

"Yes, but you know how they stay when they get here," she answered; "I don't believe they ever sleep. Don't you remember the last supper you gave me before we were married, when Mrs. Starr and you all were discussing Mr. Seldon's play? She didn't make a move to go until half-past two, and I was *that* sleepy, I couldn't keep my eyes open."

"Yes," said Stuart. "I remember. I'm sorry. I thought it was very interesting. Seldon changed the whole second act on account of what she said. Well, after this," he laughed with cheerful desperation, "I think I shall make

up for the part of a married man in a pair of slippers and a dressing-gown, and then perhaps I won't be tempted to roam abroad at night."

"You must wear the gown they are going to give you at Oxford," said the Picture, smiling placidly. "The one Aunt Lucy was telling me about. Why do they give you a gown?" she asked. "It seems such an odd thing to do."

"The gown comes with the degree, I believe," said Stuart.

"But why do they give *you* a degree?" persisted the Picture; "you never studied at Oxford, did you?"

Stuart moved slightly in his chair and shook his head. "I thought I told you," he said, gently. "No, I never studied there. I wrote some books on—things, and they liked them."

"Oh, yes, I remember now, you did tell me," said the Picture; "and I told Aunt Lucy about it, and said we would be in England during the season, when you got your degree, and she said you must be awfully clever to get it. You see—she does appreciate you, and you always treat her so distantly."

"Do I?" said Stuart, quietly; "I'm sorry."

"Will you have your portrait painted in it?" asked the Picture.

"In what?"

"In the gown. You are not listening," said the Picture, reproachfully. "You ought to. Aunt Lucy says it's a beautiful shade of red silk, and very long. Is it?"

"I don't know," said Stuart. He shook his head, and dropping his chin into his hands, stared coldly down into the fire. He tried to persuade himself that he had been vainglorious, and that he had given too much weight to the honor which the University of Oxford would bestow upon him; that he had taken the degree too seriously, and that the Picture's view of it was the view of the rest of the world. But he could not convince himself that he was entirely at fault.

"Is it too late to begin on Guizot?" suggested his Picture, as an alternative to his plan. "It sounds so improving."

"Yes, it is much too late," answered Stuart, decidedly. "Besides, I don't



want to be improved. I want to be amused, or inspired, or scolded. The chief good of friends is that they do one of these three things, and a wife should do all three."

"Which shall I do?" asked the Picture, smiling good-humoredly.

Stuart looked at the beautiful face and at the reclining figure of the woman to whom he was to turn for sympathy for the rest of his life, and felt a cold shiver of terror, that passed as quickly as it came. He reached out his hand and placed it on the arm of the chair where his wife's hand should have been and patted the place kindly. He would shut his eyes to everything but that she was good and sweet and his wife. Whatever else she lacked that her beauty had covered up and hidden, and the want of which had lain unsuspected in their previous formal intercourse, could not be mended now. He would settle his step to hers, and eliminate all those interests from his life which were not hers as well. He had chosen a beautiful idol, and not a companion, for a wife. He had tried to warm his hands at the fire of a diamond.

Stuart's eyes closed wearily as though to shut out the memories of the past, or the foreknowledge of what the future was sure to be. His head sank forward on his breast, and with his hand shading his eyes, he looked beyond, through the dying fire, into the succeeding years.

The gay little French clock on the table sounded the hour of midnight briskly, with a pert insistent clamor, and at the same instant a boisterous and unruly knocking answered it from outside the library door.

Stuart rose uncertainly from his chair and surveyed the tiny clock face with a startled expression of bewilderment and relief.

"Stuart!" his friends called impatiently from the hall. "Stuart, let us in!" and without waiting further for recognition a merry company of gentlemen pushed their way noisily into the room.

"Where the devil have you been?" demanded Weimer. "You don't de-

serve to be spoken to at all after quitting us like that. But Seldon is so good-natured," he went on, "that he sent us after you. It was a great success, and he made a rattling good speech, and you missed the whole thing; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. We've asked half the people in front to supper—two stray Englishmen, all the Wilton girls and their governor, and the chap that wrote the play. And Seldon and his brother Sam are coming as soon as they get their make-up off. Don't stand there like that, but hurry. What have you been doing?"

Stuart gave a nervous, anxious laugh. "Oh, don't ask me," he cried. "It was awful. I've been trying an experiment, and I had to keep it up until midnight, and—I'm so glad you fellows have come," he continued, halting midway in his explanation. "*I was blue.*"

"You've been asleep in front of the fire," said young Sloane, "and you've been dreaming."

"Perhaps," laughed Stuart, gayly, "perhaps. But I'm awake now in any event. Sloane, old man," he cried, dropping both hands on the youngster's shoulders. "How much money have you? Enough to take me to Gibraltar? I can cable from there for the rest."

"Hoorah!" shouted Sloane, waltzing from one end of the room to the other. "We're off to Ab-yss-in-ia in the morn-ing," he sang. "There's plenty in my money belt," he cried, slapping his sides, "you can hear the ten-pound notes crackle whenever I breathe, and it's all yours, my dear boy, and welcome. And I'll prove to you that the Winchester is the better gun."

"All right," returned Stuart, gayly, "and I'll try to prove that the Italians don't know how to govern a native state. But who is giving this supper, anyway?" he demanded. "That is the main thing—that's what I want to know."

"You've got to pack, haven't you?" suggested Rives.

"I'll pack when I get back," said Stuart, struggling into his greatcoat, and searching in his pockets for his gloves. "Besides, my things are always ready and there's plenty of time,



the boat doesn't leave for six hours yet."

"We'll all come back and help," said Weimer.

"Then I'll never get away," laughed Stuart. He was radiant, happy, and excited, like a boy back from school for the holidays. But when they had reached the pavement, he halted and ran his hand down into his pocket, as though feeling for his latch-key, and stood looking doubtfully at his friends.

"What is it now?" asked Rives, impatiently. "Have you forgotten something?"

Stuart looked back at the front door in momentary indecision.

"Y-es," he answered. "I did forget something. But it doesn't matter," he added, cheerfully, taking Sloane's arm.

"Come on," he said, "and so Seldon made a hit, did he? I am glad—and

tell me, old man, how long will we have to wait at Gib for the P. & O.?"

Stuart's servant had heard the men trooping down the stairs, laughing and calling to one another as they went, and judging from this that they had departed for the night, he put out all the lights in the library and closed the piano, and lifted the windows to clear the room of the tobacco-smoke. He did not notice the beautiful photograph sitting upright in the armchair before the fireplace, and so left it alone in the deserted library.

The cold night-air swept in through the open window and chilled the silent room, and the dead coals in the grate dropped one by one into the fender with a dismal echoing clatter; but the Picture still sat in the armchair with the same graceful pose and the same lovely expression, and smiled sweetly at the encircling darkness.

## SUMMER SONG

*By Duncan Campbell Scott*

Sing me a song of the summer-time,  
Of the fire in the sorrel and ruby clover,  
Where the garrulous bobolinks lilt and chime,  
Over and over.

Sing me a song of the strawberry-bent,  
Of the black-cap hiding the heap of stones,  
Of the milk-weed drowsy with sultry scent,  
Where the bee drones.

Sing me a song of the spring-head still,  
Of the dewy fern in the solitude,  
Of the hermit-thrush and the whippoorwill  
Haunting the wood.

Sing me a song of the gleaming scythe,  
Of the scented hay in the buried wain,  
Of the mowers whistling bright and blithe,  
In the sunny rain.

Sing me a song of the quince and the gage,  
Of the apricot by the orchard wall,  
Where bends my love Armitage,  
Gathering the fruit of the windfall.

Sing me a song of the rustling, slow,  
Sway of the wheat as the winds croon,  
Of the golden disk and the dreaming glow,  
Of the harvest-moon.



## ALL PARIS A-WHEEL

*By Arsène Alexandre*

**R**APIDITY has invariably been a distinguishing trait of great revolutions. A government that lasts over-night has a good chance of life; but a style, a fashionable fad, one

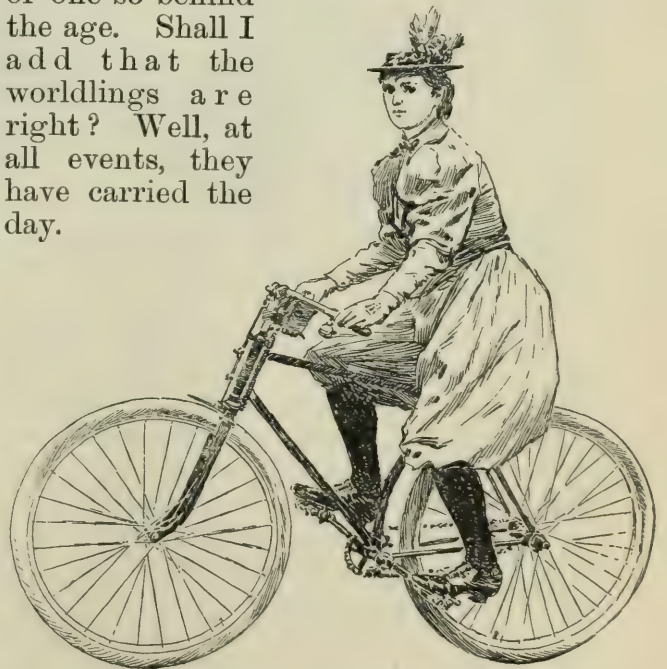


that pretends to affect widely our habits and ideas, which cannot make its way inside of a year, is pretty sure to fall flat. At all events, it will never become really popular and at the same time really fashionable in the extraordinary way in which the bicycle has come to the front in France. This may seem rather a pompous way of beginning these notes upon the popular toy of the day, and yet if the bicycle fad is not of grave im-

port, it is at least one of the most extraordinary manifestations of to-day. For instance, what would have been thought ten years ago, or even five years ago, of the prophet who should have risked his reputation upon the following prediction? "In a short time you will see the country roads and the parks filled with people wheeling along upon velocipedes—they were so called ten years ago—and among the most devoted of the riders will be found the bearers of the noblest names in France, the foremost representatives of the financial and fashionable worlds." The writer would have been thought insane. If he had added: "This is not all. The great ladies of the land will unblushingly don man's dress, or something alarmingly like it, and jump astride their apparatus.

Among the most fanatic of the riders will be the young Marquise de B., the lineal descendant of a famous crusader; Mme C., daughter of the great banker, with no family tree worth mentioning as compared with that of the Marquise, but a much bigger fortune; and Mmes D., E., and so on throughout the alphabet of merchant princes and the professions, the republican aristocracy, and even the French Academy"—should our prophet have dared to venture so far as this he would have had a score of invitations to coffee and pistols from the justly indignant husbands, fathers, and brothers of these ladies. Public opinion would have denounced him as an imaginative rascal.

Upon the other hand, if anyone dares to-day to criticise as over-bold the crowds of pretty women who cycle, accompanied by husbands or friends, all of them people of excellent social standing, he would most assuredly be set down at once as an old fossil, and this gay world would smile with pity if it took the trouble to listen to the plaint of one so behind the age. Shall I add that the worldlings are right? Well, at all events, they have carried the day.



These and the following from recent photographs (by Ch. Barenne) of Paris bicycle costumes.





After all, say what we may, the pretty bicyclists have added one charm more to the Bois de Boulogne. As you take your morning stroll, charming visions flash by, one after another, with the silvery tinkle of a warning bell or a soft whistle; a fleeting picture of graceful womanhood mounted upon glittering, whirring, dazzling wheels—a vision all too short. There is an endless variety about these bicycle pictures; the unexpected often appears, and sometimes the comic. The costumes also are amazingly varied, and it seems incredible that such color variety can be obtained by the use of brown, black, and dark blue, the only colors really allowed by fashion, and which harmonize well with the sandy gray of the roads and the green of the lawns and trees.

The keen observer finds things about these bicyclers even more interesting than color studies. Certain disgruntled philosophers have contended that the woman you see is seldom the woman you think you see. Mounted upon her bicycle, most women have to tell the truth about themselves. One can distinguish at a glance the daring, wilful beauty from the timid, tender girl. The woman is reduced for the moment to the plane of a boy, whose good looks or lack of them, health, vigor of mind

and body, are apparent. I will even go so far as to advise a man not to get married until he has seen the object of his choice disport herself upon a bicycle.

I have just remarked that there are some comic features among the bicycle sights of the Bois. A certain young woman, tall and lithe, whose gowns are dreams, and who, with the help of her dress-maker, really deceives the world—without intending it, I suppose—into forgetting how very lithe she is, appears upon her bicycle as a very thin young fellow, and thin is the word, notwithstanding all the artifices of a costume big enough for two. And, curiously enough, the bicycle dress, which makes the lithe woman thin, really seems to add weight to the fat and fair creature who pedals along in desperation and the hope that she may thereby get rid of some superfluous flesh.

It was probably the brutal frankness of the bicycle costume that led women to hesitate so long before adopting it, and mounting what our Chinese friends call the steeds of steel and rubber. Three or four years ago women in good society still had grave doubts about the bicycle. They committed themselves only by slow stages, at the beginning. They were like bathers who dip first a foot into the wave only to draw it back with a cry; then they plunge in. Fashionable women first tried the bicycle in the country, in the grounds of the château. What would have been in Paris a sinful outrage to the prejudices of good society became possible behind one's own gates. One is not always upon dress parade in the country. When the bicycle craze began there were no women's dresses, and that was another bar. Just imagine one of the leaders of society going to her dress-maker and requesting a suitable costume to ride a steel wheel. The good woman, or man, would be shocked, and there would be scathing articles about the matter in the fashion chronicles. So the first costumes were mostly home-made affairs, designed by the riders and made up by workwomen sworn to secrecy. Such costumes were perhaps useful, but they lacked the





The Avenue de Bois de Boulogne—at the Fashionable Hour.



highest attributes of style. It required particular art to make a waist that would harmonize with this short skirt, which was not exactly a short skirt, but—something different.

We have changed all that. Paris has now half a dozen tailors who make a specialty of bicycle costumes for women in high society; they do nothing else and work for no other class. This will give some notion of the change that a few years have made in our ideas, once the first plunge had been made.

But that first plunge! There must have been a moment of supreme anguish. It was all very well to cycle in private grounds upon a wheel hired from someone who promised not to tell. Perhaps a short sally was made one day beyond the park gates. Of course it was an agony. The rustics stared aghast at the lady of the manor thus bereft of her senses and most of her legitimate dress. In their eyes it was a most reprehensible proceeding. They were more than astonished, they were inclined to be indignant; public morality had been outraged. But we get used to everything and anything, and now every summer you see the young women of the châteaux exchanging visits on bicycles, and not even the rustic of rustics gets excited over the spectacle. People pay visits and make long tours on their bicycles; soon they will adopt them for travelling, and give up the railway.

As yet our fashionable women have not exceeded from thirty to fifty miles, and for that matter there are hundreds of lovely excursions to be made within that distance of Paris. In Paris we find the bicycle fever at its height. There are no famous professors of the bicycling art outside of Paris, and some timid women have paid vast sums to induce these experts to come to their country houses and give lessons. One may smile at these bumptious profes-

sors of bicycling, but a professor is a professor for all that.

The Paris streets present a final and very serious obstacle to the beginner. Of course there may be some little danger in the crowd of vehicles and the rush and confusion of the boulevards,

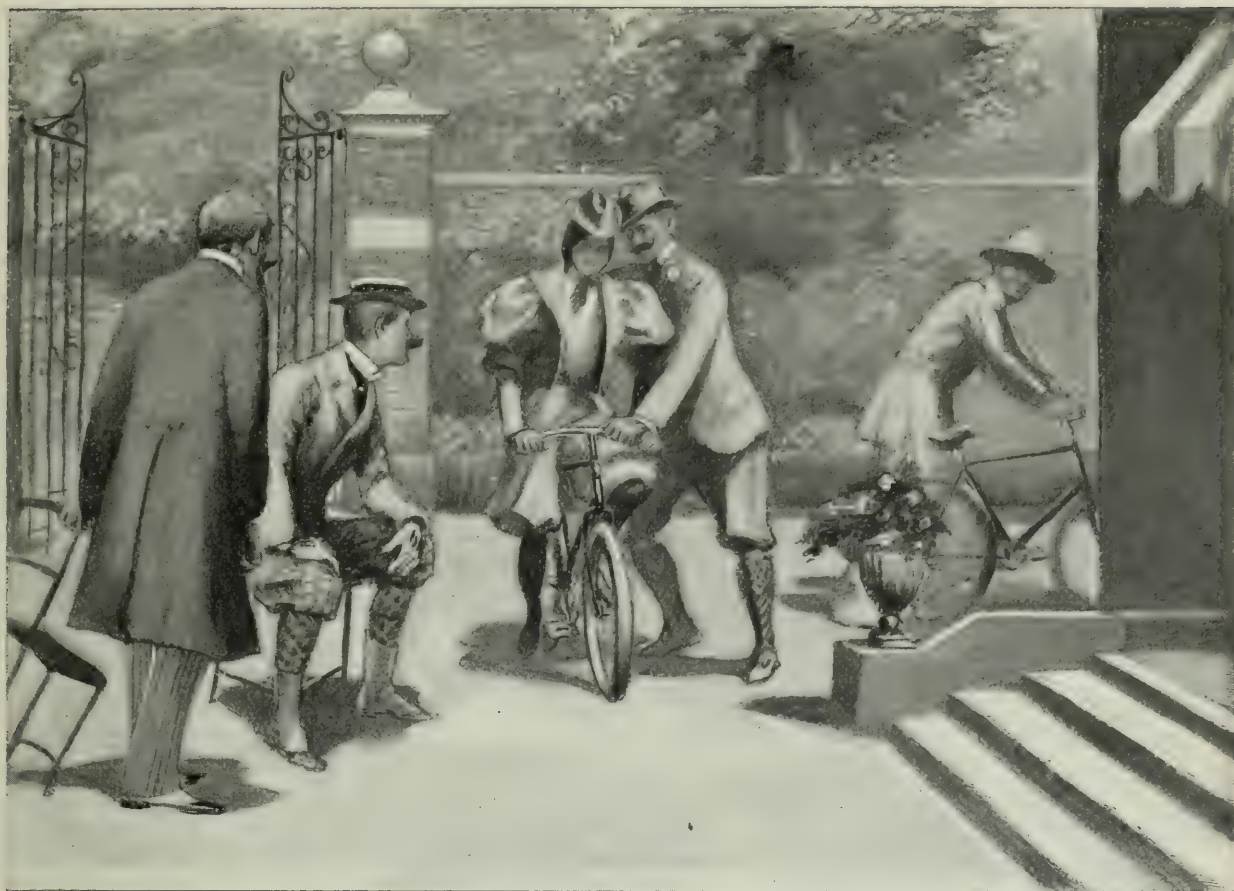
but really this is not the true reason. Madame, who likes to be noticed and admired when she takes her walks abroad, does not like to think that she attracts attention simply because of her bicycle costume and wheel; she will sacrifice herself rather than employ so cheap a subterfuge as that. So she rides to the Bois in her *coupé*, and meets the groom who brings her bicycle. The man, if he can ride, follows at a respectful distance, and the return to town is made in the same discreet manner. Often a party of friends meet daily for a spin

of a dozen miles, leaving their bicycles at the gates of the Bois, and finding cloaks in their carriages. Thus Mme Ménier and Mme de Camondo, two of the most distinguished amateurs of the sport, follow this practice.

The Prince de Sagan is the grand counsellor of all these pretty enthusiasts. He himself is a fanatic upon the subject of the wheel, and for the sake of history let us note his invariable attire of velvet and white gloves. Just now he is busy with the organization of a bicycle rink for the exclusive use of society women; and women are grateful, for Paris is rather lacking in this respect. There are one or two of the many rinks where women in high life do resort for want of a better place; such is the Vélodrome Buffalo, near Neuilly, and the Vélodrome de la Seine. But they are not fitted up in pleasing style, and the company is apt to be mixed. There is one rink, to be sure, in the Champs Élysées, where the ser-







Scene at the Opening of the Curtain of Lemaître's New Play at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris.

vice is excellent, thanks to high prices, and the arrangements comfortable; there women may take their lessons and practise without too much publicity. Nevertheless, it is not yet perfection.

For this reason our excellent Prince—this title is enough for any Parisian to know who is meant—is trying to obtain some place on the Polo grounds, in the Bois de Boulogne, where the fashionable world a-wheel will feel at home. There is hardly a château worthy of the name which has not to-day its private bicycle track. Why should Paris not have something equally exclusive?

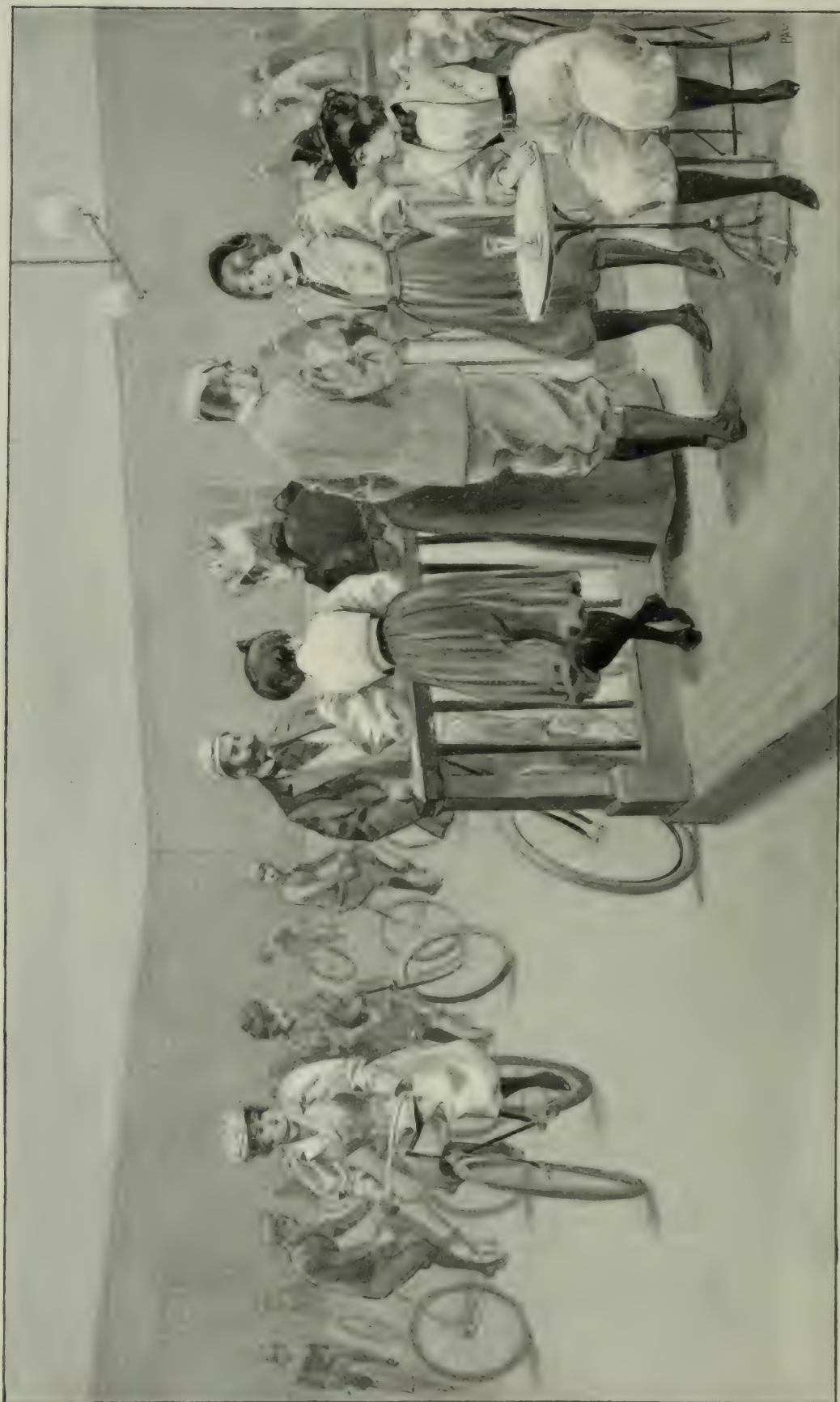
A fine stable requires expert grooms, and so a new race of servants has come into being—the bicycle groom, who knows all about the care of the machine and is always ready to help the beginner. In great country houses the post is no sinecure, as guests come in droves, and all of them can ride, or think they can.

Just now the ambition of most women appears to be to ride the man's machine, the diamond frame, a lighter machine than the ordinary woman's wheel; and I

honestly believe that this latter wheel will soon be relegated to the limbo of curiosities. Much the same thing will happen with regard to the present costume. Already the skirt is fast going; another step and it will be but a memory. Here is the orthodox and really fashionable costume: Very full knickerbockers, the folds falling below the knee, the appearance being that of a skirt, and yet without a skirt's inconvenience; the waist may vary, but the most popular, especially with slim-waisted women, is that known as the Bolero. And above all a man's cap or hat, in warm weather of straw, at other seasons of felt. The stockings may be of fine wool, black or dark blue; silk stockings are tabooed, and any color but black or dark blue, such as stripes or "loud" colors, are considered deplorable. Finally, laced or buttoned shoes, but not reaching above the ankle. Gaiters are a blunder, and moreover they are apt to hurt.

All this is highly artistic when properly worn; and yet the height of perfection has not been reached. Hun-



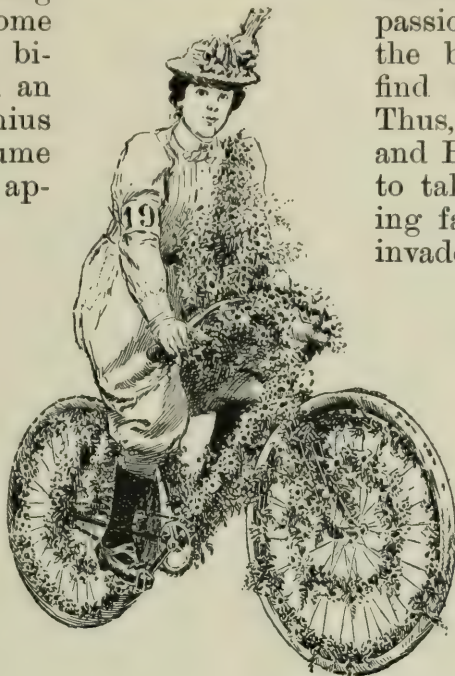


In a Parisian "Vélodrome."



dreds of bicyclists, men and women of irreproachable taste, are busy designing something that will be better, and the fashionable tailors are losing sleep in the quest for some successful design. The bicycle world awaits with an ovation the man of genius who will suggest a costume at once simple, elegant, appropriate, comfortable, and, last but not least, not yet worn everywhere.

In the meantime the world outside of fashion's domain is not so particular. In order to complete this little account of the bicycle-mania in Paris, I must say a word about the excellent people whom one meets by the thousand upon every fair day—mostly men in some sort of improvised costume, with ordinary trousers fastened at the bottom with steel clasps; they are probably tradespeople coming and going from their shops and counting-houses, pedalling along with energy and enthusiasm, and highly indifferent to the call for an unique bicycle costume.



I have used the expression bicycle-mania, and in view of the facts, is it anything short of that? No class of the community is free from the passion, the workers as well as the butterflies. The workers find the exercise helpful. Thus, such painters as Béraud and Roll were among the first to take it up. Most convincing fact of all, the bicycle has invaded the theatre, the court of last appeal in Paris. Not only our stage celebrities have taken to the wheel by the score, but in a recent piece by Jules Lemaitre, produced at the Gymnase Theatre, the chief personages made their first entry upon bicycles.

Coquelin, the younger, is now at work upon a monologue which he proposes to recite from end to end while a-wheel and working his pedals. Bicycle "business," feats of riding, bell-ringing, and whistle-blowing will vary the recital, at the last words of which bicycle and rider will disappear in the wings.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

*By Benjamin Paul Blood*

THINGS are dark in the light when the Morning is here,  
And youth turns to the future, in splendor unrolled,—  
Things are dark in the light, for their shadows come near  
When the sunshine comes up o'er the mountains of gold.

We have lived, we have loved: through the glow of the West,  
Now the shadows come near from that future untold;  
But the gardens of Memory bloom and are blest  
When the sunshine looks back o'er the mountains of gold.



# THE RECTOR'S HAT

*By Noah Brooks*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. Y. TURNER

## THE STREET OF VICE



THE Reverend Justinian Littlefield, Rector of Trinity, Millbrook, having finished a long-deferred list of parochial calls, hurried homeward in the gathering gloom of the autumnal twilight; a shower was impending and a high wind came before the rain. The reverend gentleman cherished a deep hostility to all dirt and all schismatics. Dirt, he was accustomed to say, is merely matter out of place; and schismatics are wrong-headed people who insist on calling themselves Christians; whereas they are worldly people out of place. Dirt, by scrupulous care, may be avoided. Heretical and disputatious persons, who refuse to accept as final the dogma of the apostolic succession, are among the inevitable evils of society, to be shunned if one would preserve serenity of temper and charity of judgment. Just now, the rector was intent on getting home before the whirling dust should soil his well-nourished and spotless person. He had great respect for his cloth.

Millbrook is a manufacturing town in which new-fangled mills and their operatives are still struggling with the ancient order of things, when an eminent respectability that verged on aristocracy guarded with mild dignity the interests of the community. The aristocrats are dying out and the newly rich, sons of mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for a former generation, are crowding into the best streets, living in the best houses. The Reverend Doctor Justinian Littlefield viewed these changes with undisguised dismay. It irked him to see his parish gradually

transformed, the prosperous mill men and their numerous progeny taking the places of the fine old families whose day was done, and whose sap had apparently sunk into the ground. That Browns and Whites and Greens should occupy the stately mansions built for the Livingstons, Athertons, and Barnwells was to him a mysterious dispensation of Providence. He accepted the new conditions with inward protest, and with an insolent condescension that irritated the self-love of the newly rich, whose names suggest the colors which their mills wove into fabrics. But, as far as he was able, he avoided the streets and avenues chiefly frequented by the substratum of the new society—the operatives and their swarming broods. So on this threatening autumn eve the good man reluctantly took Red Lane on his homeward way.

The rectory, with its handsome portico and trim gardens, faced Elm Avenue, and its nearest neighbors were the even handsomer homes of Judge Nelson and General Hutchinson. The trim garden smiled genteelly on the avenue; but behind the rectory it sloped steeply down to a retaining wall of stone that closed one end of Red Lane, making it a blind alley. When the village gossips illustrated their talk with the figure of speech, "butting your head against a stone wall," George Barnwell always thought of the rectory wall that closed the end of Red Lane—it was so relentless in its stoniness. To night, in the deepening twilight, the worthy Rector, afraid of being caught out in a shower, and more afraid of meeting the dust-clouds of the broad avenue, took a short cut homeward, braving the repulsiveness of Red Lane that he might thereby gain the steps in the retaining wall, and so reach the rectory by the shortest way.

The Reverend Justinian Littlefield,



contemplating Red Lane from his vine-clad and eminently dignified portico above, had marked with discomfort the gradual accretion of rum-shops, billiard-rooms, and other places of dissolute resort, so far below him. These grew and multiplied with the increase of mills and the consequent inflow of an alien population. Although there was less viciousness in Red Lane than the Rector imagined, he had come to regard it as a very den of vice, an habitation of cruelty. And from his loftiness on the floral heights above, he had named this the Street of Vice. Now, with a sense of having taken his life into his own hands, he plunged into the crepuscular dimness of the blind alley, on his way by a short cut to the rectory. Perhaps his trepidation was childish; but it was not unnatural, for the Rector was a timorous man, and he was glad when his footsteps resounded on the loose planks of the bridge that spanned the ravine which cuts Red Lane in twain. The bridge was more than half-way between the evil entrance to the Street of Vice and the rectory wall. He was nearly home.

An uncommonly fierce blast came roaring up the ravine, carrying clouds of yellow dust and striking the Rector full on the crown, blinding his eyes and flapping the wide rim of his apostolic hat exasperatingly over his face. Just then he was startled by the sudden impact of a person on his left side. With the ready instinct of self-defence he struck out in the dusty and stormy twilight, and his hand rudely smote full in the face of a man. He heard what seemed a smothered oath and a saying which he could not understand. He was rapped sharply on the head; a pair of stalwart hands grasped him firmly by the collar of his sacerdotal coat; he felt himself lifted in the air and whirling in the eddying gust, striking the low rail of the bridge, then falling, falling, he knew not whither; he heard a crashing sound at the back of his head, not painful but odd and unusual. Then all was still, and the good Rector, flat on his back among the stones in the bottom of the ravine, lapsed into unconsciousness that resembled death more than sleep.

GEORGE BARNWELL

HE was the handsomest man in Millbrook; and his beauty, his generous ways, and his gay humor made him so general a favorite with the good fellows of the village, to say nothing of the factory girls and the coy maidens of the aristocracy, that he was in a fair way to be spoiled. Now that I come to think of it, he was already spoiled. Perhaps if his father, Senior Warden and upright Judge that he was, had been less stern with his son, George Barnwell might have been restrained from the error of his ways. While his mother lived, the lad had gone to her with his cares and troubles, and had been comforted and soothed as well as warned and guided. But, bereft of her, the motherless boy could not bring himself to face his father with confessions and prayers for help. The wayward son could not be won by the rigid and frigid code of morals that underlaid the discipline of the Judge's family government.

Admiring and congenial companions were usually waiting for George Barnwell in the unsavory haunts of Red Lane. When he came home on his college vacations, he was noisily welcomed in resorts that Judge Barnwell knew not of, and whose existence in Millbrook, fine old Millbrook, was unsuspected by him. To-night, on the point of leaving for the fall term, George was having "a good time" with some of his evil mates, drinking, joking, and story-telling in a low-ceiled, noisy, and ill-flavored rum-shop, the Burnt Rag, one of the least disreputable of the dens with which Red Lane was infested.

A thin-faced, wild-eyed operative from the print-works, a professed anarchist and a rude-talking fellow, took up his glass of liquor from the sloppy bar, as he was drinking with George Barnwell's companions, though not of them. The others had toasted George and had wished him a speedy return to Millbrook. The sneering son of anarchy lifted high his glass and cried "Down with the courts and damn the Judge!"



George, flushed with anger, threw away his glass, and, seizing the little agitator by the scruff of his neck, tossed him into a corner; then, after sparring confusedly in the midst of a knot of the anarchist's sympathizers, he threw a banknote on the bar and rushed from the place. This was an unexpected and sorry farewell to Millbrook, he thought, as he fled from the riot behind him. The wildness of the dying day and the tumult of the sky were in consonance with the rage that suddenly sprang up within his heart.

Plunging into the dusty twilight, he ran against a man who seemed to approach obliquely on his right, and who struck him lightly but firmly full in the face. Fancying that the wild-eyed anarchist and his friends had pursued him, George Barnwell, with an imprecation and a threat, lifted his antagonist by the collar and flung him from him into the gathering darkness, losing his hat and stick as he threw the man, with tremendous strength, into the void. Stooping to pick up his hat, he was again attacked, as if by a half-dozen foes, and in the belief that the whole pack was upon him, he set his arms in motion like a wind-mill, or a farmer's flail, and with savage joy he thought he heard the fall of many a victim as he rained his blows indiscriminately in the gloom. Suddenly he was left alone, and, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, his muscles tremulous with excitement and strain, he took his way homeward, cursing as he went.

#### THE IDLE APPRENTICE

As the Burnt Rag was the least vile of all the ill resorts in Red Lane, so the Rialto was the lowest and most noisome. It was there that the burglary of the Wendover Mills was planned; and when Danny Rafferty was tried for the murder of the mill watchman, which took place on the night of the robbery, the character of the place was so fully brought out in the testimony of witnesses that the excise officers were compelled, in deference to an excited public opinion, to take away the license of the keeper of the den.

Now, however, a year having elapsed since this exposure, public opinion had had its attention drawn to other things, and while the comparative merits of the trolley and horse-power, as applied to street-car traffic, were engaging the thoughts of the law-makers of the town, the Rialto was in full blast. On this evening, Jack Dunning, a strapping youth of nineteen years, who had thrown up his job of learning the trade of harness-making in the neighboring town of Riverbank, stood at the bar of the Rialto shaking dice with the proprietor of that resort, several choice companions assisting with advice and occasional hands at the dice-box. When a bout with the dice was concluded, the loser in the game ordered a round of drinks for his associate gamblers; the bartender judiciously refrained from drinking, preferring cash to his own beverages. There was much wild hilarity and profanity at the expense of the loser.

Three feeble kerosene lamps shed their rays over the dark and dingy room. Rows of bottles, mostly empty, stood in front of the mirror behind the bar. A stuffed snake-skin was festooned across the top of the bottle-decorated looking-glass, thereby affording frequenters of the place and their host much innocent amusement when occasion offered in the appearance of a bibulous but chance customer who asked concerning the reptile. "There ain't no snake, and you've got 'em ag'in," was the formula usually adopted by the jocosé bartender. Jack Dunning had hurried in this answer to a stranger's inquiry, that night, greatly to the mortification and wrath of the keeper of the bar, whose favorite joke was thus anticipated.

Around the long, narrow room were ranged a few rickety tables, some of them unoccupied save for the flies that gathered about little pools of beer, and sipped eagerly at the leavings of customers who had drank and gone their way; and at other tables sat groups of coarse, hard-featured men, talking loudly and disputatiously, pounding with their beer-glasses the while; and here and there a guest, unkempt and forlorn, overcome with potations or



with the sleepiness that follows nights spent in hay-mows, or under farmer's wagons, dozed until wrenched from slumber by the angry "bouncer" of this house of entertainment, in which everything but sleep was allowed unchecked.

Jack Dunning, who was only just beginning his career of idleness and dissoluteness, occasionally turned and regarded the scene with repulsion and disgust. He watched the avaricious look of the bartender as the dice rolled out their tale of loss and gain on the counter. He noted that the liquor was oftener paid for by the gamblers than drank at the expense of the house; and he was sore over the discovery that no man paid for the vile stuff so many times as Jack Dunning paid. He was playing a losing game; and he had no more money in his pocket, although, with a gambler's desperation, he still played on.

The good-looking and rosy face of Jack was white with rage when, the suave bartender, having hurriedly brushed the dice aside, said, "Well, gents, what shall it be? Jack's lost ag'in, as usual."

"You lie, you scamp! You lie!" shouted Jack. "I threw fives and you threw three threes, a deuce, and an ace." For reply, the bartender sprung over the counter, but before he could grab Jack Dunning, that worthy young man was hustled by his friends toward the door, Sim Ray whispering in his ear, hoarsely, "Let him alone, you fool, he carries a knife under his vest! Get out quick!"

So saying, Simeon ran Jack out of the dive into the street, but from the hurly-burly and confusion within, it seemed to the angry apprentice that he was pursued by a yet more angry man who carried a knife.

In this belief, encountering a blinding storm of dust and wind, he stumbled upon some one who in the darkness punched him in the face with an upward motion of his elbow. For a moment it seemed to Jack as if he were surrounded by a dozen men, all struggling to get at him, although not a word was spoken. With a wild sweep of his arms in the obscurity he felt free-

dom around him, as if he had laid his assailants low in the dust. Turning to fly from the place, his foot struck some object; he stooped and picked up a hat and a short bludgeon, dropped in the confusion of the *mêlée*.

"I've lost my hat, and this stick may be needed if the hounds chase me across the field," was the thought that flashed through Jack's mind as he dashed out of Red Lane, down a side street, through a stable-yard, over a fence, and so through the short brown grass of Stimpson's field.

The sight of a man racing across a field, carrying a hat in one hand and a thick stick in another, would have roused the suspicions of any observer; but the darkening skies shut out the light, and in the dusky twilight Jack Dunning might have escaped unseen. As he ran, the five-forty-five train from Millbrook for Riverbank was gathering speed; it had just left the station, and Mike Redmond, the alert young brakeman, standing at his post on the rear platform of the last car, leaning forward and grasping the hand-rail, noted the flying, hatless figure as it rushed through the grass in a direction oblique to the moving train. Mike watched with interest the fleetness of the man, and when Jack Dunning, breathless and still hatless, snatched at the handrail of the car and swung lightly up to the step so difficult to reach from the ground, Mike gave him a lift and said, "That's a close call for you, young feller."

"And I'm well out of that hole," was Jack's reply, as he put the hat on his head and flung the bludgeon out into the grass now beaten down with the falling rain and swirling wind. But whether Jack referred to the village from which he had run, or to the wet and boggy field through which he had fled, Mike could never tell. Later, when the engine was whistling at the crossing on the edge of Wakefield's Meadows, Mike Redmond, looking through the rear window of the car, saw Jack take off his hat, which seemed too small for his round head, covered with a thick growth of red hair, look curiously into the lining where two gilt letters marked the owner's name, tear out the silk with a smile and toss



it into the sheet of slanting rain that whizzed by the car-window. The fugitive running across the field, the strange hat, the bludgeon, the narrow chance of catching the train, and the tearing of the marked lining from the hat were trifles light as air. But when they were afterward considered in the cold light of a judicial inquiry, they were conclusive evidence; they were proof positive of crime, when it was found that the fugitive had flung himself desperately on to the train without having so much as a penny in his pocket toward paying his fare.

#### THE RECTOR OF TRINITY

THE Reverend Justinian Littlefield lay tranquilly on his broad back among the stones and rubbish of the ravine, under the bridge of Red Lane. Twilight darkened into evening and yet he lay there, still and moveless. The rain, having soaked the parched earth, filled the bed of the ravine and rose in caressing currents about his comfortable shape. His bare head rested on a cluster of pebbles; the rain fell full in his face and aided the flowing stream to drench the sacerdotal garb of the prostrate Rector of Trinity parish.

The Rector's housekeeper (the Reverend Justinian was a bachelor), having hurriedly closed the rectory windows and made all snug against the storm, bethought herself of the absent master of the house. "The parson will shorely get wet," she mused. "He didn't take any umberill, and he won't stay anywheres to tea; he always likes to have his own tea to home, the parson does."

Still the Rector did not return, although the rain continued to fall in sheets, and the good woman fretted and wondered if the parson didn't have sense enough to borrow an umberill from some of his parishioners on whom he was calling that afternoon. Finally, thinking of the short cut through Red Lane, and the probability that the Rector might return that way, Mrs. Fitts, careful soul! sent forth her small maid-servant equipped for rainy weather, with an umbrella for the Rector, if he should chance to be met hurry-

ing home through the now slackening shower. Mrs. Fitts stood on the portico in the rear of the rectory and watched the girl trip lightly down the steps to the wall and disappear into the darkness of Red Lane. Muttering a prayer that all might be well with the parson, and that no harm should come to the little Dorcas, sent into Red Lane like a lamb into the wilderness, the Rector's housekeeper closed the door and made ready the tea-table.

The Rector was stunned, not dead; and the sharp rain-drops falling in his face were grateful to his reviving senses, though they blinded his eyes as he lay there trying to think where he could possibly be. He was conscious only of bruises and pains all over his body; and when he attempted to rise, he involuntarily uttered a wail of anguish which sounded very like a cry. Vainly endeavoring to collect his scattered faculties, the Rector could only recollect his own name.

"I am the Reverend Justinian Littlefield, Rector of Trinity Parish, Millbrook, Massachusetts," he said over and over again. He fancied that some one was asking him where he had been, and he impatiently, and yet with dignified mildness, replied, "I am the Reverend Justinian Littlefield, Rector of Trinity Parish, Millbrook, Massachusetts." Beyond this poor, limited description of himself the parson's shattered mind could not go.

He lay there with his legs and the greater part of his body under what seemed to be the roof of a cavern, his head and shoulders exposed to the sky across which he could now see hurrying clouds; and he thought of the curtains of his bed at home through which he had sometimes seen the morning twilight breaking. Was he at home now? And was that the redness of the curtains that made everything wear the same ensanguined hue? Wherever he looked all was colored with some shade of red; even the darkness of the dungeon wall overhead was shot through with carmine, and the breaking light over his face was tinted with blood. Once more trying to rise and inspect these strange premises, he was conscious of an intolerable pain in his back; so keen a pang



rent his frame that he groaned aloud in agony and fainted dead away.

Little Dorcas, pattering along the bridge, her eyes scanning timorously the red lights of the Rialto and the dingy windows of the Burnt Rag on either hand, heard that groan and stood stock still with fear, her small person wrinkling all over with the "goosefleshy feeling" which she afterward described as something new and novel in her brief experience. The two rum-shops mentioned in this truthful tale are built so that a part of each structure projects over Dry Ravine; and each of these ill-famed houses guards one side of the bridge under which the Rector lay silent after his groaning. Partly because of her reluctance to pass these dens, and partly inspired by a courage beyond her years, little Dorcas turned back, and, leaning on the low rail of the bridge, peered terrifiedly into the darkness below.

In the dimness of the evening the child could discern the form of a man lying below among the stones and rubbish of the ravine, the subsiding waters leaving him wet and limp among the sharp rocks and ignoble litter of the bed of the stream. It looked like the Rector! The light was clearing in the sky and the stars were coming out. It was the Rector! With a half-smothered cry on her lips, Dorcas flew across the bridge, scrambled down the bank without once thinking (as she afterwards narrated with womanly pride) of the danger of her daring. Kneeling by the side of the fallen man, now so abject and so forlorn, yet clothed in what seemed to be the mystery of death, the child lifted up her feeble voice in shrieks for aid.

Comrades of George Barnwell and of Jack Dunning, now far gone in their drunkenness, heard the childish cries as they stood unsteadily around the pagan altars of the Burnt Rag and the Rialto, pouring libations.

"Help! help! help! the parson's killed!" was the startling cry on the air.

"Wha's that?" broke from the lips of one of the bacchanalians, pausing with his shaking glass still in his hand. "Wha's that? Parson killed? No'sense! Parson don' drink."

But the hovels of Red Lane speedily emptied themselves as the thin cries of Dorcas pierced the stillness of the night, and a huddling crowd of people scrambled down the bank to the bottom of the ravine, where the child tearfully knelt and regarded the still form before her with respect, wonder, and dismay.

The Rector was tenderly lifted and carried up the bank by willing hands. He had not been loved by the habitants and habitués of Red Lane, but everybody held his cloth in reverence; and when he groaned in unconscious misery as he was lifted in their brawny arms, one man said, as if a weight of apprehension had been raised, "He hasn't croaked yet; there's life in him."

"Thank God for that," added the little anarchist, to the surprise of those who were not so occupied with their labor of love that they could not note the man's words.

In spite of the strange dignity that clothes the dead and dying, there was a certain irony in the appearance of the bedraggled Rector, so lately pacing stately forth upon his errands of office, and now brought home, unbent, soiled, wet, and helpless, by the grimy hands of the men of the Street of Vice. Perhaps the men felt this as they gently stripped the wounded man's clothing from his sacred person, under the direction of the doctor who had happened in to call upon the Rector, just as his body was being carried across the back portico by the rescuers from Red Lane. They were all serious and sober now. Yet more than one of them smiled in his beard as he recalled the erect and uncompromising attitude of the now wrecked man before them.

For a day or two the Rector lay hovering between life and death. His heavy fall for so great a distance caused frightful injuries; and a broken leg, dislocated shoulder, and bruised back were not the least of the many hurts sustained by the hapless man. After he had recovered sufficiently to tell what had happened to him up to the hour when he was struck by somebody, opposite the Burnt Rag, his deposition was taken by a functionary of the law and the machinery of justice was set in motion to hunt out the mur-



derous assailant who had nearly killed so good a man.

As he lay there, white and attenuated, day after day, looking up into the red canopy of his bed, so like the ochreous gloom of the roof of the dungeon where he had been mysteriously confined, the Reverend Justinian Littlefield, Rector of Trinity Parish, Millbrook, Mass., patiently endeavored to recall what had been said to him in the wild whirling of the dust-storm in Red Lane; what had next happened to him, and how he got home from that fatal bridge. But there was a great gulf of oblivion fixed betwixt the Street of Vice and the red-canopied bed where he lay. He had been surprised when he found himself there at home lying so stiffly and so devoid of feeling, while someone, he knew not who, softly bathed his head with something that smelled pleasantly and faintly, and somebody else whispered, "He's coming to."

Meanwhile, as incidental to this tale, it should be said that Jack Dunning, run down by those unerring sleuth-hounds, the detectives, was arrested for the assault upon the unoffending parson and, after a short but apparently fair trial, was found guilty and was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the State penitentiary. The evidence, although purely circumstantial, was overwhelming and conclusive—at least to the intelligent jury who, with indignant speed, brought in a verdict which, it was thought, should satisfy the worthy and foully injured Rector that justice could be meted out to the criminal, even though it did sometimes appear as if the foundations of society were broken up in Millbrook.

One thing greatly bothered the Rector, as he gazed upward into the warm darkness of his bed-curtains. His ecclesiastic hat, so like the soft, wide-brimmed "wide-awake" of worldly minded people as to provoke their derision, had never been found. Diligent search during the night of the assault and early next morning did not discover the substantial, fine felt hat of the Rector. But the village detectives, big with importance, did find the derby hat worn by Jack Dunning. The

observant but sympathetic brakeman of the railway train that carried Jack from his scene of terror and crime, reluctantly testified to having seen the fugitive, when safely swung upon the train, put on a hat which evidently was not his own, first removing the marked lining therefrom.

But to the best knowledge and belief of the witness, the head-gear worn by Jack Dunning on that eventful evening was a stiff one, like that which Jack usually wore. It was too small for him and did not fit his shaggy head. Why did he tear out the marked lining and carefully throw it away? Jack, allowed to testify in his own behalf, could not explain why. He had even forgotten what were the letters marked on the silk lining. He had picked up the hat in a scuffle, he said, and, having lost his own, he wore this home; then, as it was a poor fit for him, he threw it away. So there were two missing hats, Jack Dunning's own and the Rector's. Nevertheless, as these points were deemed immaterial to the case, Jack was duly convicted and sentenced, as aforementioned.

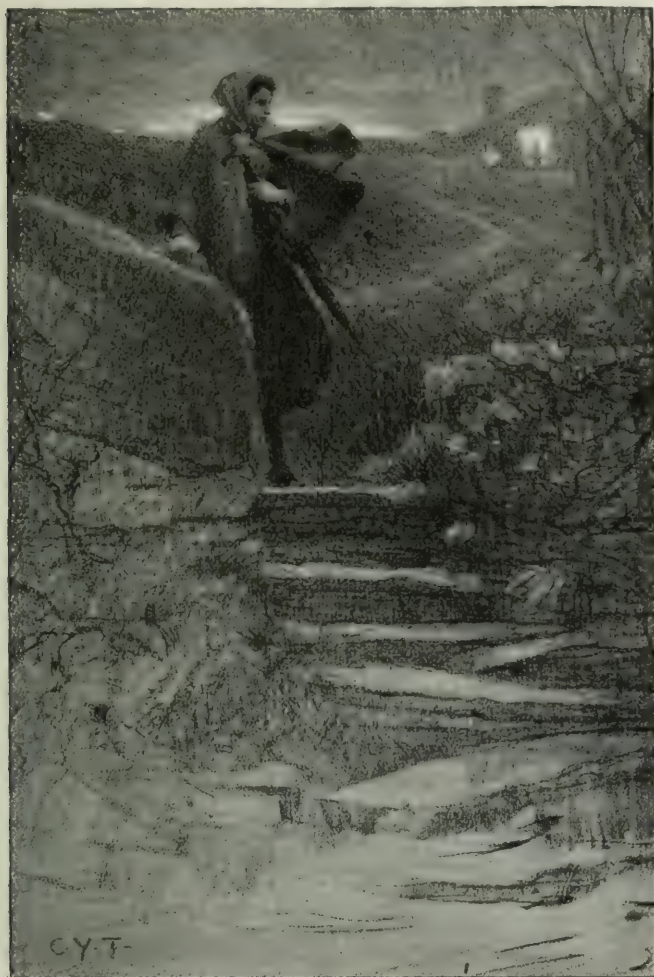
#### THE FATHER AND JUDGE

AUTUMN had frozen into winter and the Rector was beginning to take hold of life once more, although visitors were yet denied access to his sick-room except under the strictest precautions of the doctor in attendance and the watchful vigilance of Mrs. Fitts. "Lie here, thou shadow of a man," the poor Rector was accustomed to say to himself, as he looked at his transparent hands or felt the rigid boniness of his frail tenement of clay. Propped among ample pillows, like a sick child, the Rector listened with dreary regularity for the healing creak of the village doctor as he came up the stair; or he turned his face listlessly to see the door open and Mrs. Fitts come in, with dejected visage and lugubrious looks, to minister to his wants. Ages had passed, he thought, since he had been waylaid in Red Lane and nearly done to death.

The doleful tragedy came vividly before his wandering mind one day, when



he was surprised by a visit from Judge Barnwell. The Judge, neighbor and friend, had often called to inquire after the Rector's state, during the critical stages of his long confinement ; but, so



"Sent forth her small maid-servant equipped for rainy weather."  
—Page 206.

rigorous were the orders of the physician in charge, not even Judge Barnwell had been permitted to cross the threshold of the door that opened into the sick man's chamber.

"Says he must see me at once on business of importance?" said the Rector, feebly, when the housekeeper told him that Judge Barnwell was imperative in his demand to see him. The giving of his deposition to a man learned in the law, but unlearned in the art of caring for the sick, had been a severe ordeal to the Rector, when the trial of the dissolute and idle apprentice, Jack Dunning, was going on ; and since then, no man without the approval of the doctor had been brought to his bedside.

"I think I may venture," the invalid said, with a faint smile. "The Judge is a gentleman ; he will not agitate or shock me, I am sure. You may bring him in with my compliments, although the doctors may object when they find it out."

But it was the Judge, and not the Rector, who was agitated when the two men met. The sick man was startled, but his good breeding stood him well, and he suppressed from his face the surprise he felt in his mind as he looked at the haggard and drawn countenance of the Judge, once so full and rubicund, so suggestive of good living and an occasional bottle of sound old wine, but now cleared of color.

"You look as if you had had a fit of sickness," said the Rector, when the two men were left together.

"I have," replied the Judge, sententiously. Then rising and carefully locking the door to guard against intrusion, Judge Barnwell said : "My dear doctor, I have a terrible and sorrowful communication to make." He paused and gulped down what seemed to be a sob. The Rector, dazed and speechless, waited in silence.

Slowly unbuttoning his overcoat, the Judge drew forth from its concealment a soft, black hat which the Rector instantly recognized as his own. Even in his excitement at seeing again the head-covering which he had worn on that fatal night, Dr. Littlefield noticed trifles. He saw that the Judge's hands were white and fine ; he looked at the seal ring on the third finger of his left hand, and vaguely wondered if that ring did not have some reference to the Judge's dead wife. He took note of the card which the Judge drew from the lining of the hat and laid on the coverlet. He knew that that card bore his name and title : "The Reverend Justinian Littlefield, Trinity Parish, Millbrook, Mass." To be sure it was his hat ; but what of it?

Suddenly he heard, as if from afar, a



familiar voice cry, "Oh, you'll damn my father, the Judge, will you?"

"I found this hat in my son's private locker, this morning," said Judge Barnwell, huskily, his cold blue eyes fixed on the face of the broken man there lying, a hopeless and helpless cripple. "Found it in his private locker, where he had unwittingly directed me, by letter, to look for garments to be sent to him."

The Rector's brain reeled in a vain endeavor to comprehend what this should mean to the Judge, and why his face was so aged all at once by this discovery. He feebly tried to grasp the situation; even men who are in full possession of all their faculties are often bothered to see what relation to a crime some trivial fact may have, although the fact is the key of an intricate puzzle. The Rector's mind was weak and enfeebled. He was never again the strong, sane man he had been before his fall.

The Judge remorselessly went on with his story, in spite of the Rector's evident weakness and inability to understand what was said. "My son," and here the Judge gulped down another sob; "my son wore this hat on the night when you were assaulted in Red Lane. I saw him come into the house with it on his head, and marvelled much that he should have a hat so different from that which he customarily wore. He never, to my knowledge, wore it after that night. It is not my habit to inquire of George concerning his wearing apparel; and I never asked of him why he procured this hat, nor why he never wore it after that fatal night."

Still the Rector was unable to take in the meaning of Judge Barnwell's revelation. He regarded his visitor with silent surprise. Noticing this, the Judge patiently added: "My dear doctor, my unfortunate and misguided son was your assailant in Red Lane. He may have been an accessory only, or he may have been so far gone in his cups that he assaulted you blindly and alone. But he was in the fracas that so nearly cost you your life. He wore home your hat without noticing that it was not his, I presume, having lost his own. If he were wholly guiltless of

this crime, he would have mentioned the fact that he was present, but innocent of any evil intent. In this case, silence is confession. My poor boy was ashamed to let me know that he was that night frequenting the odious places in Red Lane." The Senior Warden of Trinity bowed his head in his hands and sobbed aloud; and in his mental hearing rung the sad refrain of King David, "My son! my son!"

"My poor friend," said the Rector, at last, touched by the emotion of a strong man in his grief, "do not take this thing so hard. There is some dreadful mistake here. I gave nobody any provocation on that night, nor indeed on any other night. It could not have been George who threw me from the bridge. He had no reason."

"He was not himself that night. He shut himself in his room when he returned home, and saw no one. If he assaulted you, he did it while in temporary delirium, ignorant of the person assaulted."

Judge Barnwell, Senior Warden of Trinity, was a stern man, a citizen of dignity and standing in Millbrook; he was one of the pillars of society. His son's waywardness had often humiliated him. Could it be possible that the son should now be justly the inmate of a cell in the penitentiary in the place of Jack Dunning? Jack Dunning, the idle apprentice whose ill-repute was wide, though Jack too had his friends and boon companions?

"Was nothing said in the darkness, no word to indicate why you were so grievously assaulted?" asked the Judge, knitting his brows.

The Rector hesitated for a moment, then, with an effort of the memory, he said, in an unnatural voice, that seemed like the voice of some other man, "Oh, you'll damn my father, the Judge, will you?" Then he stopped and with an appealing look at his Senior Warden, seemed to ask that he might be spared further questions. He had great respect for the Judge who was also Senior Warden.

The upright Judge covered his eyes with the Rector's hat and bitterly thought. His mind was occupied with a single-minded sentiment, his dignity.



Must his son, the son of the upright Judge and Senior Warden, be denounced as an accessory, possibly as a principal, in the shameful affair for which Jack Dunning, the idle apprentice, was now securely locked in a felon's cell? So far the secret of George Barnwell's complicity was safe; the Rector would never tell. The Judge, dropping the brim of the Rector's hat from his face, looked at the mild and almost vacuous countenance of the invalid, who would always be an invalid. Jack Dunning was a ne'er-do-well and would soon reach the gallows if he were out of jail. To keep him there was to prolong his life, perhaps reform him altogether. The law was satisfied. What good could come of the trial and conviction of an accomplice, or of the substitution of the real criminal for the innocent man? Who could tell whether Jack Dunning were not justly convicted, after all? He had had a fair trial; the upright Judge had seen to that. And it was all a mystery.



"Tenderly lifted and carried up the bank by willing hands."—Page 207.

"I never said a word that could be construed into a condemnation of you or any other Judge," said the Rector, weakly.

"Of course you never did, my dear friend and pastor. Of course you never did; and I cannot imagine why any man should put such atrocious words into your mouth or impute to you such wicked intentions." The Senior Warden was looking into the Rector's hat now. As he gazed into the hollow of its crown he seemed to see, as in a phantasmagoria, the figure of a stalwart and comely youth who leaned against the grated window of his cell and looked hopelessly and listlessly over a dim landscape, in which he should have no nearer relation for many a weary year. He saw the dull look of the convict; he noticed that the thick hair which the man had worn so jauntily on his trial and when he had been sentenced by the upright Judge, was gone from his head; he looked the jail-bird that he was. He called to mind the stammering protestations of innocence and the passionate, frightened appeals to the clemency of the court which the criminal had made. He remembered the bungling attempts of the young lawyer, who had been assigned by the court to defend the prisoner, to establish an alibi and break the chain of circumstantial evidence that bound his client. From his nerveless hand dropped the Rector's hat upon the rug. The picture vanished.

"Jack Dunning is a bad and dissolute young man," said the Judge.

"Very, very," replied the Rector. "I am sorry for his poor widowed mother; but after Jack has served out his sentence, I have no doubt that he will be a better boy, a better boy." The Rector's mind slightly wandered.

The Judge picked up the hat and gazed into it with eyes that saw nothing. But in his mental vision stood his handsome son, his only son, heir to his name and fair repute. Village gossips had said that George Barnwell was a wild young fellow; but he meant no harm; he would come out all right after he



had sown his wild oats. Even the distant and upright Judge had heard this. And there stood his son, ready to be led into the cell of the convict! He could see him now in the dark background of the Rector's hat; the clustering chestnut curls that his mother had loved to finger were harshly clipped from his head. This time it was the shapely and well-bred figure of the Judge's son and heir that leaned against the prison bars; his brown eyes (so much like his mother's!) looked hopelessly over the woods and fields without.

The two men noted, without hearing, the low hissing of the wood burning in the fireplace, and the dropping of the ashes, so intense was the quiet of the sick-chamber. An occasional

in the interests of justice, perhaps it will be as well if neither of us should ever mention that your hat has been found."

"Certainly not," said the Rector, wearied and spent with the tax upon his failing powers. "I trust I know my duty to society and to you; and I hope that George may have a pleasant Christmas."

The brow of the upright Judge darkened for a moment. He dropped the Rector's hand, bowed with old-fashioned courtesy, buttoned the Rector's hat under his magisterial overcoat, unlocked the door, and departed with his own peculiar and grave dignity.

When George Barnwell came home for the Christmas vacation in the chill atmosphere of the mansion of the Sen-



"The Judge picked up the hat and gazed into it with eyes that saw nothing."—Page 211.

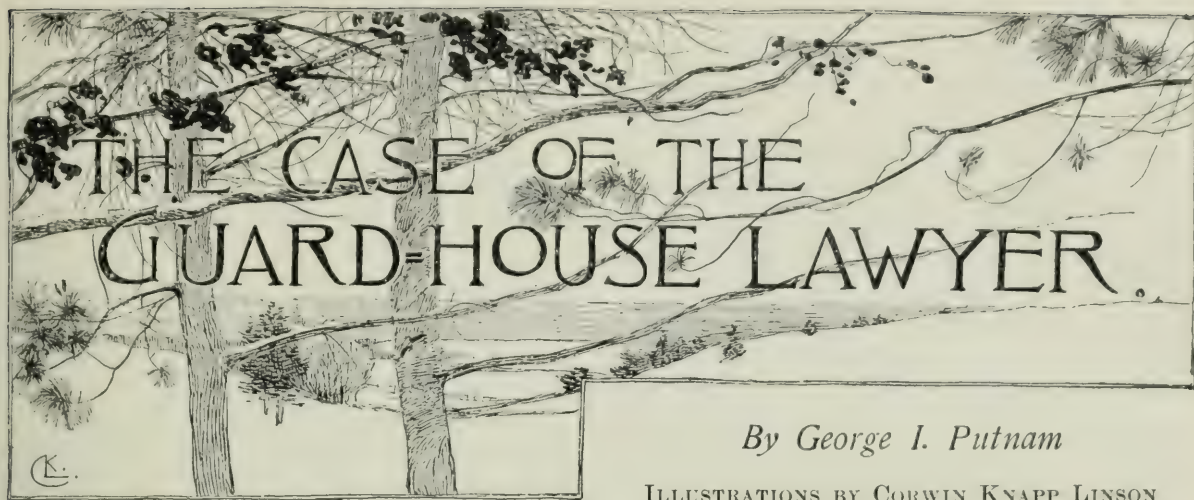
rattling blow of drifting snow smote on the window-pane.

The upright Judge and Senior Warden rose heavily from his chair, and, taking the Rector's transparent hand in his, said: "With your permission, I will keep this hat till George comes home for the Christmas holidays. And

ior Warden of Trinity, he found the Rector's hat hanging where he had left it in his private locker, apparently undisturbed.

"A mighty good job for me that the governor didn't find that hat," he muttered, with a frown. "And they say that the Rector will not last until spring."





*By George I. Putnam*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

THE high road just over the eastern ridge from the village by the river was impassable for even the stoutest teams. It had been driven full of snow by December winds, and the snow had fallen, and frozen, and thawed, and settled, and frozen again, all through the winter. It mattered nothing that the road was not broken out; there were but two dwellings on it, and their men went over the ridge and to the village on snowshoes, on their infrequent errands.

One day in March a young man in blue was making his way slowly along this road. A thaw was on, and the deep snow was treacherously soft; he would take a few steps securely, and at the next sink to his hips. It was hard work. The sun shone bright and warm; the fresh, cold smell of snow-water was in the air; in the deep gorge below the road, on the east, a black stream rushed violently between icy banks. A saw-mill was farther down, with the houses, where the gorge became a valley, and the wind, setting up, brought the odor of new pine-boards. The man swallowed at it hungrily. The road dipped beneath some heavy hemlocks, and the snow was hard and supporting. He stood a moment there, resting; broke some small twigs over his head, stripped the green needles in his hand, crushing them and smelling at them. He took some of them between his lips experimentally, but they were very bitter and he spat them out. Then the whir of saws came loud on the fresher wind, and he started on.

A bend in the road would have brought him in sight of the mill; but

he turned sharply to his right behind the bold ridge-spur, stumbled over the stone boundary wall, half-buried in snow, and climbed the wind-swept slope. The skirt of his long blue overcoat beat an irregular tattoo under his knees with its broken fringe of gathered snow, and he marched for the nearest point of the wood that hung above him. He passed among the trees quickly.

On the river side of the ridge, in the edge of the wood, he stood some minutes, narrowly watching. He had avoided the village by the high-road detour, and was about two miles south of it. The line of the turnpike could be seen, up and down, far along the valley. No moving object was in sight. A square old farm-house, with the comfortable smoke of a wood fire drifting from its central chimney, was below him. He watched as keenly as an Indian for suspicious signs about it, or on the road, or in the far-off edge of the village. Satisfied at last, or impelled by hunger, he broke from the wood, hastened down the cleared slope, gained the south door of the farm-house, and knocked.

It was opened almost immediately by a girl, who had seen him coming and noted his military dress. She spoke cordially:

"Come in, won't you?"

He stepped into the kitchen, took off his cap, and she closed the door behind him. She was a large girl, with a full, serious face. Her figure was youthfully slender, but her step was firm as that of a person of decided judgment;



and there were shadows in her gray eyes. There was about her a suggestion of retarded development—of maidenhood's spring lingering with no change of season into maturity's summer—it may have been the shadows in her eyes. The guest certainly felt it, for the smile he had summoned to make smooth his entrance flickered, and his tongue was silent. The touch of apprehension that had ruled his movements still possessed him; and the girl, perceiving it, kindly tried to put him at ease.

"It is hard walking, isn't it? The snow's quite soft under foot. Did you come the back road? I didn't know anybody could get through, it is so bad; but a soldier goes where other people can't, and thinks nothing of it. Are you cold? Won't you sit up to the stove? Can I do anything for you?"

She was plainly a few years older than he, and this gave him confidence. As he became sure of her sincerity he nodded, spoke briefly, and smiled; and at her last question he held out his hand with a bit of silver in it and said:

"Ten cents worth of something to eat, please."

She stood back and showed white, strong teeth in a pleasant laugh: "You are the first soldier I ever saw with money to throw away!"

"I haven't got much. That's all," he replied—a mock apology. As his apprehension faded a reckless lightness came to his face and tongue; like a man who has nothing but life, and puts no value on that.

She was already moving back and forth between the pantry and the table. "I think you won't pay for anything you get in this house. No soldier ever did," she said, decidedly. "Though we Vermonters haven't had much chance to feed soldiers since the war. Father was in that—all through it."

He looked at her, a quick cat-like look of avoidance. "Is your father here?" he asked, as though it was an important question.

"He is dead," said the girl, quietly. "Your lunch is ready."

He took the chair she placed for him. After a moment he moved it to the end of the table, so he could look from the

window and view the turnpike northward. Then he ate like a man to whom food is a stranger. She watched him with curious pleasure.

"You must have been hungry," she observed.

"Walking gives me an appetite always."

"You belong at the new Fort, don't you?"

"I came from there."

"You on furlough?"

"No. Yes. Well, call it that. Yes, I'm on furlough." He tried to return non-committal answers, but he was divided between his food, his watch, and her questions.

"Father came home just once in the war on furlough. That was before I was born, but they have told me about it. He was wounded. Have you been wounded?"

"No. We don't get shot much nowadays," he replied, with a touch of irony. "That isn't what we go into it for."

"What do you go into it for?" she asked, slowly.

"Oh, for a living, mostly," he said, flippantly. "It's a trade, like any other. It used to be different?"

"Yes," she said, in a tone as though she had begun to distrust him, "father and all the others enlisted from patriotism." Her eyes were very steady, and dark with the shadows.

"That's the volunteer service, you see," he replied, as though that explained the difference.

"I shouldn't call killing people a very good trade."

"It isn't," he said, promptly, and laughing.

"Choosing it isn't like being called to it," she added, defensively.

"Not a bit," he agreed, cheerfully. "But it's an easy trade to get the hang of, and I was out of work, and got tired of loafing——"

"I should think you would want to get out of it."

"I do," he declared, so readily that her doubts of him were scattered.

"That is, if you have anything else to do," she added, less decisively.

"I have," he replied, "I have to get out of it." And then he laughed aloud at her puzzled expression.



The food and her kindness had revived him. He was fresher, his eyes were brighter than when he entered. With his fatigue he seemed to have cast off his wary attitude. "So you won't take my ten cents? Sort of a widow's mite, you know," he said lightly, rising and making a feint of offering it.

"No, indeed. Father never would, and I am sure I will not." Her stiff seriousness put a sudden restraint on the young soldier. He stood irresolute in the middle of the room, and the outer door opened. He turned toward it like a flash.

A man of thirty-five, in a farmer's frock, entered. He took in the fact of the soldier's presence, and then his eyes sought the girl questioning. Hers answered him gladly; the shadows fled; her attitude became more easily upright, as though a sure support had come to her. The farmer nodded pleasantly at the soldier.

"Country's defender?" he said.

"Something like," said the soldier, reassured. "Foraging for rations," he added, with a motion of his hand toward the table.

"Yes? Well, I guess you got pretty good care taken of you here," the farmer replied, with a fond glance at the girl. She colored in a pleased way. The soldier said to himself that these two were lovers, and his heart gave a throb of sympathy.

The farmer continued with a certain awkward kindliness of speech and manner: "It's been something of a rarity for us to see the uniform up here till they built the Fort last summer. But I guess you boys don't get treated any worse for not being known?"

"Probably not," said the soldier, dryly.

"I was telling him about father," the girl interposed. Her manner said there were no secrets in her house or heart from this farmer.

"Yes? Well, I don't know of anything better to tell him." He hung hesitatingly at the

door. "I just came in to see if you wanted anything from the village. I'm going up that way."

"I don't know of anything," she returned, after thought.

"Well, then, I'll be going." He turned to the soldier. "'Bout twelve miles from the Fort, ain't you? If I see any of your boys up to the village I'll tell them you're here."

"No matter," said the soldier, nonchalantly. "If they want me they'll ask. Don't put yourself out for me."

The farmer went, and his sleigh-bells jingled up the road. The girl watched him from the window, and the shadows were again in her eyes when she turned.

"I'd better be going," said the soldier, a trifle nervously. The farmer's departure had made him restless.

"If you're going to the Fort you might have ridden with him far as the village. Why didn't I think!" the girl reproached herself.

"No, I'm going south. On furlough, you know."

"You might be going back—so near-





ly out of money," she said, with a little touch of humor in her discernment.

"We don't need money in Vermont. It's God's country to us," said he, half-flippantly again.

"Thank you," said she, with serious dignity, for it sounded to her like praise. It demanded practical recognition. "Wait a moment," she said, "I will show you something."

Then she went into another room, the door of which stood partly open. She spoke with some one in there—and he involuntarily made a movement toward the outer door, he was so distrustful of persons present but unseen. He looked out of the north window again; no one but the farmer was in sight, even to the edge of the village. And he stood, and stayed. The girl came back.

"Mother is in here," she said. "She will be glad if you step in. She is a great invalid, after a lifetime of hard work."

The old woman was propped carefully in bed with pillows. As he came in she moved her head in recognition of his presence, and he stood awkwardly in the way, not knowing why he was there, till the girl touched his shoulder.

"This is what I wished you to see," she said; and she pointed to the white wall above the foot of the bed. There hung a sword, a sash, and a captain's shoulder-straps. The mother nodded again as they looked; she never spoke; perhaps she could not.

"They were father's," said the girl, reverently. "He flung away the world from a sense of duty, as it seems to us no one but a soldier can ever do. Mother likes them where she can always see them. They comfort her loneliness, now he is gone, and, she thinks, hold her to the duty of living. She is better off than some; some have no symbols. You understand now why a soldier is made welcome in this house?"

The eyes she turned on him were full of serenity behind their shadows. There was the same look in the mother's, fixed on the rusting sword. It gave to both faces an expression of unswerving truth and loyalty.

"Yes." He fell behind, and followed her into the kitchen. "Was he killed?"

he asked, as not knowing what to do or say.

"No. He was wounded, and suffered many years. He was a sick man ever after the war. Mother was very strong and capable, but she had the care of him and of the farm, and she broke down . . . It was plain, coarse food I gave you——"

"It was good," he interposed, "and company kitchens don't give us delicate appetites."

"The years of sickness are expensive, and we have to live very closely. And the times are hard for farmer folk, too," she concluded.

He thrust his hand into his pocket again. "You'd do better to take what I can give you. I wish it was more."

"Oh, no," she said, decidedly, with a smile that intensified the refusal. "Much or little, it doesn't matter. I refused from principle, and it doesn't make any difference whether we get along or not, so long as we do right. Father was a soldier, and could die for right; mother and I are women, and have to live for it." Then she fancied she saw bewilderment on his face, and a sudden womanly pity for him took possession of her. "Keep your money as you go along till you find some one worse off than mother and I. There are such—people without a past. Then let them have it."

They had been standing near the north window as they talked, and from time to time she glanced out. She had seen her lover turn from the turnpike to a road less used, where he would find another neighbor and offer his good services; it was part of their poverty that the farmers should depend on one another, and find happiness in that interdependence. Now she looked and saw something else—a dark grouping of mounted men, half a dozen of them, riding by twos down the road from the village.

"There come some of your comrades," she exclaimed; and receiving no reply, turned to look at the soldier. "What ails you!" she cried, alarmed.

His eyes were fixed on that foreboding column, and he had become suddenly very pale beneath his ruddy burn; he did not move; he did not an-





"He stood some minutes, narrowly watching."—Page 213



swer. In a moment she connected his furtive manner, his evasive speech, with this. She dropped her hands to the table, and dealt him a blow with her eyes.

"You are a deserter!"

All the scorn her loyal nature could feel was expressed in this.

He cowered before her, the spirit of defence gone from him. A wounded deer, weakened to the last degree, will plead dumbly with its eyes for mercy from the hunter, its inferior; but his submissive glance was craven.

"Don't let them get me," he whimpered.

Then his lips went dry and moved noiselessly, trying to plead. He could not venture on the road; he dared not climb to the wood; for protection he rested on this girl, who was a stranger to even the thought of error. And through the window he saw the mounted patrol approaching at a steady trot. There was a ringing in his ears like the clank of their accoutrements. She felt no pity for this man, a skulker. Her father was her standard. Her lover was measured by him, was even now proving his loyalty by loving and waiting, and loving yet the more under the stress of forbidding poverty. She loathed the spirit of deception embodied in the cringing fellow before her; she was indignant at the imposition practised upon her.

"I am sorry mother saw you." The girl was inflexible. Her words fell cold

and heavy on his heart; but they beat up a latent strength, so that he stood upright and gave her one level, honest glance.

"Deserter or not, I'm no dog!" he cried. "How can you who have so



"You are a deserter!"

much to make you strong judge the failure of another? You never failed, yourself! What can you know about it?"

"What did you see in there?" she demanded, extending her arm toward the inner room. "An old woman dead in life, a man alive in death—or, no, *you* could not see him. *You* saw only his sword, something that stands for his death. But *he* did not run away! And what could be more to be avoided?" she challenged.



"Injustice," he replied, scoring. The sun winked on the buttons of men and the bits of horses, a half mile away. Capture was certain, and her scorn was ample; but he had become steady. It was the desperate, laughing courage of the battle-field, when a man who cannot run away may die a hero; and the girl recognized it.

"There is no injustice like that of death," she declared.

"Death's easy," said he, with seeming contempt. "Anything can die, and it isn't worth a man's while to run from it. But to live—and be denied the best thing in life—that takes the courage! I haven't got it. Have you?"

"I live," said she, definitively.

He quickly comprehended. "That's so. He was in here. I wonder now if he told them?" And he looked out again at the approaching patrol with affected impersonal interest. He was speaking, arguing with the glibness of a certain undesirable class of enlisted men—trouble-breeders—to whom their more reliable comrades apply the epithet of "guard-house lawyers." They never win more than one case in the same court.

"No," said the girl, with candor, "he did not meet them."

"That's good . . . Not that it makes any difference now," he added, bitterly. Then he flung up his head. "After all, there's only one reason why we do these things—live, or die, or desert. Love."

At the word, which he uttered musically, the shadows deepened in the girl's eyes, and she unbent from her rigidity. "Ah! do you love a girl?" she said, softly. Love had become a religion with her, and her loyal heart found no shame in its worship. "You do?" she murmured.

"Not more than she loves me," he replied, steadfastly. It was the only ground on which they could meet, and he went on, conscious of his gain. "Perhaps you don't know how they manage in this our paternal regular army? There's nothing like it. Marrying don't depend on you, or the girl, or the girl's father, or the priest. You must go to an outsider—to your captain—and say, 'Have I the Captain's permission to

marry?' 'No, sir! go to your quarters or I'll send you to the guard-house for impertinence!' That's what mine said! And it isn't as if hard times or hard duty interfered. It's just because he likes single men in his company best. . . . And I was a corporal, too—here's where the chevron was on my sleeve. Reduced, of course, soon after—insubordination. Oh, yes!" he cried, recklessly, fleering his arm above his head, "and drunk, and court-martialled, and fined, and confined, till I had no good name in all the garrison—only with her. *She* knew better'n all the men who were disciplining me! But what of it? I couldn't stand it. Nobody could. Here I am, and I see I'm going back to worse'n it ever was before." The patrol was near now. He could recognize his comrades—the individual seat, the slant of their caps. He was going back soon as their prisoner.

"We live and wait," said the girl, with a certain sympathy. She had withdrawn somewhat in the story of his disgrace, and her gaze was far away, up the road, as though she might discern her lover—a dear, black, loyal spot against the snow.

"Oh, *I* could have lived and waited, too—if it hadn't been for her. She's at the Fort, a poor girl, of course—who else would marry a soldier?—and I know what life for that kind is at a post. *You* don't; *she* don't. Good women can't. But *I* know . . . And I wanted her to take care of, but I couldn't have her. And then they made it so hot for me with their discipline I thought I'd get away, and send for her . . . Desert? I'd do it every day for a year if it'd help!"

"Yes, you did it for her," said the girl, studying him. She had arrived at his motive, but it had not rebuilt her unquestioning first faith in him as a man. She perceived that it was fear of punishment, not chagrin at failure, that made him dread capture.

"Of course. What else?" he said, with assumed nonchalance. "She's worth it—but where's the use? The game's up. There's just one thing"—he smiled faintly—"I didn't ask you to hide me, just now, you know. That wasn't me—somebody else—no relation whatever. You know that?" He



struck himself lightly on the chest. "This is me!" he cried. "I made a try for it, but I know when I'm done for. I'm going back now, faster'n I come!"

Suddenly the girl sprang at him, set her hands against his shoulders, and pushed him violently along. "Get away from that window!" she cried. "They're near enough to see you!"

He seemed astonished, and he yielded before her. "Why, you're being good to me!" he said.

"Oh, not *you*," she gasped. She hardly knew she had touched him. She stood defensively before the window, as if to fend off his approach. He did not divine her motive, did not understand that she acted from more than impulse. But he liked her for it; she was generous and noble to sacrifice her principles for him, for he had spoken sincerely about going back; and it made him feel capable of some lofty action also. The plan of it flashed into his mind on the instant, and he smiled and spoke:

"Why, yes, you are, but it isn't any use. I've got to go back now. They'll stop and ask if you've seen me—I know; I've been out for deserters myself—and you're not the girl to lie me out of it. But I appreciate what you've done and tried to do. I'm beaten, though. . . . So when they come I wish you'd tell the sergeant I'm here, and lead them right in. I *can't* get away, so I won't give you my word, such as it is, to stay and be captured. You tell him that, will you? And bring 'em right in."

Her heart was crying for the girl at the Fort, who must know the sorrows of waiting and of disappointment, to escape one yet heavier. She shook her head at him. "No, no, no."

"You will, if you really want to be kind to me," he urged. "It don't make any difference to me whether I give myself up or am given up. . . . I'll get the same ration either way—and if you give me up, it's thirty dollars to you. Government reward."

"Stop!" she cried, raising her hand warningly.

"Never mind if they do hear me," he continued, obtusely. "I know you need the money, and you can't make

that much any easier. And you'll oblige me very much." He smiled engagingly. "Of course the government has its precedent for the price of a soul. There was Judas, you know——"

"You make a bad matter worse," she deplored. She stood to watch the arrival of the patrol, and he could not see her face.

"I didn't mean anything by that," he apologized. "It's thirty pieces now; sometimes they pay more, sometimes less. I think you ought to do it. Thirty dollars means a good deal—comforts for your mother—you've got a duty to her you know—perhaps less waiting for you." He ventured this doubtfully; but he did not see her clench her hands, and he could not have known she heard. "It's really from me for value received, not from the government. I ain't worth thirty dollars to them or anybody," he concluded, half-reckless, half-defiant.

Quickly the girl went from the room, closing the door behind her, through a long passage, and to the front door. The patrol had jingled up and halted before the house, and the sergeant was hammering with his pistol butt on the panel. As she opened to him he swung her off a handsome salute.

"You haven't seen one of our boys go by to-day or yesterday, have you, Miss?" he asked.

"No."

"We thought likely he'd come this way, but that's what they tell us all along. You'd have seen him, would you, if he had come by?"

"Yes. Probably."

"Had our ride for nothing, then. Thank you, Miss. Good-day." He saluted again, swung himself to the saddle, and his little command turned its face in the direction it had come. She went back to the kitchen.

By the look on his face the deserter expected some of the patrol to follow her, and as she came alone he fell into wonder. "What—where—what's happened?" he cried.

"They thought it was useless to seek farther, and they have gone back," said the girl. She did not look at him. Her eyes were on the door by which he should go out.





"You haven't seen one of our boys go by?"—Page 220.

He stepped forward impulsively as though to grasp her hands; but she looked at him, and he stopped.

"Why did you do this?" he asked.

"Because you are a deserter."

"You should have sent me back."

"I did what seemed right."

"You shielded me from punishment."

"I did not think so—not you."

"For desertion? You don't know army discipline!"

"Oh, that is nothing to me. Your duty may be to the army; mine is to that girl who loves you."

"Ah!" He looked at her curiously, as though she had suddenly brought his love-affair to him from a great distance. "You don't think I was lying about that?"

"No, I don't think that of you." She knew he was weak, but she did not wish to think him vicious. She had



placed him beside the two men she knew—her father and her lover—as a measure to contain their combined loyalty and patience; and she thought he had shown himself inferior to each. She did not believe he would prove more faithful to a sweetheart than to his military duty, and she forced them apart now from an uprising sense of honor toward her suffering kind.

"You are a deserter from more than you say," she added, "but you must go on."

"Don't you think I am going to do that?"

"I suppose you will."

"And you know I'll be true to her, or you wouldn't have done as you did," he persisted.

"I only know that you are a deserter. But she can learn to live and wait——"

"She won't have to wait long!"

"No; she will soon learn that you are a deserter, and then she will truly live."

He stood looking at her, half offended at her words, unable to harmonize them with the service she had done

him. "You might give me the benefit of the doubt," he said, sullenly.

Then she flushed indignantly, and cried:

"You still think I did it for you? I had no thought of you! It was all for her, whom I never saw—and because I did see you! You think I am saving you from punishment? I'm not! I'm saving her from you, for as long as she lives and forever! *Men* don't run away for the sake of girls; they stay and fight it out! . . . You are safe now," she added, more quietly, looking at him as though safety were a fit condition for only such inferior animals; "you can go down the road—or up the hill. . . . I wish—you—would—go." Her voice half broke.

He went covertly out and took the road south. She saw his blue head and shoulders above the snow-banks. Now that her hour of action was over, she fell weak and helpless; and she longed for the return of her lover. She fought single-handed against assailing doubts.

"I do hope I did right," she thought, "but who knows?"



"I do hope I did right."



# THE "SCAB"

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. S. REINHART



HE train was rolling its huge wheels over the Illinois prairies, not so swiftly as car-wheels are used to roll over that level stretch between Joliet and Chicago; but the day was the third of July, 1894, and there was enough chance that there had been tampering with the rails to excuse caution. It was so warm that most of the car-windows were open; nevertheless in the last car (not a Pullman) the air was heavy with the sickly pungency of apples and orange peel and the indescribable odor of cinders. Dust was everywhere; vibrating in the sunshine that changed its dingy motes into gold, painting the window-ledges gray, and coating the red plush of the seats, except where two commercial travellers had fended off the warm prickle by newspapers. Flies buzzed through the car, and one especial fly so annoyed the younger of the travellers that he chased him to his death, remarking, "There! I wish you were Debs!"

"Debs isn't to blame for the weather or the flies," criticised the other man; "you better be thankful we're going at all. I guess they will have the Rock Island tied up as tight as a drum to-morrow."

"Then I shall wish all the more Debs was this fly!" returned the first man, coolly, slipping into his seat.

"I'm not so blooming certain we can get through to-day," the other continued: "did you know we have got a scab fireman on?"

"That's why those rocks flew at Spring Valley!"

"They *were* rocks, then?"

"Why, certainly—" then the speaker's voice sank, to the discomfiture of the elderly woman from the country, two seats in front, who vainly tilted her plump neck backward and strained

her ears to catch more than vagrant phrases.

She was a comely old woman, whose gray hair was not thin, whose skin had a wholesome clearness, and whose bright brown eyes sparkled behind her glasses. There was a kind of vigorous neatness about her old-fashioned toilet. She was the single person in the car who was not dusty. As she listened, an emotion not akin to timidity, stirred the lines of her mouth, and a color not due to the heat, mottled her still pretty cheeks. Rising, she brushed the full folds of her black alpaca skirts with a determined action. She smoothed out the wrinkles of her basque at the waist. With the same brisk and almost angry movements she pulled her antique black straw bonnet off the rack, unswathed it from a blue *barège* veil and tied it firmly on her head. This done, she ran a careful eye over the neat pile of her belongings on the opposite seat, pushed the bandbox, covered with wall-paper, into a safer position, rested a portly, greenish-black umbrella against her knee, and sat upright, like one prepared for action.

When the big brakeman, whom every traveller on No. 2 likes, entered with his water-can, she beckoned to him. There had been an interchange of courtesies and fried chicken between the two already; hence he halted with the smile of an acquaintance. "Well, grandma?" said the brakeman.

"Say, you set down by me, cayn't you? I got something to tell you. But I don't want to take you off your business; come back if you ain't got the time now."

Lyon is the most amiable man on the road; he dropped into the seat beside her at once. "It's fifteen minutes to the next station," said he, "and we're running awful light—not twenty passengers on this train. Think of that for the day before the Fourth!"





"It's a shame," agreed the old woman, warmly.

"It's a shame," agreed the old woman, warmly. "Say"—her voice, which was so mellow and leisurely in its intonations that even its angry tones rang pleasantly, sank into a whisper—"them men behind—don't look round!—the one with the bald head and the big ears and the fat one in the blue striped shirt; they bin settin' all round the car, sheddin' papers wherever they set; and I bin readin' the papers. Why on airth don't the guv'nment put a stop to this foolishness?"

"I guess they won't let 'em upset any more cars," said the brakeman.

"They better! Why, it's ridiculous! They throwed stuns at one car, it says. 'Sposin' there'd bin babies in that car! I got a little grandchild two years old I come nigh a-bringin' with me—how'd I felt if I had! And I guess there's plenty other grandmothers 'sides me, with children, a-travellin'! Them men say, too, we may have trouble 'cause we got a scab fireman on board; have we?"

The brakeman nodded.

"Do tell! Would you mind tellin' me, jest to oblige, what a scab reely is?"

The brakeman had a round, cheerful young face, to which the freckles only imparted an additional friendliness of expression; but at these artless words it clouded; his lower jaw dropped and he hitched his blue trousers up at the knee, appearing to ask aid of the thick shoes, which were tapping the floor.

"A scab?" said the brakeman, "why, a scab's a feller that scabs—takes another feller's job!"

"Well, but," insisted the country-woman, "I don't understand. My daughter that I bin visitin' in Iowa, she was havin' a cellar made—and the mason that was doin' it had a man workin' for him that bin workin' for him thirteen year and was the best man he had, but he wasn't a union man, and the boss of the union told him he'd got to send that man off 'cause he didn't belong to the union, or else all the others would strike on him, and they'd boycott him with his customers, so he done it, and another man took his place, now I 'spose he was a scab?"

"Didn't they give the feller the choice of joinin' the union?"

"I don't know. I know he went off, and he felt awful bad, 'cause he said 'twasn't no fun huntin' a job this year. Was that man who took his place a scab?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, he was all right, he belonged to the union——"

"Ain't nobody got a right to work without he belongs to the union?"



"That ain't the point—ladies don't understand. It's like this way in a strike: all the working-men win if the strike wins, and it is thought to be about the durndest mean act a man can do to step in and take the place of some feller who is out really fighting for him, see?"

"No, I *don't* see. What good would it 'a' done that mason if the masons had struck, when they wouldn't let anybody hire him anyhow? I don't see no harm in scabs. What's this one's name? Is he a nice man?"

No one is less of an agitator than Jerry Lyon; in preference to argument he answered her questions, "Yes, the fireman was a nice man, and his name was Eli Pauls."

"Will they try to hurt us 'cause he's on, think? Ditch the train maybe, or some sich deviltry—they do them things right along it says in the papers."

"I don't believe the strikers do, railroad boys ain't so mean as that."

"But somebody might—it's done; and if there should be an accident, I hate to trouble you, but I got a daughter-in-law, a widder, lives right in Blue Island—her name's Mrs. Lizzie J. Gayer—and I guess you better send the body *there*."

"No you don't, grandma," said the brakeman. "I ain't goin' to let you git killed, nor anybody else. That's positive. Don't you believe what those drummers say!"

He went away, laughing, but his face darkened before he met the conductor on the platform.

The conductor was reading a yellow slip of paper.

"Well?" said Lyon, taking an easy, railway pose on the steps.

"They stoned the last train at Blue Island and nearly killed the engineer. Dragged him and the fireman off the cab. Arnold was there with the injunction yesterday afternoon, and they simply hooted him—hollered 'To h—— with the Government,' and tore down the injunctions. He tried to move the trains; but they knocked him down and pounded him. The deputies ran. Nice show for Pauls, ain't it?"

The brakeman pushed his cap back off his curly fair hair, looking the other

way. "Pauls has got a wife and six kids," said he, irrelevantly, "and he's been out of work 'most three months he told me. He was stationary engineer for a company that failed. One of his kids is sick; he's worried about him."

"What sort of fellow is he?"

"Oh, he's one of these kinder rabbit men, been dodging around in his cab all the way, 'fraid of stones. He says his wife used to be a school-teacher, but she took in sewing and washing, too, to earn money while he was out of a job. He worked out poll-taxes or anything else he could get—seems they are trying to pay for a house, and he's awful anxious to earn money."

"You ever see his wife?"

"Nah, but he's got a picture of his wife and three of the kids; he wears it in his shirt-pocket. It's got paper over it to keep it clean. She's a real nice-looking woman, and the kids are nice-looking, too."

"Shaw!" said the conductor; but the exclamation was one of sympathy, and the brakeman so understood it. He rubbed one foot over the other, as he continued, with an affectation of indifference, "Look here, Doughty, suppose I go in and fire for that feller. Max won't mind. Everything is so topsy-turvy now, rules don't count. And all the boys know me, and they won't catch on to him if he's braking in my place. What do you say?"

The conductor was a Scotchman. He rubbed his sandy hair a full minute, saying nothing. Finally, he answered, "Let's go talk to Max, and—you better take my gun!"

They found the engineer, a sun-burned, stolid man, leaning out of his cab, and smoking while he watched a little crowd of men on the platform.

The fireman busied himself in polishing off a stray stain on some brass-work. He had a nervous air. As he worked his straight, fair hair fell over his red face. He looked up eagerly at Lyon's approach. "What's the news, Mr. Lyon?" said he.

"What's the news, Jerry?" said the engineer.

"Nothing good," answered Lyon. "Say, Pauls, I guess you will attract



less observation from our excitable friends, braking in a quiet, peaceful way than firing. Let's exchange jobs the rest of the trip to Chicago!"

The fireman flushed. "No, you don't," said he, "I ain't much on fighting, maybe, but I won't have another man stoned in my place!"

"I could have told you he wouldn't let you," said Max, the engineer, in his emotionless, bass voice.

Lyon's persuasions availed nothing, and he was forced to leave Pauls at the furnace, grumbling as he went.

But had he realized how much lighter was the fireman's heart as he peered over the grates at the saw of flame behind the smudge, he had felt less need to belabor his own stupidity for making "a bad break" for nothing. For at that very moment Pauls was swallowing hard, yearning in his soul for some future chance to pound a possible assailant of Lyon's to a jelly, and inaudibly praising Lyon to his wife. "I do think the boys are beginning to get used to me a bit," says Pauls, choking. A little kindness went a long way with the "scab." He was a quiet man, not prone to vanity nor to take offence, who had rehearsed to himself in advance the snubs and annoyances that a "scab" must count on getting, and had promised himself not to resent them. Julie couldn't understand; but he, himself, had the workingman's feeling about the man who would steal another man's job. He didn't blame the yardmen and the train crews taking his presence in bad part and showing their resentment in any form short of stones. "It's natural," Pauls used to say rather drearily to himself, folding his bare arms on the window-sill of the cab and puffing at his pipe; "they don't like me taking Ridgely's place. I don't think I'm wrong. The strike is a fool strike and a mean one, and Ridgely hasn't got any right to throw up his job and then expect other men to let their families suffer rather than take it from him. Julie's right. I owe more to her and the children than I do to a man I never saw in my life. But I can't expect the boys that knew Ridgely to look at it like I do!"

And Pauls had so much of the work-

ingman's prejudice in him that he felt cowed by the tacit disapproval of his comrades; he could not keep his chin in the air did the street boys yell "Scab!" at him. A workingman's comrades are his society, there is no public opinion to him outside his own class; to lose the good-will of the men who work at his side every day is to be an outcast. It had really taken more moral courage for Pauls to climb up the steps of the cab, the first time, than many a man needs during his whole life. "I ain't doing wrong, if they do think so," he said, doggedly. But he felt grateful even for the cool indifference of his new comrades. "They haven't done a mean thing to me," he told Julie, and he was very cheerful before her and the little sick boy who was interested in the engine. He didn't tell his wife how often he thought of Ridgely, the striking fireman. There was his oil-can and the bits of waste that he had used in polishing the engine; sombrely enough Pauls stared at them many a time, wondering what manner of man Ridgely was, and if he needed the place. Once he asked Max whether Ridgely was a married man, and stuck his head into the furnace door and withdrew it, red as the fire inside.

"No," said Max. He added no possible romance for Ridgely. Pauls heaved a mighty shovelful of slack on the grates. "What kind of a man was Ridgely?" said he, coughing in the dust that he raised. But Max did not notice his confusion and answered carelessly, "Oh, he wasn't much 'count. He didn't keep things clean, and he was always getting tired shovelling and wanting to run the engine!"

And then the conductor had happened to come up; and Pauls had never got his courage into action again. Not even to Lyon, who was kind to him, could he unpack his wishes and scruples and regrets about Ridgely. Max was kind to him, also; but Max was a taciturn man who smoked a short pipe, consuming his thoughts, as some chimneys consume their smoke. Lyon, on the contrary, was an open-hearted, frank fellow, reared on a farm in a large family, who insensibly began to





"A patched hammock with a little, smiling, pale face on the pillow."—Page 229.

pity Pauls as soon as he knew that he had six children. He was not aware that he was kind—indeed, he regarded his behavior as having the happy mixture of forbearance and contempt due from a loyal member of a union that was not striking and opposed to the present strike to a useful but odious "scab." In Pauls's case, however, his feelings were complicated by—Ridgely! None of the train-crew liked Ridgely; and Lyon hated him. Lyon had a sweetheart; and he was bitterly jealous of Ridgely, with his handsome face and fluent tongue. Ridgely had bragged that he could marry "Jerry Lyon's best girl, any time he wanted to," and Lyon's fists clinched whenever he thought of the man. But he couldn't abuse him to Pauls; so Pauls wondered at the silence. To-day, Ridgely was persistently in his mind. Was poor Ridgely among the rioters? "I'd like to do that man a good turn!" thought Pauls.

"Next stop is Blue Island," said Max.

"They are quiet enough, here," said Pauls, looking out at the pretty little houses with their fresh paint and the dusty street, and a gray team of farm-horses with a farmer at their heads. The farmer, seeing that his horses would stand, left them and approached the train. Pauls saw his face light up, and in a second saw him swing himself on the platform of the rear car.

"Yes, it's quiet enough, here," said Max.

"But I see some white ribbons," said Pauls. "Don't it seem an awful strange thing that a week ago we were all so peaceful and now maybe there'll be civil war."

"There won't be no civil war," said Max; "those fellers won't fight; it's jest a big bluff."

"Well, I hope so," said Pauls, stealing a glance at the contemptuous immobility of the engineer's face; "I'd



hate to kill a man, it would be an awful thing; and yet—I guess I'd do it before I'd give up and let 'em kill the engine. What do you think?"

Max's peaceful face did not change; but he put his hand to his hip-pocket and showed a hammerless revolver. "I ain't going to let them kill *my* engine if I can help it," said he, quietly. "They'd hurt her. They don't mind what they do to an engine, those fellers." He flicked a speck off the shining brass-work.

"She's a beauty," acquiesced Pauls, "it would hurt me, too, to see her hurt."

A faint gleam crept into Max's gray eyes. "Ridgely used to say she wasn't no better'n half a dozen engines on the road," said he. "I—I ain't sorry Ridgely's gone."

Pauls essayed to speak lightly, but his voice shook, "Well, I—fact of the matter is, I've felt pretty bad 'bout taking his place."

"You needn't," said Max.

He said no more, either because he would not have said more, in any event, or because he saw three men under the cab-window.

The three men were Lyon, the conductor, and the farmer. An air of controlled agitation hung about them all. The conductor spoke in a low voice, plainly trying to seem unconcerned. He said, "They have been having a h—— of a time in Blue Island and Chicago, all day!" Now, the conductor was a Presbyterian who never used an oath.

"So?" said Max.

"Don't look as if anything was up," said Doughty, rapidly; "there's no knowing who's spying on us. I'll explain to you." He explained in a few sentences. The man with them was the son of a lady on the train. He lived about two miles out of Blue Island, and he had gone in early, to be there to meet his mother, who was coming to visit him. He had a sister in town, and she had seen the rioters dropping something between the rails. No doubt they were spiking the switches, but they hadn't driven the spikes in. She told her brother, and he had gone to the next town to meet his mother there

and to warn the train. The place was a little before they entered the depot. "That's the situation, boys," said Doughty, "and I don't know how you feel about it, but I said, with Max at the engine I believed we could run the train into Chicago, and I don't like to be downed."

"What you think of doing?" asked Max, cutting off a slice of tobacco.

Doughty and the farmer exchanged glances. "We are not going to do much of anything, I guess, but Mrs. Gayter, this gentleman's mother, says those bolts must be picked up, unsuspected, and she is game to do it for us, herself. She has a plan—well, I guess we cooked it up amongst us. But the old lady will dress up in an old dress she's got with her, and be a peanut-woman. We can get all Tommy's peanuts and apples. And when she gets to the spot she will tip her basket over and while she is picking them up, she will pick up a few spikes that are of no account round there. The old lady is smart as a whip-lash and I believe she will do it."

"But somebody ought to go with her!" Pauls cried, "somebody that knows about the road——"

The conductor took the words off his tongue, "Lyon, of course, spoke up for the job, but I told him they would be on to *him* in a flash."

"But they don't know *me*," said Pauls.

"Well, if you want the job, I guess Lyon can fire for you," returned the conductor. "Come on back into the car."

Pauls followed. Lyon at the door looked back at the engineer. "Will he do, guess?" said he.

"Sure," said Max.

Ten minutes later, Max and Lyon looked out of the cab-window to see a farm-wagon disappear through a radiant cloud of dust. Pauls sat behind drilling the impromptu peanut-woman in her part.

Her son had brought a bit of white ribbon, which he insisted on pinning to her blue calico gown, on the shoulder (this was her stipulation), where she would not need to see it. She had pulled a stiff and very clean yellow sun-



bonnet over her head. "'Tis pretty warm, this bunnit, but I'm willin' to do my part to put down the rebellion," said she, stoutly. "My father fit for the flag in 1812 and my husband was killed for it in 1863, leavin' Sam, there, no more'n a baby; and I'm willin' to bear my testimony, now. Talk of persentiments, I felt a persentiment creepin' cole down my spine, the minnit I heard them men a-talkin'. And I got all my things ready, straight, I didn't have to keep Sam waitin', none!"

purple and green he saw a patched hammock with a little, smiling, pale face on the pillow, and a black-haired woman rocking and sewing near. He remembered some verses that he had learned once to speak in school, they were about a dying gladiator,

"There were his young barbarians all at play,  
There was their Dacian mother."

Suppose those Blue Island toughs killed him, would *he* see Julie and Jim and



The Unlucky Peanut Woman.

Her high spirits, which were not in the least feigned, put a new fire into Pauls's veins. He had not thought of the matter in such a light. "Every good American ought to be helpin', now," cried she; "it's a good way, I guess, of celebratin' the Fourth!"

"That's so," her son agreed, smiling on her proudly. But for the most part he was very grave, having a better appreciation than she of the quality of the scene to which he was taking her. Pauls did not see the houses nor the parched woodlands, nor the trampled, scorched roadside drifting past his wide eyes; he saw a tiny lawn, green and closely clipped, he saw the clematis vine on a cottage porch, rustling and waving in the wind, and through the

the girls? The farmer half turned his head. "Got a pistol?" said he.

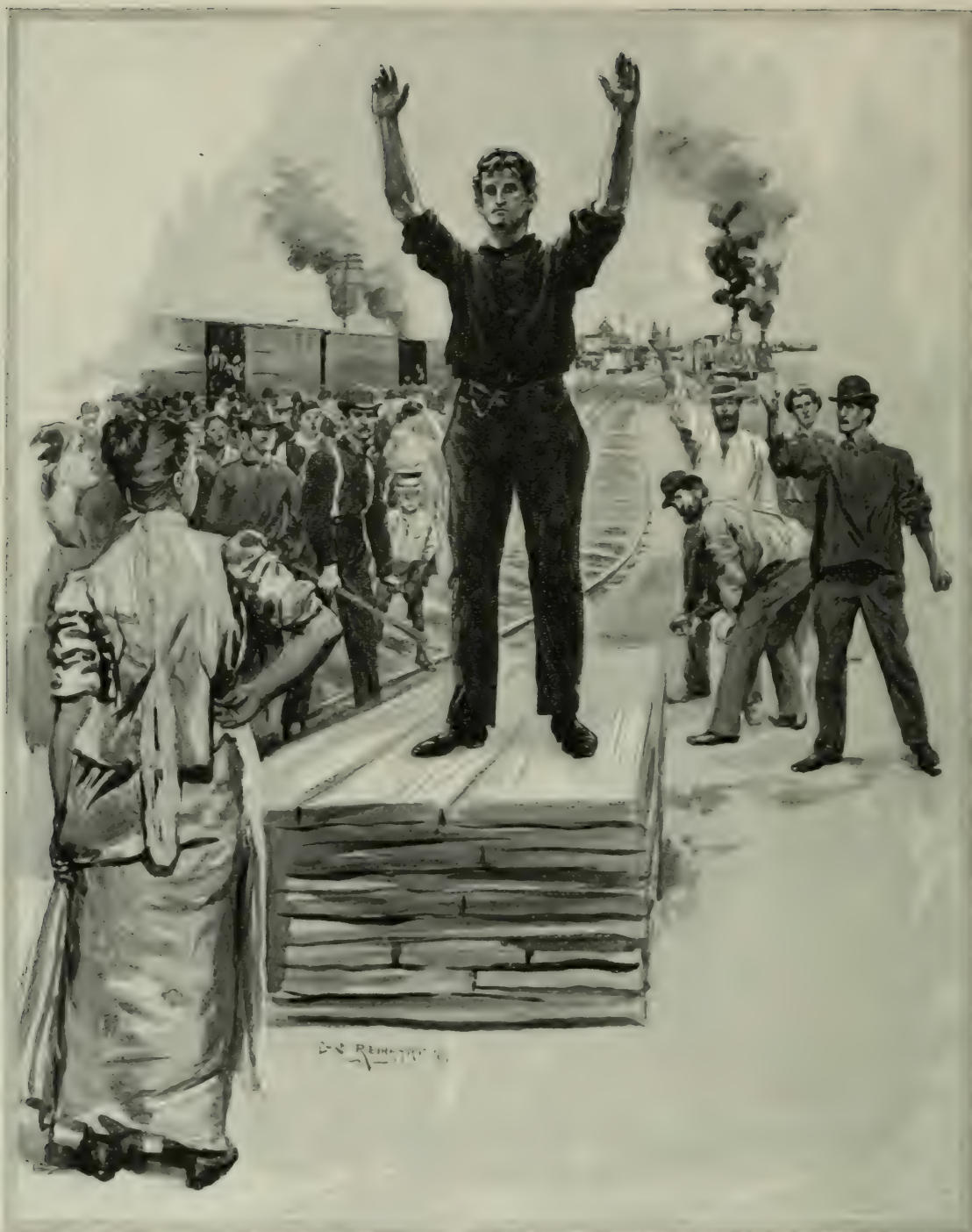
Pauls shook his head. "They cost so much," said he, apologetically. "I was a stationary engineer, before, and didn't need one. Max asked me if I had one, but I knew he would want to give me his, and he needed it, so I said, 'That's all right;' and he thought I had one."

"I wish I had one," said the farmer, with a rueful smile, "but I haven't anything — except cannon firecrackers for my children!"

"They're better'n nothin'," observed the old woman, cheerily. "Look, Sam, ain't we comin' into Blue Island?"

Pauls stared down the straggling sky line of shops and houses. He could





Track clear! Don't stop

see the street jammed with black figures, wavering in ragged lines; he saw, here and there, a spiral of smoke curling up from the open street; that must be a blockaded engine. But, in general, the sky was strangely pure, no smoke from the great factories, no smoke from the railroad-shops. "Debs has kept his word," explained Sam; "he's tied the Rock Island up tight."

Their plans were now to be tested. Sam drew up the wagon close to the

wooden sidewalk, where a patch of smart-weed and jimson made a squalid boulevard between the road and the planks. He kissed his mother, saying, "I'll keep close behind, ma, mind that!" Then he shook Pauls's hand. Pauls said, "It's Mrs. W. T. Pauls, if you lose the address." Sam nodded. "And you look after your mother, don't mind *me*, whatever happens," said Pauls. Then he crossed the street and strolled along, an idle stranger, seek-



ing the spectacles of the day. On the other side, an old peanut-woman proffered her wares to the few passers-by. In the middle of the road, a farmer drove a tired team of horses slowly down the broad street. Presently, the stranger, who looked like most of the men about, in his flannel shirt and shabby trousers, had come to the railway tracks and the crowd. An observable thing about the crowd was its youth. There were beardless young fellows at every turn. They perched on fences and car-roofs. Their hats were pushed back on their heads, their faces were flushed, and they called jeers and witty abuse of the marshals (as they esteemed wit) from one group to another. Some of them walked the rounds of the trains, and stared at the weary faces at the windows. Another

feature of the crowd was the number of women and children in its ranks, so that the wailing of children was one of the component parts of the din. The women were untidy of dress, as plainly in their working-clothes as the men were in theirs, their tousled hair often uncovered and their faces disfigured by a fury of excitement. Not a tin star was in sight; but a policeman leaned drowsily against a saloon-door and looked to be in a Nirvana of rest amid the turmoil.

The shabby man walked along the tracks just behind the wagon. Though the way was clear the wagon halted for a second, as if to allow the driver to read one of the placards on the cars. It went on and the man, following, stood still for the same purpose. He was roused by an exclamation of distress,



C. N. Reinhardt  
1894



in a woman's pipe. Behold, behind him, the unlucky peanut-woman who had stumbled and spilled her nuts over the track! The children, swarming there as everywhere, were on all fours after them in a trice; and the owner crawled about the rails, lamenting and picking up peanuts. The man seemed to be a good-natured fellow, for he was active in dispersing the small banditti and collecting peanuts. He did not lose patience with the old woman, although she thriftily gathered up the last peanut from the frogs and once or twice in her eagerness caught her cotton gown between the cunning joints, requiring his help to release her. "Good-by, grandma," he called, as she stumbled painfully away, and disappeared in the crowd. He remained, studying the placards. He brought some food from a restaurant to a woman in one of the cars. He joined in one or two very brief conversations. He watched a pleasant-looking countrywoman in a black alpaca gown (who came out of one of the better class of houses down a side-street) clamber

into the countryman's wagon. She looked about her, smiling happily like a child; and he smiled, too.

But, immediately, his mouth compressed itself in a very different smile. And he walked up the track.

The train ran into Blue Island, as if the rails were eggs. Max with his hand on the lever, did not let his glance swerve a hair's-breadth. Big drops rolled down Lyon's pale face, his teeth flashed in a grin of intensest excitement and watchfulness; he kept his eyes on Max, who, except for his keen eyes, looked as impassive as ever.

"We were to stop if we didn't see him," said Lyon.

"There he is," said Max—he spoke as quietly as he would have spoken ten days before—"yes, that's him. He's signalling for us to go straight on and not stop. Does he know the signals, for sure?"

"Yes, I taught him. By— Look at him; do you see the mob?"

"Do you hear them? Boys this looks bad!"—it was a new voice; Doughty,





the conductor, had made his way to the engine, he was clambering along the foot-board.

"Get in, Doughty," said Max, not turning his head, "I hear them. We're getting near."

Near enough, now, for the three men to hear the hollow roar and hiss as one word was screamed by hundreds of throats, "Scab! scab!" Near enough to see the furious faces, the clenched fists and the women's arms scratching in the common insult of the mob. And near enough to see, on a pile of lumber, a single man, his arms above his head waving the signal. "*Track clear! Don't stop!*"

"He knows they'll block the track. It's our only chance to get through," said the conductor.

"Scabs! Scabs! Kill the scabs! Pull 'em off the engine!" a woman's voice shrieked, shriller than the rest.

"He's going to make a run for us," cried Lyon; "that's Slippery Dick behind him; they've caught on to the signals—yah, I knew it, there come the stones!"

"He ain't running to us, he's running 'cross the street!" said Max, "he won't bring trouble on us."

"Here's another stone," said the conductor; "I must get back to my passengers. Max, you know the orders. Let her go!"

Lyon thought he heard a queer sound from Max when he pushed the lever and opened the throttle. "I hate to leave that fellow!" he growled; but the great black bulk quivered and raced down on the mob, faster at each word. The slack flew into the furnace. Then, the fireman's head pitched out of the black dust and he stole a glance through the window.

"Nobody ever kept her so clean like he did!" Max was muttering. "Jerry, can't you see nothing?"

Lyon shook his fist in an ecstasy of rage. "If there wasn't a whole litter of children in the way I'd shoot, I would by—! D— them, they're stoning him! That dirty— Bully for grandma, she's trying to get him in the wagon— Oh!"— Lyon swore in a sob of passion that cracked into a fierce laugh.

"Why don't you tell, instead of hol-

lering like a wild Injun?" cried the justly exasperated Max. "You know I can't turn 'round!"

"It was that black-hearted devil, Dick," said Lyon; "he hit the old lady with a coupling-pin, tumbled her clean off the seat, and Pauls smashed him with the same pin—They've got him down— Oh, Max, I cayn't stand—rrh!"

It was no articulate exclamation that reeled out of Lyon's lips, but rather a gasp, a groan, and a scream all jumbled together. And Max heard nothing of it, for even that modern Roman sentinel wheeled round the upper part of him at a tremendous barking clatter of explosion, followed by a tumult of shrieks and shouts.

"I think that must have been a bomb," said Lyon, in a small, gentle voice.

"What can you see?" asked Max, a statue again.

"They all seem to be running—the horses are running, too—I can't see——"

Nor could he, for there was nothing to be seen but a lessening perspective of cars and rails; nothing to be heard but the pounding gallop of the insensate steed that hurried them away.

"I'm going back to Blue Island on the street-cars, the minit I git to Chicago," Lyon announced. "I'm going to see about that bomb! Poor Pauls."

"That didn't sound to me so much like a bomb, it sounded just like cannon firecrackers," meditated Max.

Nor was it a bomb. When Pauls ran he had no thought to run to his friends. He was simply trying to turn the attention of the mob away from the engine.

But thus running, he heard a voice, "Here, here! climb in!" And he saw the wagon beside him. The next instant, the old woman dropped. There was blood on her gray hair, and Pauls's brain seemed to burst into flames. He struck furiously at the assailant, and as if by the wind of his own blow was felled.

He did not feel hurt nor frightened, he only felt a mad, overwhelming brute longing to fight, to kill, before they should trample the life out of him! But then the crash and the blaze came; and the crowd was running and he was lying on his back, stupidly staring up into the sky. He squinted one eye



along the ground until it encountered a curl of red paper, and he began to laugh. Firecrackers or not, some people were hurt, for he had heard the screams. And he laughed again, while he crawled to his feet. A woman—not a woman of the crowd, a woman with a neat dress and smooth hair—ran to him and helped him along, urging him to haste. She took him into a drug-store where they washed his face and dosed him with brandy and got him into another coat.

"The lady in the wagon—does anybody know if the lady in the wagon was hurt?" Pauls begged, the instant they let his mouth alone.

"Ma?" cried the kind woman beside him, "ma's all right, just round the corner in the wagon. I'll take you."

She guided him out of the house, by the back door, and down a peaceful alley to a shady street where the Gayter wagon stood under a branching maple, the horses nibbling grass as tranquilly as if they had never sniffed powder and known war.

Mrs. Gayter sat on the front seat. Except the flutter of a white handkerchief beneath the generous curve of her bonnet, not a mark of combat showed on her genial visage. Sam wore a new hat and he had a bruise on his cheek-bone, but he, too, was smiling; and he wrung Pauls's hand in a mighty grip.

"Did you kill him?"

"I don't know," replied Pauls, "I did my best!"

Sam looked downcast, but Mrs. Gayter's rich tones struck in, consolingly,

"Maybe it's best not. I don't wish no feller-cretur to be killed. Don't feel bad, boys. He gave me a reel good chance to set off that hull bunch of firecrackers, and I reely think, besides, I run over him. We hadn't orter be too ha'sh! Mr. Pauls, there's one thing, though, I wish you'd do for me, that is, git some firecrackers in Chicago for the childern, the king firecrackers. I cayn't git them here, and the childern would be so disapp'inted if they didn't git 'em. Sam will come in here for them to-morrow mornin' and Lizzie will show you what cars to take."

Lizzie showed Pauls so well that without further misadventure he reached the city and ran into Max and Lyon, just starting out in search of him. He thought it was worth the tussle and all his bruises to have Lyon wring his hand and Max grin placidly upon him. "Well, they didn't kill you," said Max. "Did you kill Ridgely?"

"Me? Ridgely?" repeated Pauls, dazed.

"That was Ridgely hit the old lady," explained Lyon. "Slippery Dick Ridgely—used to run with us."

"Was that man Ridgely?" said Pauls, with a deep sigh. "Boys, I've been sorry for him——"

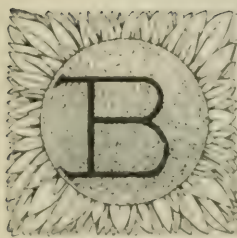
"You needn't be!" said Max, grimly.

"I wish you'd killed him!" said Lyon.

"I did my best," said Pauls, humbly. "At least"—he added the words with a queer smile that only Max understood—"at least if I haven't killed him, I've killed his ghost!"

## A RUINED FAITH-DOCTOR

*By Charles Ridgeway Van Blarcom*



LET you who-wash-the-dishes, I can beat you to the house," cried Sadie, her eyes shining as we rode out of the mesquite scrub; the open prairie before us.

"What have I got to do with your old dirty dishes?" asked I, frankly, for had I not known Sadie for a month?

and been stopping at her father's ranch a week?

I had been banished from overplayed hospital work to this Utopia, some months before, by the imperial edict of a sovereign lung.

Sadie I had first met at a nearby country hoe-down, with much eagerness; prompted by an interest in the neighborhood stories of the young



Faith-Doctor's power of healing. I needed her good offices badly enough by this, for myself.

"Well, then," she answered, "I'll bet the dishes against who-fix-your-hat," looking at the scraggly silver braid on my sombrero.

"Done!" and we turned our backs to the house for the "wheel-and-go," the ponies afire and quivering for the word.

Behind us stretched the hard, level, curly-mesquite-grass prairie straight away for a quarter of a mile to the house. For the last half the calf pasture would be on our right, and just this side the house stood the yard-fence, straight across our way.

"It's first quirt strikes the house?" asked I, innocently.

"Not much! *It's first one on the gallery!*"

The odds were even! I knew that Sadie was good for a start of twenty-feet, but that, if I could pick it up before we reached the yard-fence, old Buckram would catch his feet enough quicker than Sadie's pony, after the jump, to offset the bird-like flight which Sadie called dismounting.

"Are you ready?"

"Go!"

A quick twist and we were off, Sadie on the side toward the pasture and three long lengths to the good. Old Buck stretched and doubled like a greyhound and lapped Sadie's pony as we passed the corner of the pasture. Half-way down the fence it was nose and nose, and my race!

Just there the snake-fence of the pasture was down for the putting in of new rails, and Sadie, with a great swing, lurched her pony through the gap and came tearing down inside the fence, barely a length behind. I set my teeth as I saw the dodge. The calf pasture gave into the house-yard through the cow-pen in the corner, and *both gates were open.*

Steadying for the jump, I took the fence handily as Sadie flashed through those confounded gates, and it was nose and nose again for the finish. Sadie had it. She was safe to beat me half a second in dismounting.

Desperate at the thought of her chaff,

I barely checked old Buck enough to break him from trying a jump and, as Sadie fluttered to the ground with her hand on the gallery's edge, I rammed him up the steps anyhow, landing in a heap with the old boy's head through the front door.

"That's not fair," blazed Sadie, in a rage.

"Fair nothing!" I retorted, sitting on old Buck's head to keep him from tearing the house down; "what's fair about sneaking around through gates and things? I've won; and you know it."

"Well, I'll *fix* your old hat, then," she flared, and flipping it off my head to the floor, stamped in the crown with both her dainty riding-boots and was gone through the open window.

I got old Buck off the gallery, hung my chaparreros and the battered sombrero up outside, and was unbuckling my six-shooter in the sitting-room, when Sadie's mother passed by the door and up the stairs with a woman's step of trouble.

I hung the gun up on the antlers and went to the door, as I heard Sadie coming down.

That girl was never in the least disordered by her maddest frolics, and now, in her black habit and with her hat off, looked as trim as a nun; and her face was the face of the old Madonnas! Her eyes met mine unconsciously and, as her exalted look passed through me, I seemed bathed in a sudden flood of holiness.

Thrilled and wondering, I followed Sadie and her mother out to the back porch. There stood a neighbor woman, breathless from running, her face white with fear, and in her arms, half wrapped in a blanket, her little naked baby, drawn and rigid in the last stage of convulsions.

"Sadie!" gasped the woman, "*For God's sake! Sadie!*"

I tried, in vain, to move forward and offer my skill as Sadie, with that angelic look still on her face, opened the blanket from about the dying child. Passing her hands over the little one's face and body and limbs, she blew gently upon each part saying, over and over again, "*Poor little baby! Poor little baby!*"



Spellbound, I watched while the child's drawn face and limbs slowly relaxed and its color became normal. In a few moments the little thing nestled in its mother's arms, gave a long sigh and slept, peacefully and naturally.

Sadie turned from the child and passed into the house. The angel look had faded to a dull pallor, and in her eyes was a great, hopeless pity. *Pity for whom?*

I know not how long I had stood there, when I heard the kindly voice of Sadie's mother calling me to supper.

Sadie's place was vacant, and by the gallery steps stood one of the ranch Mexicans holding her saddled horse.

As we sat down she passed out, mounted and galloped away in the twilight.

"Is—is Sadie," I began, when the Old Man spoke. "Never mind her, son, she's allers that away after she cures."

"Yes," added her mother; "poor child, she'll be back all right in the morning."

"But," I cried, "where has she gone?"

"God knows," said the Old Man, solemnly. "We follered her onct with the hounds, and found her settin' up on Injin Mountain, and when she seen we-all comin' she swounded and was near dyin' for more'n a month."

"We allers let her be now," he added, after a pause, his fine face saddened, yet steady with an unquestioning faith, "She's with him."

At bed-time I went to my quarters in a cabin back of the house, took a heavy ulster, and passed out to a huge live oak, some two hundred yards away in front.

Soon after the Old Man came down to the gate and stood, leaning his arms on the top rail, motionless, it seemed to me for hours.

At last he returned to the house and passed in at the open door, but soon came back; and so he watched through the night, the silent hounds following his every movement.

All through the night a light shone brightly in the window of the old folk's room upstairs—the one facing Indian Mountain.

About midnight Sadie's mother came down and went in to the kitchen. I

judged she was making coffee for the Old Man, and presently he went in also, but soon returned to his post.

When the day star rose I went around to my cabin, took a bath, and dressed, and as the light of the wonderful "dry country" daybreak came stealing faintly across the distant hills and nearer prairie, I joined the Old Man at the gate.

He gave me his usual kindly "Mornin' Son," and then, after a long and steady look from his honest eyes into mine, grasped my hand as he said, "She'll come at sun up."

And so, as the sun rose gloriously in the cloudless sky, she came, breaking her pony's swift single-foot to a canter as I opened the gate.

All the fresh morning breeze and flashing sunrise was in her face, and the old mischief in her eyes, as she cantered up and jumped her pony, high between the gate-posts, as cleanly as though the gate had been closed.

Stooping from her saddle she put her arm across the Old Man's shoulders, and kissed him on the forehead. "Well, Pappy; been standing guard?" And the Old Man answered, "Yes, chicken; Pappy's been standin' guard."

And then she turned to me, her look half shy, half mischievous. Something she saw of my long watch and great gladness at seeing her safe again, and, perhaps, of other things, for her face grew softly grave, and a sweet wonder came into her eyes as she half involuntarily held out to me her ungloved left hand.

As I raised it to my lips a great rosy red broke over her face and faded slowly, and in her eyes I saw my happiness. Gently she drew away her hand, and turning to the Old Man like a little child, said, "Pappy, tote me."

And so we brought her to her mother, perched high on the Old Man's shoulder, while I walked by her side, leading the pony.

There had been rapid passing back and forth of letters with the old home in the North, and the dear old mother was coming out for the wedding as soon as the rains should come and lessen the blazing heat enough to make it safe for her.



For a week or two after the healing of the baby, Sadie had been rather weak and languid, though never listless. Her strength came rapidly back, though, and she was soon the same bewildering madcap as before. Yet there were times when the sweet womanliness in her would have play. But the story of those times is not yours, friend—it's mine, and Sadie's.

The first signs of the fall rains were showing, and I was for keeping a horse always saddled, to carry a despatch to the government wire at the "Post," fifty miles away, when the first drops should fall.

The Old Man was away at the roundup, gathering beeves for pasture. I had been sleeping in the house, as Sadie said, to be handy to load guns for her in case of trouble.

Late one night I was smoking in the sitting-room. Toward midnight I was aroused from my dreaming by the cavalry-like rattle of a crowd of cow-boys riding up to the house. Taking down a Winchester from the rack, I went to the front door.

At the foot of the stairs stood Sadie, in her riding-habit, and on her face was that strange, sweet, saint-like look.

There was a sound of trampling on the gallery, and then came the Old Man's deep voice, faint but unmistakable, "Sadie, it's Pappy, I'm sufferin' death!"

Dropping the heavy bar I swung the door open. There, on a long litter with a rope at each corner, lay the Old Man, death in his face, and struggling painfully for breath. Half a dozen cow-boys were on the gallery, and some twenty more sat their jaded horses outside.

The Old Man's horse had fallen on him, all but crushing out his life. Those boys had carried him all through the night, by turns, one at each corner of the litter, at a hard gallop, their perfect horsemanship and the training of their ponies saving the crushed form from any jar. The Old Man had fought back death with all his mighty strength till he should come to Sadie!

The girl did not speak nor move. The Old Man's chest heaved a moment, and then he gasped, "Stand me up,

boys." They raised him, while the damp of agony broke out upon his face and the blue death colored his lips. With a last, mighty effort he raised his dim eyes and whispered, faintly, "Sadie, for God's sake!"

And then she went to him, and passed her little hands down his face and over his great uncovered breast, blowing gently and saying, "Poor Pappy! Poor Pappy!"

The Old Man's glassy eyes took light, his breath came struggling back, and the agony slowly passed from his grand old face. Presently he leaned sleepily on the men who held him and said, "Boys, I'm tired."

On Sadie's face was that same look of unutterable sorrow. There was no fear in it, just a painful, almost impersonal pity. Turning, she passed slowly up the stairs.

Some of the boys carried the Old Man's sleeping form into the sitting-room, and the rest, seeing Samuelo come around the end of the house leading Sadie's pony, dismounted and stood silent by their horses' drooping heads.

When Sadie came out every man knelt, uncovered, until she had mounted and was gone, taking the gate in the dark. I sprang forward, and the oldest man held out his bridle-rein to me, saying, "Mine's the freshest, Pardner," and then, his rough hand gripping my shoulder, "*Play injin*, Pardner, FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T LET HER SEE YE!"

Passing hastily through the gate, I rode straight for Indian Mountain. In half a mile or so, I caught sight of Sadie and followed as she rode steadily to the foot of the hill, and on up the trail toward the summit.

Tying my horse in a thick scrub there, I took off my boots and followed. As I came within the sound of her voice I hid myself among the rocks. She was speaking quite distinctly, and I instantly recognized the voice of *mania*! God grant that after death I shall forget that awful night! Helpless, fearful of making the slightest sound, I lay there and suffered my darling's agony. *She believed that she must suffer, in spirit, all the pain she had relieved!*



An hour before day her voice died away, and from her breathing I knew that she slept. Taking the heavy blanket Samuelo had tied on her saddle I rolled it tenderly about her, and pillowed her head upon the jacket she had thrown off.

When the first shimmer of dawn lit the East she stirred, and presently I knew that she raised herself and stretched her arms with the long-drawn comfortable sigh of a waking child. "Well!" she said, "*Thank goodness that's over!*"

The rains came and the mother came, but Sadie was prostrated for weeks. After a long pull we brought her through and, as soon as she was able to travel, we were married.

The travelling ambulance, with its four horses, was at the door. The fiddles were going within the house and we had slipped away from the rhythmic roar and the dust of the stamping dancers, for a quiet word with Sadie's mother and the Old Man before we should start away amid the cheers and rattling pistol-shots of the crowding friends. Suddenly the dancers stopped, and old Samuelo came out to us, his wrinkled face gray with superstitious fear and his black eyes blazing, and called "Sadie."

My heart sank as she turned and I saw the angel look. My mother—God

bless her for it—laid hold of my arm and, with all the strength of her unselfish soul pouring into mine, commanded me, "*Go!* and *STOP IT!*"

Braced and confident, I followed Sadie through the wondering guests to the back porch. There lay "Waxy," the Old Man's cow-boss and the worst fire-eater on the range till he saw blood, and then the greatest baby.

The old fool, splitting wood for the barbecue, had cut an ugly gash in his leg. He lay there pale as death and crying "*Sadie, for God's sake!*" A fine stream of blood spurted bravely from a small artery which I could have tied in two jiffies.

My angel knelt beside him and passed her hand over the wound, never heeding the blood, and blowing upon it. Silently taking her other hand in mine, I threw all my will against hers to force her to look at me. She shivered, and turning slowly, met my eyes. Then it seemed as if my soul would burst with the effort I made to force her back from the trance. A troubled uncertainty came into her eyes, the angel look faded slowly, and turning deathly pale, she whispered, in a child-like, questioning way, "*Poor Waxy? Poor Waxy?*" and sank fainting in my arms, her strange power and its awful effect upon her gone forever.

## SIX YEARS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

*By Theodore Roosevelt*

NO question of internal administration is so important to the United States as the question of Civil Service Reform, because the spoils system, which can only be supplanted through the agencies which have found expression in the act creating the Civil Service Commission, has been for seventy years the most potent of all the forces tending to bring about the degradation of our politics. No republic can permanently endure when its politics are corrupt and base; and the spoils system, the application in political life of the degrading doctrine that to the victor belong the

spoils, produces corruption and degradation. The man who is in politics for the offices might just as well be in politics for the money he can get for his vote, so far as the general good is concerned. When the then Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Hendricks, said that he "wished to take the boys in out of the cold to warm their toes," thereby meaning that he wished to distribute offices among the more active heelers, to the rapturous enthusiasm of the latter, he uttered a sentiment which was morally on the same plane with a wish to give "the boys" five dollars



apiece all around for their votes, and fifty dollars apiece when they showed themselves sufficiently active in bullying, bribing, and cajoling other voters. Such a sentiment should bar any man from public life, and will bar him whenever the people grow to realize that the worst enemies of the Republic are the demagogue and the corruptionist. The spoils-monger and spoils-seeker invariably breed the bribe-taker and bribe-giver, the embezzler of public funds and the corrupter of voters. Civil Service Reform is not merely a movement to better the public service. It achieves this end too, but its main purpose is to raise the tone of public life, and it is in this direction that its effects have been of incalculable good to the whole community.

For six years, from May, 1889, to May, 1895, I was a member of the National Civil Service Commission, and it seems to me to be of interest to show exactly what has been done to advance the law and what to hinder its advancement during these six years, and who have been the more prominent among its friends and foes. I wish to tell "the adventures of Philip on his way through the world," and show who robbed him, who helped him, and who passed him by. It would take too long to give the names of all of our friends, and it is not worth while to more than allude to most of our foes and to most of those who were indifferent to us; but a few of the names should be preserved and some record made of the fights that have been fought and won and of the way in which, by fits and starts, and with more than one set-back, the general advance has been made.

Of the Commission itself little need be said. When I took office the only Commissioner was Mr. Charles Lyman, of Connecticut, who went out when I did. Honorable Hugh S. Thompson, ex-Governor of South Carolina, was made Commissioner at the same time that I was, and after serving for three years resigned. He was succeeded by Mr. George D. Johnston, of Louisiana, who was removed by the President in November, 1893, being replaced by Mr. John R. Procter, the former State Geologist of Kentucky, who is still serving.

The Commission has never varied a hand's-breadth from its course throughout this time; and Messrs. Thompson, Procter, Lyman, and myself were always a unit in all important questions of policy and principle. Our aim was always to procure the extension of the classified service as rapidly as possible, and to see that the law was administered thoroughly and fairly. The Commission does not have the power that it should, and in many instances there have been violations or evasions of the law in particular bureaus or departments which the Commission was not able to prevent. In every case, however, we made a resolute fight, and gave the widest publicity to the wrong-doing. Often, even where we have been unable to win the actual fight in which we were engaged, the fact of our having made it, and the further fact that we were ready to repeat it on provocation, has put a complete stop to the repetition of the offence. As a consequence, while there have been plenty of violations and evasions of the law, yet their proportion was really very small, taking into account the extent of the service. In the aggregate it is doubtful if one per cent. of all the employees have been dismissed for political reasons. In other words, where under the spoils system a hundred men would have been turned out, under the Civil Service Law, as administered under our supervision, ninety-nine men were kept in.

In the administration of the law very much depends upon the Commission. Good heads of departments and bureaus will administer it well anyhow; but not only the bad men, but also the large class of men who are weak rather than bad, are sure to administer the law poorly unless kept well up to the mark. The public should exercise a most careful scrutiny over the appointment and over the acts of Civil Service Commissioners, for there is no office the effectiveness of which depends so much upon the way in which the man himself chooses to construe his duties. A Commissioner can keep within the letter of the law and do his routine work and yet accomplish absolutely nothing in the way of securing the observance of the law. The Commission, to do useful



work, must be fearless and vigilant. It must actively interfere whenever wrong is done, and must take all the steps that can be taken to secure the punishment of the wrong-doer and to protect the employee threatened with molestation.

This course was consistently followed by the Commission throughout my connection with it. I was myself a Republican from the North, as was Mr. Lyman. Messrs. Thompson and Procter were from the South, and were both Democrats who had served in the Confederate armies; and it would be impossible for anyone to desire as associates two public men with higher ideals of duty, or more resolute in their adherence to those ideals. It is unnecessary to say that in all our dealings there was no single instance wherein the politics of any person or the political significance of any action was so much as taken into account in any case that arose. The force of the Commission itself was all chosen through the competitive examinations, and included men of every party and from every section of the country; and I do not believe that in any public or private office of the size it would be possible to find a more honest, efficient, and coherent body of workers.

From the beginning of the present system each President of the United States has been its friend, but no President has been a radical Civil Service reformer. Presidents Arthur, Harrison, and Cleveland have all desired to see the service extended, and to see the law well administered. No one of them has felt willing or able to do all that the reformers asked, or to pay much heed to their wishes save as regards that portion of the service to which the law actually applied. Each has been a sincere party man, who has felt strongly on such questions as those of the tariff, of finance, and of our foreign policy, and each has been obliged to conform more or less closely to the wish of his party associates and fellow party leaders; and, of course, these party leaders, and the party politicians generally, wished the offices to be distributed as they had been ever since Andrew Jackson became President. In

consequence the offices outside the protection of the law have still been treated under every administration as patronage, to be disposed of in the interests of the dominant party. An occasional exception was made here and there. The postmaster at New York, a Republican, was retained by President Cleveland in his first administration, and the postmaster of Charleston, a Democrat, was retained by President Harrison; but, with altogether insignificant exceptions, the great bulk of the non-classified places have been changed for political reasons by each administration, the office-holders politically opposed to the administration being supplanted or succeeded by political adherents of the administration.

Where the change has been complete it does not matter much whether it was made rapidly or slowly. Thus, the fourth-class postmasterships were looted more rapidly under the administration of President Harrison than under that of President Cleveland, and the consular service more rapidly under President Cleveland than under President Harrison; but the final result was the same in both cases. Indeed, I think that the brutality which accompanied the greater speed was in some ways of service to the country, for it directed attention to the iniquity and folly of the system, and emphasized, in the minds of decent citizens, the fact that appointments and removals for political reasons in places where the duties are wholly non-political cannot be defended by any man who looks at public affairs from the proper stand-point.

The advance has been made purely on two lines, that is, by better enforcement of the law, and by inclusion under the law, or under some system similar in its operations, of a portion of the service previously administered in accordance with the spoils theory. Under President Arthur the first classification was made, which included 14,000 places. Under President Cleveland, during his first term, the limits of the classified service were extended by the inclusion of 7,000 additional places. During President Harrison's term the limit was extended by the inclusion of about eight thousand places; and hith-



erto during President Cleveland's second term, by the inclusion of some six thousand places; in addition to which the natural growth of the service has been such that the total number of offices now classified is over forty thousand. Moreover, Secretary Tracy, under President Harrison, introduced into the navy yards a system of registration of laborers, which secures the end sought for by the Commission; and Secretary Herbert has continued this system. It only rests, however, upon the will of the Secretary of the Navy, and as we cannot expect always to have secretaries as single-minded in their devotion to the public business as Messrs. Tracy and Herbert, it is most desirable that this branch of the service should be put directly under the control of the Commission.

The Cabinet officers, though often not Civil Service reformers to start with, usually become such before their terms of office expire. This was true, without exception, of all the Cabinet officers with whom I was personally brought into contact while on the Commission. Moreover, from their position and their sense of responsibility they are certain to refrain from violating the law themselves and to try to secure at least a formal compliance with its demands on the part of their subordinates. In most cases it is necessary, however, to goad them continually to see that they do not allow their subordinates to evade the law; and it is very difficult to get either the President or the head of a department to punish these subordinates when they have evaded it. There is not much open violation of the law, because such violation can be reached through the courts; but in the small offices and small bureaus there is often a chance for an unscrupulous head of the office or bureau to persecute his subordinates who are politically opposed to him into resigning, or to trump up charges against them on which they can be dismissed. If this is done in a sufficient number of cases men of the opposite political party think that it is useless to enter the examinations; and by staying out they leave the way clear for the offender to get precisely the men he wishes for

the eligible registers. Cases like this continually occur, and the Commission has to be vigilant in detecting and exposing them, and in demanding their punishment by the head of the office. The offender always, of course, insists that he has been misunderstood, and in most cases he can prepare quite a specious defence. As he is of the same political faith as the head of the department, and as he is certain to be backed by influential politicians, the head of the department is usually loath to act against him, and, if possible, will let him off with, at most, a warning not to repeat the offence. In some departments this kind of evasion has never been tolerated; and where the Commission has the force under its eye, as in the departments at Washington, the chance of injustice is minimized. Nevertheless, there have been considerable abuses of this kind, notably in the custom-houses and post-offices, throughout the time I have been at Washington. So far as the Post-Office Department was concerned the abuses were more flagrant under President Harrison's Postmaster General, Mr. Wanamaker; but in the Treasury Department they were more flagrant under President Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Carlisle.

Congress has control of the appropriations for the Commission, and as it cannot do its work without an ample appropriation the action of Congress is vital to its welfare. Many, even of the friends of the system in the country at large, are astonishingly ignorant of who the men are who have battled most effectively for the law and for good government in either the Senate or the Lower House. It is not only necessary that a man shall be good and possess the desire to do decent things, but it is also necessary that he shall be courageous, practical, and efficient, if his work is to amount to anything. There is a good deal of rough-and-tumble fighting in Congress, as there is in all our political life, and a man is entirely out of place in it if he does not possess the virile qualities, and if he fails to show himself ready and able to hit back when assailed. Moreover, he must be alert, vigorous, and intelligent, if he



is going to make his work count. The friends of the Civil Service Law, like the friends of all other laws, would be in a bad way if they had to rely solely upon the backing of the timid good. During the last six years there have been, as there always are, a number of men in the House who believe in the Civil Service Law, and who vote for it if they understand the question and are present when it comes up, but who practically count for very little one way or the other, because they are timid or flighty, or are lacking in capacity for leadership or ability to see a point and to put it strongly before their associates.

There is need of further legislation to perfect and extend the law and the system ; but Congress has never been willing seriously to consider a proposition looking to this extension. Bills to provide for the appointment of fourth-class postmasters have been introduced by Senator Lodge and others, but have never come to anything. Indeed, but once has a measure of this kind been reported from committee and fought for in either House. This was in the last session of the 53d Congress, when Senators Morgan and Lodge introduced bills to reform the consular service. They were referred to Senator Morgan's Committee on Foreign Affairs, and were favorably reported. Senator Lodge made a vigorous fight for them in the Senate, but he received little support, and was defeated, Senator Gorman leading the opposition.

On the other hand, efforts to repeal the law, or to destroy it by new legislation, have been uniformly failures, and have rarely gone beyond committee. Occasionally, in an appropriation bill or some other measure, an amendment will be slipped through, adding forty or fifty employees to the classified service, or providing that the law shall not apply to them ; but nothing important has ever been done in this way. But once has there been a resolute attack made on the law by legislation. This was in the 53d Congress, when Mr. Bynum, of Indiana, introduced in the House, and Mr. Vilas, of Wisconsin, pushed in the Senate, a bill to reinstate the Democratic railway mail clerks,

turned out before the classification of the railway mail service in the early days of Mr. Harrison's administration.

The classification of the railway mail service was ordered by President Cleveland less than two months before the expiration of his first term of office as President. It was impossible for the Commission to prepare and hold the necessary examinations and establish eligible registers prior to May 1, 1889. President Harrison had been inaugurated on March 4th, and Postmaster-General Wanamaker permitted the spoilsmen to take advantage of the necessary delay and turn out half of the employees, who were Democrats, and replace them by Republicans. This was an outrageous act, deserving the severe condemnation it received ; but it was perfectly legal. During the four years of Mr. Cleveland's first term a clean sweep was made of the railway mail service ; the employees, who were almost all Republicans, were turned out, and Democrats were put in their places. The result was utterly to demoralize the efficiency of the service. It had begun to recover from this when the change of administration took place in 1889. The time was too short to allow of a clean sweep, but the Republicans did all they could in two months, and turned out half of the Democrats. The law then went into effect, and since that time there have been no more removals for partisan purposes in that service. It has now recovered from the demoralization into which it was thrown by the two political revolutions, and has reached a higher standard of efficiency than ever before. What was done by the Republicans in this service was repeated, on a less scale, by the Democrats four years later in reference to the classification of the small free-delivery post-offices. This classification was ordered by President Harrison two months before his term of office expired ; but in many of the offices it was impossible to hold examinations and prepare eligible registers until after the inauguration of President Cleveland, and in a number of cases the incoming postmasters, who were appointed prior to the time when the law went into effect, took advantage of the delay to make clean



sweeps of their offices. In one of these offices, where the men were changed in a body, the new appointees hired the men whom they replaced, at \$35 a month apiece, to teach them their duties; in itself a sufficient comment on the folly of the spoils system.

Mr. Bynum's bill provided for the reinstatement of the Democrats who were turned out by the Republicans just before the classification of the railway mail service. Of course such a bill was a mere partisan measure. There was no more reason for reinstating the Democrats thus turned out than for reinstating the Republicans who had been previously turned out that these same Democrats might get in, or for reinstating the Republicans in the free-delivery offices who had been turned out just before these offices were classified. If the bill had been enacted into law it would have been a most serious blow to the whole system, for it would have put a premium upon legislation of the kind; and after every change of parties we should have seen the passing of laws to reinstate masses of Republicans or Democrats, as the case might be. This would have meant a return to the old system under a new form of procedure. Nevertheless, Mr. Bynum's bill received the solid support of his party. Not a Democratic vote was cast against it in the House, none even of the Massachusetts Democrats being recorded against it. In the Senate it was pushed by Mr. Vilas. By a piece of rather sharp parliamentary procedure he nearly got it through by unanimous consent. That it failed was owing entirely to the vigilance of Senator Lodge. Senator Vilas asked for the passage of the bill, on the ground that it was one of small importance, upon which his committee were agreed. When it was read the words "classified civil service" caught Senator Lodge's ear, and he insisted upon an explanation. On finding out what the bill was he at once objected to its consideration. Under this objection it could not then be considered. If it could have been brought to a vote it would undoubtedly have passed; but it was late in the session, the calendars were crowded with bills, and it was impossible to get it up

in its regular order. Another effort was made, and was again frustrated by Senator Lodge, and the bill then died a natural death.

In the final session of the 53d Congress a little incident occurred which deserves to be related in full, not for its own importance, but because it affords an excellent example of the numerous cases which test the real efficiency of the friends of the reform in Congress. It emphasizes the need of having to watch over the interests of the law a man who is willing to fight, who knows the time to fight, and who knows how to fight. The secretary of the Commission was, in the original law of 1883, allowed a salary of \$1,600 a year. As the Commission's force and work have grown, the salary in successive appropriation bills for the last ten years has been provided for at the rate of \$2,000 a year. Many of the clerks under the secretary now receive \$1,800, so that it would be of course an absurdity to reduce him in salary below his subordinates. Scores of other officials of the Government, including, for instance, the President's private secretary, the Assistant Postmaster-General, the Assistant Secretary of State, etc., have had their salaries increased in successive appropriation bills over the sum originally provided, in precisely the same way that the salary of the secretary of the Commission was increased. The 53d Congress was Democratic, as was the President, Mr. Cleveland, and the secretary of the Commission was himself a Democrat, who had been appointed to the position by Mr. Cleveland during his first term as President. The rules of the House provide that there shall be no increase of salary beyond that provided in existing law in any appropriation bill. When the appropriation for the Civil Service Commission came up in the House, Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, made the point of order that to give \$2,000 to the secretary of the Commission was to increase his salary by \$400 over that provided in the original law of 1883, and was therefore out of order. He also produced a list of twenty or thirty other officers, including the President's private secretary, the First Assistant Postmaster-General, etc., whose salaries were similarly in-



creased. He withdrew his point of order as regards these persons, but adhered to it as regards the secretary of the Commission. The chairman of the Committee of the Whole, Mr. O'Neill, of Massachusetts, sustained the point of order; and not one person made any objection or made any fight, and the bill was put through the House with the secretary's salary reduced.

Now, the point of order was probably ill taken anyhow. The existing law was and had been for ten years that the salary was \$2,000. But, in any event, had there been a single Congressman alert to the situation and willing to make a fight he could have stopped the whole movement by at once making a similar point of order against the President's private secretary, against the First Assistant Postmaster-General, the Assistant Secretary of State, and all the others involved. The House would of course have refused to cut down the salaries of all of these officials, and a resolute man, willing to insist that they should all go or none, could have saved the salary of the secretary of the Civil Service Commission. There were plenty of men who would have done this if it had been pointed out to them; but no one did so, and Mr. Breckinridge's point of order was sustained, and the salary of the secretary reduced by \$400. When it got over to the Senate, however, the Civil Service reformers had allies who needed but little coaching. In the first place, the sub-committee of the Committee on Appropriations, composed of Messrs. Teller, Cockrell, and Allison, to which the Civil Service Commission section of the appropriation bill was referred, restored the salary to \$2,000; but Senator Gorman succeeded in carrying, by a bare majority, the Appropriations Committee against it, and it was reported to the full Senate still at \$1,600. The minute it got into the full Senate, however, Senator Lodge had a fair chance at it, and it was known that he would receive ample support. All that he had to do was to show clearly the absolute folly of the provision thus put in by Mr. Breckinridge, and kept in by Mr. Gorman, and to make it evident that he intended to fight it resolutely. The opposition collapsed at once; the salary was put back

at \$2,000, and the bill became a law in that form.

Whether bad legislation shall be choked and good legislation forwarded depends largely upon the composition of the Committees on Civil Service Reform of the Senate and the lower House. The make-up of these committees is consequently of great importance. They are charged with the duty of investigating complaints against the Commission, and it is of course very important that if ever the Commission becomes corrupt or inefficient its shortcomings should be unsparingly exposed in Congress. On the other hand, it is equally important that the falsity of untruthful charges advanced against it should be made public. In the 51st, 52d, and 53d Congresses a good deal of work was done by the Civil Service Committee of the House, and none at all by the corresponding committee of the Senate. The three chairmen of the House committee were Mr. Lehlbach, Mr. Andrew, and Mr. De Forest. All three were able and conscientious men and stanch supporters of the law. The chairman in the 52d Congress, Mr. John F. Andrew, was throughout his whole term of service one of the ablest, most fearless, and most effective champions of the cause of the reform in the House. Among the other members of the committee, in different Congresses, who stood up valiantly for the reform, were Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois, Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, Mr. Boatner, of Louisiana, and Mr. Dargan and Mr. Brawley, of South Carolina. Occasionally there have been on the committee members who were hostile to the reform, such as Mr. Alderson, of West Virginia; but these have not been men carrying weight in the House. The men of intelligence and ability who once familiarize themselves with the workings of the system, as they are bound to do if they are on the committee, are sure to become its supporters. In both the 51st and the 52d Congresses charges were made against the Commission, and investigations were held into its actions and into the workings of the law by the House committee. In each case in its report the committee not only heartily applauded the conduct of the Commission, but no less heartily approved the



workings of the law, and submitted bills to increase the power of the Commissioners and to render the law still more wide-reaching and drastic. These bills, unfortunately, were never acted on in the House.

The main fight in each session comes on the appropriation bill. There is not the slightest danger that the law will be repealed, and there is not much danger that any president will suffer it to be so laxly administered as to deprive it of all value ; though there is always need to keep a vigilant lookout for fear of such lax administration. The danger-point is in the appropriations. The first Civil Service Commission, established in the days of President Grant, was starved out by Congress refusing to appropriate for it. A hostile Congress could repeat the same course now ; and, as a matter of fact, in every Congress resolute efforts are made by the champions of foul government and dishonest politics to cut off the Commission's supplies. The bolder men, who come from districts where little is known of the law, and where there is no adequate expression of intelligent and honest opinion on the subject, attack it openly. They are always joined by a number who make the attack covertly under some point of order, or because of a nominal desire for economy. These are quite as dangerous as the others, and deserve exposure. Every man interested in decent government should keep an eye on his Congressman and see how he votes on the question of appropriations for the Commission.

The opposition to the reform is generally well led by skilled parliamentarians, and they fight with the vindictiveness natural to men who see a chance of striking at the institution which has baffled their ferocious greed. As a rule, the rank and file are composed of politicians who could not rise in public life because of their attitude on any public question, and who derive most of their power from the skill with which they manipulate the patronage of their districts. These men have a gift at office-mongering, just as other men have a peculiar knack in picking pockets ; and they are joined by all the honest dull men, who vote wrong out of

pure ignorance, and by a very few sincere and intelligent, but wholly misguided, people. Many of the spoils leaders are both efficient and fearless, and able to strike hard blows. In consequence, the leaders on the side of decency must themselves be men of ability and force, or the cause will suffer. For our good fortune, we have never yet lacked such leaders.

The Appropriation Committees, both in the House and Senate, almost invariably show a friendly disposition toward the law. They are composed of men of prominence, who have a sense of the responsibilities of their positions and an earnest desire to do well for the country and to make an honorable record for their party in matters of legislation. They are usually above resorting to the arts of low cunning or of sheer demagoguery to which the foes of the reform system are inevitably driven, and in consequence they can be relied upon to give, if not what is needed, at least enough to prevent any retrogression. It is in the open House and in Committee of the Whole that the fight is waged. The most dangerous fight occurs in Committee of the Whole, for there the members do not vote by aye and no, and in consequence a mean politician who wishes ill to the law, but is afraid of his constituents, votes against it in committee, but does not dare to do so when the ayes and noes are called in the House. One result of this has been that more than once the whole appropriation has been stricken out in Committee of the Whole, and then voted back again by substantial majorities by the same men sitting in open House.

In the debate on the appropriation the whole question of the workings of the law is usually discussed, and those members who are opposed to it attack not only the law itself, but the Commission which administers it. The occasion is, therefore, invariably seized as an opportunity for a pitched battle between the friends and foes of the system, the former trying to secure such an increase of appropriation as will permit the Commission to extend its work, and the latter striving to abolish the law outright by refusing all appropriations. In the 51st and 52d Congresses, Mr. Lodge, of



Massachusetts, led the fight for the reform in the lower House. He was supported by such party leaders as Messrs. Reed, of Maine, and McKinley, of Ohio, among the Republicans, and Messrs. Wilson, of West Virginia, and Sayers, of Texas, among the Democrats. Among the other champions of the law on the floor of the House were Messrs. Hopkins, Butterworth, and Greenhalge, of Massachusetts, Henderson, of Iowa, Payne, Tracey, and Coombs, of New York. I wish I had the space to chronicle the names of all, and to give a complete list of those who voted for the law. Among the chief opponents of it were Messrs. Spinola, of New York, Enloe, of Tennessee, Stockdale, of Mississippi, Grosvenor, of Ohio, and Bowers, of California. The task of the defenders of the law was, in one way, easy, for they had no arguments to meet, the speeches of their adversaries being invariably divisible into mere declamation and direct misstatement of facts. In the Senate, Senators Hoar, of Massachusetts, Allison, of Iowa, Hawley, of Connecticut, Wolcott, of Colorado, Perkins, of California, Cockrell, of Missouri, and Butler, of South Carolina, always supported the Commission against unjust attack. Senator Gorman was naturally the chief leader of the assaults upon the Commission. Senators Harris, Plumb, Stewart, and Ingalls were among his allies.

In each session the net result of the fight was an increase in the appropriation of the Commission. The most important increase was that obtained in the first session of the 53d Congress. On this occasion Mr. Lodge was no longer in the House, having been elected to the Senate. The work of the Commission had grown so that it was impossible to perform it without a great increase of force; and it would have been impossible to have put into effect the extensions of the classified service had this increase not been allowed. In the House the Committee on Appropriations, of which Mr. Sayers was chairman, allowed the increase, but it was stricken out in the House itself after an acrimonious debate, in which the cause of the law was sustained by Messrs. Henderson, Hopkins, and Mc-

Call, of Massachusetts, Coombs and Crain, of Texas, Storer, of Ohio, and many others, while the spoilsmongers were led by Messrs. Stockdale and Williams, of Mississippi, Pendleton, of West Virginia, Fithian, of Illinois, and others less important.

When the bill went over to the Senate, however, Mr. Lodge, well supported by Messrs. Allison, Cockrell, Wolcott, and Teller, had the provision for the increase of appropriation for the Commission restored and increased, thereby adding by one-half to the efficiency of the Commission's work. Had it not been for this the Commission would have been quite unable to have undertaken the extensions recently ordered by President Cleveland.

It is noteworthy that the men who have done most effective work for the law in Washington in the Departments, and more especially in the House and Senate, are men of spotless character, who show by their whole course in public life that they are not only able and resolute, but also devoted to a high ideal. Much of what they have done has received little comment in public, because much of the work in committee, and some of the work in the House, such as making or combating points of order, and pointing out the danger or merit of certain bills, is not of a kind readily understood or appreciated by an outsider; yet no men have deserved better of the country, for there is in American public life no one other cause so fruitful of harm to the body politic as the spoils system, and the legislators and administrative officers who have done the best work toward its destruction merit a peculiar meed of praise from all well-wishers of the Republic.

I have spoken above of the good that would come from a thorough and intelligent knowledge as to who were the friends and who were the foes of the law in Washington. Departmental officers, the heads of bureaus, and, above all, the Commissioners themselves, should be carefully watched by all friends of the reform. They should be supported when they do well, and condemned when they do ill; and attention should be called not only to what they do, but to what they fail to



do. To an even greater extent, of course, this applies to the President. As regards the Senators and Congressmen also there is urgent need of careful supervision by the friends of the law. We need criticism by those who are unable to do their part in action; but the criticism, to be useful, must be both honest and intelligent, and the critics must remember that the system has its staunch friends and bitter foes among both party men and men of no party—among Republicans, Democrats, and Independents. Each Congressman should be made to feel that it is his duty to support the law, and that he will be held to account if he fails to support it. Especially is it necessary to concentrate effort in working for each step of reform. In legislative matters, for instance, there is need of increase of appropriations for the Commission, and there is a chance of putting through the bill to reform the consular service. This has received substantial backing in the Senate, and has the support of the majority of the Foreign Affairs Committee. Instead of wasting efforts by a diffuse support of eight or ten bills, it would be well to bend every energy to securing the passage of the consular bill; and to do this it is necessary to arouse not only the Civil Service Reform Associations, but the Boards of Trade throughout the country, and to make the Congressmen and Senators feel individually the pressure from those of their constituents who are resolved no longer to tolerate the peculiarly gross manifestation of the spoils system which now obtains in the consular service, with its attendant discredit to the national honor abroad.

People sometimes grow a little down-

hearted about the reform. When they feel in this mood it would be well for them to reflect on what has actually been gained in the past six years. By the inclusion of the railway mail service, the smaller free-delivery offices, the Indian school service, the internal revenue service, and other less important branches, the extent of the public service which is under the protection of the law has been more than doubled, and there are now nearly fifty thousand employees of the Federal Government who have been withdrawn from the degrading influences that rule under the spoils system. This of itself is a great success and a great advance, though, of course, it ought only to spur us on to renewed effort. In the fall of 1894 the people of the State of New York, by popular vote, put into their constitution a provision providing for a merit system in the affairs of the State and its municipalities; and the following spring the great city of Chicago voted, by an overwhelming majority, in favor of applying in its municipal affairs the advanced and radical Civil Service Reform Law which had already passed the Illinois Legislature. Undoubtedly, after every success there comes a moment of reaction. The friends of the reform grow temporarily lukewarm, or, because it fails to secure everything they hoped, they neglect to lay proper stress upon all that it does secure. Yet, in spite of all rebuffs, in spite of all disappointments and opposition, the growth of the principle of Civil Service Reform has been continually more rapid, and every year has taken us measurably nearer that ideal of pure and decent government which is dear to the heart of every honest American citizen.





# THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

## CHAPTER XXIX

### CARINTHIA IN WALES

**A**N August of gales and rains drove Atlantic air over the Welsh highlands. Carinthia's old father had impressed on her the rapture of "smelling salt" when by chance he stood and threw up his nostrils to sniff largely over a bed of bracken, that reminded him of his element, and her fancy would be at strain to catch his once proud riding of the seas. She felt herself an elder daughter of the beloved old father, as she breathed it in full volume from the billowy West one morning early after sunrise, and walked sisterly with the far-seen inexperienced little maid, whom she saw trotting beside him through the mountain forest, listening, storing his words, picturing the magnetic veined great gloom of an untasted world.

This elder daughter had undergone a shipwreck; but clear proof that she had not been worsted was in the unclouded liveliness of the younger one gazing forward. Imaginative creatures who are courageous will never be lopped of the hopeful portion of their days by personal misfortune. Carinthia could animate both; it would have been a hurt done to a living human soul had she suffered the younger self to run overcast. Only the gazing forward had become interdicted to her inexperienced self. Nor could she vision a future having any horizon for her child. She saw it in bleak squares, and snuggled him between dangers weathered and dangers apprehended.

The conviction that her husband hated her had sunk into her nature. Hating the mother, he would not love her boy. They were burdens, and the heir of his house, child of a hated mother, was under perpetual menace from an unscrupulous tyrannical man. The dread and antagonism were first aroused by the

birth of her child. She had not known while bearing him her present acute sensation of the hunted, flying, and at bay. Previously she could say: I did wrong here; I did wrong there. Distrust had brought the state of war, which allows not of the wasting of our powers in confessions.

Her husband fed her and he clothed her; the limitation of his bounty was sharply outlined. Sure of her rectitude, a stranger to the world, she was not very sensible of dishonor done to her name. It happened at times that her father inquired of her how things were going with his little Carin; and then revolt sprang up and answered on his behalf rather fiercely. She was, however, prepared for any treaty including forgiveness, if she could be at peace in regard to her boy, and have an income of some help to her brother. Chillon was harassed on all sides; she stood incapable of aiding; so foolishly feeble in the shadow of her immense longing to strive for him, that she could think her husband had purposely lamed her with an infant. Her love of her brother, now the one man she loved, laid her insufficiency on the rack and tortured imbecile cries from it.

On the contrary, her strange husband had blest her with an infant. Everything was pardonable to him if he left her boy untouched in the mother's charge. Much alone as she was, she raised the dead to pet and cherish her boy. Chillon had seen him and praised him. Mrs. Owain Wythan, her neighbor over a hill, praised him above all babes on earth, poor childless woman.

She was about to cross the hill and breakfast with Mrs. Wythan. The time for the weaning of the babe approached, and had as prospect beyond it her dull fear that her husband would say the mother's work was done, and seize the pretext to separate them; and she could not claim a longer term to be giving milk, because her father had said: "Not a quarter of a month more than nine for



the milk of the mother:" or else the child would draw an unsustaining nourishment from the strongest breast. She could have argued her exceptional robustness against another than he. But the dead father wanting to build a great race of men and women ruled.

Carinthia knelt at the cradle of a princeling gone from the rich repast to his alternative kingdom.

"You will bring him over when he wakes," she said to Madge. "Mrs. Wythan would like to see him every day. Martha can walk now."

"She can walk and hold a child in her own arms, my lady," said Madge. "She expects miners popping up out of the bare ground when she sees no goblins."

"They!—they know him, they would not hurt him; they know my son," her mistress answered.

The population of the mines in revolt had no alarm for her. The works were empty down below. Men sat by the wayside brooding or strolled in groups, now and then loudly exercising their tongues; or they stood in circles to sing hymns: melancholy chants of a melancholy time for all.

How would her father have acted by these men? He would have been among them. Dissensions in his mine were vapors of a day. Lords behave differently. Carinthia fancied the people must regard their master as a foreign wizard, whose power they felt, without the chance of making their cry to him heard. She, too, dealt with a lord. It was now his wish for her to leave the place where she had found some shreds of a home in the thought of being useful. She was gathering the people's language; many of their songs she could sing, and pleased them by singing to them. They were not suspicious of her; at least their women had open doors for her; the men, if shy, were civil. She had only to go below, she was greeted in the quick tones of their speech all along the street of the slate-roofs.

But none loved the castle, and she as little, saving the one room in it where her boy lay. The gray of Welsh history knew a real castle beside the roaring brook, frequently a torrent. This

was an eighteenth-century castellated habitation on the verge of a small wood midway up the height, and it required a survey of numberless happy recollections to illumine its walls or drape its chambers. The permanently lighted hearth of a dear home, as in that forsaken unfavored old white house of the wooded Austrian crags, it had not. Rather it seemed a place waiting for an ill deed to be done in it, and stop all lighting of hearths thereafter.

Out on the turf of the shaven hills her springy step dispersed any misty fancies. Her short-winged hive set to work in her head, as usual, building scaffoldings of great things to be done by Chillon, present evils escaped. The rolling, big, bare hills, with the riding clouds, excited her as she mounted, and she was a figure of gladness on the ridge bending over to hospitable Plas Llwyn, where the Wythans lived, entertaining rich and poor alike. They had led the neighborhood to call on the discarded Countess of Fleetwood.

A warm strain of arms about her neck was Carinthia's welcome from Mrs. Wythan, lying along the couch in her boudoir, an established invalid, who yearned sanely to life and caught a spark of it from the guest, eyed tenderly by her as they conversed.

"Our boy?—our Chillon Kirby till he has his baptism names; he is well! I am to see him?"

"He follows me. He sleeps almost through the night now."

"Ah, my dear," Mrs. Wythan sighed, imagining, "it would disappoint me if he did not wake me."

"I wake at his old time and watch him."

Carinthia put on the baby's face in the soft mould of slumber.

"I see him," Mrs. Wythan cried. "He is part mine. He has taught Owain to love babies."

A tray of breakfast was placed before the Countess.

"Mr. Wythan is down among his men?" she said.

"Every morning, as long as this agitation lasts. I need not say, good appetite to you after your walk. You have no fear of the men, I know. Owain's men are undisturbed; he has



them in hand. Absentee masters can't expect continued harmony. Dear, he tells me Mr. Edwards awaits the Earl."

Drinking her tea, Carinthia's eyelids shut; she set down her cup, "If he must come," she said. "He wishes me to leave. I am to go again where I have no friends, and no language to learn, and can be of no use. It is not for me that I dread his coming. He speaks to command. The men ask to be heard. He will have submission first. They do not trust him. His coming is a danger. For me, I should wish him to come. May I say? . . ."

"Your Rebecca bids you say, my darling."

"It is. I am with the men because I am so like them. I beg to be heard. He commands obedience. He is a great nobleman, but I am the daughter of a greater man, and I have to say, that if those poor miners do harm, I will not stand by and see an anger against injustice punished. I wish his coming, for him to agree upon the Christian names of the boy. I feel his coming will do me injury in making me offend him worse. I would avoid that. Oh, dear soul: I may say it to you:—he cannot hurt me any more. I am spared loving him when I forgive him: and I do. The loving is the pain. That is gone by."

Mrs. Wythan fondled and kissed Carinthia's hand.

"Let me say, in my turn, I may help you, dear. You know I have my husband's love, as he mine. Am I, have I ever been a wife to him? Here I lie, a dead weight, to be carried up and down, all of a wife that Owain has had for years. I lie and pray to be taken, that my good man, my proved good man, may be free to choose a healthy young woman and be rewarded before his end by learning what a true marriage is. The big simpleton will otherwise be going to his grave, thinking he was married: I see him stepping about softly in my room, so contented if he does not disturb me, and he crushes me with a desire to laugh at him while I worship. I tricked him into marrying the prostrate invalid I am, and he can't discover the trick, he *will* think it's a wife he has, instead of a doctor's doll.

Oh! you have a strange husband, it has been a strange marriage for you, but you have your invincible health, you have not to lie and feel the horror of being a deception to a guileless man, whose love blindfolds him. The bitter ache to me is, that I can give nothing. You abound in power to give."

Carinthia lifted her open hands for sign of their emptiness.

"My brother would not want, if I could give. He may have to sell out of the Army, he thinks, fears; and I must look on. Our mother used to say she had done something for her country in giving a son like Chillon to the British Army. Poor mother! Our bright opening days all seem to end in rain. We should turn to Mr. Wythan for a guide,"

"He calls you Morgan le Fay Christianized."

"What I am!" Carinthia raised and let fall her head. "An example makes dwarfs of us. When Mr. Wythan does penance for temper by descending into his mine and working among his men for a day with the pick, seated, as he showed me down below, that is an example. If I did like that I should have no fire-damp in the breast, and not such a task to forgive, that when I succeed I kill my feelings."

The entry of Madge and Martha, the nurse-girl, with the overflowing armful of baby, changed their converse into melodious exclamations.

"Kit Ines has arrived, my lady," Madge said. "I saw him on the road and stopped a minute."

Mrs. Wythan studied Carinthia. Her sharp invalid's ears had caught the name. She beckoned. "The man who—the fighting man?"

"It will be my child this time," said Carinthia. "I have no fear for myself." She was trembling, though her features were hard, for the war her lord had declared, as it seemed. "Did he tell you his business here?" she asked of Madge.

"He says, to protect you, my lady, since you won't leave."

"He stays at the castle?"

"He is to stay there, he says, as long as the Welsh are out."

"The 'Welsh' are misunderstood by Lord Fleetwood," Mrs. Wythan said to Carinthia. "He should live among



them. They will not hurt their lady. Protecting may be his intention ; but we will have our baby safe here. Not ?" she appealed. "And baby's mother. How otherwise ?"

"You read my wishes," Carinthia rejoined. "The man I do not think a bad man. He has a master. While I am bound to my child I must be restful, and with the man at the castle, Martha's goblins would jump about me day and night. My boy makes a coward of his mother."

"We merely take a precaution, and I have the pleasure of it," said her hostess. "Give orders to your maid : not less than a fortnight. It will rejoice my husband so much."

As with the warmly hospitable, few were the words. Madge was promised by her mistress plenty of opportunities daily for seeing Kit Ines, and her mouth screwed to one of women's dimples at a corner. She went off in a cart to fetch boxes, thinking we are a hunted lot ! So she was not wildly disposed for the company of Mr. Kit on her return to the castle.

England's champion Light-weight thought it hard that his coming down to protect the castle against the gibbering heathen Welsh should cause a clearing out, and solitariness for his portion.

"What's the good of innocence if you're always going to suspect a man !" he put it, like a true son of the pirates turned traders. "I've got a paytron, and a man in my profession must have a paytron, or where is he ? Where's his money for a trial of skill ? Say he saves and borrows and finds the lump to clap it down, and he's knocked out o' time. There he is, bankrupt, and a devil of a licking into the bargain. That's the cream of our profession, if a man's got no paytron. No prize-ring can live without one. The odds are too hard on us. My lady ought to take into account I behaved respectful when I was obliged to do my lord's orders and remove her from our haunts, which wasn't to his taste. Here I'm like a cannon for defending the house, needs be, and all inside flies off scarified."

"It strikes me, Kit Ines, a man with a paytron is no better than a tool of a man," said Madge.

"And don't you go to be sneering at honest tools," Ines retorted. "When will women learn a bit of the world before they're made hags of by old Father Wear-and-Tear ! A young woman in her prime, you Madge, be such a fool as not see I serve tool to stock our shop."

"Your paytron bid you steal off with my Lady's child, Kit Ines, you'd do it to stock your shop."

Ines puffed. "If you ain't a girl to wallop the wind ! Fancy me at that game ! Is that why my Lady—but I can't be suspected that far ? You make me break out at my pores. My paytron's a gentleman : he wouldn't ask and I couldn't act such a part. Dear Lord ! it'd have to be stealing off, for my Lady can use a stick ; and put it to the choice between my Lady and her child and any paytron living, paytron be damned, I'd say, rather'n go against my notions of honor. Have you forgot all our old talk about the prize-ring the nursery of honor in Old England ?"

"That was before you sold yourself to a paytron, Kit Ines."

"Ah ! Women wants mast-heading off and on, for 'em to have a bit of a look-out over life as it is. They go stewing over books of adventure and drop into frights about awful men. Take me, now ; you had a no small admiration for my manly valor once, and you trusted yourself to me, and did you ever repent it ?—owing you're not the woman to tempt to t'other way."

"You wouldn't have found me talking to you here if I had."

"And here I'm left to defend an empty castle, am I ?"

"Don't drink or you'll have your paytron on you. He's good use there."

"I ask it, can I see my Lady ?"

"Drunk nor sober you won't. Serve a paytron, be a leper, you'll find with all honest folk."

Ines shook out an execrating leg at the foul word. "Leper, you say ? You say that ? You say leper to me ?"

"Strut your tallest, Kit Ines. It's the money rattles in your pocket says it."

"It's my reputation for decent treatment of a woman lets you say it, Madge Winch."



"Stick to that as long as your paytron consents. It's the one thing you've got left."

"Benefit, you bussy, and mind you don't pull too stiff."

"Be the woman and have the last word!"

His tongue was checked. He swallowed the exceeding sourness of a retort undelivered, together with the feeling that she beat him in the wrangle by dint of her being an unreasonable wench.

Madge huffed away to fill her boxes.


He stood by the cart, hands deep down his pockets, when she descended. She could have laughed at the spectacle of a champion prize-fighter out of employ, hulking, idle, because he was dog to a paytron; but her contempt of him declined passing in small change.

"So you're off. What am I to tell my Lord when he comes?" Kit growled. "His yacht's fetching for a Welsh seaport."

She counted it a piece of information gained, and jumped to her seat, bidding the driver start. To have pretty well lost her character for a hero changed into a patron's dog, was a thought that outweighed the show of incivility. Some little distance away, she reproached herself for not having been so civil as to inquire what day my Lord was expected, by his appointment. The girl reflected on the strangeness of a body of discontented miners bringing my Lord and my Lady close, perhaps to meet.

## CHAPTER XXX

REBECCA WYTHAN

 HE Earl was looked for at the chief office of the mines, and each day an expectation of him closed in disappointment, leaving it to be surmised that there were more serious reasons for his continued absence during a crisis than any discussed; whether, indeed, as when a time-piece neglects to strike the hour which is, by the reckoning of natural impatience, past, the capital charge of "crazy works" must not be brought against a nobleman hitherto precise

upon business, of a just disposition, fairly humane. For though he was an absentee sucking the earth through a tube, in Ottoman ease, he had never omitted the duty of personally attending on the spot to grave cases under dispute. The son of the hard-headed father came out at a crisis, and not too high-handedly: he could hear an opposite argument to the end. Therefore, since he refused to comply without hearing, he was wanted on the spot imperatively now.

Irony pursuing History offers the beaten and indolent a sugary acid in the indication of the spites and the pranks, the whims and the tastes, at the springs of main events. It is, taken by itself, destructive nourishment. But those who labor in the field to shovel the clods of earth to History, would be wiser of their fellows for a minor dose of it. Mr. Howell Edwards consulting with Mr. Owain Wythan on the necessity, that the Earl should instantly keep his promise to appear among the men and stop the fermentation, as in our younger days a lordly owner still might do by small concessions and the physical influence—the nerve-charm—could suppose him to be holding aloof for his pleasure or his pride; perhaps because of illness or inability to conceive the actual situation at a distance. He mentioned the presence of the Countess, and Mr. Wythan mentioned it, neither of them thinking a rational man would so play the lunatic as to let men starve, and wreck precious mines, for the sake of avoiding her.

Sullen days went by. On these days of the slate-cloud or the leaden-winged, Carinthia walked over the hills to her staring or down-eyed silent people—admitted without a welcome at some doors, rejected at some. Her baskets from the castle were for the most part received as graciously. She continued to direct them for delivery where they were needed, and understood why a charity that supplied the place of justice was not thanked. She and her people here were one regarding the master, as she had said. They could not hurt her sensitiveness, she felt too warmly with them. And here it was not the squalid, flat, bricked east-corner of London at



the close of her daily pilgrimage. Up from the solitary street of the slate-roofs, she mounted a big hill and had the life of high breathing. A perpetual escape out of the smoky, grimy city mazes was trumpeted to her in the winds up there; a recollected contrast lightened the skyless, broad, low-moving spaces overhead almost to sunniness. Having air of the hills and activity for her limbs, she made sunshine for herself. Regrets were at no time her nestlings.

*Look backward only to correct an error of conduct for the next attempt*, says one of her father's maxims; as sharply bracing for women as for men. She did not look back to moan. Now that her hunger for the safety of her infant was momentarily quieted, she could see Kit Ines hanging about the lower ground, near the ale-house, and smile at Madge's comparison of him to a drummed-out soldier, who would like to be taken for a holiday pensioner.

He saluted; under the suspicion of his patron's lady his legs were hampered; he dared not approach her; though his innocence of a deed not proposed to him yet—and all to stock that girl Madge's shop, if done—knocked at his ribs with fury to vindicate himself before the lady and her maid. A gentleman met them and conducted them across the hills.

And two Taffy gentlemen would hardly be sufficient for the purpose, supposing an ill-used Englishman inclined to block their way. What, and played footpad, Kit Ines? No, it's just a game in the head. But a true man hates to feel himself suspected. His refuge is the beer of the country.

Next day there were the two gentlemen to conduct the lady and her maid; and Taffy the first walks beside the Countess; and that girl Madge trudges along with no other than my Lord's Mr. Woodseer, chattering like a watering-can on a garden-bed; deuce a glance at Kit Ines. How can she keep it up and the gentleman no more than nodding? How does he enjoy playing second fiddle with the maid while Mr. Tall Brown-face Taffy violins it to her ladyship a stone's throw in front? Ines had less curiosity to know the object of Mr.

Woodseer's appearance on the scene. Idle, unhandsomely treated, and a cave of the yawns, he merely commented on his observations.

"Yes, there he is, don't look at him," Madge said to Gower; "and whatever he's here for he has a bad time of it, and rather more than it's pleasant for him to think over, if a slave to a 'patron' thinks at all. I won't judge him; my mistress is bitten with the fear for the child worse than ever. And the Earl, my Lord, not coming, and he wanting her to move again, seems to her he durstn't do it here and intends to snap at the child on the road. She's forced to believe anything of such a husband and father. And why does he behave so? I can't spell it. He's kind to my Sally—you've seen the Piccadilly shop?—because she was . . . she did her best in love and duty for my Lady. And behaves like a husband hating his wife's life on earth. When he went down with good Mr. Woodseer, and called on Sally, pretending to inquire, after she was kidnapped by that Kit Ines, acting to please his patron, he must be shown up to the room where she slept, and stands at the door and peeps in, Sally's letter says, and asks if he may enter the room. He went to the window looking on the chimneys she used to see, and touched an ornament over the fireplace, called grandfather's pig-tail case—he was a sailor; only a ridiculous piece of china, that made my Lady laugh about the story of its holding a pigtail. But he turns it over because she did—Sally told him. He couldn't be pretending when he bought the beautiful shop and stocked it for Sally. He gets her lots of customers; and no rent to pay till next Michaelmas a year. She's a made woman through him. He said to her, he had heard from Mr. Woodseer the Countess of Fleetwood called her sister; he shook her hand."

"The Countess of Fleetwood called both of you her sisters, I think," said Gower.

"I'm her servant. I'd rather serve her than have a fortune."

"You were born with a fortune one would like to have a nibble at, Madge."

"I can't lay hand on it then."

"It's the capacity for giving, my dear."



"Please, Mr. Gower, don't say that ; you'll make me cry. He keeps his wife so poor she hasn't a shilling of her own ; she wearies about her brother ; she can't help. He can spend hundreds on my Sally for having been good to her, in our small way ; it's a fairy tale ; and he won't hear of money for his wife, except that she's never to want for anything it can buy."

"You give what it can't buy."

"Me. I'm 'a pugilist's wench'—I've heard myself called. She was the first who gave me a lift ;—never mind me. Have you come to take her away ? She'd trust herself and the child to you."

"Take her?—reason with her as to the best we can do. He holds off from a meeting just now. I fancy he's wearing round to it. His keeping his wife without money passes comprehension. After serving him for a few months I had a store invested to support for years—as much as I need before I join the ranks of the pen. I was at my reading and writing and drowsing, and down he rushes ; I'm in harness again. I can't say it's dead waste of time ; besides I pick up an independence for the days ahead. But I don't respect myself for doing the work. Here's the difference between us two servants, Madge : I think of myself, and you don't."

"The difference is more like between the master and mistress we serve, Mr. Gower."

"Well, I'd rather be the woman in this case."

"You know the reputation I've got. And can only just read, and can't spell. My mistress teaches me bits of German and French on her walks."

Gower took a new observation of this girl whom he had not regarded as like himself, a pushing blade among the grasses. He proposed to continue her lessons, if she cared to learn ; saying it would be done in letters.

"I won't be ashamed of writing, if you mean it," said she. "My mistress will have a usefuller servant. She had a strange honeymoon of a marriage, if ever was ; and told me t'other day she was glad because it brought us together—she a born lady !"

"A fling above born ladies. She's

quick as light to hit on a jewel where there is one, whether it shines or not. She stands among the Verities of the world."

"Yes," Madge said, panting for more, "Do speak of her. When you praise her, I feel she's not wasted. Mistress ; and friend and wife—if he'd let her be ; and mother ; never mother like her. The boy'll be a sturdy. She'll see he has every chance. He's a lucky little one to have that mother."

"You think her handsome, Madge ?"

Gower asked it, wishing to hear a devotee's confusion of qualities and looks.

The question was a drop on lower spheres, and it required definitions, to touch the exact nature of the form of beauty, and excuse a cooler tone on the commoner plane. These demanded language. She rounded the difficulty, saying : "You see engravings of Archery ; that's her figure—her real figure. I think her face. . . . I can't describe. . . . it flashes."

"That's it," said Gower, delighted with his perception of a bare mind at work and hitting the mark perforce of warmth. "When it flashes, it's unequalled. There's the supremacy of irregular lines. People talk of perfect beauty ; suitable for paintings and statues. Living faces, if they're to show the soul, which is the star on the peak of beauty, must lend themselves to commotion. Nature does it in a breezy tree or over ruffled waters. Repose has never such splendid reach as animation—I mean, in the living face. Artists prefer repose. Only Nature can express the uttermost beauty with her gathering and tuning of discords. Well, your mistress has that beauty. I remember my impression when I saw her first on her mountains abroad. Other beautiful faces of women so pale, grow stale. The diversified in the harmony of the flash are Nature's own, her radiant, made of her many notes, beyond our dreams to reproduce. We can't hope to have a true portrait of your mistress. Does Madge understand ?"

The literary dose was a strong one for her ; but she saw the index, and got a lift from the sound. Her bosom heaved. "Oh, I do try, Mr. Gower. I



think I do a little. I do more while you're talking. You are good to talk so to me. You should have seen her the night she went to meet my Lord at those beastly Gardens Kit Ines told me he was going to. She was defending him. I've no words. You teach me what's meant by poetry. I couldn't understand that once."

Their eyes were on the Countess and her escort in advance. Gower's praises of her mistress's peculiar beauty set the girl compassionately musing. His eloquence upon the beauty was her clew.

Carinthia and Mr. Wythan started at a sharp trot in the direction of the pair of ponies driven by a groom along the curved decline of the narrow roadway. His whip was up for signal.

It concerned the house and the master of it. His groom drove rapidly down while he hurried on the homeward way, as a man will do, with the dread upon him that his wife's last breath may have been yielded before he can enfold her.

Carinthia walked to be overtaken, not daring to fever her blood at a swifter pace; "lamed with an infant," the thought recurred.

"She is very ill, she has fainted, she lies insensible," Madge heard from her of Mrs. Wythan. "We were speaking of her when the groom appeared. It has happened twice. They fear the third. He fears it, though he laughs at a superstition. Now step. I know you like walking, Mr. Woodseer. Once I left you behind."

"I have the whole scene of the angel and the cripple," Gower replied.

"Oh, that day!"

They were soon speculating on the unimpressible house in its clump of wood midway below, which had no response for anxieties.

A maid-servant at the garden-gate, by Mr. Wythan's orders, informed Carinthia that her mistress had opened her eyes. There was a hope of weathering the ominous third time. But the hope was a bird of short flight from bush to bush until the doctor should speak to confirm it. Even the child was under the shadow of the house. Carinthia had him in her arms, trusting to life as she hugged him, and seeing innumerable

darts out of all regions assailing her treasure.

"She wishes to have you," Mr. Wythan came and said to her. "Almost her first word. The heart is quickening. She will live for me if she can."

He whispered it. His features shot the sparkle.

Rebecca Wythan had strength to press Carinthia's hand faintly. She made herself heard: "No pain." Her husband sat upright, quite still, attentive for any sign. His look of quiet pleasure, ready to show sprightliness, dwelt on her. She returned the look, unable to give it greeting. Past the sense of honor, she wanted to say: "See the poor simple fellow who will think it a wife that he has!" She did not look.

Carinthia spoke his name, "Mr. Wythan," by chance, and Rebecca breathed heavily until she formed the words. "Owain to me."

"To me," Owain added.

The three formed a chain and clasped hands.

It was in the mind of the sick lady to disburden herself of more than her weakness could utter, so far was she above earthly links. The desire in her was to be quit of flesh, bearing a picture of her husband as having the dues of his merits.

Her recovered strength next day brought her nearer to our laws. "You will call him Owain, Carinthia?" she said. "He is not one to presume on familiarity. I must be going soon. I cannot leave him the wife I would choose, I can leave him the sister. He is a sure friend. He is the knightly man women dream of. I harp on it because I long for testimony that I leave him to have some reward. And this may be between two so pure at heart as you two."

"Dear soul! friend, yes, and Owain, yes, I can say it," Carinthia rejoined. "Brother? I have only my Chillon. My life is now for him. I am punished for separating myself from the son of my father. I have no heart for a second brother. What I can give to my friend I will. I shall love you in him, if I am to lose you."

"Not Owain—I was the wretch re-



fused to call on the lonely lady at the castle until I heard she had done a romantic little bit of thing—hushed a lambkin's bleating. My loss! my loss! And I could afford it so poorly. Since then Carinthia has filled my days. I shudder to leave you and think of your going back to the English. Their sneer withers. They sent you down among us as a young woman to be shunned."

"I did wildly, I was ungoverned, I had one idea," said Carinthia. "*One idea is a bullet, good for the day of battle to beat the foe*, father tells us. It was a madness in me. Now it has gone, I see all round. I see straight, too. With one idea we see nothing—nothing but itself. Whizz! we go. I did. I shall no longer offend in that way. Mr. Gower Woodseer is here from my lord."

"With him the child will be safe."

"I am not alarmed. It is to request—they would have me gone, to prepare the way for my Lord."

"You have done it; he has the castle to himself. I cannot spare you. A tyrant ordering you to go should be defied. My Lord Fleetwood puts lightning into my slow veins."

"We have talked: we shall be reproved by the husband and the doctor," said Carinthia.

Sullen days continued and rolled over to night at the mines. Gower's mission was rendered absurd by the Countess's withdrawal from the castle. He spoke of it to Mr. Wythan once, and the latter took a big breath and blew such a lord to the winds. "Persuade our guest to leave us, that the air may not be tainted for her husband when he comes? He needn't call; he's not obliged to see her. She's offered Esslemont to live in? I believe her instinct's right—he has designs on the child. A little more and we shall have a mad dog in the fellow. He doubles my work by keeping his men out. If she were away, we should hear of black doings. Twenty dozen of his pugilists wouldn't stop the burning."

They agreed that persuasions need not be addressed to the Countess. She was and would remain Mr. Wythan's guest. As for the Earl, Gower inclined to plead hesitatingly, still to plead, on behalf of a nobleman owing his influ-

ence and very susceptible to his wisdom, whose echo of a pointed saying nearly equalled the satisfaction bestowed by print. The titled man affected the philosopher in that manner; or rather, the crude philosopher's relish of brilliant appreciation stripped him of his robe. For he was with Owain Wythan at heart to scorn titles which did not distinguish practical offices. A nation bowing to them has gone to pith, for him; he had to shake himself that he might not similarly stick; he had to do it often. Objects elevated even by a decayed world have their magnetism for us unless we nerve the mind to wakeful repulsion. He protested he had reason to think the Earl was humanizing, though he might be killing a woman in the process. "Could she wish for better?" he asked, with at least the gravity of the undermining humorist; and he started Owain to course an idea when he remarked of Lord Fleetwood: "Imagine a devil on his back on a river, flying a cherub."

Owain sparkled from the vision of the thing to wrath with it.

"Ay, but while he's floating his people are edging on starvation. And I've a personal grievance. I keep, you know, open hall, bread and cheese and beer, for poor mates. His men are favoring us with a call. We have to cart treble from the town. If I straighten the sticks he tried to bend, it'll be a grievance against me—and a fig for it! But I like to be at peace with my neighbors, and waft them pennillion instead of dealing the *cleddyfal* of Llewellyn."

At last the tension ceased; they had intelligence of the Earl's arrival.

His Countess was little moved by it; and the reason for that lay in her imagination being absorbed. Henrietta had posted her a journal telling of a deed of Chillon's: no great feat, but precious for its "likeness to him," as they phrased it; that is, for the light it cast on their conception of the man. Heading a squadron in a riotous Midland town, he stopped a charge, after fire of a shot from the mob, and galloped up the street to catch a staggering urchin to his saddle-bow, and place the mite in safety. Then it was a




simple trot of the hussars ahead ; way was made for him.

Now, to see what banquet is for the big of heart in the world's hot stress, take the view of Carinthia, to whom her brother's thoughtful little act of gentleness at the moment of the red-of-the-powder smoke was divinest bread and wine, when calamity hung around, with the future an unfooted wilderness, her powers untried, her husband her enemy.

## CHAPTER XXXI

WE HAVE AGAIN TO DEAL WITH THE EXAMPLES OF OUR YOUNGER MAN

 HE most urgent of dames is working herself up to a gray squall in her detestation of imagerial epigrams. Otherwise Gower Woodseer's dash at the quintessential young man of wealth would prompt to the carrying of it farther and telling how the tethered flutterer above a "devil on his back on a river" was beginning to pull, if not drag, his withholder and teaser.

Fleetwood had almost a desire to see the small dot of humanity which drew the breath from him ; and was indistinguishably the bubbly grin and gurgle of the nurses, he could swear. He kicked at the bondage to our common fleshly nature imposed on him by the mother of the little animal. But there had been a mother to this father ; odd movements of a warmish curiosity brushed him when the cynic was not mounting guard. They were, it seemed, external, no part of him ; like blasts of a wayside furnace across wintry air. They were, as it chanced, Nature's woman in him plucking at her separated partner, Custom's man ; something of an oriental voluptuary on his isolated regal seat ; and he would suck the pleasures without a descent into the stale old ruts where Life's convict couple walk linked to one another, to their issue more.

There was also a cold curiosity to see the male infant such a mother would have. The grandson of Old Lawless might turn out a rascal, he would be no mean one, no coward.

That mother, too, who must have been a touch astonished to find herself a mother ; Fleetwood laughed a curt bark, and heard rebukes, and pleaded the marriage-trap to the man of his word ; devil and cherub were at the tug, or say, dog and gentleman, a survival of the schoolboy ; that mother, a girl of the mountains, perhaps wanted no more than smoothing by the world. "It is my husband," sounded foolish, sounded freshish, a new note. Would she repeat it ? The bit of simplicity would bear her repeating once. Gower Woodseer says the creature grows and studies to perfect herself. She's a good way off that, and may spoil herself in the process ; but she has a certain power. Her donkey obstinacy in refusing compliance, and her pursuit of 'my husband,' and ability to drench him with ridicule, do not exhibit the ordinary young female. She stamps her impression on the people she meets. Her husband is shaken to confess it likewise, despite a disagreement between them.

He has owned he is her husband ; he has not disavowed the consequence. That fellow, Gower Woodseer, might accuse the husband of virtually lying, if he by his conduct implied her distastefulness or worse. By heaven ! as felon a deed as could be done. Argue the case anyhow, it should be undone. Let her but cease to madden. For whatever the rawness of the woman, she has qualities ; and experience of the facile loves of London very sharply defines her qualities. Think of her as raw, she has the gift of rareness ; forget the donkey obstinacy, her character grasps. In the grasp of her character one inclines, and her husband inclines, to become her advocate. She has only to discontinue maddening.

The wealthy young noble prized any form of rareness wherever it was visible. having no thought of the purchase of it, except with worship. He could listen pleased to the talk of a Methodist minister sewing boot-leather. He picked up a roadside tramp and made a friend of him, and valued the fellow's honesty, submitted to his lectures, pardoned his insolence. The sight of Carinthia's narrow bedroom and strip of bed over Sarah Winch's Whitechapel shop had



gone a step to drown the bobbing Whitechapel Countess. At least he had not been hunted by that gaunt chalk-quarry ghost since his peep into the room. Own it! she likewise has things to forgive. Women nurse their larvæ of ideas about fair dealing. But observe the distinction; and if women understood justice they would be the first to proclaim that when two are tied together, the one who does the other serious injury is more naturally excused than the one who—tenfold abhorrent if a woman—calls up the grotesque to extinguish both.

With this apology for himself, Lord Fleetwood grew tolerant of the person honorably avowed as his wife. So, therefore, the barrier between him and his thoughts of her was broken. The thoughts carrying red roses were selected. Finally the taste to meet her sprouted. If agreeable, she would be wooed; if barely agreeable, tormented; if disagreeable, left as before.

Although it was the hazard of a die, he decided to follow his taste. Her stay at the castle had kept him long from the duties of his business; and he could imagine it a grievance if he pleased, but he put it aside.

Alighting at his chief manager's office, he passed through the heated atmosphere of black-browed, wiry little rebels, who withheld the salute as they lounged; a posture often preceding the spring in compulsorily idle workers. He was aware of instinct abroad, an antagonism to the proprietor's rights. They roused him to stand by them, and were his own form of instinct, handsomely clothed. It behoved that he should examine them and the claims against them, to be sure of his ground. He and Mr. Howell Edwards debated the dispute for an hour; agreeing, partially differing. There was a weakness on the principle in Edwards. These fellows fixed to the spot are for compromise too much. An owner of mines has no steady reckoning of income if the rate of wage is perpetually to shift according to current, mostly ignorant, versions of the prosperity of the times. Are we so prosperous? It is far from certain. And if the rate ascends, the question of easing it down to suit the

discontinuance of prosperity agitating our exchequer—whose demand is for fixity—perplexes us further.

However, that was preliminary. He and Howell Edwards would dine and wrangle it out. The Earl knew himself a hot disputant after dinner. Incidentally he heard of Lady Fleetwood as a guest of Mrs. Wythan; and the circumstance was injurious to him because he stood against Mr. Wythan's pampering system with his men.

Ines up at the castle smelt of beer and his eyelids were sottish. Nothing-to-do tries the virtue of the best. He sought his excuse in a heavy lamentation over my Lady's unjust suspicion of him—a known man of honor, though he did serve his paytron.

The cause of Lady Fleetwood's absence was exposed to her outraged lord, who had sent the man purely to protect her at this castle, where she insisted on staying. The suspicion cast on the dreary lusher was the wife's wild shot at her husband. One could understand a silly woman's passing terror. Her acting under the dictate of it struck the husband's ribbed breast as a positive clap of hostilities between them across a chasm.

His previous placable mood was immediately conceived by him to have been one of his fits of generosity; a step to a frightful dutiful embrace of an almost repulsive object. He flung the thought of her back on her Whitechapel. She returned from that place with smiles, dressed in a laundry white with a sprinkle of smuts, appearing to him as an adversary armed and able to strike. There was a blow, for he chewed resentments; and these were goaded by a remembered shyness of meeting her eyes when he rounded up the slope of the hill, in view of his castle, where he supposed she would be awaiting "my husband." The silence of her absence was lively mockery of that anticipation.

Gower came on him sauntering about the grounds.

"You're not very successful down here," Fleetwood said, without greeting.

"The Countess likes the air of this country," said Gower, evasively, imper-



tinently, and pointlessly; offensively to the despot employing him to be either subservient or smart.

"I wish her to leave it."

"She wishes to see you first."

"She takes queer measures. I start to-morrow for my yacht at Cardiff."

There the matter ended, for Fleetwood fell to talking of the mines. At dinner and after dinner it was the topic; and after Howell Edwards had departed.

When the man who has a heart will talk of nothing but what concerns his interests, and the heart is hurt, it may be perceived by a cognizant friend that this is his proud, mute way of petitioning to have the tenderer subject broached. Gower was sure of the heart, armored or bandaged though it was; a haunt of evil spirits as well; and he began: "Now to speak of me half a minute, you cajoled me out of my Surrey room, where I was writing, in the vein. . . ."

"I've had the scene before me!" the Earl interposed. "Juniper dells and that tree of the flashing leaf, and that dear old boy, your father, young as you and me, and saying, love of nature gives us eternal youth. On with you!"

"I doubted whether I should be of use to you. I told you the amount of alloy in my motives. A year with you, I have subsistence for ten years assured to me."

"Don't be a prosy dog, Gower Woodseer."

"Will you come over to the Wythans before you go?"

"I will not."

"You would lengthen your stride across a wounded beast?"

"I see no wound to the beast."

"You can permit yourself to kick under cover of a metaphor."

"Tell me what you drive at, Gower?"

"The request is, for you to spare pain by taking one step—an extra strain on the muscles of the leg. It's only the leg wants moving."

"The lady has legs to run away, let them bring her back."

"Why have me with you, then? I'm useless. But you read us all, see everything, and wait only for the mood to do the right. You read me, and I'm not open to everybody. You read the crux

of a man like me in my novel position. You read my admiration of a beautiful woman and effort to keep honest. You read my downright preference of what most people would call poverty, and my enjoyment of good cookery and good company. You enlist among the crew below as one of our tempters. You find I come round to the thing I like best. Therefore, you have your liking for me; and that's why you turn to me again, after your natural infidelities. So much for me. You read this priceless lady quite as clearly. You choose to cloud her with your moods. She was at a disadvantage, arriving in a strange country, next to friendless, and each new incident bred of a luckless beginning—I could say more."

Fleetwood nodded. "You are read without the words. You read in history, too, I suppose, that there are two sides to most cases. The loudest is not often the strongest. However, now the lady shows herself crazed. That's reading her charitably. Else she has to be taken for a spiteful shrew, who pretends to suspect anything that's villainous, because she can hit on no other way of striking."

"Crazed is a wide shot and hits half the world," muttered Gower. "Lady Fleetwood had a troubled period after her marriage. She suffered a sort of a kidnapping when she was bearing her child. There's a book by an Edinburgh doctor might be serviceable to you. It enlightens me. She will have a distrust of you as regards the child until she understands you by living with you under one roof."

"Such animals these women are! Good Lord!" Fleetwood ejaculated. "I marry one, and I'm to take to reading medical books!" He yawned.

"You speak that of women and pretend to love Nature," said Gower. "You hate Nature unless you have it served on a dish by your own cook. That's the way to the madhouse or the monastery. There we expiate the sin of sins. A man finds the woman of all women fitted to stick him in the soil, and trim and point him to grow, and she's an animal for her pains. The secret of your malady is you've not yet, though you're on a healthy leap for the practices of Nature,



hopped to the primary conception of what Nature means. Women are in and of Nature. I've studied them here—had nothing to do but study them. That most noble of ladies' whole mind was knotted to preserve her child during her time of endurance up to her moment of trial. Think it over. It's your one chance of keeping sane. And expect to hear flat stuff from me while you go on playing tyrant."

"You certainly take liberties," Fleetwood's mildest voice remarked.

"I told you I should try you, when you plucked me out of my Surrey nest."

Fleetwood passed from a meditative look to a malicious half-laugh. "You seem to have studied the 'most noble of ladies,' latterly rather like a barrister with a brief for the Defendant—Plaintiff, if you like!"

"As to that I'll help you to an insight of a particular weakness of mine," said Gower. "I require to have persons of even the highest value presented to me on a stage, or else I don't grasp them at all—they're simply pictures. I saw the lady; admired, esteemed, sufficiently, I supposed, until her image appeared to me in the feelings of another. Then I saw fathoms. No doubt it was from feeling warmer. I went through the blood of the other for my impression."

"Name the other," said the Earl, and his features were sharp.

"You can have the name," Gower answered. "It was the girl, Madge Winch."

Fleetwood's hard stare melted to surprise and contemptuous amusement. "You see the lady to be the 'most noble of ladies' through the warming you get by passing into the feelings of Madge Winch?"

Sarcasm was in the tone, and beneath it a thrill of compassionateness traversed him and shot a remorseful sting with the vision of those two young women on the coach at the scene of the fight. He had sentience of their voices, nigh to hearing them. The forlorn bride's hand, given to the anxious girl behind her, flashed an image of the sisterhood binding women under the pangs they suffer from men. He craved a scourging that he might not be cursing him-

self; and he provoked it, for Gower was very sensitive to a cold breath on the weakness he had laid bare; and when Fleetwood said: "You recommend a bath in the feelings of Madge Winch?" the retort came: "it might stop you on the road to a cowl."

Fleetwood put on the mask of cogitation to cover a shudder, "How?"

"A question of the man or the monk with you, as I fancy I've told you more than once!"

"You may fancy committing any impertinence and be not much out."

"The saving of you is, that you digest it when you've stewed it down."

"You try me!"

"I don't impose the connection."

"No, I take the blame for that."

They sat in dumbness, fidgeted, sprang to their feet, and lighted bedroom candles.

Mounting the stairs Gower was moved to let fall a benevolent look on the worried son of fortune. "I warned you I should try you. It ought to be done politely. If I have to speak a truth I'm boorish. The divinely damnable naked truth won't wear ornaments. It's about the same as pitching a handful of earth."

"You dirt your hands, hit or miss. Out of this corridor! Into my room, and spout your worst," cried the Earl.

Gower entered his dressing-room and was bidden to smoke there.

"You're a milder boor when you smoke. That day down in Surrey with the grand old bootmaker was one of our days, Gower Woodseer. There's no smell of the boor in him. Perhaps his religion helps him more than Nature—worship: not the best for manners. You won't smoke your pipe? a cigar? Lay on, then, as hard as you like."

"You're asking for the debauchee's last luxury—not a correction," said Gower, grimly thinking of how his whip might prove effective and punish the man who kept him fruitlessly out of his bed.

"I want stuff for a place in the memory," said Fleetwood; and the late hour, with the profitless talk, made it a stinging taunt.

"You want me to flick your indecision."

"That's half a hit."



"I'm to talk italics, for you to store a smart word or so."

"True, I swear! And, please, begin."

"You hang for the Fates to settle which is to be smothered in you, the man or the lord—and it ends in the monk, if you hang much longer."

"A bit of a scorpion, in his intention," Fleetwood muttered on a stride. "I'll tell you this, Gower Woodseer; when you lay on in earnest your diction is not so choice. Do any of your remarks apply to Lady Fleetwood?"

"All should. I don't presume to allude to Lady Fleetwood."

"She has not charged you to complain?"

"Lady Fleetwood is not the person to complain or condescend to speak of injuries."

"She insults me with her insane suspicion."

A swollen vein on the young nobleman's forehead went to confirm the idea at the Wythans that he was capable of mischief. They were right; he was as capable of villany as of nobility. But he happened to be thanking Gower Woodseer's whip for the comfortable numbness he felt at Carinthia's behavior, while detesting her for causing him to desire it and endure it, and exonerate his prosy castigator.

He was ignorant of the revenge he had on Gower, whose diction had not

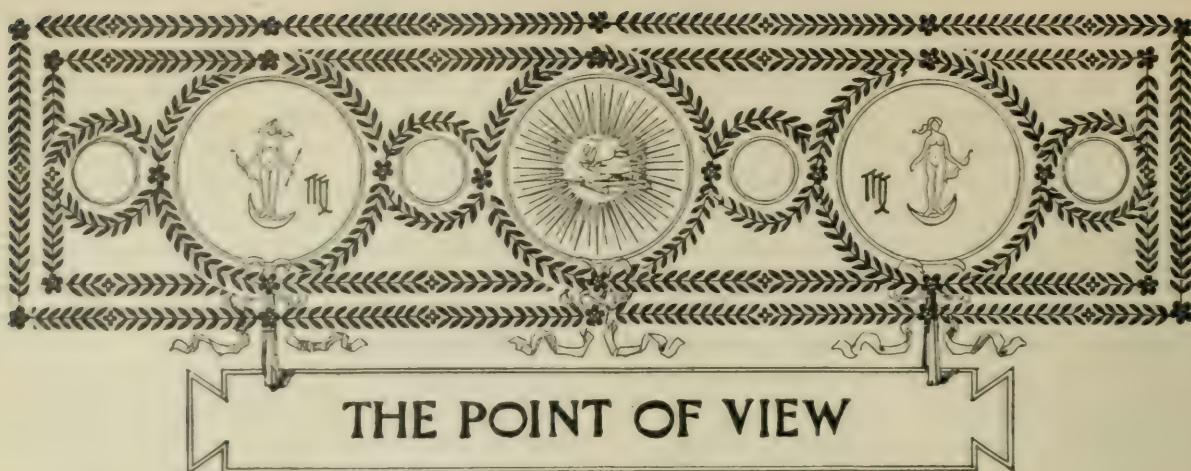
been particularly estimable. In the feebleness of a man vainly courting sleep, the disarmed philosopher tossed from one side to the other through the remaining hours of darkness, polishing sentences that were natural spouts of choicest diction; and still the Earl's virulent small sneer rankled. He understood why, after a time. The fervor of advocacy which inspires high diction had been wanting. He had sought more to lash the Earl with his personal disgust—and partly to parade his contempt of a lucrative dependency—than he had felt for the Countess. No wonder his diction was poor. It was a sample of limp thinness; a sort of tongue of a Master Slender: flavorless, unsatisfactory, considering its object: measured to be condemned by its poor achievement. He had nevertheless a heart to feel for the dear lady, and heat the pleading for her, especially when it ran to its object, as along a shaft of the sun rays, from the passionate devotedness of that girl Madge.

He brooded over it till it was like a fire beneath him to drive him from his bed and across the turfy roller of the hill to the Wythans, in the front of an autumnal sunrise—grand where the country is shorn of surface decoration, as here and there we find some unadorned human creature, whose bosom bears the ball of warmth.

(To be continued.)







I WAS lying awake, but with closed eyes, spending the few precious moments between the rising-bell and rising, in the elaboration of one of my favorite day-dreams. But gradually I became aware of a little sprig of verbenä, standing isolated and distinct before my mental vision, and unpleasantly distracting my thoughts. I tried to banish the impertinent interruption, but try as I might, it would not down, and only grew more and more vivid and insistent. And in some way I was aware that, having thought or created this verbenä, I was responsible for it, and that it would continue to plague me until I found means to preserve in it the life I had given. It had little roots, which suggested that it might live, it had also dead leaves, which prophesied decay; and though I was awake—conscious of my surroundings—conscious that the verbenä was a figment of my brain—it stared at me and reproached me until I was forced to do its bidding.

With an effort I postponed my dream and prepared to plant this flower of my fancy. I called up the image of my garden-bed, and when it was clearly before me I went all over it seeking a place for the verbenä. At first there seemed to be no empty space, but I made one by imagining away all obstacles. Then I mentally manufactured a trowel, dug with it an imaginary hole, and planted the verbenä, pressing about it the seeming earth.

Then I would have turned from the unwilling task, to take up the thread of my dream—but no! Limp and dry and accusing, the verbenä drooped before me, and I knew I must finish my work. With difficulty, as my imagination grew more and more restive, I thought up a watering-pot. When it materialized it was but a

poor thing—small and battered, and in it scarce a teacupful of water—but I grasped it eagerly and started toward the verbenä. And here my mind wandered. I saw a thirsty-looking rosebush, and over it I mentally poured my last drop of water. Then up rose the verbenä, more wilted than ever, and more imperative in its demands. By this time my imagination was so rebellious that I longed to tear up and throw away the wretched little plant. But scorn it as I might, there was no denying my obligations as its creator. I was compelled by its very weakness and misery to supply what it required. I took the watering-pot to the cistern and drew barely enough water for the verbenä; but this time, with dogged purpose, looking neither to right nor left, I thought myself back to the verbenä, and watered it well. And now I was free. My tyrant had subsided into a commonplace little plant, sitting wet and happy in the midst of its tiny puddle. At this point I was aroused, or I should have continued my first dream and forgotten all about the verbenä. As it was, I made haste to write it down, for it seemed to me that I had had a good illustration of how dreams are made. There first comes to the mind some impression—this may be a sensation from without—a sound, an odor, a ray of light, some position of the dreamer, or state of his system; or, perhaps, only an idea, an impression left on the mind by the waking thoughts, or drifted up from the great stream of memories and associations that flows ever beneath our consciousness. Given this first impression, the mind of the dreamer seems forced by some logical necessity to account for it. The impression takes on a form—such as the verbenä—which calls for some course of action,



and the action is dramatized in a dream. Sometimes, as in the case given, the problem is simple and is solved at once. Sometimes it is complex—the mind cannot, except after repeated trials, make anything of the first impression; and then we have those strange dreams, where circumstances that puzzled the dreamer are at last fully explained. Of course the commonest dream is that where no one impression is strong enough to control and give unity, and where the thoughts wander hither and thither disconnectedly.

My half-conscious state during this dream-making is like some stages in hypnotism and in insanity, where the patient is influenced by appearances that he knows to be false. I went, in imagination, through the actions that would have been actually performed by hypnotic or insane patients, on the same suggestion. They, too, often know they are dreaming, but are under the dominion of the dream idea, and must act in accordance with it.

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Who has not, as a child, longed to take advantage of his dreams in some way—to do desperate deeds—even to kill himself, just to see how it feels? But who was ever able to do anything of the sort, even when surest that he was dreaming?

The nearest I have come to carrying out my wishes in this respect was in a recent dream. I thought I stood among a crowd of people, and as I knew I was dreaming it occurred to me that here was a good chance to make some experiments. So I walked up to a negro woman, and, flourishing a heavy stick over her head, "Let me crack your head," I said. "This is only a dream."

The woman objected and fled from me, and so did all the others whom I offered to smite. Then a man came and took away my stick and brandished it at me, crying:

"If you are dreaming, let me crack *your* head."

But my spirit of scientific inquiry was not strong enough for this. I covered my head and ran away, in spite of my certainty that it was all a dream. When I awoke I was sorry I had not submitted my head to the blow. But that, of course, was impos-

sible. Though we have been deceived by dreams from our infancy the next one finds us as credulous as ever. We laugh and admire and tremble now, just as we did in our childhood.

Of all dream deceptions dream poetry has, perhaps, the least resemblance to what it pretends to be. Several years ago samples of it were given in this Magazine,\* and most of these were mere nonsense jingles, though to the dreamer they had seemed rarely beautiful. There was, at the same time, a defence of the dream poet. It was shown that he is subject to aphasia—or, rather, *heterophasia*—and so, while his ideas are often poetical, he can rarely mate words to his meaning. But since then a much graver charge has been made against him—one which his friends will find it hard to answer.

A young lady, after talking about dream composition, went to sleep and dreamed some verses. She got up immediately and recorded them, and the next morning she found that they were genuine poetry. She recited them to her friends, and the most critical of them were forced to admit that here, at last, was a really beautiful dream poem. But, alas! not long afterward she found her poem in print. I have forgotten where it was—whether among the works of Tennyson or Browning, Keats or Shelley—but there it was, word for word, as the dream poet had drawn it—from her memory. He was proved to be a plagiarist, caught red-handed! And, as if this proof were not sufficient, a second one came soon afterward.

Another lady dreamed this verse:

I have eaten your bread and salt,  
I have drunk your water and wine;  
The hen that lived in the Argyle yard  
Was bothered in her mind,  
As to whether she'd carry her watch before,  
Or carry her watch behind.

The first two lines are Rudyard Kipling's; the second two from some humorous verses written by the lady's uncle; so only the last two lines of this ingenious patchwork are the dream poet's own.

What can we say for the accused? That he thought they were his own? Or that he never actually claimed them?

\* SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1891. "Dream Poetry," by Mrs. Bessie A. Ficklen.



Neither plea would help him. We can only insist that such instances as the above are rare, and point to his original works as a proof of what he can do when he will. For instance, who else than he could have conceived the following verse:

At first they fought with tooth and tongue,  
But when it came to blows  
The man who had the strongest lung  
Blew off the other's nose.

This was dreamed by a very learned and brilliant professor, whose one weakness, I may add, is punning. And who else ever had the human kindness to pay such a tribute as this next to so long-suffering a class? It is the poet who speaks, though he speaks in prose:

Every peddler and book agent is a reformer, an apostle, who says, "Improve your way of life!"

Most of our scraps of dream composition were caught between sleeping and waking; but we have also several specimens that came in that dozey state between waking and sleeping. These, like the verberna, were suddenly projected into consciousness, ready made and *à propos* of nothing, when the dreamer believed she was still awake and busy with other thoughts. First there is this verse—evidently an attempt to express the interdependence of all things:

"Mark you yon clot of earth," he said,  
"Change now the spot on which 'tis laid."  
And the earth quivered through to her innermost rock,  
Every atom of universe felt the shock!

The last two are in prose, and were dreamed by a person who is not conscious of ever having tried to make an aphorism. She declares that they come from an entirely different order of mind than her own:

Genius standing on the outermost verge of reason's acquired ground is ever throwing out dykes into the sea of the unknown, and capturing from it new territory.

And then, out of the depths of sub-consciousness, came this advice to writers:

A sentence may be long from enumeration, never from evolution. It is easier to mount by steps than on an inclined plane.

THERE is a good old saw about judging a man by the company he keeps, and as saws go it is pretty sound doctrine. Judge a man if you will by his companions, taking due notice as to how far he gives

himself up to them, and how much they mean to him; for of course there are men and men, and some men catch the tone of their associates and others give tone to them. Books are companions to many of us, men and women, but if you undertake to judge us by the books we read you will have occasion to use your best discretion. People take their books so differently. Some of us do not exercise our minds enough in our daily toil, and we like when we read to read books substantial enough to sharpen our faculties. Others of us come home with tired wits and want easy books that will rest and amuse us. Two people may read the same novel with equal pleasure, yet if one reads it after breakfast and the other after dinner, the fact that it amused them both does not tell the same story about the quality of their minds. If the book which you read when you are tired is strong enough food for my mind when its energies are fresh, it must mean that your mind and my mind lack a good deal of being mates.

And besides, there are people to whom it comes natural to read, and there are others, even in these days of newspapers and schools, to whom reading comes hard. I have seen, as most of us have, so many thoroughly worthless persons who were great readers, that when I meet a thoroughly worthy and intelligent person who doesn't read, it fills me with admiration and respect. I do meet such persons now and then. They are apt to be quick and accurate observers, good talkers, people of action. Of course they do read a little something every day, the newspaper if nothing more, but reading is not a necessity to them. They don't count on it as an amusement or depend upon it as an exercise of the mind. To the habitual reader, reading becomes as necessary as alcohol to the dram-drinker. It doesn't seem to make any violent amount of difference what he reads, but he must sit in a chair a certain length of time every day and rest his eyes and his mind on a printed page. You can no more judge such a person by the book-company he keeps than you can judge a lunatic by the qualities of his keepers. His reading is habit. It never turns to energy; never influences action. He sleeps better after it; that is all.









LA GODILLEUSE (THE SCULLER).

ENGRAVED BY CLEMENT BELLANGER.

From the charcoal study made for his painting by Ulysse Butin



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## A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

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### "ANYTHING TO BEAT GRANT"

THE THIRD TERM AGITATION  
BEGINNINGS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM  
THE SANBORN CONTRACTS  
OVERTHROW OF THE WHISKEY RING  
BRISTOW'S GREAT WORK

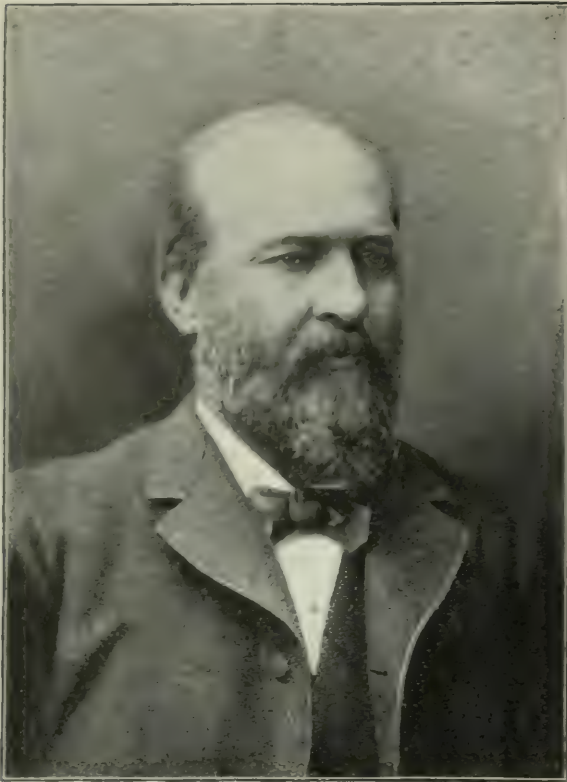
GARFIELD NOMINATED  
CONKLING CONCILIATED  
BLAINE IN THE CABINET  
DEFECTION OF THE STALWARTS  
ASSASSINATION OF GARFIELD

MR. HAYES'S very honorable administration neared its end and the presidential campaign of 1880 approached. Spite of the wide unpopularity of resumption, spite of the hard times and the labor troubles, the party in power was now in far better condition to win than it had been in 1876. The Republicans therefore had no dearth of potential standard-bearers. Returning from a remarkable tour around the world, General Grant became, in 1880, a candidate for a third-term nomination. There is reason to think that Grant himself did not greatly desire this, but was pushed forward by Senator Roscoe Conkling, of New York, to insure the defeat of James G. Blaine, of Maine, whom Conkling not merely disliked but hated. Conkling was now in effect Republican dictator in his State. Its delegation to the convention was hence expected to

be a unit for Grant, in which case it would form a good nucleus for the third-term forces. Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and General John A. Logan, of Illinois, like Conkling, strongly favored Grant, securing for him, not without some contest, the delegations from their respective States. Mr. Blaine had great strength in the West and considerable elsewhere. Senator Edmunds was the cynosure of a knot of Independents, mostly Eastern men. Sherman's masterful handling of the Treasury brought him also into prominence, almost into popularity, as a candidate.

General Grant was now more than ever a hero. He had recently visited every prominent court and country on the globe. The Emperors of Germany and Austria, the Czar, the Queen of Great Britain, the Sultan, the Pope, the Kings of Belgium, Italy, Holland,





James A. Garfield.

After a photograph by Bell—the last picture made before the assassination.



Winfield S. Hancock.

Sweden, and Spain, the Khedive of Egypt, the Emperor of Siam, the Mikado of Japan, the Viceroy of India, and with them a host of the world's most distinguished statesmen, soldiers, and literary men, had vied with one another in rendering the ex-President's progress from land to land a continuous ovation. No human being in all history had ever received such honors. The ex-President's self-possession amid all this pomp, his good sense and sturdy maintenance of simple, democratic manners, impressed everyone. Some who had opposed him in 1876 now wished him elected, on the ground that four so honorable years in private station justified renewed promotion, while not transgressing the unwritten law against a third term.

So formidable did Conkling's movement for Grant become that the opponents of the two rallied to the war-cry, "Anything to beat Grant." About this time the superstitious were stirred by Mother Shipton's prophecy,

"The world to an end will come  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

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An anecdote was told of a preacher who dwelt upon the impending cataclysm, urging his hearers by all means to be prepared. While he was describing the peril an earnest voice from the congregation ejaculated, "Thank God!" The minister sought out the possessor of the voice and asked why he was thankful for a prospect at which most men shuddered. "Anything to beat Grant," was the answer. A determined sentiment hostile to the ex-President's candidacy found expression in the resolutions of the Republican Anti-third-term Convention, held in St. Louis on May 6th. These resolutions declared against the Grant movement as likely to revive the memory of old scandals, and certain, if successful, to introduce personal government and to hinder civil service reform.

#### PROGRESS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

MANY a reader whose memory does not reach back to those times no doubt wonders at this dislike toward Grant, so general and so deep-seated, not only among the Democrats but within his



own party. We have now reached a point in our narrative, the close of President Hayes's term, where we can explain this phenomenon more satisfactorily than was possible earlier. Under Hayes the systematic prostitution of our public offices for partisan and private purposes was, if not definitely ended, so discouraged that it has never since recovered. In this those years form an epoch. The spirited and all but successful effort to make Grant the Republican candidate in 1880 impressed this contrast strongly upon the public mind, rendering the review of his presidential career before and during the campaign more critical and severe than would ever have occurred otherwise.

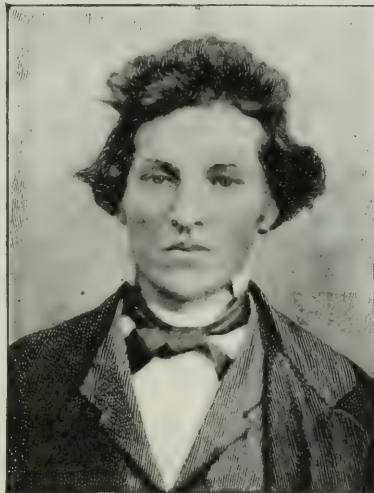
Ever since the days of President Jackson, in 1829, appointments to the minor federal offices had been used for the payment of party debts and to keep up partisan interest. Though this practice had incurred the deep condemnation of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and all the best men in public life, it did not cease, but prevailed more and more. So early as 1853 pass examinations had been made prerequisite to entering the civil service, but the regulation had amounted to nothing. The honor of being the first to make a systematic endeavor against this abuse belongs to the Hon. Thomas A. Jenckes, a representative in Congress from Rhode Island between March, 1863, and March, 1871.

Beginning in 1865, Mr. Jenckes, so long as he continued in Congress, annually introduced in the House a bill "to regulate the civil service of the United States." Early in 1866 Senator B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, also undertook to get the "spoils system" superseded by the "merit system." No success attended these efforts.

In 1870-1871 reform in the civil service almost became an issue. It was one of the three cardinal principles of the Liberal Republicans, was an item in the "New Departure" made by the Demo-

crats that year, received compliments, more or less sincere, from politicians of all stripes, and in 1872 was recognized for the first time in all the party platforms. On March 3, 1871, an act was passed authorizing the President, through a commission to be appointed by himself, to ascertain "the fitness of candidates as to age, health, character, knowledge, and ability, by examination," and to prescribe regulations for the conduct of appointees. The President that year appointed a commission, with George William Curtis for chairman. On December 19th he sent a message to Congress, transmitting the report of the commissioners, together with the rules submitted by them in relation to the appointment, promotion, and conduct of persons filling the offices covered by the law.

These rules provided that each applicant should furnish evidence as to his character, health, and age, and pass a satisfactory examination in speaking, reading, and writing the English language. Positions were to be grouped and graded according to the nature of the work, admission to the civil service always introducing the candidate to the lowest group. Public competitive examinations were to be instituted, and a list of examinees made up and kept on record, with the order of their excellence. Each appointment was to be made from the three leading eli-



James A. Garfield.

Before entering college—from a daguerreotype by Ryder.

gibles. Admission to a group above the lowest could be had only by one of three candidates from the next lower grade who stood highest in a competitive examination. An applicant for a place of trust where another officer was responsible for his fidelity could not be appointed without the approval of such officer; and postmasterships yielding less than two hundred dollars a year were not placed under the rule. With some exceptions, notably of postmasters and consuls, appointments were to be probationary for a term of six months.



Best of all the regulations presented was the following: "No head of a department or any subordinate officer of the Government shall, as such officer, authorize or assist in levying any assessment of money for political purposes, under the form of voluntary contributions or otherwise, upon any person employed under his control, nor shall any such person pay any money so assessed." Higher officials and some others were, however, excepted from the operation of this rule.

President Grant reported that the new methods "had given persons of superior capacity to the service;" yet Congress, always niggardly in its appropriations for the commission's work, after 1875 made no appropriation at all, so that the rules were perforce suspended. Ardor for spoils was not the sole cause of this. Many friends of reform thought the new system, as it had been begun, too stiff and bookish, too little practical; nor could such a view be declared wholly mistaken. Intelligent labor-leaders, it was found, usually opposed the reform in that shape, as it would exclude themselves and all but

the most favored of their children from public office.

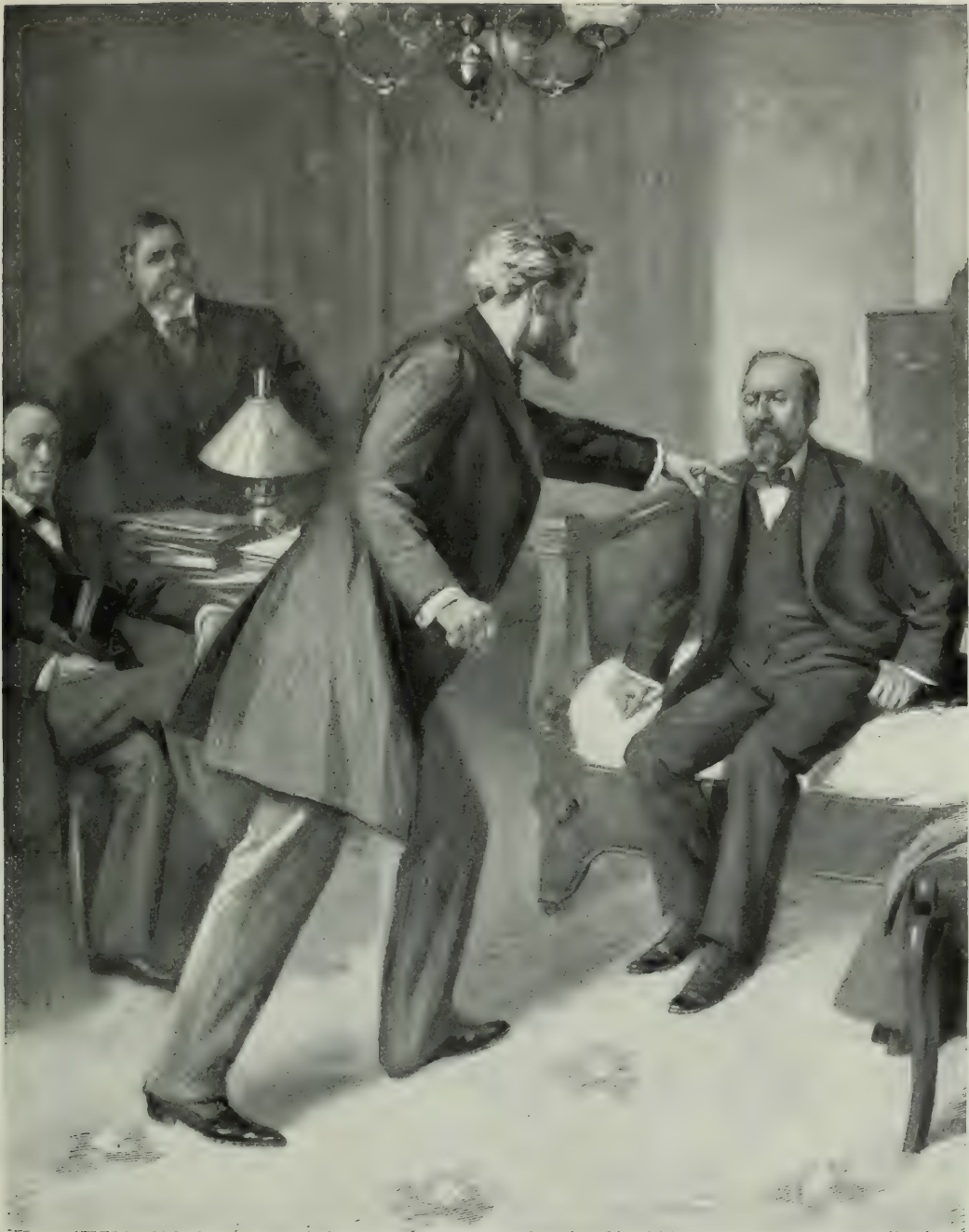
Unfortunately, the President cared as little as Congress for a pure civil service. This was everywhere apparent. During Grant's double term the spoils system was suffered to invade every branch of the Government. The odium heaped upon carpet-bag rule at the South was all along due in large measure to its corruption. By their influence and example the white federal office-holders misled the negro officers, State and National, and the voters as well, to regard office as the legitimate prey of the party triumphant on election-day. At the North, no less, appointments in answer to political wire-pulling were the regular order of the time. "Work!" said an office-holder in 1870; "I worked to get here: you don't expect me to work now I am here?" *Harper's Weekly* for March 21, 1874, said: "No recent political event is comparable in the excitement it has caused to the appointment of the Boston collector" (Simmons, Butler's friend, late of Maine). "The situation every day forces upon the most unwavering Republicans the question, When will it be necessary for our honor as men and patriots to oppose the party?" Simmons had been condemned by the Massachusetts Republican Convention for unendurable officiousness as a political boss. Federal offices were needlessly multiplied. In March, 1871, a custom-house appraiser was appointed at Evansville, Ind. He informed "his Senator" and the Secretary of the Treasury that his office was a sinecure, writing "his other Senator" soon after that it ought to be abolished. He was removed and a more contented incumbent appointed. "Yet," says the ex-appraiser, "there could be no charge of neglect or incompetency, for no officer was ever more faithful and diligent in drawing his salary than I was during those two years, and absolutely there was nothing else to do." In connection with offices where there were far weightier functions than drawing salaries, extravagance, carelessness, and corruption were exposed with damning iteration.

In 1871 the District of Columbia had



R. C. C. C.





Platt.

Arthur.

Conkling.

Garfield.

The Interview at the Riggs House.

been given a territorial government, with a Governor, a Board of Public Works, and a Legislature. The new territory lived too fast to live long, letting out contracts at exorbitant rates, so that they were bought up and sublet, sometimes again and again. It entered upon ambitious schemes of city improvement, which involved the District in a debt of nearly \$21,000,000, whereas by law its debt was limited to \$10,000,000. These and other evidences of wasteful administration led

Congress, in 1874, to abolish the territorial system, and again assume direct control of the District.

#### INTERNATIONAL REVENUE SCANDALS

MORE notorious than the "Washington Ring" were the scandals connected with the collection of the revenues. Early in April, 1871, a meeting was held in New York to protest against the revenue and "moiety" laws; the latter adjective



meaning that the law gave to a spy or informer one-half, or "a moiety," of the property forfeited to the Government by fraud discovered through such person's agency. Under these laws there were repeated instances of technical forfeitures and condemnation on the ground of constructive fraud, owing to some slight accidental mistake. The laws were often confused and self-contradictory, placing honest officials in

danger of committing flagrant wrongs by the effort to execute their terms. A. T. Stewart is said to have been at one time liable to a forfeiture of \$3,000,000 for an error of \$300.

An informer intimated to a revenue official that an importer had defrauded the Government in the matter of duties upon imports. The official then obtained a secret warrant to seize the books and papers of the importer, which



H. L. Dawes, Mass.

J. P. Jones, Nevada.

E. H. Rollins, N. H.

Rescoe Conkling.

"I declare to you, his friends, he will bite the dust."

Conkling's speech before the "Committee of Conciliation."





James G. Blaine, State. William Windom, Treasury. Robert T. Lincoln, War.  
W. H. Hunt, Navy. Thos. J. Kirkwood, Interior. T. L. James, Post.-Gen. Wayne MacVeagh, Att'y-Gen.

President Garfield's Cabinet.

was done. The contingent rewards of the informer were so enormous that every kind of intrigue, deceit, subornation, and blackmail was practised. In one case a man named Jayne, the most notorious of all the informers, received nearly \$70,000 for his services. No wonder that he made the utmost of every clue. He used to say: "When I am fishing for trout I don't throw away chubs." He was charged with downright blackmail, for which the power to seize private books and papers gave him exceptional opportunity. He and his like sought to stigmatize the entire mercantile class in the importing cities. The terror in which the house of Phelps, Dodge & Co. was long kept by the spies and agents of the Government would be incredible to most of our citizens now. It was a system which would not have surprised people in Naples, but it was revolting to Americans. "Every clerk might become an informer. The Government stealthily put its hand into every counting-room, as the Church through its agents surreptitiously knew every secret of the household." Vicious

as it was, not until June 18, 1874, was a law passed putting an end to the moiety abuse with its lucrative espionage and other iniquities.

About this time public wrath was aroused by the exposure of the "Sanborn Contracts," made in 1872, between the Hon. William A. Richardson, then Acting Secretary of the Treasury, subsequently promoted to Mr. Boutwell's seat in the Cabinet, and Mr. John D. Sanborn, giving Sanborn the right to collect for the Treasury, "share and share alike," taxes which were already collected by regular officers of the Government. Such officers were not only directed not to interfere with Mr. Sanborn but bidden to co-operate with him. By March, 1874, less than two years, this profitable arrangement had paid Sanborn over \$200,000. Morally indefensible as it was, it seems to have been legal. A House committee examined into the case and reported that three persons, Richardson, Secretary of the Treasury, the Assistant Secretary, and the Solicitor of the Treasury "deserved severe condemnation for the manner in which



they permitted this law to be administered." The committee recommended repealing the law and the annulment of contracts made under it. Mr. Richardson's resignation was soon after reluctantly accepted by the President, and his nomination to the Court of Claims confirmed with equal reluctance by the Senate. Hon. B. H. Bristow, of Kentucky, succeeded him in the Treasury.

#### DOWNFALL OF THE WHISKEY RING

THE new Secretary at once bent his attention to reorganizing and improving the customs and internal revenue service. His fearless removals and searching investigations, however, soon stirred the venomous hostility of various corrupt cliques which had been basking on the sunny side of the Treasury. There were the instigators of the Safe-Burglary frauds, the Seal-Lock frauds, and the Subsidy frauds, besides jealous, chagrined, and corrupt officials; but, most formidable of all, and in a sense at the head of all, was the Whiskey Ring. It was patent from statistics that the United States had, by 1874, in St. Louis alone, lost at least \$1,200,000 of revenue which it should have received from whiskey, yet special agents of the Treasury set to work from time to time had failed to do more than cause an occasional flurry among the thieves. The guilty parties were somehow always effectively forewarned and forearmed against any effort to punish or identify them. The ring seemed to have eyes, ears, and hands in every room of the Internal Revenue Department, in the Secretary's office, and even in the Executive mansion.

The Whiskey Ring was organized in St. Louis, when the Liberal Republicans there achieved their first success. It occurred to certain politicians to have the revenue officers raise a campaign fund among the distillers. This idea the officers modified later, raising money in the same way *for themselves*, and in return conniving at the grossest thievery. As it became necessary to hide the frauds, newspapers and higher officials were hushed, till the ring assumed national

dimensions. Its headquarters were at St. Louis, but it had branches at Milwaukee, Chicago, Peoria, Cincinnati, and New Orleans, and an agent at Washington. A huge corruption fund was distributed among gaugers, storekeepers, collectors, and other officials, according to a fixed schedule of prices. Subordinate officers were not merely tempted to become parties, but were obliged to do so on penalty of losing their places. Honest distillers and rectifiers were hounded with false accusations and caught in technical frauds, till their choice seemed to lie between ruin and alliance with the ring. One or two persons peculiarly persistent were assaulted and left for dead. They besought the Government for speedy relief, threatening, unless it was granted them, to expose the corrupt intimacy between the Internal Revenue Bureau and the ring. So potent had the organization grown that the politicians persuaded Grant, "for the party's sake," to countermand, though he had at first approved, Bristow's order directing a general transfer of supervisors, as such transfer would have thrown the thieves' machine wholly out of adjustment.

At length, upon the recommendation of Mr. George Fishback, editor of the *St. Louis Democrat*, the reform Secretary appointed Mr. Myron Colony, of St. Louis, a special agent to unearth the frauds, with the co-operation of Bluford Wilson, the Solicitor of the Treasury. One of the conditions upon which Mr. Colony accepted his grave and difficult charge was that of perfect secrecy. The first plan was to ascertain by means of detectives the amount of grain carted into the distilleries, with the amount of whiskey shipped to rectifying-houses or elsewhere, and to establish the fact of illegal nocturnal distillation — for the law allowed but one distillation every seventy-two hours.



S. B. Packard.

From a photograph by Vandyke, lent by Charles W. Boothby.





Scene at a Station on the Pennsylvania Railroad as the Garfield Ambulance Train Passed on its Way to Elberon.\*

\* On September 6th, the President was removed to Elberon, N. J., in a specially designed car, the bed being arranged so as to minimize the jolting. It was an extremely hot day and the train went very fast, the President sending a message to the engineer to increase the speed. At the stations and in the fields knots of people congregated to watch the passage of the train, instinctively removing their hats as it came into sight.





President Garfield's Remains Lying in State at the Capitol.

This effort the guilty parties discovered and opposed, midnight combats taking place between the burly detectives and ruffians hired to fight them. That line of attack was finally abandoned, not, however, till valuable evidence had been secured.

The next move was as follows : Under pretext of gathering commercial statistics, a work which, as financial editor of the *Democrat* and as Secretary of the St. Louis Board of Trade, Mr. Colony had often done, and could, of course, do without suspicion, he obtained at landings and freight depots copies of bills of lading that showed all the shipments of staple articles, including whiskey, to or from St. Louis, Chicago, and Milwaukee. The record gave the names of the shippers and the consignees, the number of gallons and the serial number—never duplicated—of the revenue stamps on each and every package. The discrepancies between these way-bills and the official records furnished to the Internal Revenue Office showed conclusively the extent of the frauds and the identity of the culprits. From

July 1, 1874, to May 1, 1875, no less than \$1,650,000 had been diverted from the Government till.

The illicit distillers lay quite still while the toils were woven around them. They were aware of the Secretary's enmity and cordially reciprocated it, but their suspicions had been lulled by his first retreat. Moreover, they felt that news of any proposed investigation would be sure to reach them from their official correspondents. They were not prepared for an investigation conducted in the main by private citizens, and kept secret from the Department, which was in more intimate alliance with them than with its own chief or with the people whom he was serving. When little remained but to unmask the batteries, a vague sense of uneasiness began to express itself in Congressional and other queries at the Internal Revenue Office—which was as blissfully ignorant as the ring itself—and later at the White House, where it was learned that investigation was indeed on foot. The investigators, too, were startled, after they had fixed Mon-



day, May 10th, as the date for the *coup*, by learning of a telegram to St. Louis running, "Lightning will strike Monday! Warn your friends in the country!" It turned out that this telegram was from a gentleman who had been informed of the purpose to strike on that day, and had communicated it to a distilling firm in St. Louis hostile to the ring.

Its torpid writhings availed the monster nothing. Nor did the pious preparations that were at once made for a mere raid. The traps set with secrecy and patience were sprung simultaneously in St. Louis, Chicago, and Milwaukee. Records seized justified further arrests in nearly every leading city. Indictments were found against one hundred and fifty-two liquor men and other private parties, and against eighty-six Government officials, notably the chief clerk in the Treasury Department, and General Grant's Private Secretary, General O. E. Babcock. On the back of a

letter from St. Louis making a charge or suggestion against Babcock, Grant had indorsed, "Let no guilty man escape." Five or six times in the progress of the case he said: "If Babcock is guilty there is no man who wants him proven guilty as I do, for it is the greatest piece of traitorism to me that a man could possibly practise." Still, Babcock's prosecutors complained of efforts made to transfer the case to a military court, to deprive them of papers incriminating the Private Secretary, and to prevent important testimony being given by informers on promise of immunity. All the prominent defendants were convicted save Babcock, but three of them were pardoned six months later. After his acquittal, Babcock was dismissed by the President.

In the spring of 1876 the dauntless Secretary Bristow assaulted the California Whiskey Ring, but here at last he was foiled. When the temperature



The Garfield Funeral Car about to Start from the Public Square, Cleveland, O., for the Cemetery.

After a photograph by Ryder.



rose to an uncomfortable degree, a Senator demanded, and in spite of the Secretary secured, the removal of the more active government agents in that section. The retirement of Secretary Bristow followed soon after. With him went Solicitor Wilson, Commissioner Pratt, and Mr. Yaryan, chief of revenue agents. The Treasurer and the First and Fifth Auditors of the Treasury also resigned. The whole course of proceedings was embarrassed by misunderstandings with the President, who was misled into the belief that his own ruin and that of his family was sought by the investigators, especially by Bristow, who, it was whispered, had designs upon the Presidency. The President broke from these maligners more than once, but there was enough in the press, in the popular applause with which the prosecution was hailed, and in the conduct of the trials, to renew his suspicions, to hinder the prosecution of the St. Louis Ring, and finally to unseat the anti-machine Secretary himself.

Great credit was due to the press for

its assistance in discovering and exposing these frauds. Notwithstanding exaggerations and errors here and there, laying faults at wrong doors, its work was simply magnificent. As the *New York Times* had exposed the "Tweed Ring," so to the St. Louis newspaper men was due, in large part, the glory of bringing to light the Whiskey Frauds. As in so many other instances, the press had proved the terror of unclean politicians and the reliance of the people. In those times and in the course of such complicated investigations, it was inevitable that libels should occur and do harm. Naturally, and perhaps justifiably, Congress undertook to remedy this ill by amending the law of libel. The debate over the measure was in great part composed of philippics against "the licentious newspaper." The licentious newspaper retaliated in the teeth of the law, which was christened the "Press-Gag Law." The enactment, too much resembling the old "Sedition Law," was universally unpopular, contributing not a little to the Democratic victories of 1874. Judge



The Anti-Chinese Riot of 1880, in Denver, Col.\*

\* The publication of the "Morey Letter" (see p. 283) stirred up a general anti-Chinese feeling, particularly through the West. On October 31, 1880, a mob attacked the Chinese quarter in Denver, and were only driven back when the firemen turned the stream from their hose on them.



Poland, of Vermont, the chief sponsor for it, was defeated in this election, and as a further consequence of it, in the Forty-fourth Congress, first Session, in 1875, the National House of Representatives, for the first time since the Civil War, had a Democratic majority. It was seventy strong, and elected Honorable Michael C. Kerr Speaker.

#### NOMINATION OF GARFIELD

AFTER the revelations now described the movement to elect Grant President for a third term was sure to awaken bitter opposition in his own party. The story of his second term, which might have been left for posterity to extract from the records as best it could, was vividly recalled to memories which had never fully lost it, being rehearsed in a thousand newspapers, now piecemeal, now in whole chapters, till all intelligent people were perfectly familiar with it.

The Republican Convention met at Chicago on June 2d. Conkling, who had charge of the Grant canvass, sanguine of carrying the Convention but fearing a "bolt" afterward, introduced the following disciplinary resolution, which was passed by a vote of 719 to 3:

*"Resolved, As the sense of this Convention, that every member of it is bound in honor to support its nominee, whoever that nominee may be, and that no man should hold his seat here who is not ready to so agree."*

An effort was made to expel the three recalcitrants, but it proved abortive. The rule requiring State delegations each to vote as a unit, which had been assailed at the Cincinnati Convention of 1876, was now definitively aban-

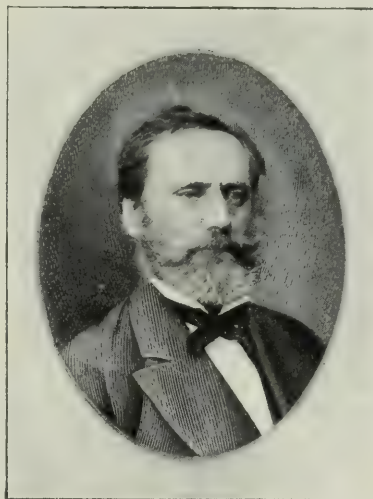
doned. This gift of a voice to minorities in State delegations lopped off ninety votes from Grant's constituency, which was a great victory for his opponents. It was in effect another blow against the Grant cause when Mr. Flanagan, of Texas, uttered the memorable query, "What are we here for if it isn't for the offices?"

The State of New York had seventy votes in the Convention. Knowing that they would all be needed if Grant were to win, Conkling had gotten the New York Convention to instruct the delegation to vote as a unit for the nominee desired by the majority. But nineteen of them, led by Conkling's opponent in New York Republi-

can politics, William H. Robertson, refused to obey this mandate and voted for Blaine. The first ballot showed Grant in the lead, with Blaine a close second, and they maintained this relative position through thirty-five consecutive ballots. The thirty-fourth ballot called attention to James A. Garfield, who received seventeen votes, fifteen more



George H. Pendleton.



Harris M. Plaisted.

than any preceding ballot had given him. He had been somewhat prominent in the Convention, having charge of Sherman's cause, and being, in some sense, the leader of all the forces opposed to Grant, but scarcely anyone had dreamed of his being nominated. It having now become plain that the New York split must defeat Blaine and Grant alike, the bulk of the Blaine and Sherman delegates, under instructions from their chiefs at Washington, went over to Garfield. Conkling's old guard of 306 delegates, remaining steadfast to the last, rendered him too confident, and he was outgeneralled. The stampede gave Garfield 399 votes, twenty-one



more than were needed to make him the choice of the Convention. The second place upon the ticket being conceded to a Grant man, Conkling named for Vice-President Chester A. Arthur, the same whom Hayes had deposed from office. "Garfield and Arthur" was, therefore, the ticket.

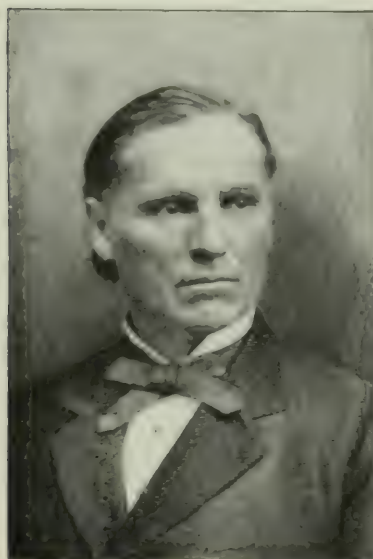
The country hailed the presidential nomination with extreme satisfaction. Blaine, in spite of his defeat, hastened to send Garfield his congratulations, but Conkling sulked, cursing the nineteen rebellious New York delegates, and vowing eternal vengeance upon Robertson in particular. Grant's phalanx, which had stood solid for him from the first, alone failed to partake of the general enthusiasm.

#### GENERAL HANCOCK NOMINATED BY THE DEMOCRATS

THE Democratic Convention assembled at Cincinnati on June 22d. Mr. Tilden could, no doubt, have had the nomination had he signified his willingness to accept it, but his friends were wholly ignorant of his wishes until just as the Convention met, when he wrote declining renomination. On the third ballot the delegates nominated the hero of Gettysburg, the brave and renowned General Winfield S. Hancock, of Pennsylvania.

The two parties were at this time best classed as "the ins" and "the outs." Though not exactly one upon the fading issue of intervention at the South, or upon that of "incidental protection" *versus* a "tariff for revenue only," neither these issues nor any others were kept steadily in sight during the campaign. The Republicans had not yet wearied of reminiscences, while the Democrats nursed their party fealty by calling Hayes "the fraud President." On the people at large the ceaseless repetition of this phrase had not the slightest effect, particularly after the publication of the "cipher despatches," which involved certain Democratic leaders in attempts, pending the Hayes-Tilden controversy, to bribe electors representing doubtful States.

The Republicans' platform charged Democrats with "a supreme and insatiable lust of office," yet their own *devoir* to civil service reform they paid only as an after-thought, amid the jeers of delegates. To detach the Republican reform vote, the Democratic platform made three distinct allusions to that subject, indorsing a general and thorough reform, "execrating" the course of the administration in using offices to reward political crime, and promising "a genuine and lasting improvement in case of a change." The Republicans suspected the other party of coquetting with the Roman Catholic



Dorman B. Eaton.



John M. Gregory.



Leroy B. Thoman.

The Civil Service Commissioners Appointed by President Arthur.



Church, and urged an amendment forbidding State appropriations for sectarian schools; but both parties applauded public education and separation between Church and State. They were at one also in decided opposition to Chinese immigration. The pensioner was becoming conspicuous. Republicans boasted of paying annually more than thirty million dollars in pensions, and promised the old soldiers—sincerely, as events have shown—undiminished gratitude in future. They further declared against polygamy. The Democrats avowed themselves in favor of “free ships and a chance for American commerce on the seas and on the land;” also for gold, silver, and convertible paper money.

Though living issues were little discussed in the campaign, it was not wanting in warmth or movement. Republicans were incessantly “waving the bloody shirt,” a Democratic phrase which became familiar at this time. The Democrats, as we have said, harped upon the “fraud” that they ascribed to the Electoral Commission which “counted out” Mr. Tilden. Incidentally, as election-day drew near, protection to home industry and restriction to Chinese immigration were more or less discussed, with, perhaps, considerable local effect, but the election was in no sense decided by either. Seizing upon a luckless utterance of General Hancock’s, to the effect that the tariff was “a local issue,” the Republicans took occasion to ridicule his ignorance of economic and political affairs. Garfield was accused of disreputable connection with the Credit Mobilier, and with the Washington Ring back in the seventies, but nothing worse than indiscretion was proved against him. Shortly before election-day Democratic politicians sowed broadcast *fac-similes* of a letter signed with Garfield’s name, and representing him as so lovingly attached to “our great manufacturing and corporate interests” as to favor Chinese immigration until laborers should be sufficiently abundant to satisfy capital. This letter was proved to be a forgery, and one of the authors of it was sentenced to prison for eight years.

In 1878 Maine had surprised everyone by electing a Democratic governor, through a fusion of Democrats with Greenbackers. After the next annual election, acting as a Canvassing Board, professedly under the law, this governor, Garcelon, and his Council, proceeded in the most approved Louisiana style to “count in” a Democratic legislature. This course contravened the judgment of the State Supreme Court. It was not upheld by public opinion, either in the State or elsewhere, not even by Democratic opinion, unless as a species of “poetic justice.” Most fatal of all, the new Legislature was unsupported by the State militia, upon which, as no federal troops were at command, devolved, during the interregnum, the charge of keeping order. The fusionists, therefore, gave up in discouragement. But in the State election of the presidential year, in September, renewed success came to them. Their candidate, Harris M. Plaisted, was elected Governor, spite of the Republicans’ activity under the personal lead of Mr. Blaine.

#### CONKLING AND GRANT TAKE THE STUMP

UNTIL this reverse in Maine most supporters of Grant had sulked, but they did so no longer. The “strike” was now declared “off,” and all the available resources of the party called into requisition for the election of Garfield. Persuaded by Grant, Conkling himself took the stump, working for the nominees with all his might. Popular audiences found his eloquence irresistible. No man did more than he to carry the important State of New York. He took Grant with him throughout the State, exhibiting him for five-minute speeches, while he himself made long orations. This occasioned much comment, but probably “did good.” Conkling and his supporters deemed his agency decisive of the result in the nation as well as in New York, and considered President Garfield as under the deepest obligation on this account. Hancock swept every Southern State. Garfield carried every Northern one except New Jersey, Nevada, and Califor-



nia. For the first time in our history the presidential electors were all chosen by popular vote, and for the first time their votes were counted as cast.

Thus the victory was won for Garfield and Arthur. It was not obtained, however, without employing, to some extent, illegitimate means. At a dinner in honor of Hon. S. W. Dorsey, Vice-President Arthur, in a vein of pleasantry, remarked that the Republicans had been victorious in Indiana by a liberal use of "soap." After the election discreditable exposures were made respecting contributions by government civil servants to the Republican campaign-fund.

But if machine politics had much to do with Garfield's election, machine politics no more determined it than intimidation and fraud solidified the South for Hancock. Garfield had a highly honorable record—literary, military, and civil. From a mule-boy on the tow-path of the Ohio Canal between Cleveland and Marietta—which rough life, it seems, bade fair for a time injuriously to affect his character—he had risen to a college presidency and to the Senate of Ohio, all before the war. Entering the service early, he rose rapidly in rank—as he deserved, for no civilian commander had proved a better soldier. His martial quality came out at Middle Creek, at Shiloh, and pre-eminently at Chickamauga, where his gallant and meritorious services made him a major-general. At Chickamauga, when the right wing of Rosecrans's army was in full retreat, leaving to its fate the left, under General Thomas, Garfield, through a fiery storm of shot, fatal to most of his escort, had ridden back to acquaint Thomas with the state of affairs, encourage him, and arrange for the safe re-formation of the Union forces on a new line. Entering Congress in December, 1863, he at once became a leader, serving with distinction on the most important committees, a power in debate and on the stump, eloquent, sensible, patriotic—not, indeed, an adroit politician, but no little of a statesman. While in Congress he probably had a more thorough acquaintance with important public questions than any other man in official life. His firm

and decisive stand for honest money when a formidable faction in his party was for fiat greenbacks has already been alluded to in this History. That his State made him its Senator, and his country made him its President, were in nowise mere accidents.

Hancock's record, too, was altogether spotless and proud. A West Point graduate and a patriot to the backbone, brevetted for gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco, at the front whenever he could possibly get there in every serious engagement of our army in Virginia during the entire Civil War, always a fighter, the bravest of the brave, the cause of Union victory at Gettysburg if any one man could be so called, Hancock, at the time of his nomination, came before the public as perhaps the most consummate specimen of a mere military man in the whole history of the country. Grant said that Hancock's name "was never mentioned as having committed in battle a blunder for which he was responsible." Nor can any well doubt that Hancock would have made a successful President. Few, in fact, questioned this. It was his party that was distrusted. Had the Democracy held the place in public esteem which was accorded to the candidate, Hancock would almost certainly have been elected. As it was, Garfield's popular majority was trifling, though in the Electoral College he had 214 votes to Hancock's 155.

#### BLAINE MADE SECRETARY OF STATE

If it was Garfield's wish, as he again and again declared, to treat all stripes of the party alike, it is hard to understand what led him to select Blaine as Secretary of State in his Cabinet. The mere rumor of this purpose roused Conkling's utmost ire. Blaine and Conkling had long been openly and bitterly at feud. Their quarrel, beginning in empty trifles, had grown by incessant fanning until it menaced the party with fatal schism. Tried and wise friends of both besought Blaine not to accept the offered portfolio. Senator Dawes was one of these. He says: "I warned Mr. Blaine that if he entered the Cabinet



# TRUTH

THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

NO. 318.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1880.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## FIENDISH MURDER OF A GIRL.

DELLA TILSON (CHOKED TO DEATH BY HER SISTER'S HUSBAND.

She Made Her Fall Calmly faced upon Her Murderer's Leg—The deed afterward Doubled Up and Laid in a Tomb.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Oct. 22.—The facts of the murder of Della Tilson, a young girl, who was choked to death by her sister's husband, were reported in the columns of this paper. The girl was about 17 years of age, and was a native of New York. She was a very beautiful girl, and was much admired by the young men of the city.

THE FACTS AS THEY WERE.

Her father was a poor man, and she was a very beautiful girl. She was a native of New York, and was much admired by the young men of the city. She was a very beautiful girl, and was much admired by the young men of the city.

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## GARFIELD'S POLITICAL DEATH WARRANT.

HIS INFAMOUS LETTER ADVOCATING THE INCREASED IMMIGRATION OF CHINESE CHEAP LABOR.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE LETTER IN WHICH HE DECLINES HIMSELF ADVERSE TO THE LABORING MAN'S INTEREST, AND IN FAVOR OF THE EMPLOYERS' UNION—ADVISING THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE CHEAPEST LABOR AVAILABLE.

Personal and Confidential  
House of Representatives.

Washington, D. C., July 23, 1880

Dear Sir,  
Yours in relation to the Chinese problem comes duly to hand. I take it that the question of Chinese labor is only a question of private and corporate economy, and individuals or companies have the right to buy labor where they can get it cheapest. We have a treaty with the Chinese Government which should be religiously kept until its provisions are abrogated by the action of the general Government, and I am not prepared to say that it should be abrogated, until our great manufacturing and corporate interests are considered in the matter of labor.  
Very truly yours,  
A. D. Morey  
Employer Union  
Lynn, Mass.

## LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

THE ENGLISH HOME SECRETARY DE-CLINES TO SIGN ON FOREIGN.

Another Knot in the Balkan Peninsula—War Contractor Accused—The Sultan Gets a Hint.

London, Oct. 22.—The Foreign Secretary, Mr. Salisbury, has declined to sign the proposed convention for the reduction of the army and navy of the Ottoman Empire.

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Fac-simile of the Front Page of the Copy of Truth Containing the "Morey Letter."

with the intent or hope of circumventing his rival, it would be fatal to him and to the administration of Garfield, and I expressed the opinion that it would be impossible for him to keep the peace if he took the office. He replied with frankness, and, I have no doubt, with entire sincerity, that it would be his purpose if he accepted the office to ignore all past differences, and so to deport himself in it as to force reconciliation. He said also that he could not agree with me, even if the effect should prove otherwise, that he should for that reason be debarred from the great opportunity, for which he felt himself qualified, to administer the Foreign Office on the broad and grand scale he did afterward undertake but was not permitted to perfect. I fore-

saw the rocks all too plainly, and advised him to remain in the Senate. But he determined otherwise and accepted the position."

Garfield and Blaine probably thought that Conkling's influence against them might be safely ignored (in which they proved not wholly right), considering him a very shallow man (wherein they were not wholly wrong). It is among William Winter's reminiscences that Conkling and George William Curtis once compared judgments touching poetry and oratory, each citing passages that seemed to him ideal. Conkling named Mrs. Hemans's "Casabianca," "The boy stood on the burning deck," etc., as his model poem, and some fine sentences from Charles Sprague as what suited him best in eloquence. It was



Sprague, we recall, whose Fourth of July oration at Boston, in 1825, contained the smart period beginning: "Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled by all that adorns and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared." Curtis, for eloquence, presented the following, from Emerson's Dartmouth College oration, delivered on July 24, 1838: "You will hear every day the maxims of a low prudence. You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. 'What is this Truth you seek? What is this Beauty?' men will ask, with derision. If, nevertheless, God have called any of you to explore Truth and Beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you shall say, 'As others do, so will I. I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land, and let learning and romantic expectations go until a more convenient season;' then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of Art and Poetry and Science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men."

This, Conkling thought rather tame

Conkling looked upon Blaine's promotion as nothing but a deliberate attempt to humiliate himself, and his friends concurred in this view. "Garfield, of whose great brain-power political sagacity formed no part, could not be made to see in the opposition anything but an attempt by dictation to trench upon his constitutional prerogatives in the choice of his own councillors, and all Blaine men agreed with him."

Bad was made worse when Garfield offered the post of Secretary of the Treasury to Charles J. Folger, of New York, not only without consulting Conkling but against Conkling's warm recommendation of Mr. Morton. That Mr. Folger declined the portfolio did not pacify Conkling. No man in the Cabinet represented Conkling, whereas, he and his friends thought that on account of his great service in the campaign all New York appointments, at least, should be filled by him from among his friends. Garfield, undoubtedly influenced by Blaine, would not consent to this. He was willing to do what he reasonably

could to pacify Conkling, but he refused to renounce his constitutional privilege of personally selecting the men who were to aid him in discharging his arduous duties.

Shortly before the inauguration, in the spring of 1881, Senator Platt, who was politically and sympathetically in accord with his colleague, received the information that Mr. James had been selected for the position of Postmaster-General. Up to this time the two New York Senators had received assurances from the President-elect that the Empire State was to be favored with the portfolio of the Treasury Department, which was regarded as a more dignified, and more influential position in every respect. As soon as Mr. Platt heard of the President's change of mind, he repaired at once to Chamberlain's, where he found Vice-President Arthur and Senator Conkling at breakfast. He broke the news to them. Arthur and Conkling at once left the table and all three repaired to the Riggs House, where Garfield had rooms. They received an audience without delay, and for over an hour Conkling stormed up and down the room, charging Garfield with treachery to his friends in New York and asserting that he was false to his party. Garfield sitting on the side of the bed listened in silence to the tirade, violent and unseemly as it seemed to all. Both General Arthur and Senator Platt subsequently declared that for invective, sarcasm, and impassioned eloquence this was the speech of Conkling's life.

On March 23, 1881, Conkling's dearest foe, Mr. Robertson, was nominated by the President as Collector of Customs at the Port of New York, the then incumbent, E. A. Merritt, being nominated for the post of consul-general at London. Both appointments were opposed by Conkling and his colleague, Mr. Platt, but in spite of this they were subsequently confirmed by the Senate. Conkling's ire grew into a frenzy. Sober Republicans were aghast at the chasm widening in the party. A committee of conciliation, consisting of five gentlemen representing different attitudes to the litigants, was appointed to try and harmonize them. Conkling met



these gentlemen to recount his wrongs. Says Mr. Dawes, who was chairman of the committee: "On that occasion he surpassed himself in all those elements of oratorical power for which he was so distinguished. . . . He continued for two hours and a half to play with consummate skill upon all the strings known to the orator and through all the notes from the lowest to the highest which the great masters command, and concluded in a lofty apostrophe to the greatness and glory of the Republican party and his own devotion to its highest welfare. 'And,' said he, 'I trust that the exigency may never arise when I shall be compelled to choose between self-respect and personal honor on the one side and the temporary discomfiture of that party on the other; but if that time shall ever come I shall not hesitate in the choice, and I now say to you, and through you to those whom it most concerns, that I have in my pocket an autograph letter of this President, who is now for the time being its official head, which I pray God I may never be compelled in self-defence to make public; but if that time shall ever come, I declare to you, his friends, he will bite the dust.'"

This letter proved to be one like the "My dear Hubbell" epistle mentioned below. It had been written in the course of the campaign to press collections from government officials and clerks for campaign expenses. President Garfield had retained a copy. His friends urged him to publish it forthwith, thus anticipating Conkling; and he, at first, consented, but Mr. Blaine dissuaded him. True to his threat, Conkling gave it out, but too late, so that it fell flat. The conciliation committee waited on the President to see if there was not some way by which he could consistently accord Conkling fuller recognition. Nothing came of the effort, as Conkling would be satisfied only by the President's utter neglect and humiliation of the Robertson faction in New York. Conkling was labored with again and begged to be magnanimous, but he would not yield a hair. Instead of placing the good of the party before his personal spite, he proposed to rule or ruin. "Should I

do as I am urged," he said, "I should myself go under, and should be burned in effigy from Buffalo to Montauk Point, and could not be elected a delegate to a county convention in Oneida County." It is said that he did actually seek, later, an election to a convention in that county, but without success.

Republicans after the heart of Conkling and Arthur, constituting "the Prince of Wales's Party," now called themselves "Stalwarts," a term invented by Mr. Blaine, at the same time styling administration Republicans "Half-breeds." Those declining to take sides either way they dubbed "Jelly-fish." On May 16th, before Robertson's confirmation, the two New York Senators, Conkling and Platt, resigned their places, expecting the honor and indorsement of an immediate re-election. In this they were disappointed. Both were defeated in the New York Legislature by the administration or "Half-breed" Republicans. Mr. Conkling never again reappeared in politics. Mr. Platt, on the contrary, suffered only a temporary loss of influence. Disliked by a large section—perhaps a majority—of the New York Republicans, he still did not cease to be the determining factor in the fortunes of the party in his State. It is not unlikely that Mr. Bryce had Conkling and Platt in mind when, in his chapter upon "Rings and Bosses," he wrote: "There have been brilliant instances of persons stepping at once to the higher rungs of the ladder in virtue of their audacity and energy, especially if coupled with oratorical power. However, the position of the rhetorical boss is less firmly rooted than that of the intriguing boss, and there have been instances of his suddenly falling to rise no more."

Mr. James was well succeeded in the New York Post-Office by Mr. Pearson, who had been the Assistant Postmaster. Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois, Secretary of War, was not well known, but the illustrious name of his father made the selection a popular one. He had supported Grant in the convention, and his appointment was an acknowledgment of the Logan faction. Of Mr. Kirkwood, Secretary of the Interior, it is sufficient to say that he was indorsed



by Carl Schurz, his predecessor in the department. Judge William H. Hunt was placed in charge of the Navy portfolio. He was an Old-line Whig, born in South Carolina, who had moved to Louisiana. Throughout the war he was a staunch Union man, and afterward a consistent Republican. He had been counsel for Governor Kellogg against McEnery in the famous Durell case, and also a candidate for the office of Attorney-General on the Louisiana State ticket with Packard. President Hayes made him a judge of the Court of Claims, a position which he held till he received this promotion from Mr. Garfield.

Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania, Attorney-General in Garfield's Cabinet, was universally respected for his high character and ability. Though a son-in-law of Simon Cameron, he was an Independent, and therefore, politically, no friend to either of the Camerons. William Windom, of Minnesota, the Secretary of the Treasury, the East suspected of monetary "unsoundness," but this occasioned little anxiety, as Garfield was well known to be perfectly trustworthy in this regard. Windom was immensely popular in the West because of his antagonism to "monopolies," some of which had already made themselves formidable and odious. By this time telegraph and railway lines had become consolidated and one or two "Trusts" had arisen.

#### GARFIELD'S ASSASSINATION

HARDLY had President Garfield entered upon his high duties when he was shot down by the hand of an assassin. This was only six weeks after the murder of Czar Alexander II. On the morning of July 2, 1881, the President entered the railway station at Washington, intending to take an Eastern trip. Charles J. Guiteau, a disappointed office-seeker, crept up behind him and fired two bullets at him, one of which lodged in his back.

The country already had a deep affection for Mr. Garfield, all except those immediately interested in party politics, and many of these, sympathizing

with him against Conkling in the struggle that had arisen over appointments. Democrats honored him for his course in this business. The terrible misfortune now came upon him ostensibly in consequence of his boldness in that matter wonderfully endeared him to the popular heart. He was likened to Lincoln as another "martyr President." In all the churches throughout the North, often as the congregations met for worship, earnest prayers were offered for the President's recovery. In every city crowds watched the bulletin boards daily from morning till night to learn from the despatches constantly appearing the distinguished sufferer's condition. The bullet had pierced the tissues by a long, angry, and crooked course, leaving a wound that could not be properly drained. Spite of treatment by the most famous medical practitioners — whom, however, high authorities deemed somewhat fussy and irresolute in handling the case — blood-poisoning set in, and at length proved fatal. The President's hardy constitution enabled him to fight for life as few could have done. He languished on and on through weeks of dreadful suffering, till September 19th, when he died. The "sorrow was more world-wide and pathetic than ever before lamented a human being. In distant lands men bowed their heads. The courts of kings were clad in mourning. The parish bells of rural England tolled, and every American household was hushed with pain as if its first-born lay dead."

Guiteau had been by spells a politician, lawyer, lecturer, theologian, and evangelist. He pretended to have been inspired by Deity with the thought that the removal of Mr. Garfield was necessary to the unity of the Republican party and to the salvation of the country. He is said to have exclaimed, on being arrested: "All right, I did it, and will go to jail for it. I am a Stalwart, and Arthur will be President." His trial began in November and lasted over two months. The defence was insanity. The prosecution showed that the man had long been an unprincipled adventurer, greedy for notoriety; that he first conceived the project of killing the President after his hopes of



office were finally destroyed ; and that he had planned the murder several weeks in advance.

The public rage against Guiteau knew no bounds. Only by the utmost vigilance on the part of his keepers was his life prolonged till the day of his execution. Sergeant Mason, a soldier set to guard him, fired into Guiteau's cell with the evident intention of applying to the assassin assassins' methods. The sergeant was tried by court-martial, dismissed from the army, deprived of his back pay, and sentenced to eight years in the Albany Penitentiary. Two months later, as they were taking the wretched Guiteau from jail to court, a horseman, dashing past, fired a pistol at him, the bullet grazing his wrist.

The prisoner's disorderly conduct and scurrilous interruptions of the proceedings during his trial, apparently to aid the plea of insanity, impaired the dignity of the occasion and elicited, both at home and abroad, comment disparaging to the court. Judge Cox threatened to gag the prisoner or send him out of court ; but as neither of these courses could be taken without infringing Guiteau's right to confront his accusers and to speak in his own behalf, the threats were of no avail.

Guiteau was found guilty on January 22, 1882. As the last juror signified his assent to the verdict the condemned man sprang to his feet and shrieked : " My blood will be upon the heads of that jury. Don't you forget it ! God will avenge this outrage ! " He was executed at Washington on June 30, 1882, and his skeleton is now in the Army Medical Museum in that city. The autopsy showed no disease of the brain.

Although it had no logical connection with the spoils system, the assassination of President Garfield called the attention of the country to the crying need of reform in the civil service. Through March, April, May and June, 1881, Washington streets were blockaded with office-seekers and political adventurers, bearing " testimonials " of their worth, seeking indorsers and backers and awaiting chances to " interview " the President himself. Contributors to the election fund were especially for-

ward in demanding positions. The President's time and strength were wasted in weighing the desserts of this or that politician or faction of a State to control patronage there. All who had known him in the army, in Congress, or at home now made the most of such acquaintance.

We have seen that Hayes's administration marked in this respect, as in others, an immense improvement. Secretary Schurz in the Interior Department enforced competitive examinations. They were applied by Mr. James to the New York Post-Office, and, as a result, one-third more work was done with less cost. Similar good results followed the adoption of the " merit system " in the New York Custom-House after 1879. President Hayes also strongly condemned political assessments upon office-holders, but with small practical effect, as his effort lacked full legislative sanction or sympathy.

#### THE STAR ROUTE FRAUDS

BUT the corruption which had enjoyed immunity so long could not be put down all at once. During Hayes's last years, and thereafter, much public attention was drawn to the " Star Route " frauds. The Star Routes were stage-lines for carrying the mails in sections of the West where railroads and steamboats failed. In 1878 there were 9,225 of these Star Routes, for the maintenance of which Congress in that year appropriated \$5,900,000. A ring, made up on the one hand of Democratic and Republican public men, some of these very prominent, and on the other hand of certain mail contractors, managed to increase the remuneration for service on 135 pet routes from \$143,169 to \$622,808. On twenty-six of the routes the pay-roll was put up from \$65,216 to \$530,319. The method was, first, to get numerous signed petitions from the districts interested, praying for an increase in the number of trips per week, and shortening the schedule time of each trip, get " estimates " from the contractors vastly in excess of actual cost for the service, get these estimates allowed at Washington, and then



divide profits between the "statesmen" and citizens interested in the "deal." Over some of these lines, it is asserted, not more than three letters a week were carried.

Attention was drawn to the Star Route matter before the close of Hayes's term, but exposure was staved off until Mr. James, "the model New York Postmaster," assumed the office of Postmaster-General." On May 6, 1881, Mr. James wrote Thurlow Weed: "Rest assured I shall do my whole duty in the matter of the Star Route swindlers. It is a hard task, but it shall be pushed fearlessly, regardless of whom it may involve."

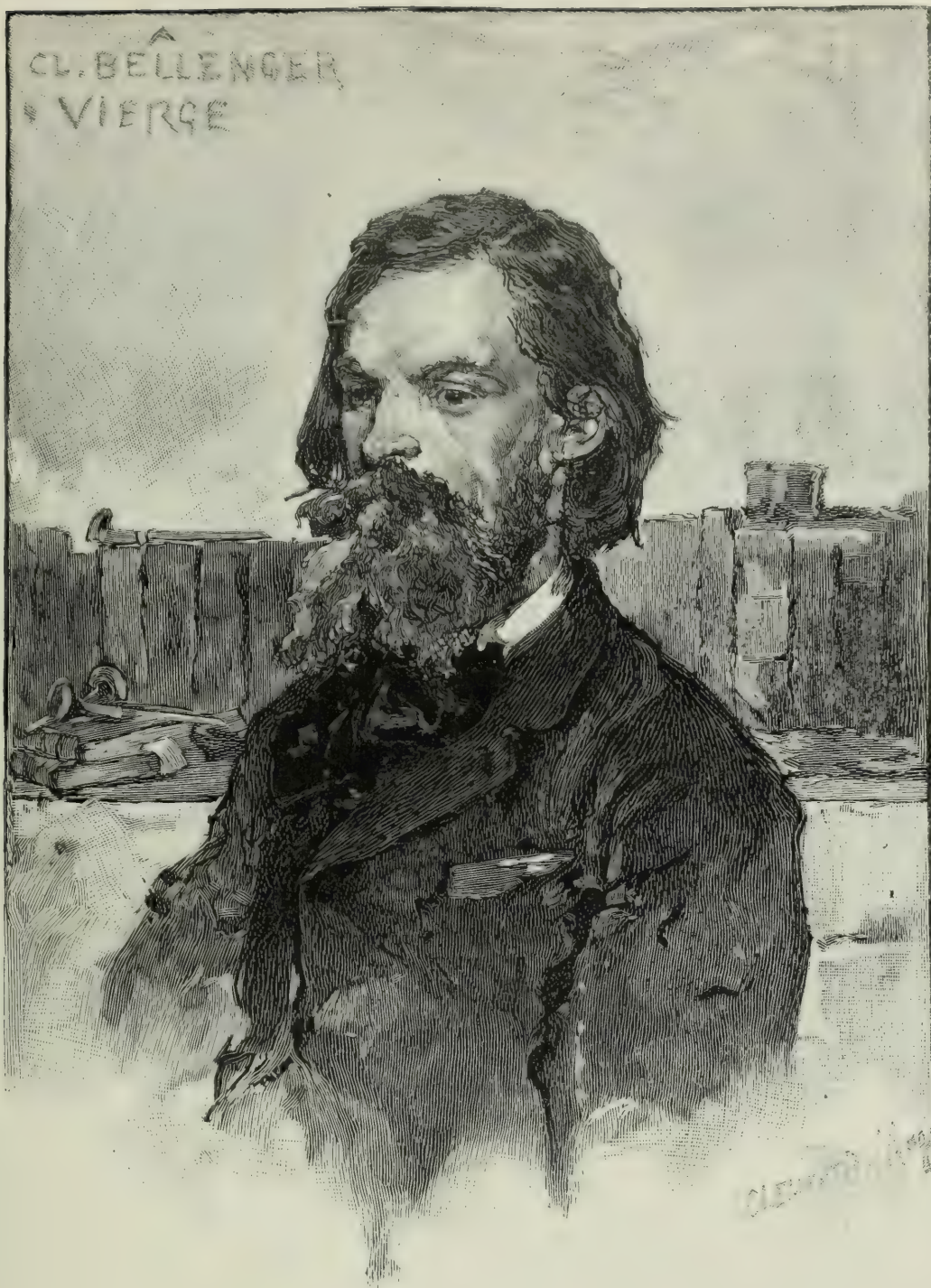
Thomas W. Brady, Second Assistant Postmaster-General, was a member of the ring. He threatened, unless proceedings were stopped, to publish a letter of President Garfield's written during the campaign. This he did. It was the famous "My dear Hubbell" epistle. The writer, addressing "My dear Hubbell," hoped that "he" (referring to Brady) "would give them all the assistance possible." According to Brady, this meant that he should, among other things, get money from the Star Route contractors. Garfield insisted that it was simply a call on Brady to contribute from his own pocket. In the next sentence of the letter, however, the presidential candidate asks: "Please tell me how the departments generally are doing." This will hardly bear any other construction than that of party extortion from the government employees, especially since this same Hubbell, as chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, was later called to account by the reformers for levying two per cent. assessments upon the clerks—styled by him and his friends "voluntary contributions." Whether Brady's *tu quoque* availed him, or for some other reason, his trial was postponed and he was never convicted. Senator Dorsey, of Arkansas, was also arraigned, but, upon his second trial, in 1883, was acquitted. Indeed, of those prosecuted for fraud in connection with the Star Routes, only one was ever punished; and in this case the Government was in error, as the man was innocent.

The tragic fate of President Garfield, taken in connection with these and other revelations of continuing political corruption, brought public sentiment on Civil Service Reform to a head. A bill prepared by the Civil Service Reform League, and in 1880 introduced in the Senate by Senator Pendleton, of Ohio, passed Congress in January, 1883, and on the 16th of that month received the signature of President Arthur.

Renewing, in the main, the provisions adopted under the Act of 1871, it authorized the President, with the consent of the Senate, to appoint three Civil Service Commissioners, who were to institute competitive examinations open to all persons desiring to enter the employ of the Government. It provided that the clerks in the departments at Washington, and in every customs district or post-office where fifty or more were employed, should be arranged in classes, and that in the future only persons who had passed the examinations should be appointed to service in these offices or promoted from a lower class to a higher, preference being given according to rank in the examinations. Candidates were to serve six months' probation at practical work before receiving a final appointment.

The bill struck a heavy blow at political assessments, by declaring that no official should be removed for refusing to contribute to political funds. A Congressman or government official convicted of soliciting or receiving political assessments from government employees became liable to \$5,000 fine or three years' imprisonment, or both. Persons in the government service were forbidden to use their official authority or influence to coerce the political action of anyone, or to interfere with elections. Dorman B. Eaton, Leroy B. Thoman, and John M. Gregory were appointed commissioners by President Arthur. By the end of the year the new system was fairly in operation. Besides the departments at Washington, it applied to eleven customs districts and twenty-three post-offices where fifty or more officials were employed.





Clément Bellenger.  
Engraved by himself, from the painting by Vierge.

## WOOD-ENGRAVERS—CLÉMENT BELLENGER

CLÉMENT BELLENGER, born in Paris in 1851, made his first and only studies under the guidance of his brothers, both pupils of Lecoq de Boisbaudran at the "Petite École." We have already called attention, in our sketch of Stéphane Pannemaker, to the sound character of Boisbaudran's teachings. It is to his honor that he should have brought out two of the foremost expo-

nents of the art of wood-engraving in France, each a master, and yet both different—nay, thoroughly opposed to each other in the practice as well as in the theory of their art.

Pannemaker lets his pupils find a manner, a style of expression suited to each individually. Bellenger advocates above all things the mastery of a technique evolved from what is best in the



old masters of engraving. The former lets each pupil struggle on in his own way till, if he has what the French call "a temperament," he finds means of his own to express himself. The latter teaches the beginner nothing else but how to use his tools.

It might be said that Bellenger completed his artistic education under Daniel Vierge, in the days when the great illustrator was scattering his pearls with open hands in the weekly *Monde Illustré*. Vierge revolutionized engraving as he revolutionized illustration, and these two most popular branches of the graphic arts have borne, and will forever bear, the mark of his vigorous hand. A great engraver of our day, so great an artist in many branches that it would not be fair to class him solely as an engraver, Lepère, is through and through a pupil of Vierge. To him, to Bellenger, to scores of others, Vierge has opened new horizons of life and action, making them, not dull beasts of burden performing tasks of routine, but winged creatures of fancy and imagination.

Under that masterly influence Bellenger has learned the limitations as well as the possibilities of his art. Interpreting drawings which were made primarily for a given purpose—not painter's drawings, but illustrations, treated with great simplicity, with two or three intermediary values between the pure black and the pure white—Bellenger has felt that the greatest error of our epoch was in according to photography too great an influence in the reproductive arts. Wood-engraving, to a higher degree than phototype, photogravure, etc., is and must remain of all arts the art best suited to the book. And he deplores the perfecting of mechanical processes, which all tend to the complete imitation of originals made for other purposes than those of illustration—gray, finicky productions without accents, without relief, without color, which look so strangely dull by the side of the sharp black text. The reason why, in competition with mechanical productions, modern engraving has so lost popular favor, is that it has tried to resemble them too much. Engraving cannot give what

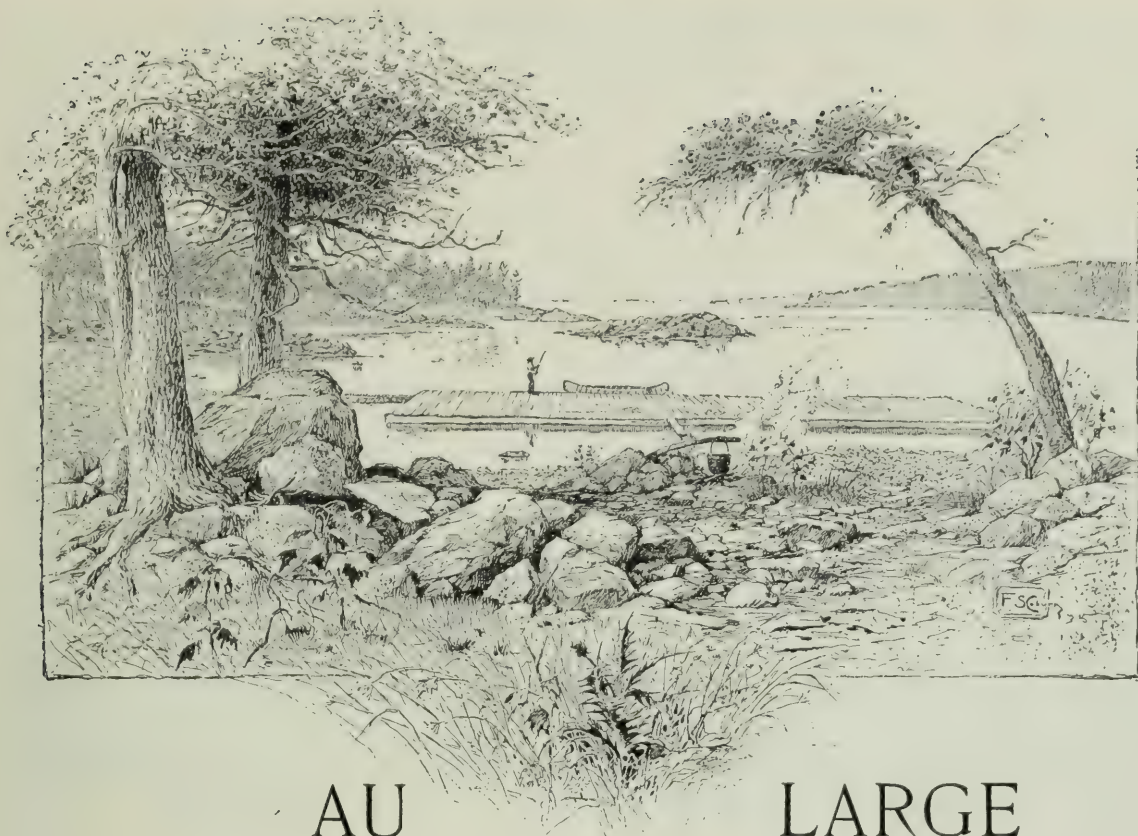
photographic processes give. It can give something else, and something better. Why should it abandon the fundamental principle that there is a necessary homogeneity and harmony between the component parts of a whole; and that the book loses its unity, its decorative sense, its artistic character by juxtaposing to the text wood-engravings which look almost as fine and as gray as process engravings, and are therefore entirely lacking in the necessary typographic quality?

Moreover, Bellenger very justly points out that fineness is not delicacy; that engravings uniformly finished and polished are not delicate. For one who finishes everything equally ends by killing the dominant of a subject. Everything, even a *finesse*, must have its *raison d'être*.

The necessity of changing his method so as to adapt himself thoroughly to each subject, makes Bellenger, in a very large sense, a creator. His interpretation has to be so special in each case that he cannot have a fixed method, but must ever find novel means to express his subjects.

Bellenger's best work, besides his many engravings from the drawings of Vierge—the last of which are a series of illustrations for a novel, "Le Cabaret des trois Vertus," published in the *Revue Illustrée*—has been a number of reproductions from the charcoal compositions of Lhermitte, depicting "Rustic Life." These fine pages, which have won him the highest honors at exhibitions, suggested the idea of asking him to engrave, for the frontispiece to this number, a masterly charcoal study of the lamented Ulysse Butin. A comparison of this frontispiece with the engraving of his own portrait painted by his friend Vierge, will give the reader a fair idea of Bellenger's versatility, of his power of expressing thoroughly different individualities, and yet of adding to them, by his evident respect and love for them, a charm which they do not possess in the original. He clothes them in the wondrous garments which they need in order to harmonize with their new surroundings, the strongly contrasted black and white of type and paper.





# AU LARGE

*By Henry van Dyke*

THERE is magic in words, surely, and many a treasure besides Ali Baba's is unlocked with a verbal key. Some charm in the mere sound, some association with the pleasant past, touches a secret spring. The bars are down ; the gate is open ; you are made free of all the fields of memory and fancy—by a word.

*Au large ! Envoyez au large !* is the cry of the Canadian voyageurs as they thrust their paddles against the shore and push out on the broad lake for a journey through the wilderness. *Au large !* is what the man in the bow shouts to the man in the stern when the birch canoe is running down the rapids, and the water grows too broken, and the rocks too thick, along the river-bank. Then the frail bark must be driven out into the very centre of the wild current, into the midst of danger to find safety, dashing, like a frightened colt, along the smooth, sloping lane bordered by white fences of foam.

*Au large !* When I hear that word I hear also the crisp waves breaking on pebbly beaches, and the big wind rush-

ing through innumerable trees, and the roar of headlong rivers leaping down the rocks. I see long reaches of water sparkling in the sun, or sleeping still beneath a cloudy sky between evergreen walls ; and the gleam of white tents on the shore ; and the glow of firelight dancing through the woods. I smell the delicate vanishing perfume of forest flowers ; and the incense of rolls of birch-bark, crinkling and flaring in the camp-fire ; and the soothing odor of balsam-boughs piled deep for woodland beds—the veritable and only genuine perfume of the land of Nod. The thin shining veil of the northern lights waves and fades and brightens over the night sky ; at the sound of the word, as at the ringing of a bell, the curtain rises. *Scene, the Forest of Arden. Enter a party of hunters.*

It was in the Lake St. John country, two hundred miles north of Quebec, that I first heard my rustic incantation ; and it seemed to fit the region as if it had been made for it. This is not a little pocket wilderness like the Adirondacks, but something vast and prim-







itive. You do not cross it, from one railroad to another, by a line of hotels. You go into it by one river as far as you like, or dare; and then you turn and come back again by another river, making haste to get out before your provisions are exhausted. The lake itself is the cradle of the mighty Saguenay, an inland sea, thirty miles across and nearly round, lying in the broad limestone basin north of the Laurentian Mountains. The southern and eastern shores have been settled for twenty or thirty years; and the rich farm-land yields abundant crops of wheat and oats and potatoes to a community of industrious *habitants* who live in little modern villages named after the saints and gathered as closely as possible around big gray stone churches, and thank the good Lord that He has given them a climate at least four or five degrees milder than Quebec. A railroad, built through a region of granite hills which will never be tamed to the plough, links this outlying settlement to the civilized world; and at the end of the railroad the Hotel Roberval, standing on a hill above the lake, offers to the pampered tourist electric lights, and spring-beds, and a wide veranda from which he can look out across the water into the face of the wilderness.

Northward and westward the interminable forest rolls away to the shores of Hudson's Bay and the frozen wastes of Labrador. It is an immense solitude. A score of rivers empty into the lake; little ones like the *Pikouabi*, and middle-sized ones like the *Ouiatchouan* and *La Belle Rivière*, and big ones like the *Mistassini* and the *Peribonca*; and each of these streams is the clew to a labyrinth of woods and waters. The canoeman who follows it far enough will find himself among lakes that are not named on any map; he will camp on virgin ground, and make the acquaintance of unsophisticated fish; perhaps even, like the little girl in the fairy-tale, he will meet with the little bear, and the middle-sized bear, and the big bear.

Damon and I set out on such an expedition shortly after the nodding lilies in the Connecticut meadows had rung the noontide bell of summer, and when the raspberry bushes along the line of

the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway had spread their afternoon collation for birds and men. At Roberval we found our four guides waiting for us, and the steamboat took us all across the lake to the Island House, at the northeast corner. There we embarked our tents and blankets, our pots and pans, and bags of flour and potatoes and bacon and other delicacies, our rods and guns, and last, but not least, our axes (without which man in the woods is a helpless creature), in two birch-bark canoes, and went flying down the *Grande Décharge*.

It is a wonderful place, this outlet of Lake St. John. All the floods of twenty rivers are gathered here and break forth through a net of islands, in a double stream, divided by the broad *Île d'Alma*, into the *Grande Décharge* and the *Petite Décharge*. The southern outlet is small, and flows somewhat more quietly at first. But the northern outlet is a huge confluence and tumult of waters. You see the set of the tide far out in the lake, sliding, driving, crowding, hurrying in with smooth currents and swirling eddies, toward the corner of escape. By the rocky cove where the Island House peers out through the fir-trees the current already has a perceptible slope. It begins to boil over hidden stones in the middle, and gurgles at projecting points of rock. A mile farther down there is an islet where the stream quickens, chafes, and breaks into a rapid. Behind the islet it drops down in three or four foaming steps. On the outside it makes one long, straight rush into a line of white-crested standing waves.

As we approached, the steersman in the first canoe stood up to look over the course. The sea was high. Was it too high? The canoes were heavily loaded. Could they leap the waves? There was a quick talk among the guides as we slipped along, undecided which way to turn. Then the question seemed to settle itself, as most of these woodland questions do, as if some silent force of Nature had the casting-vote. "*Sautez, sautez!*" cried Ferdinand, "*envoyez au large!*" In a moment we were sliding down the smooth back of the rapid, directly toward the first big wave. The



rocky shore went by us like a dream ; we could feel the motion of the earth whirling around with us. The crest of the billow in front curled above the bow of the canoe. "*Arrête, arrête, doucement !*" A swift stroke of the paddle checked the canoe, quivering and prancing like a horse suddenly reined in. The wave ahead, as if surprised, sank and flattened for a second. The canoe leaped through the edge of it, swerved to one side, and ran gayly down along the fringe of the line of billows, into quieter water.

Everyone feels the exhilaration of such a descent. I know a lady who almost cried with fright when she went down her first rapid, but before the voyage was ended she was saying :

Count that day lost whose low-descending  
sun  
Sees no fall leaped, no foaming rapid run.

It takes a touch of danger to bring out the joy of life.

Our guides began to shout, and joke each other, and praise their canoes. "You grazed that villain rock at the corner," said Jean ; "didn't you know where it was ?"

"Yes, after I touched it," cried Ferdinand ; "but you took in a bucket of water, and I suppose your m'sieur is sitting on a piece of the river. Is it not ?"

This seemed to us all a very merry jest, and we laughed with the same inextinguishable laughter which a practical joke, according to Homer, always used to raise in Olympus. It is one of the charms of life in the woods that it brings back the high spirits of boyhood and renews the youth of the world. Plain fun, like plain food, tastes good out-of-doors. Nectar is the sweet sap of a maple-tree. Ambrosia is only another name for well-turned flapjacks. And all the immortals, sitting around the table of golden cedar-slabs, make merry when the clumsy Hephaistos, playing the part of Hebe, stumbles over a root and upsets the plate of cakes into the fire.

The first little rapid of the *Grande Décharge* was only the beginning. Half a mile below we could see the river

disappear between two points of rock. There was a roar of conflict, and a golden mist hanging in the air like the smoke of battle. All along the place where the river sank from sight dazzling heads of foam were flashing up and falling back, as if a horde of water-sprites were vainly trying to fight their way up to the lake. It was the top of the first *chute*, a wild succession of falls and pools where no boat could live for a moment. We ran down toward it as far as the water served, and then turned off among the rocks on the left hand, to take the portage.

These portages are among the troublesome delights of a journey in the wilderness. To the guides they mean hard work, for everything, including the boats, must be carried on their backs. The march of the canoes on dry land is a curious sight. Andrew Marvell described it two hundred years ago when he was poetizing beside the little river Wharfe in Yorkshire :

And now the salmon-fishers moist,  
Their leathern boats begin to hoist,  
And like antipodes in shoes  
Have shod their heads in their canoes,  
How tortoise-like, but none so slow,  
These rational amphibii go !

But the sportsman carries nothing, except perhaps his gun, or his rod, or his photographic camera ; and so for him the portage is only a pleasant opportunity to stretch his legs, cramped by sitting in the canoe, and to renew his acquaintance with the pretty things that are in the woods.

We launched our canoes again on the great pool at the foot of the first *chute*, a broad sweep of water a mile long and half a mile wide, full of eddies and strong currents and covered with drifting foam. There was the old camp-ground on the point, where I had tented so often with the Lady Ellen, fishing for *ouananiche*, the famous land-locked salmon of Lake St. John. And there were the big fish, showing their back fins as they circled lazily around in the eddies, as if they were waiting to play with us. But the goal of our day's journey was miles away, and we swept along with the stream, now through a rush of quick water, boiling and foam-



ing, now through a still place like a lake, now through

Fairy crowds  
Of islands, that together lie,  
As quietly as spots of sky  
Among the evening clouds.

The beauty of the shores was infinitely varied, and unspoiled by any sign of the presence of man. We met no company except a few kingfishers and a pair of gulls who had come up from the sea to spend the summer, and a large flock of wild-ducks, which the guides call "Betseys," as if they were all of the gentler sex. In such a big family of girls we supposed that a few would not be missed, and Damon bagged two of the tenderest for our larder.

In the still water at the mouth of the *Rivière Mistook*, just above the *Rapide aux Cedres*, we went ashore on a level wooded bank to make our first camp and cook our dinner. Let me try to sketch our men as they are busied about the fire.

They are all French Canadians of unmixed blood, descendants of the men who came to New France with Samuel de Champlain, that incomparable old woodsman and life-long lover of the wilderness. Ferdinand Larouche is our *chef*—there must be a head in every party for the sake of harmony—and his assistant is his brother François. Ferdinand is a stocky little fellow, a "sawed-off" man, not more than five feet two inches tall, but every inch of him is pure vim. He can carry a big canoe or a hundred-weight of camp stuff over a mile portage without stopping to take breath. He is a capital canoeman, with prudence enough to ballast his courage, and a fair cook, with plenty of that quality which is wanting in the ordinary cook of commerce—good-humor. Always joking, whistling, singing, he brings the atmosphere of a perpetual holiday along with him. His weather-worn coat covers a heart full of music. He has two talents which make him a marked man among his comrades. He plays the fiddle to the delight of all the balls and weddings through the country-side; and he speaks English to the admiration

and envy of the other guides. But like all men of genius he is modest about his accomplishments. "H'I not spik good h'English—h'only for camp—fishin', cookin', dhe voyage—h'all dhose t'ings." The aspirates puzzle him. He can get through a slash of fallen timber more easily than a sentence full of "this" and "that." Sometimes he expresses his meaning queerly. He was telling me once about his farm, "not far off here, in dhe *Rivière au Cochon*, river of dhe pig, you call 'im. H'I am a widow, got five sons, t'ree of dhem are girls." But he usually ends by falling back into French, which, he assures you, you speak to perfection, "much better than the Canadians; the French of Paris in short—M'sieu' has been in Paris?" Such courtesy is born in the blood, and is irresistible. You cannot help returning the compliment and assuring him that his English is remarkable, good enough for all practical purposes, better than any of the other guides can speak. And so it is.

François is a little taller, a little thinner, and considerably quieter than Ferdinand. He laughs loyally at his brother's jokes, and sings the response to his songs, and wields a good second paddle in the canoe.

Jean—commonly called Johnny—Morel is a tall, strong man of fifty, with a bushy red beard that would do credit to a pirate. But when you look at him more closely you see that he has a clear, kind blue eye and a most honest, friendly face under his slouch hat. He has travelled these woods and waters for thirty years, so that he knows the way through them by a thousand familiar signs, as well as you know the streets of the city. He is our pathfinder.

The bow paddle in his canoe is held by his son Joseph, a lad not quite fifteen, but already as tall, and almost as strong, as a man. "He is yet of the youth," said Johnny, "and he knows not the affairs of the camp. This trip is for him the first—it is his school—but I hope he will content you. He is good, M'sieu', and of the strongest for his age. I have educated already two sons in the bow of my canoe. The oldest has gone to *Pennsylvanie*; he peels the bark there for a tanner. The sec-



ond had the misfortune of breaking his leg, so that he can no longer kneel to paddle. He has descended to the making of shoes. Joseph is my third pupil. And I have still a younger one at home waiting to come into my school."

A touch of family life like that is always refreshing, and doubly so in the wilderness. For what is fatherhood at its best, everywhere, but the training of good men to take the teacher's place when his work is done? Some day, when Johnny's rheumatism has made his joints a little stiffer and his eyes have lost something of their keenness, he will be wielding the second paddle in the boat, and going out only on the short and easy trips. It will be young Joseph that steers the canoe through the dangerous places, and carries the heaviest load over the portages, and leads the way on the long journeys.

It has taken me longer to describe our men than it took them to prepare our frugal meal: a pot of tea, the woodsman's favorite drink (I never knew a good guide that would not go without whiskey rather than without tea); a few slices of toast and juicy rashers of bacon, a kettle of boiled potatoes, and a relish of crackers and cheese. We were in a hurry to be off for an afternoon's fishing, three or four miles down the river, at the *Île Maligne*.

The island is well named, for it is the most perilous place on the river and has a record of disaster and death. The scattered waters of the Discharge are drawn together here into one deep, narrow, powerful stream, flowing between gloomy shores of granite. In mid-channel the wicked island shows its scarred and bristling head, like a giant ready to dispute the passage. The river rushes straight at the rocky brow, splits into two currents, and raves away on both sides of the island in a double chain of furious falls and rapids.

In these wild waters we fished with immense delight and fair success, scrambling down among the huge rocks along the shore, and joining the excitement of an Alpine climb with the placid pleasures of angling. At nightfall we were at home again in our camp, with half a score of *ouananiche*, weighing from one to four pounds each.

Our next day's journey was long and variegated. A portage of a mile or two across the *Île d'Alma*, with a cart to haul our canoes and stuff, brought us to the Little Discharge, down which we floated for a little way, and then hauled through the village of St. Joseph to the foot of the *Carcajou*, or Wild-cat Falls. A mile of quick water was soon passed and we came to the junction of the Little Discharge with the Grand Discharge at the point where the picturesque club-house stands in a grove of birches beside the big *Vache Caille* Falls. It is lively work crossing the pool here, when the water is high and the canoes are heavy; but we went through the laboring seas safely and landed some distance below, at the head of the *Rapide Gervais*, to eat our lunch. The water was too rough to run down with loaded boats, so Damon and I had to walk about three miles along the river-bed, while the men went down with the canoes.

On our way beside the rapids, Damon geologized, finding the marks of ancient glaciers, and bits of iron-ore, and pockets of sand full of infinitesimal garnets, and specks of gold washed from the primitive granite; and I fished, picking up a pair of *ouananiche* in foam-covered nooks among the rocks. The swift water was almost passed when we embarked again and ran down the last slope into a long dead water.

The shores, at first bold and rough, covered with dense thickets of second-growth timber, became smoother and more fertile. Scattered farms, with square, unpainted houses, and long, thatched barns, began to creep over the hills toward the river. There was a hamlet, called St. Charles, with a rude little church and a campanile of logs. The curé, robed in decent black and wearing a tall silk hat of the vintage of 1860, sat on the veranda of his trim presbytery, looking down upon us, like an image of propriety smiling at Bohemianism. Other craft appeared on the river. A man and his wife paddling an old dug-out, with half a dozen children packed in amidships; a crew of lumbermen in a sharp-nosed bateau, picking up stray logs along the banks; a couple of boatloads of young people returning merrily from a holiday visit; a party of berry-



pickers in a flat-bottomed skiff; all the life of the country-side was in evidence on the river. We felt quite as if we had been "in the swim" of society, when at length we reached the point where the *Rivière des Aunes* came tumbling down a hundred-foot ladder of broken black rocks. There we pitched our tents in a strip of meadow by the water-side, where we could have the sound of the falls for a slumber-song all night and the whole river for a bath at sunrise.

A sparkling draught of crystal weather was poured into our stirrup-cup in the morning, as we set out for a drive of fifteen miles across country to the *Rivière à l'Ours*, a tributary of the crooked, unnavigable River of Alders. The canoes and luggage were loaded on a couple of *charrettes*, or two-wheeled carts. But for us and the guides there were two *quatre-roues*, the typical vehicles of the century, as characteristic of Canada as the *carriole* is of Norway. It is a two-seated buckboard drawn by one horse, and the back seat is covered with a hood like an old-fashioned poke-bonnet. The road is of clay and always rutty. It runs level for a while, and then jumps up a steep ridge and down again, or into a deep gully and out again. The *habitant's* idea of good driving is to let his horse slide down the hill and gallop up. This imparts a spasmodic quality to the motion, like Carlyle's style.

The native houses are strung along the road. The modern pattern has a convex angle in the roof and dormer-windows; it is a rustic adaptation of the Mansard. The antique pattern, which is far more picturesque, has a concave curve in the roof and the eaves project like eyebrows, shading the flatness of the face. Paint is a rarity. The prevailing color is the soft gray of weather-beaten wood. Sometimes, in the better class of houses, a gallery is built across the front and around one side, and a square of garden is fenced in, with dahlias and hollyhocks and marigolds, and perhaps a struggling rose-bush, and usually a small patch of tobacco growing in one corner. Once in a long while you may see a Balm of Gilead tree or a clump of sapling poplars planted near the door.

How much better it would have been if the farmer had left a few of the noble

forest-trees to shade his house. But then, when the farmer came into the wilderness he was not a farmer, he was first of all a wood-chopper. He regarded the forest as a stubborn enemy in possession of his land. He attacked it with fire and axe and exterminated it, instead of keeping a few captives to hold their green umbrellas over his head when at last his grain-fields should be smiling around him and he should sit down on his doorstep to smoke a pipe of home-grown tobacco.

In the time of adversity one should prepare for prosperity. I fancy there are a good many people unconsciously repeating the mistake of the Canadian farmer—chopping down all the native growths of life, clearing the ground of all the useless pretty things that seem to cumber it, sacrificing everything to utility and success. We fell the last green tree for the sake of raising an extra hill of potatoes; and never stop to think what an ugly, barren place we may have to sit in while we eat them. The ideals, the attachments—yes, even the dreams, of youth are worth saving. For the artificial tastes with which age tries to make good their loss grow very slowly and cast but a slender shade.

Most of the Canadian farm-houses have their ovens out-of-doors. We saw them everywhere; rounded edifices of clay, raised on a foundation of logs, and usually covered with a pointed roof of boards. They looked like little family chapels—and so they were; shrines where the ritual of the good housewife was celebrated, and the gift of daily bread, having been honestly earned, was thankfully received.

At one house we noticed a curious fragment of domestic economy. Half a pig was suspended over the chimney, and the smoke of the summer fire was turned to account in curing the winter's meat. I guess the children of that family had a peculiar fondness for the parental roof-tree. We saw them making mud-pies in the road, and imagined that they looked lovingly up at the pendant porker outlined against the sky—a sign of promise prophetic of bacon.

About noon the road passed beyond the region of habitation into a barren



land, where blueberries were the only crop, and partridges took the place of chickens. Through this rolling, gravelly plain, sparsely wooded and glowing with the tall magenta bloom of the fireweed, we drove toward the mountains, until the road went to seed and we could follow it no longer. Then we took to the water and began to pole our canoes up the River of the Bear. It was a clear, amber-colored stream, not more than ten or fifteen yards wide, running swift and strong, over beds of sand and rounded pebbles. The canoes went wallowing and plunging up the narrow channel, between thick banks of alders, like clumsy sea-monsters. All the grace with which they move under the strokes of the paddle, in large waters, was gone. They looked uncouth and predatory, like a pair of seals that I once saw swimming far up the river Restigouche in chase of fish. From the bow of each canoe the landing-net stuck out as a symbol of destruction—after the fashion of the Dutch admiral who nailed a broom to his masthead. But it would have been impossible to sweep the trout out of that little river by any fair method of angling, for there were millions of them; not large, but lively, and brilliant, and fat; they leaped in every bend of the stream. We trailed our flies, and made quick casts here and there, as we went along. It was fishing on the wing. But when we pitched our tents in a hurry at nightfall on the low shore of *Lac Sâle*, among the bushes where firewood was scarce and there were no *sapins* for the beds, we were comforted for the poorness of the camp-ground by the excellence of the trout supper.

It was a bitter cold night for August. There was a skin of ice on the water-pail at daybreak. We were glad to be up and away for an early start. The river grew wilder and more difficult. There were rapids, and ruined dams built by the lumbermen years ago. At these places the trout were larger, and so plentiful that it was easy to hook two at a cast. It came on to rain furiously while we were eating our lunch. But we did not seem to mind it any more than the fish did. Here and there the river was completely blocked by

fallen trees. The guides called it *bouchée*, "corked," and leaped out gayly into the water with their axes to "uncork" it. We passed through some pretty lakes, unknown to the map-makers, and arrived, before sundown, at the Lake of the Bear, where we were to spend a couple of days. The lake was full of floating logs, and the water, raised by the heavy rains and the operations of the lumbermen, was several feet above its usual level. Nature's landing-places were all blotted out, and we had to explore half-way around the shore before we could get out comfortably. We raised the tents on a small shoulder of a hill, a few rods above the water; and a glorious camp-fire of birch logs soon made us forget our misery as though it had not been.

The name of the *Lake of the Beautiful Trout* made us desire to visit it. The portage was said to be only fifty acres long (the *arpent* is the popular measure of distance here), but it passed over a ridge of newly burned land, and was so entangled with ruined woods and desolate of birds and flowers that it seemed to us at least five miles. The lake was charming—a sheet of singularly clear water, of a pale green tinge, surrounded by wooded hills. In the translucent depths trout and pike live together, but whether in peace or not I cannot tell. Both of them grow to an enormous size, but the pike are larger and have more capacious jaws. One of them broke my tackle and went off with a silver spoon in his mouth, as if he had been born to it. Of course the guides vowed that they saw him as he passed under the canoe, and declared that he must weigh thirty or forty pounds. The spectacles of regret always magnify.

The trout were coy. We took only five of them, perfect specimens of the true *Salvelinus fontinalis*, with square tails and carmine spots on their dark, mottled sides; the largest weighed three pounds and three-quarters, and the others were almost as heavy.

A couple of wandering Indians—descendants of the *Montagnais*, on whose hunting domain we were travelling—dropped in at our camp that night as we sat around the fire. They gave us the latest news about the portages on



our farther journey ; how far they had been blocked with fallen trees, and whether the water was high or low in the rivers—just as a visitor at home would talk about the effect of the strikes on the stock market, and the prospects of the newest organization of the non-voting classes for the overthrow of Tammany Hall. Every phase of civilization or barbarism creates its own conversational currency. The weather, like the old Spanish dollar, is the only coin that passes everywhere.

But our Indians did not carry much small change about them. They were dark, silent chaps, soon talked out ; and then they sat sucking their pipes before the fire (as dumb as their own wooden effigies in front of a tobacco-nist's shop), until the spirit moved them, and they vanished in their canoe down the dark lake. Our own guides were very different. They were as full of conversation as a spruce-tree is of gum. When all shallower themes were exhausted they would discourse of bears and canoes and lumber and fish, forever. After Damon and I had left the fire and rolled ourselves in the blankets in our own tent, we could hear the men going on and on with their simple jests and endless tales of adventure, until sleep drowned their voices.

It was the sound of a French *chanson* that woke us early on the morning of our departure from the Lake of the Bear. A gang of lumbermen were bringing a lot of logs through the lake. Half-hidden in the cold gray mist that usually betokens a fine day, and wet to the waist from splashing about after their unwieldy flock, these rough fellows were singing at their work as cheerfully as a party of robins in a cherry-tree at sunrise. It was like the miller and the two girls whom Wordsworth saw dancing in their boats on the Thames :

They dance not for me,  
Yet mine is their glee !

Thus pleasure is spread through the earth  
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall  
find ;

Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly  
kind,  
Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

But our later thoughts of the lumbermen were not altogether grateful when

we arrived that day, after a mile of portage, at the little *Rivière Blanche*, upon which we had counted to float us down to *Lake Tchitagama*, and found that they had stolen all its water to float their logs down the Lake of the Bear. The poor little river was as dry as a theological novel. There was nothing left of it except the bed and the bones ; it was like a Connecticut stream in the middle of August. A river without water is nothing but a gash on the face of Nature. All its pretty secrets were laid bare ; all its music was hushed. The pools that lingered among the rocks seemed like big tears ; and the voice of the forlorn rivulets that trickled in here and there, seeking the parent stream, was a voice of weeping and complaint. For us the loss meant a hard day's work, scrambling over slippery stones, and splashing through puddles, and forcing a way through the tangled thickets on the bank, instead of a pleasant two hours' run on a swift current. We ate our dinner on a sand-bank in what was once the middle of a pretty pond ; and entered, as the sun was sinking, a narrow wooded gorge between the hills, completely filled by a chain of small lakes, where travelling became easy and pleasant. The steep shores, clothed with cedar and black spruce and dark-blue fir-trees, rose sheer from the water ; the passage from lake to lake was a tiny rapid a few yards long, gurgling through massy rocks ; at the foot of the chain there was a longer rapid, with a portage beside it. We emerged from the dense bush suddenly and found ourselves face to face with *Lake Tchitagama*.

How the heart expands at such a view. Nine miles of shining water lay stretched before us, opening through the mountains that guarded it on both sides with lofty walls of green and gray, ridge over ridge, point beyond point, until the vista ended in

Yon orange sunset waning slow.

At a moment like this one feels a sense of exultation. It is a new discovery of the joy of living. And yet my friend and I confessed to each other there was a tinge of sadness, an inexplicable re-



gret mingled with our joy. Was it the thought of how few human eyes had even seen that lovely vision? Was it the dim foreboding that we might never see it again? Who can explain the secret pathos of Nature's loveliness? It is a touch of melancholy inherited from our mother Eve. It is an unconscious memory of the lost Paradise. It is the sense that even if we should find another Eden, we would not be fit to enjoy it perfectly, nor stay in it forever.

Our first camp on *Tchitagama* was at the sunrise end of the lake, in a bay paved with small round stones, laid close together and beaten firmly down by the waves. There, and along the shores below, at the mouth of a little river that foamed in over a ledge of granite and in the shadow of cliffs of limestone and felspar, we trolled and took many fish; pike of enormous size, fresh-water sharks, devourers of nobler game, fit only to kill and throw away; huge old trout of six or seven pounds, with broad tails and hooked jaws, fine fighters and poor food; stupid, wide-mouthed chub — *ouitouche*, the Indians call them—biting at hooks that were not baited for them; and best of all, high-bred *ouananiche*, pleasant to capture and delicate to eat.

Our second camp was on a sandy point at the sunset end of the lake—a fine place for bathing and convenient to the wild meadows and blueberry patches, where Damon went to hunt for bears. He did not find any; but once he heard a great noise in the bushes which he thought was a bear; and he declared that he got quite as much excitement out of it as if it had had four legs and a mouthful of teeth. He brought back from one of his expeditions an Indian letter, which he had found in a cleft stick by the river. It was a sheet of birch-bark with a picture drawn on it in charcoal; five Indians in a canoe paddling up the river, and one in another canoe pointing in another direction; we read it as a message left by a hunting party, telling their companions not to go on up the river, because it was already occupied, but to turn off on a side stream.

There was a sign of a different kind nailed to an old stump behind our

camp. It was the top of a soap-box, with an inscription after this fashion:

AD. MEYER & B. LEVIT  
SOAP Mfrs. N. Y.  
CAMPED HERE JULY 1891.  
1 TROUT 17½ POUNDS. II OUAN  
ANISHES 18½ POUNDS. ONE  
PIKE 147½ LBS.

There was a combination of piscatorial pride and mercantile enterprise in this quaint device, that took our fancy. It suggested also a curious question of psychology in regard to the inhibitory influence of horses and fish upon the human nerve of veracity. We named the place "Point Ananias."

And yet, in fact, it was a wild and lonely spot, and not even the Hebrew inscription could spoil the sense of solitude that surrounded us when the night came, and the storm howled across the lake, and the darkness encircled us with a wall that only seemed the more dense and impenetrable as the fire-light blazed and leaped within the black ring.

"How far away is the nearest house, Johnny?"

"I don't know; fifty miles, I suppose."

"And what would you do if the canoes were burned, or if a tree fell and smashed them?"

"Well, I'd say a *Pater noster*, and take bread and bacon enough for four days, and an axe, and plenty of matches, and make a straight line through the woods. But it wouldn't be a joke, M'sieu', I can tell you."

The *River Peribonca*, into which *Lake Tchitagama* flows without a break, is the noblest of all the streams that empty into Lake St. John. It is said to be more than three hundred miles long, and at the mouth of the lake it is perhaps a thousand feet wide, flowing with a deep, still current through the forest. The dead water lasted for several miles; then the river sloped into a rapid, spread through a net of islands, and broke over a ledge in a cataract. Another quiet stretch was followed by another fall, and so on, along the whole course of the river. We passed three of these falls in the first day's voyage, by portages so steep and rough that an



Adirondack guide would have turned gray at the sight of them, and camped at night just below the *Chute du Diable*, where we found some *ouananiche* in the foam. Our tents were on an islet, and all around we saw the primeval savage beauty of a world unmarred by man. The river leaped shouting down its double stairway of granite, rejoicing like a strong man to run a race. The after-glow in the Western sky deepened from saffron to violet among the tops of the cedars, and over the cliffs rose the moonlight, paling the heavens but glorifying the earth. There was something large and generous and untrammelled in the scene, recalling one of Walt Whitman's rhapsodies:

Earth of departed sunsets! Earth of the mountains misty-topped!  
 Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon  
 just tinged with blue!  
 Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of  
 the river!

All the next day we went down with the current. Regiments of black spruce stood in endless files like grenadiers, each tree capped with a thick tuft of matted cones and branches. Tall white birches leaned out over the stream, Narcissus-like, as if to see their own beauty in the moving mirror. There were touches of color on the banks, the ragged pink flowers of the Joe-Pye-weed (which always reminds me of a happy, good-natured tramp), and the yellow ear-drops of the jewel-weed, and the intense blue of the closed gentian, that strange flower which, like a reticent heart, never opens to the light. Sometimes the river spread out like a lake between high bluffs of sand fully a mile apart; and again it divided into many channels, winding cunningly down among the islands as if it were resolved to slip around the next barrier of rock without a fall. There were eight of these huge natural dams in the course of that day's journey. Sometimes we followed one of the side canals, and made the portage at a distance from the main cataract; and sometimes we ran with the central current to the very brink of the *chute*, darting aside just in time to escape going over. At the foot of the last fall we made our camp on a

curving beach of sand, and spent the rest of the afternoon in fishing.

It was interesting to see how closely the guides could guess at the weight of the fish by looking at them. The *ouananiche* are much longer in proportion to their weight than trout, and a novice almost always overestimates them. But the guides were not deceived. "This one will weigh four pounds and three-quarters, and this one four pounds, but that one not more than three pounds; he is meagre, M'sieu', *but* he is meagre." When we went ashore and tried the spring balance (which every angler ought to carry with him, as an aid to his conscience), the guides' guess usually proved to be within an ounce or two of the fact. Any one of the senses can be educated to do the work of the others. The eyes of these experienced fishermen were as sensitive to weight as if they had been made to use as scales.

Below the last fall the *Peribonca* flows for a score of miles with an unbroken, ever-widening stream, through low shores of forest and bush and meadow. Near its mouth the *Little Peribonca* joins it, and the immense flood, nearly two miles wide, pours into Lake St. John. Here we saw the first outpost of civilization—a huge unpainted storehouse, where supplies are kept for the lumbermen and the new settlers. Here also we found a steamer which had come over to drag a runaway boom of logs back to the saw-mill at Roberval. The temptation of getting home to our letters a day sooner was too strong to be resisted, and we took passage, with canoes and luggage, on the big, strong boat. All night long we assisted, in the French sense of the word, at the lumbermen's difficult enterprise. We heard the steamer snorting and straining at her clumsy, stubborn, perverse convoy. The hoarse shouts of the crew, disguised in a mongrel dialect which made them (perhaps fortunately) less intelligible and more forcible, mingled with our broken dreams.

But it was, in fact, a fitting close of our voyage. For what were we doing? It was the last stage of the woodman's labor. It was the gathering of a wild herd of the houses and churches and ships and bridges that grow in the for-



ests, and the bringing of them into the fold of human service. I wonder how often the inhabitant of the snug Queen Anne cottage in the suburbs remembers the picturesque toil and varied hardship that it has cost to hew and drag his walls and floors and pretty peaked roofs out of the backwoods. It might enlarge his home, and make his mus-

ings by the winter fireside less commonplace, to give a kindly thought now and then to the long chain of human workers through whose hands the timber of his house has passed, since it first felt the stroke of the axe in the snow-bound winter woods and floated through the spring and summer on far-off lakes and little rivers, *au large*.

## COUNTRY CLUBS AND HUNT CLUBS IN AMERICA

*By Edward S. Martin*

A LONG time ago men discovered that by clubbing together they could maintain a town house on a scale of comfort and even luxury which would be very much beyond the individual means of most of them. It was convenient to have such houses, and for more than a century they had been a familiar feature of the life of great cities. The application of the same principle to the maintenance of a country estate is a matter of comparative novelty, and largely of American development.

The English country house abounding all over Great Britain has apparently made the country club a much less necessary appurtenance to English cities than to ours. The well-to-do and fashionable Briton hies him to town in the spring and stays there until the summer is well advanced. While he stays in London he is abundantly occupied and amused, and when he leaves, it is to go to his country house or to a watering-place, or to travel by land or sea, or to shoot, or pay a round of visits and get ready for the hunting season. All England is a sort of country club for London, and the lesser British towns are ministered to in like manner by the rural districts about them. Sport has long been a fixed habit of the British people, and for generations provision has been made for it in foot-ball and cricket grounds, in village commons, in shooting preserves, and in that profusion of hunt clubs which makes it difficult in the hunting season to ride fifty miles

in any direction without coming within hearing distance of a huntsman's horn.

But for the resident of an American city the conditions are different. As long as his town was small and his income limited, the urban American got on well enough. He was too busy adding to his income to have much time for recreation; he had crude ideas about playing, and when he wished to rest his eyes with a sight of the green fields he could get into his wagon and drive in a few minutes beyond the limits of paved streets into the country. As his city grew his income increased, the nervous strain of living increased, the hours of his work shortened, and the strenuousness of his application was aggravated; he began to need more recreation, more country air, more country scenes. If the town he lived in was very big, he sometimes got himself a house in its suburbs, and whether as urban or suburban resident, he indulged himself more and more in horses. Then gradually the country clubs began to appear. Horse was usually at the bottom of them at the beginning, and though bicycle has grown to be Horse's rival now-a-days, Horse as yet still holds his precedence and keeps to the fore. City people who keep horses for pleasure want a place to drive to. It must not be too far off, and the roads leading to it must be fit to drive over. Dwellers in suburbs want the same thing, and they want further, more than city folks, a social centre, where

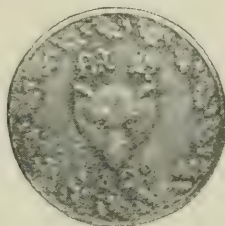


balls can be had and dinners eaten, and where in the late hours of the afternoon, when the men have got back from town, they can get sight of one another, play tennis, polo, golf, or base-ball, and swap conversation, horse points, and invitations to dinner. One purpose further the country club serves: to make a summer home for bachelors whose business keeps them near town all summer, and for laborious benedicts whose families go farther away than they can follow them. It would seem, then, that there are two species of country club—the suburban club, which grows out of the needs of the dwellers in a suburb, and that which is devised for the convenience of members who live in town. But, practically, the distinction is not very definite. There must be a city before there can be suburbs. Suburban country places are apt to cluster around a good country club, even if they were not there in the beginning, and a club designed to meet the wants of suburbanites is sure to gain a membership from city people, who want to share its privilege and enjoy its sports.

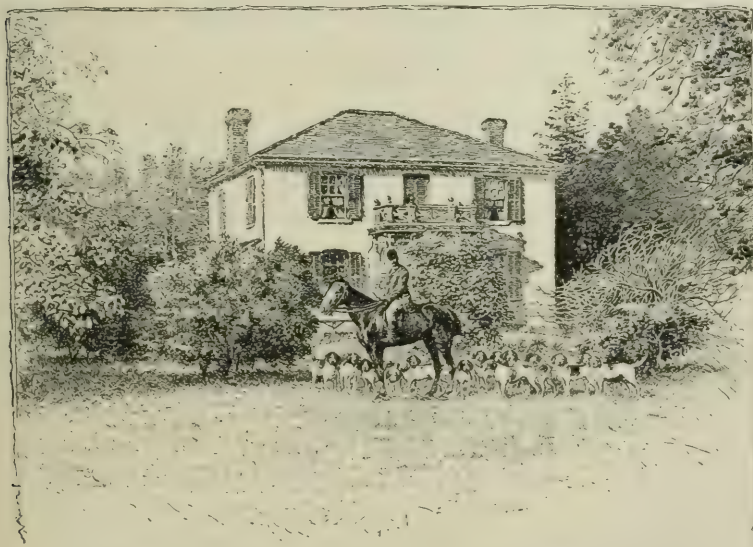
As has been said, the cornerstone of the country club is Horse. When the average American begins to find himself master of more money than he requires for the simpler comforts of life, one

of the first luxuries to which he treats himself is a horse. If he can afford more horses than suffice for mere convenience, he keeps others for pleasure. Time was when the American sole idea of a pleasure horse was a trotting horse, and every American country town has been used these many decades to provide itself with an agricultural trotting-race track as one of its earliest necessities; but of later years while the trotting horse has continued to be a favorite, the taste for other varieties of equine merit has developed. Horses that are good to look at, and to haul carriages handsomely, and to carry riders, have been felt to be worth cultivating as well as horses that are good to go fast. The horse that the country clubs are interested in is the horse that hauls a dog-cart, a surrey, a tea-cart, a drag, or a plain family wagon; the horse that contributes to the perfection of a tandem or a four-in-hand; the horse that can jump a fence and run in a steeple-chase; and

the small, but active, quadruped that carries the polo-player. Whenever you find a country club you find a centre of interest in all these equine developments. In most of them polo becomes sooner or later a prominent sport. It furnishes a very active sport for the men who play it, and a lively and entertaining spectacle to the women and children and more prudent men who prefer to look on. It also serves as a summer horse-sport for those organizations which are half country-half hunt-clubs, whereby men can get their summer exercise and put themselves in proper condition for the hunting when it comes. Sometimes country clubs develop out of polo, as the Buffalo Country Club, or the Dedham Polo Club, which latter, though not strictly a country club as yet, serves many of the purposes of



The Button of the Montreal Club—the Oldest Organized Hunt Club in America.



The Pack of the London, Ont., Club in Front of the Club-house.

The Canadian Clubs.



one to its members; sometimes polo is merely a development, as in the Country Club of Brookline or of Westchester; and oftentimes polo and country club both develop out of hunt clubs, as is the case with the Myopia Club of Hamilton, and the Meadowbrook and Rockaway Clubs on Long Island. So constant and widespread has been the recent development of the taste for riding and driving and open-air sports in this country, that in every large American city which has not a country club already, the question is not so much whether to have one, as where is the best place for it and when it shall be started. New York already has Tuxedo, the Westchester Country Club; clubs that answer much the same purpose at Orange and Morristown; golf clubs at Yonkers and Southampton, and the hunt clubs on Long Island, all of which, and others besides, are centres of social activity and sport. So Philadelphia has the Philadelphia Country Club, the Germantown Cricket Club, the Radnor and Rosetree hunts; Washington has its country club and its Chevy Chase Hunt; Baltimore the Catonsville Country Club, and the Elkridge Hunt, with its club-house and grounds.

Boston has the Brookline Country Club, one of the oldest organizations of the kind, and perhaps the best example of what a country club ought to be; it has also the Essex County Club at Manchester, where golf, polo, and tennis greatly flourish, and the dames of the North Shore gather in amazing force and beauty to lend them countenance; the Dedham Polo Club, a modest organization of vigor and increasing renown; and the Myopia Hunt Club on the North Shore at Hamilton.

The Brookline Country Club is about five miles from the business centre of Boston. Good roads lead to it from all directions and make it accessible by driving from Boston, and most of the suburban cities and villages that environ that fortunate town. The grounds of the club include acreage enough for a half-mile track, a course for steeple-chasing, a polo field, golf links, and as

many tennis-courts as are called for, besides woodland, shaded avenues, and long stretches of lawn. The club-house, facing the lawns and polo field, stands back several hundred yards from the street, from which a shaded avenue leads to it. It is the house that was bought with the estate, enlarged to meet the requirements of the club. Without any violent pretensions to architectural beauty, it is handsome enough, and has reception-rooms, ball-rooms, dining-rooms, billiard-rooms, bath-rooms, bedrooms, and piazza-room enough for the club's necessities. Its stables are proportionately ample and convenient. Its activities continue all the year round, but as a large proportion of its members hie them to the seashore or elsewhere in summer, its liveliest times are in the spring and fall. Steeple-chasing, flat-racing, pony-racing, and gymkana games are its habitual exercises; and last fall it held a sort of blizzard of sport when a horse-show, a dog-show, or some other sporting spectacle was provided every day for six days running. The activity of its polo-players is continuous all through the season, and golf, which is a godsend to country clubs, has already taken an important place in its activities. It will be seen that this club abounds in what the theatrical managers call "attractions." When anything of special moment offers, its grounds are gay with fair women, brave horses, bicycles, grooms, carriages, and gentlemen; and when nothing in particular is going on it is still a pleasant place to drive to and get dinner.

What the Brookline Country Club is most of the other country clubs are, or hope to be, always with such differences as environment contributes. Such clubs as the Essex County, the Catonsville, or the Westchester, placed in a centre of summer homes, are liveliest in summer, while the hunt clubs which have country club features are most active in the fall.

Most of the hunt clubs are the outcome of the same development of wealth, leisure, and sporting proclivities to which the rise of the country clubs is due.

Hunting in England seems to have





Meet of the Meadowbrook Hunt at Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's House, Syosset, Long Island.

grown originally out of the necessities of country life. For centuries the most important form of British wealth was land. All important Englishmen had landed estates, most of them got their chief revenues from them, and most of them lived a good part of the year in one or another of their country places. They had to amuse themselves as they could. The habit of the chase came down to them from remote times, and when they had no wild creature left that was chasable but the fox, they cherished the fox and duly and diligently chased him. In some parts of the United States it has happened that, ever since the country was first settled, foxes have been chased by country gentlemen, who needed some active sport to beguile their seasons of leisure. Thus it was in Virginia so long before the Revolution that when Lord Fairfax and George Washington kept hounds and hunted them, fox-chasing was an old story to the horsemen of those parts. But our modern American revival of fox-hunting and cross-country riding

springs not so much from the need of beguiling the monotony of the lives of landed proprietors and country gentlemen, as from the necessities and aspirations of city men. Fox-hunting or even drag-hunting is an expensive amusement, and though in country districts where it has been started the farmers oftentimes share its excitements and help it on, the revenues of agriculture do not often suffice for its support. In some few exceptional cases the sport has been a true local development of the country hunted, but much more often is it a suburban enterprise, originated and supported by city men who want to hunt, and whose business, if not their homes, is in town. Out of twenty-five American and Canadian hunt clubs, at least twenty have this suburban characteristic. It is partly due to local conditions, and especially to the fact that this is a country of small farmers who own their farms, instead of landed proprietors and tenant farmers. But it is also a result of that world-wide, contemporaneous tendency which is



making all the great cities bigger and many of the lesser towns great, so that even in Great Britain the two hundred, more or less, hunts which flourish in spite of hard times doubtless draw a very much more important proportion of their support from city men than they did twenty-five or even ten years ago.

The city man's desire to hunt is based neither on affectation nor on mimicry. Americans do not hunt foxes or ride across country because it is done in England. The strain of English blood may show itself, perhaps, in American horsemanship, but Americans ride across country because that is a far livelier and more interesting form of riding than riding on the road, even when it is a country road—much more so when it is a park road or a paved street. And when Americans hunt foxes, they do it for the same reason that the English do, because following the trail of a fleet and wily animal is better sport than following a cross-country trail artificially laid, and because the fox is the only wild creature fit for the chase that will live and flourish in proximity to man. That the city man, be he Briton or American, should wish to hunt is a reasonable desire. The circumstances of his daily life are such as draw on his vitality and abate his vigor. When once he has put himself in the way of making an adequate living his physical life is apt to be easy. He gets no taste of cold or hunger and hard physical labor. He is too apt to be overfed and overheated, to drink more than is good for him, to work too hard with his head and too little with his body, to be luxuriously lodged, and generally to be made too insidiously comfort-

able. He has to fear the debilitating influences of such a life both on his



The Dining-room.



After a Day's Run.

The Rockaway Hunt Club at Cedarhurst, Long Island.



physique and on his character. His simplest remedy is some sort of out-of-door exercise which involves some self-denial, some exertion, and a reasonable amount of grit. Partly for his liver's sake, partly for his amusement, he gets astride the horse. Then if he has in him the quality known as sporting blood, mere horseback exercise presently palls on him. It is too monotonous. He wants something that will test his horse's capacity and, at the same time, his own nerve. Sometimes he finds it in polo, but unless he is young and ardently athletic he is apt to find it more to his taste in hunting.

So it is to this desire of men who enjoy many luxuries to add to them one more that will counteract some of the others, that the recent development of American hunting is largely due. If any hunt is to prosper it must include among its backers a certain number of men who are prepared to take it seriously. When the hounds go out someone must go with them; must go rain or shine, whether the spirit moves or not, whether the flesh is willing or otherwise. To keep up a hunt is a laborious business, and there must be in every hunt some members who are willing to take it laboriously when that is necessary and hold their personal convenience secondary to the demands of sport. Unless the master of the hounds evinces a devotion of this nature, and unless he has one or two colleagues on whom he can rely, the hunt is apt not to prosper. These mainstays of a hunt must be able to command a considerable degree of leisure.



The Homes of the Horses and Dogs at Cedarhurst.

The Rockaway Club.

If they are forthcoming, and are willing to spend their strength and money in maintaining the hunt, they will usually win to their support a following of less-determined sportsmen with less time to spare, who will hunt when they can, pay dues when that is necessary, and lend their countenance and a limited amount of personal support to the enterprise.

New York, which, awaiting the further development of Chicago, is more than any other American city the centre of American enterprises, is, in at least one particular, the most important centre of American hunting. There are more men in New York than in any other one town who want to hunt, who can afford to hunt, and who are willing to take a considerable amount of trou-





A Typical Meet of the

ble to do it, and though other cities had hunts long before New York did, no other American city has so many as six subsidiary hunt clubs at her doors. The most noted and important of these six New York hunts is the Meadowbrook. Its pedigree is too much involved for the present writer to trace it with much hope of historical accuracy, but it seems to derive with more or less indirection, from the Queens County Drag Hounds, organized in September, 1877, by Messrs. Robert Center, W. C. Peat, A. Belmont Purdy, and F. Gray Griswold, at Meadowbrook, Long Island. These gentlemen, or their assigns, hunted the Meadowbrook country for three years. Then their pack was moved to Westchester County, and stayed two years. Then it went back to Far Rockaway, on Long Island, again. Meanwhile Hempstead was occupied by a new subscription pack, which held its first meet in September,

1880, and took the name of the Meadowbrook Hunt. The old Queens County pack, after moving back to Far Rockaway, was joined by or merged into the Rockaway Hunt Club, and still exists under the latter name with kennels and a club-house at Cedarhurst. One of its founders, Mr. Griswold, was last year master of the Meadowbrook hounds. One of his predecessors in that office was Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., who hunts a pack of his own in the winter, at Aiken, S. C. The present master is Mr. Ralph M. Ellis. The Meadowbrook Club is the most renowned and important of the hunts near New York. Its club-house, near Westbury, is a pleasant but unpretentious house, which answers for a sort of country club for the neighboring district. It has a ball-room and ladies' annex, plenty of bed-rooms where some of the members live in summer, ample stables and kennels, and golf-links. The





Rockaway Hunt Club.

club has about seventy members, who pay annual dues of \$100. Its pack of some thirty-six couple of English hounds is efficient and well kept up. It hunts in the spring from March until well into May, and in the fall from October 1st until the ground freezes. Occasionally it hunts wild foxes, but it finds so many obstacles to that form of sport that the drag is its main reliance, as it is of all the other clubs near New York. Inasmuch as drag-hunting is generally conceded to be an inferior sport to fox-hunting, it is worth while to consider why all the hunt clubs near New York prefer it. The reasons for the Meadowbrook's preference are partly local. The woods in the twenty square miles of country the club hunts over, are large and without roads, and the foxes in them can seldom be persuaded to break covert and run over the open country as well-regulated foxes should. Another important

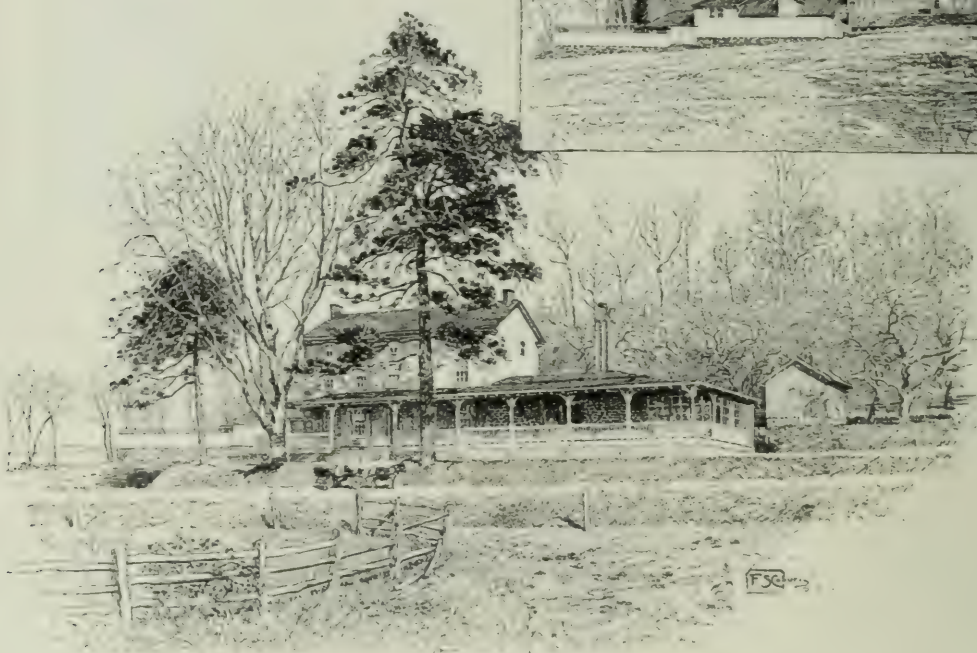
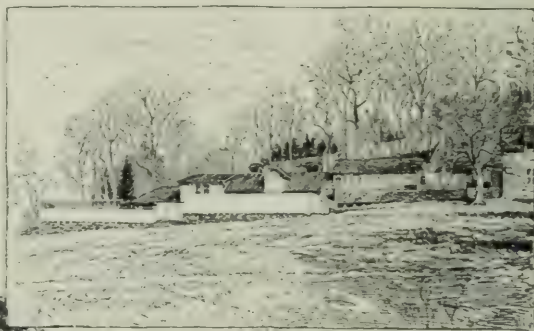
reason, which applies to the majority of the suburban hunt clubs, is that at least one-half of the Meadowbrook's members are men of business who go daily to New York to their work. They get home by an afternoon train, and, by dint of hurrying, gain two or three hours from the working day which they can spend on a horse's back. Accordingly, when they get to the meet, at three o'clock or thereabouts, there is not time for an indefinite search after a fox, even if the country was favorable to such a quest. The Meadowbrook men want a sure run, whenever they go out. They want it to begin promptly and to end with certainty in time for dinner. Obviously, therefore, drag-hunting fits their necessities better than fox-hunting. They take the best sport they can get and make the most of it. What they make of drag-hunting is matter of notoriety on both sides of the salt seas. They ride



exceedingly good horses; their hounds are swift, and their pace is fast. The great Hempstead plain which lies near them is unfenced and free from obstacles, an admirable place to gallop or drive over at most seasons of the year. But when they leave that and strike the neighboring farming lands the fences are frequent and strong, of the post and rail variety, and from four to five feet high, with occasional taller ones. Drag-hunting over obstacles of this sort is a very wakeful sport, and only the boldest huntermen on the best nags can hope to find happiness in it. But the Meadowbrook men like it.

From twenty to forty riders follow their hounds every hunting day, and the sport grows more popular and the club larger from year to year. Steeplechases are a familiar dissipation of the Meadowbrook men, and occasionally they have them of the point-to-point variety. Like all the hunt clubs, and the suburban clubs especially, they make the most of holidays.

Cedarhurst, the seat of the Rockaway



The Club-house.

The Kennels.



A Corner of the Dining Room.

The Radnor Hunt Club, of Philadelphia, Quartered near Bryn Mawr.

Club, is only twelve miles or thereabouts from Westbury. Since it started in Far Rockaway in 1878, the Rockaway Club has suffered in an increasing degree from the intrusions of settlers. People *will* buy lots and build suburban houses in its country, and as hunting cannot be successfully carried on in a country that is all lawn and kitchen-gardens, the Rockaway men feel that the days of their sport are numbered. But while any country is left them to ride over, they will ride. They keep about fifteen couple of hounds at their kennels near the Club-house at Cedarhurst, and go out twice a week from September to January, and in





Lunch on Race-day at the "Kennels," the Head-quarters of the Elkridge, Md., Hunt Club.  
(Races for silver cup by club members, jumping contests, etc.)

March and April. The obstacles they have to get over are mainly fences, from three feet six inches to five feet high. Walls are scarce on Long Island, as also are hedges and ditches. Like the Meadowbrook Club, the Rock-away combines the features of a country club with its hunting. It has an attractive club-house with golf and tennis, and, like the Meadowbrook again, it has a strong polo team, which fights matches with the teams of the Meadowbrook, Myopia, Brookline, Dedham, Westchester, and other strong clubs.

The Westchester hounds, of which Mr. N. C. Reynal is the present master, are the successors of the Country Club

hounds, and hunts them regularly on Saturday afternoons in the fall, with occasional runs in the morning. The club's country is limited, and has more than its share of barbed wire, but drags of ten or fifteen miles can be laid, with a proper allowance of ditch, hedge, and post and rail fence to them, which furnish reasonable sport to fields of from twenty to thirty horsemen.

The Essex County (New Jersey) hounds are descended through a varied line from the Montclair Equestrian Club, which was started in 1876. The master, Mr. Charles Pfizer, hunts the country near the Oranges and Morristown. His hounds go out from two

Harriers, started by Mr. C. S. Pelham Clinton in 1888. Their kennels are at White Plains, and they run regularly during the season in the suburban country thereabouts. Westchester is a lively sporting county, full of horse-wise people. Its country club is one of the best and most noted, its annual agricultural fair is very strong in horse exhibits. It is entitled to a hunt club, and may be counted on to support its pack until settlers crowd it out.

The Richmond County Hunt on Staten Island dates from 1889, and is closely connected with the Richmond County Country Club, near which it has its kennels. Mr. E. N. Nichols keeps about seventeen couple of





Waiting for the Word.

Meet of the Meadowbrook Hunt at Southampton, Long Island, in the Fall of 1891.

to three times a week, and are well followed. Mr. Collier's Monmouth County pack covers another area of suburban New Jersey, near Tinton Falls and Brookdale. It meets two or three times a week during the season, and occasionally gives a sight and taste of sport to the people of Lakewood. All these hunts near New York are nurseries of cavalymen, and many of their members serve in Troop A, or on the staffs of the generals of the National Guard of New York or New Jersey.

The essentials to fox-hunting are men, horses, foxes, and a country fit to hunt over. New York can find the men and the horses, but it is not blest in its hunting country. Philadelphia is better off. The oldest Quaker cannot remember a time when there was not fox-hunting within reach of Philadelphia. Farmers thereabouts kept hounds and hunted them before the Revolution, and one finds allusions in contemporary literature to the zeal with which British officers hunted

Pennsylvania foxes in pre-revolutionary times from the Rose Tree Inn. The senior Philadelphia hunt of our day is the Rose Tree, at Media. It began about 1856, was reorganized in 1872, and got a charter in 1881. It has about fifteen couple of American hounds from Delaware and Chester Counties, Penn., crossed with hounds from Maryland and Virginia. Its season is from December to April; its hounds meet three times a week; at 7 A.M. two days, and at 9 A.M. on Saturdays. Philadelphians, traditionally, have more leisure than the men of New York, and seem to be able to spare mornings, and indeed whole days for hunting. Business men and young farmers follow the Rose Tree hounds, and the fields of riders range from five to twenty-five. The club-house is about a mile from Media. The club property includes the old stone Rose Tree Tavern, a pretty modern club-house near it, and some eighty acres of land, on which is laid out the club's



half-mile track and part of its steeple-chase course. Of the Rose Tree hunting a member of the club writes: "For the old fox-hunter one of the most interesting features of the hunt is the working of the hounds on a cold trail early in the morning to find a fox. When the scent is first struck, none but the old experienced hounds can make it out; but when one of them cries, the pack will cluster around, and as they work it slowly toward the cover, the scent will grow stronger and stronger until the cover is reached, when the burst of full cry from the pack gives fair warning that the fox has broken cover. Then all is excitement, and hounds and riders are away on the run. This cold drag frequently takes one or two hours to work out."

This has about it the flavor of real fox-hunting, a very different sport from the drag-hunting of less favored regions. One can learn with the Rose Tree hounds the tricks of the fox, and watch the contest between his strategy and the sagacity of the hound. The country about Media is rough, and the

foxes usually get away, but not until they have given the hounds and hunter-men good runs. One learns with regret that the prosperity of this excellent hunt is hardly what it should be. It has a vigorous and enterprising young rival in the Radnor Hunt, with a club-house and kennels near Bryn Mawr, which seems to have superior attractions for the younger Philadelphians. The Radnor hunts three times a week from the middle of November till the middle of March. Its meets are at 8.30 A.M. on Tuesdays; at 1 P.M. on Thursdays; at 10 A.M. on Saturdays. Its fields average about forty and improve as the season advances. The hunting is usually good all winter. The club-house at Radnor is a pleasant, unpretentious house, looking out on a pretty stretch of valley. The kennels near it are admirable in their arrangements, and the pack, under the direction of Mr. Charles Mather, the M. F. H., is probably the best pack in America. It includes thirty-five couple of English hounds from Belvoir Kennels and ten couple of long-eared, sharp-nosed



The Start.

The Meadowbrook Hunt—at Southampton.



American hounds, and is divided into a dog and bitch pack, which hunt alternately. One hears of an occasional drag hunt by the Radnor men in the early fall, but after the season begins, the club hunts wild foxes only. The country is large and the foxes usually get away, but four or five are killed every season. The Radnor enjoys the prosperity that it deserves, and finds increased support every year.

About Baltimore, fox-hunting is as old a story as in Philadelphia, and the history of it is not to be told in a paragraph. Hunt clubs have flourished and died there, and had their successors these many years. The active clubs at present are the Elkridge and the Green Spring Valley. The older and larger club, the Elkridge, has a club-house and kennels about five miles on the Roland Park side of Baltimore. Its house is large and has a ball-room attached, and it serves many of the purposes of a country club. The club has an excellent pack, a large membership, and plenty of good hunting country within reach. Being strong on its social side it does not disdain drag-hunting, particularly in the earlier part of the season, but foxes are its main reliance for sport, and the master, Mr. Samuel George, goes as far as is necessary to find them. Maryland hospitality makes it possible for the Elkridge meets to be held comfortably twenty-five miles from home, so that the country that is open to the club is

practically unlimited. The younger organization, the Green Spring Valley, includes many members of the Elkridge. It started in 1892, hunts the wild fox only, and usually finds him. It has at present a pack of about a dozen couple of American hounds. Its members are young business men of Baltimore, with a supplementary sprinkling of farmers. It meets twice a week at hours least in-



Where the Dogs are Kept.  
The Genesee Hunt Club, Geneseo, N. Y.

convenient for working men, and its fields average about twenty. Its club-house is an old stone tavern about seven miles out of Baltimore. The club has very much of the sporting spirit, is inexpensive and of simple habits, and under the mastership of Mr. Redmond Stewart gives good promise of prosperity.

Washington men hunt with the pack of the Chevy Chase Country Club, and





Cross Country in the Genesee Valley.  
The Genesee Hunt Club.

with Mr. S. S. Howland's Belwood pack, which has its head-quarters at Annapolis Junction. The Chevy Chase pack meets three or four times a week, and while possibly stronger as a social appurtenance than as a sporting institution, it takes Washington riders across country and serves other useful purposes. Its hunting is largely drag-hunting. It flourished last winter and ought to prosper, but Washington has a shifting population, and the future of a Washington hunt is still an uncertain quantity.

At Annapolis Junction the Belwood hounds are within easy reach of both Washington and Baltimore. They went out last winter twice or three times a week in morning hours, and hunted wild foxes, having usually a following of about twenty riders, though sometimes many more. In the summer and autumn Mr. Howland keeps his hounds at "Belwood," in Livingston County, N. Y., and hunts them in Wyoming and Orleans Counties.

In Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Georgia, there has always been more or less unorganized fox-hunting by farmers and others, in the winter

months; so that the roll of the hunt clubs with recognized titles and regular meets is by no means a complete index of the fox-hunting done. In Kentucky, too, fox-hunting is a sport as familiar as one would expect it to be in a State first settled by sportsmen, and always famous for its horses. But fox-hunting there seems to be an occasional recreation, the feature of a holiday, or taken up when the spirit prompts. There are good hounds in Kentucky, some of them of high degree and long descent. It seems not to be difficult to get together a pack, and horses are always abundant and fit in the blue-grass region. One reads of notable fox-hunting by large parties assembled for the purpose as early as August, and of ten-mile runs, over fence and wall, through underbrush and whatever intervenes, with large fields, and many mounted ladies in the following. But of organized clubs keeping hounds and hunting on stated days there is no report. Among the best-known Virginia packs is the Deep Run hounds of Richmond, which go out twice a week in the season. At Warrenton, in northern Virginia, in a horse-raising district, the



Warrenton Hunt Club hunts twice a week, under the mastership of Mr. James K. Maddux. There is a sprinkling of English settlers near Warrenton, and the hunt is popular with them as well as with the other farmers, who train their horses in its runs. Sad to say, the country about Warrenton is unsuited to the pursuit of foxes, and it is only occasionally that they are hunted.

The Swannanoa Hunt Club of Asheville, N. C., affords sport to Asheville's winter visitors. It has a pretty clubhouse. The local foxes about Asheville know the resources of the country too well to afford adequate sport, but by importing stranger foxes, and turning them loose, the club gets very good runs.

Farther south, at Aiken, S. C., Mr. Hitchcock's hounds help make life pleasant to refugees from a Northern winter. In his Northern home near Westbury, Long Island, Mr. Hitchcock is one of the pillars of sport in the Meadowbrook Club. His hunting at Aiken is different from most other American fox-hunting. The country is rough, the woodland extensive, and the hounds are less under the huntsman's eye, and more on their own responsibility, than in the Northern hunting. After thorough experiment Mr. Hitchcock has found the American hound better adapted to his use than English hounds, and has now a strong pack of modern American fox-hounds, about thirty couple, which he hunts all winter. His pack meets from December to May, three times a week at daylight, and goes out with fifteen or twenty riders in the field. The fences about Aiken are rail-fences when there are any, but much of the country is not inclosed.

In Pennsylvania, besides the hunts near Philadelphia there are the Lima Hunt Club, at Lima, which begins its season in December, and hunts from three to five times a week; the Valley Forge Hunt, which finds abundance of foxes in the historic valley, the name of which it bears; and the Pittsburg Hunt Club, an organization of recent origin and closely affiliated with the Pittsburg Country Club.

Except for the somewhat nebulous

Agawam Hunt Club, of Narragansett, the sole hunting stronghold of New England is the seat of the Myopia Club, started in 1882 at Hamilton, some twenty miles north of Boston. It has a farm sparsely planted with golf-holes, and a comfortable club-house, which is the home of some of the members in the summer months, and is a centre of activities all summer long for golf enthusiasts and polo-players. The Myopias have tried fox-hunting but found it impracticable, or at least too inconvenient, and have fallen back on drag-hunting as better suited for their circumstances. Their hunting begins early in September and lasts three months. They have about twenty-five couple of hounds of British descent, which meet three times a week and scour the country for twenty miles around. Their fields vary from fifteen to twenty-five riders. Their country is a country of stone walls, three feet high and upward, and the obstacles being reasonably low, their runs are tolerably fast. Most of the Myopia hunters are sons of toil, doing business in Boston, and they adjust their sport to the more imperative demands of their more serious occupations.

In the Genesee Valley, in Livingston County, there has been an organized hunt for nearly twenty years, the fame of which is exuberant among hunting Americans. Its head-quarters are at Geneseo, the county town of Livingston County, and the home of Mr. W. A. Wadsworth, M. F. H. Mr. Wadsworth and other members of his family, and other families, are owners of large landed estates in the Genesee Valley, and actually live, for most of the year, on or near their land. This makes the conditions of existence in the neighborhood of Geneseo different from those that ordinarily obtain in American farming country, which, as a rule, in the North at least, is owned in small lots by the actual cultivators of the soil. The Genesee Valley hunting is an indigenous growth, begun for the amusement of residents of the valley, conducted from the time of its organization at the cost and under the direction of the present M. F. H. The club has an organization, but its dues are





The Start from the "Kennels."

The Elkridge, Md., Club.

nominal and it has no club-house. Mr. Wadsworth keeps up the pack, and mounts and pays the huntsmen and whips. Such reputation as the hunt enjoys is due first to him and to the durable and rational quality of his devotion to sport. The hunt finds other good backers in the farmers of the valley, in the owners of country places who spend a large time of the year there, and in earnest sportsmen from Buffalo, Batavia, Rochester, New York, Chicago, and other places, who hunt

regularly once or twice a week in the season. It also attracts visitors who come in increasing numbers to get a taste of the quality of its entertainment. The hunting country is a strip of farm and woodland, twenty miles long or thereabouts, and from four to eight miles wide, through which flows the Genesee River. The country is beautiful; the inclosures are large; the fencing includes almost all varieties of rail, board, and picket fences. Horse-raising is one of the industries





Taking the Hounds Out for Exercise.  
The Genesee Club.

of the district, and the huntmen are well mounted. The hounds of the Genesee Valley Hunt hunt wild foxes three times a week from the latter part of September until it gets too cold, which usually happens about Christmas. Some drag-hunting was done last fall with a small pack set apart for that purpose, but drag-hunting is regarded in Genesee as a subsidiary sport, to be winked at and endured in the present state of human weakness, but hardly to be countenanced, much less encouraged. Mr. Wadsworth's hounds are either imported or of English stock, and from twenty to thirty couple of them are always ready for work. The field of riders varies from twenty to fifty and, though the numbers dwindle somewhat as the season advances, the hounds have a strong following as long as the hunting lasts. The country is too extensive to admit of earth-stopping, and the foxes usually get away, though eight or ten are killed every year, but the hounds nearly always find good runs are the rule, and notable runs are common.

The best hunting in the Genesee Valley is in November and December. The prettiest and gayest hunting is in October. To be jogging after Mr.

Wadsworth's pack, about eleven o'clock on a Saturday late in October, is to be riding through a charming valley at a delightful time of year, with every prospect of five or six hours of happiness. On such a Saturday in 1894 the meet was at a village some eight miles from the kennels. It was a pretty village, the day was a perfect October day, and the meet of hounds and horsemen, of ladies in carts and traps and on hunters, of participants and well-wishers and disinterested spectators, was a stimulating and cheerful sight. Then came the leisurely riding across country from covert to covert, through woods and down into gullies, over fences at one's leisure at the easiest place, all the time in the sunshine, with the brisk air making one younger with every breath of it, and the hounds working industriously and keeping every observer's expectation primed.

And when presently, after an hour or more of progressive investigation, the hounds found and were off, what a stir and enlivenment, as the field broke into a gallop and streamed off across country, over field and stream and fence and road, every emulous huntman eager to better his place, every tyro shadowing his chosen pilot as closely



as he dared, every bold and experienced rider speculating as he rides on the next turn of the pack, with a keen scrutiny as he rises at one fence for the weak place in the next one. When there is a weak spot or a low place, what a comfort to have it come conveniently into one's line. When there is none, but the rails rise high and strong across the field, what joy, when one has tightened one's rein and made at them, to have one's horse actually clear them, and then to glance back and see the little group of less fortunate riders on the farther side! It is conceivable that there are men who like to jump high fences, but doubtless the more common experience is that a five-foot fence affords a delightful sensation after one is about three-quarters over it, but that up to that point it is a solemn and un-

The day I speak of the fox got away. I am not sure that he was ever viewed. But what a good and satisfying day it was, and how proud that little fox should have been to have made so much sport for so many honest folks at such comparatively insignificant inconvenience to himself. The lady who fell off got on again; the man who got the spectacular cropper wasn't hurt. The competent surgeon who usually rides in the first flight in the Genesee Valley runs got his exercise that day without ever getting off his mare, except to eat his lunch. And yet there are people who shudder at the hazards of fox-hunting, and grieve that sons of solicitous mothers and fathers of dependent families should venture their necks in such a sport!

Of the Canadian hunts, the chief is the Montreal Hunt, started as long ago as 1826, and probably the oldest organized hunt club in America. Its kennels and clubhouse are in Montreal. Its hunting country lies in the islands of Montreal, Jesus, and Bizard, good farming country with timber fences, stone walls, and ditches. The members get to the meets by train or otherwise, according to the distance. The hounds meet three times a week at 11 A.M., from the middle of August to the end of Novem-



The Old Stone Tavern on the Reisterstown Turnpike, Baltimore County, Md.  
Head-quarters of the Green Spring Valley Hunt Club.

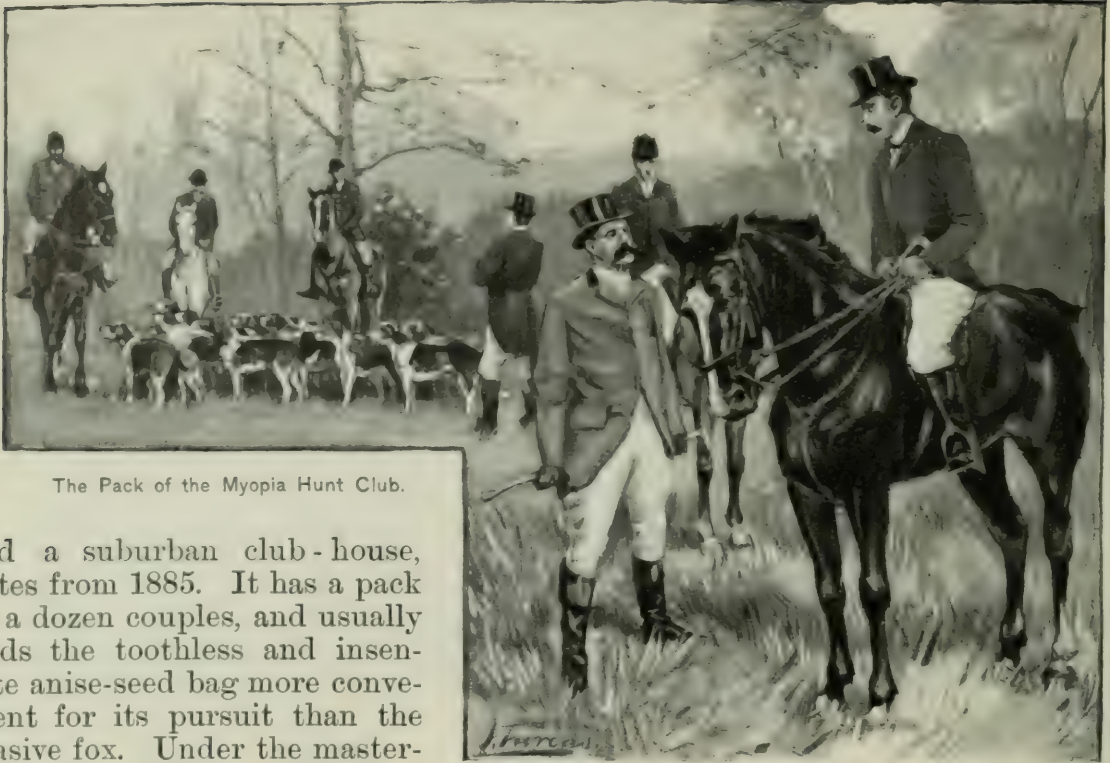
welcome obstacle that cannot be dodged without loss and regret.

Do you suppose any sincere person really regrets it when there is a check after even three or four miles of hard galloping? To stop while the hounds are running is misery, of course, but to pull up with one's bones all whole and one's credit saved—how can any hunter-man of sound discretion regret that?

There is an earth-stopper among the club servants, a consequence of which is that eight or ten brace of foxes are killed during the season. The club membership is about one hundred, and the dues of \$50 a year help to maintain the pack. The present master is Mr. H. Montague Allan.

The London (Ontario) Hunt, another strong club with a large membership





The Pack of the Myopia Hunt Club.

and a suburban club-house, dates from 1885. It has a pack of a dozen couples, and usually finds the toothless and insensate anise-seed bag more convenient for its pursuit than the evasive fox. Under the mastership of Mr. Adam Beck, it sometimes takes its hounds across the Detroit River, and makes a field-day for the riding population of Detroit.

Toronto, the horse-dealing centre of Canada, has its hunt, of course; a drag-hunt which combines the accomplishment of business ends with the pursuit of pleasure. Fifteen couple make up the present pack of the Toronto hounds, and Mr. F. H. Beardmore has them out three times a week during the short Canadian season.

With these twenty-five hunt clubs, almost all of them started within twenty years, and most of them much younger, it will be seen that hunting as an American sport has made a vigorous start, and promises to make a permanent and growing impression on the habits of our people. Once the idea of the possibility of hunting is disseminated, the rest will take care of itself, and clubs will spring up where there is a demand for them. Chicago has everything that it wants. It will want hunting presently, and will surely get it. St. Louis, which already has a vigorous country club, has only a short step farther to take. Wherever there is wealth there will be leisure. Wherever there is wealth and leisure the horse will multiply in the land, and

there will be hardy men who will dare to ride on his back. Once horse-riding becomes a habit in a highly civilized American community, we may expect hunting to follow. That is in part because hunting is a growing fashion, but much more because it is a sport of great merit, which is bound to win its own way wherever a chance is given to it. As one of the most picturesque of sports, it should be welcomed for the variety and color it brings to American life. Wherever there is hunting there are red coats—either to ride in or dine in—steeple-chases, horse shows, hunt balls, polo-playing, and much pomp and panoply of pleasure, all of which is highly decorative and has a spectacular value, which affects the existence of thousands of people whose participation in it is confined to the not unimportant office of looking on. Hunting is virile and it is wholesome. Men get hurt in it sometimes, but seldom very seriously, and many men get materially benefited.

Moreover, the money spent in hunting is spent in our own country and goes directly into the pockets of Americans who need it. Whatever brightens country life and checks the tendency of the cities to swallow up all the

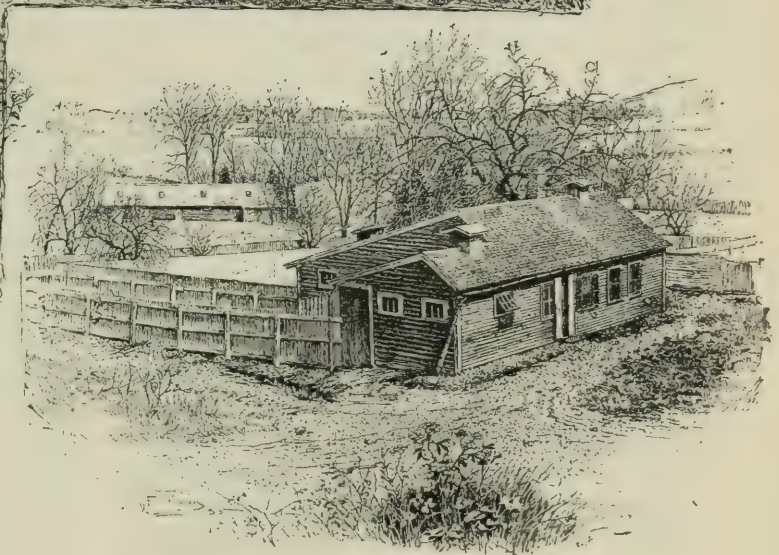


money and monopolize all the fun is a benefit. Whatever sport induces well-to-do Americans to disburse their surpluses in their own land, among their brethren, instead of flocking for that purpose to Europe, is also a benefit, and one the promotion of which no true patriot will care to hinder. Let us have as much of our fun at home as we can, and let us think twice before

geons, veterinary and otherwise, who have honestly earned it. Encourage them, too, for they are good for sport. Still other men hunt who, if critically considered, may be estimated to be good for little else. Of these it may be said that, though they may not be indispensable to sport, at least if they were not hunting they would probably be less innocently occupied. En-



Club-house.



Kennels.

The Myopia Hunt Club, of Hamilton, Mass.

we sniff at any development of wholesome sport that helps to make that possible. Some men who hunt get health and strength from it, which they expend in activities more directly useful. Encourage them in their hunting, for it does them good.

Other men get less benefit, but their support helps to keep hunting alive, and their money is useful to the farmers, grooms, inn-keepers, and sur-

courage these also, for when they are hunting they are out of mischief, and, so far as lies in them, are fulfilling their mission in life.



## A PHOTOGRAPH

By Abbe Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON



HERE was a great deal of jangling of bells, and much laughter and talk, and the chaperon, who was an assistant Greek professor, looked as if she had never heard of Aristophanes, and listened apparently with the most intense interest to a Harvard half-back eagerly explaining to her the advantages of a flying wedge; and when the College loomed in sight, with its hundreds of lights, and the sleigh drew up under the big *porte cochère*, and while a handsome youth was bidding his sister, the hostess of the party, an unusually affectionate goodby, she explained to the rest how very sorry she was she could not invite them in. But the Harvard men, in a feeling sort of way, said they understood, and after much lifting of hats and more laughter, the sleigh went jingling off and the chaperon and her charges were left standing in the "Centre."

She confessed then that she was extremely tired and that she did not think she ever cared again to see the "winter sports." She thought the sight afforded her that afternoon of two nice boys, very scantily clothed and with bloody faces, banging away at each other until they could hardly stand, compared with the view of those same young gentlemen the week before at the College, immaculately dressed and with very good-looking noses and eyes, was entirely too great a strain on her. So she went off to her study and left the excited and pleased young women to stroll down the corridor to Miss Ronald's room, to talk it over and to decide for the twentieth time that Somebody of '94 ought to have come off winner in the fencing match, instead of Somebody else of '93.

The room they went into was a typical

college room, with its bookstands and long chairs and cushions and innumerable trophies, of which Miss Ronald was rather proud. She was a stylish girl, with New York manners and clothes, and a pretty, rather expressionless face, strongly addicted to fads, and after almost four years of college life still something of a fool. She had become popular through her own efforts and the fact that she had a brother at Harvard. If a girl really wishes to be a favorite in college she must arrange to have some male relative at a neighboring university.

The sleighing party over to Harvard for the winter sports had been an especial success, so her guests took off their wraps and settled themselves in her chairs in a very cordial sort of way, and discussed amiably the merits of the tug-of-war, while someone made chocolate. After a while, when everyone had had her say about the pole-vaulting and the running jumps, the conversation flagged a little and the room came in for its share of attention.

There was a comparative stranger among the guests—a Miss Meredith—to whom Miss Ronald could show her numerous souvenirs for the first time. She was especially glad to have them to show to this particular girl because she thought they would impress her—although it would have been a little difficult for a casual observer to understand just why, for as Miss Meredith was led around the room by her hostess, from the screen made of cotillion favors and the collection of lamp-post signs presented to her by Harvard admirers afflicted with kleptomania, over to the smoking-cap and tobacco-pouch of some smitten undergraduate, anyone could see what a handsome girl she was, and though more plainly dressed than the others, that she seemed to be thoroughly at her ease.



Perhaps Miss Ronald expected her to be impressed because she had taken her up, and had first introduced her to this set and made a success of her. No one had known anything about her or her people, and she had entered shortly before as a "special student," and therefore belonged to no particular class. She was evidently a little older than Miss Ronald and her friends, and her face was somewhat sad, and there was a thoughtful look in the eyes. She seemed to be rather haughty, too, and as if afraid she would be patronized. But Miss Ronald, whose particular craze in the beauty line was a cream complexion, gray eyes, and red-brown hair, had declared the new-comer to be a beauty, and even after she had discovered that this handsome girl was not of her own social standing, that her people were unknown and unimportant, she still declared her intention of cultivating her. She had found this harder to do than she had expected, and so, as she led her around the room, she rather delighted in the belief that she was impressing this girl by the many evidences of a gay social career.

The others, who had seen all the trophies many times before, and who knew just which one of Miss Ronald's admirers had given her the Harvard blazer, and where she had got the Yale flag and the mandolin with the tiger-head painted on it—for Miss Ronald, being a wise young lady, cultivated friends in every college—sat back and talked among themselves and paid very little attention to what the other two were doing. They were a little startled, therefore, by a low exclamation from the girl with Miss Ronald. She had stopped before a long photograph case filled with pictures of first violins and celebrated actors and college men—all the mute evidences of various passing fancies. Miss Ronald, who was putting away the faded remains of some tree flowers and some pictures of Hasty Pudding theatricals, looked over at the girl.

"What is it?" she said, carelessly, and then noting her pallor and the direction of her gaze, she laughed in an embarrassed little way and went over to her.

"Is it this?" she said, taking a half-hidden photograph from among the jum-

ble of pictures and holding it up to the view of all.

It was the photograph of a young man, a successful man, whose name had become suddenly famous and whose personality was as potent as his talents. He was not handsome, but his fine face was more attractive than a handsome one would have been. There was a look of determination in the firmly closed lips and square cut jaw, and an indefinable air of the man of the world about the face which rendered it extremely fascinating. On the lower edge of the picture was written his name, in a strong, bold hand that corresponded with the look on the face.

"My latest craze," said Miss Ronald, smiling rather nervously and coloring a little as she still held the picture up. There was a slight and awkward pause, and then half a dozen hands reached for it. There was not a girl in the room who had not heard of this man and wished she knew him, and who had not read his last book and the latest newspaper paragraphs about him. But their interest had been of the secretly admiring order, and they all felt this girl was going a little too far, that it was not just the thing to have his picture—the picture of a man she did not know. And as she looked around and met the gray eyes of the girl beside her she felt impelled to explain her position as if in answer to the unspoken scorn in them. She was embarrassed and rather angry that it had all happened. She could laugh at the first violins and the opera tenors and the English actor—they had only been silly fancies—but this one was different. Without knowing this man she had felt an intense interest in him and his face had fascinated her, and she had persuaded herself that he was her ideal and that she could easily care for him. She suddenly realized how childish she had been and the ridiculousness of it all, and it angered her.

"Of course I know it isn't nice to have his picture—in this way—" she began, defiantly, "but I know his cousin—it was from him that I got this photograph—and he has promised to introduce us next winter." She seemed to forget her momentary embarrassment and looked very much elated.



"Won't that be exciting? I sha'n't know in the least what to say to him. Think of meeting the most fascinating man in New York!"

"Be sure you recognize him," murmured one of the girls, gloomily, from the depths of a steamer-chair. "I met him last winter. I had never seen a photograph of him then, and not knowing he was *the* one, I talked to him for half an hour. When I found out after he had gone who he was, I couldn't get over my stupidity. My mother was angry with me, I can tell you!"

Each one knew something about him, or knew some one who knew him, or the artist who illustrated his stories, or the people with whom he had just gone abroad, or into what thousandth his last book had got. They all thought him a hero, and fascinatingly handsome, and they declared, with the sentimental candor of the very young girl, that they would never marry unless they could marry a man like that—a man who had accomplished great things and had a future before him, and who was so clever and interesting and distinguished-looking.

The girl who had had the singular good fortune to meet him was besieged with questions as to his looks and manner of talking, and personal preferences, to all of which she answered with a fine disregard for facts and a volubility out of all proportion to her knowledge. They wondered whether his play—he had just written one and the newspapers were saying a great deal about its forthcoming production—would be as interesting as his stories, and they all hoped it would be given in New York during the Christmas holidays, and they declared that they would not miss it for anything.

Only one girl sat silent, her gray eyes bright with scorn—she let them talk on. Their opinions about his looks, and whether he was conceited or only properly sensible of his successes, and whether the report was true that he was going to Japan in the spring, seemed indifferent to her. She sat white and unsmiling through all their girlish enthusiasm and sentimental talk about this unknown god and their ideals and their expectations for the future—and when

the photograph, which had been passed from hand to hand, reached her, she let it fall idly in her lap as though she could not bear to touch it. As it lay there, a hard look came into her face. When she glanced up, she found Miss Ronald gazing at her with a curious, petulant expression.

Suddenly she got up and a look of determination was upon her face and in her eyes. Their talk was all very childish and silly, but she could see that beneath their half-laughing manner there was a touch of seriousness. This man, with his fine face and his successes and personal magnetism, had exercised a strange fascination over them, and most of all over the pretty, sentimental girl looking with such a puzzled expression at her.

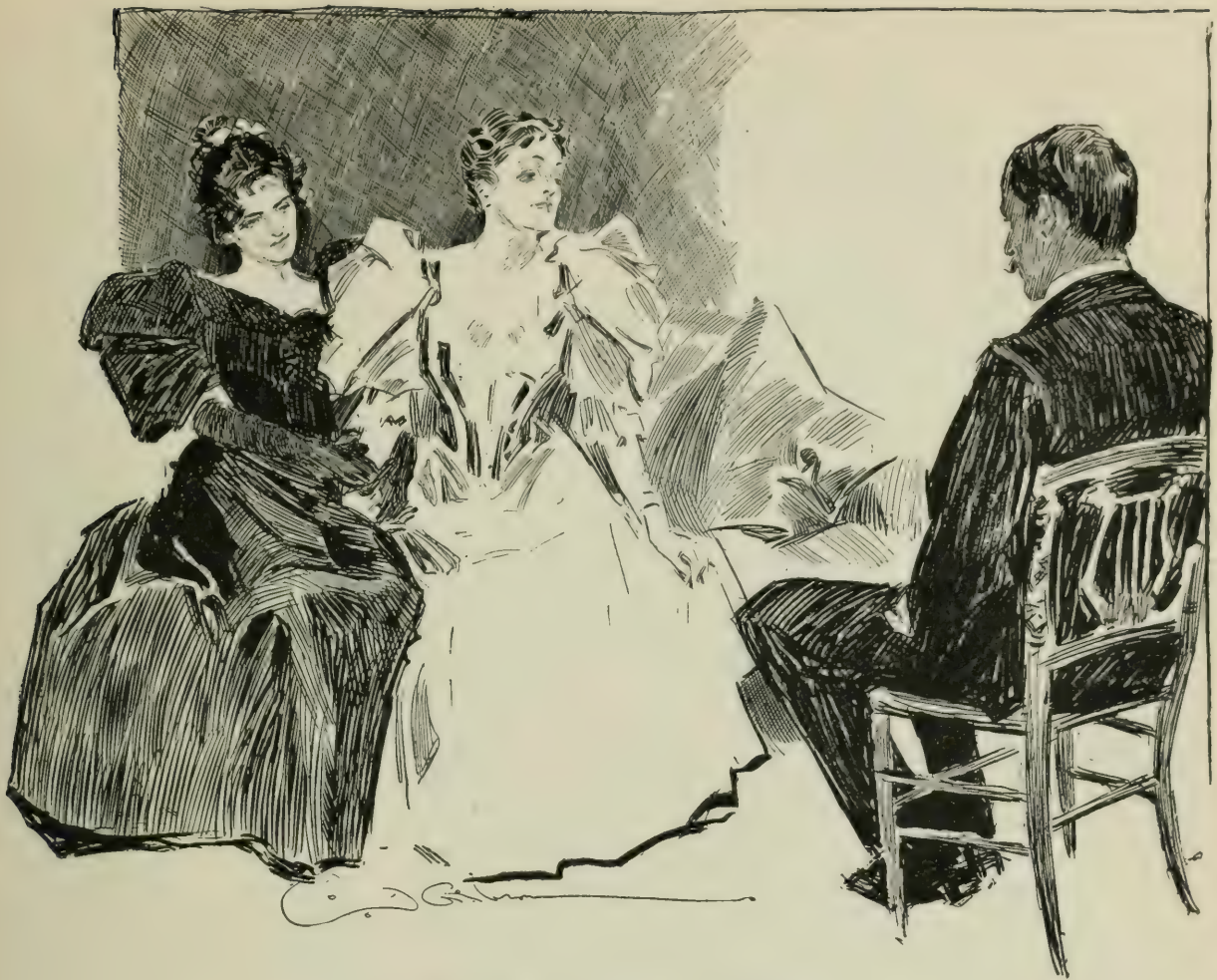
After all, this girl had been good to her. She would do what she could. She stood tall and straight against the curtains of the window facing the rest and breathing quickly—

"Yes—I know of him," she said, answering their unspoken inquiry. "You think you know him through his books and the reviews and newspaper notices of him." Her voice was ringing now, and she touched the picture lightly and scornfully with her finger.

"I know him better than that. I know things of him that will not be told in newspaper paragraphs and book reviews." She paused and her face grew whiter. "You read his stories and because they are the best of their kind; the most correct, the most interesting, because his men are the men you like to know, men who are always as they should be to men, because there is an atmosphere of refinement and elegance and pleasing conventionality about them—you think they must be the reflex of himself. Oh, yes! I know—the very last story—you have all read it—who could be more magnificent and correct than *Roscommon*? And you think *him* like his hero! There is not one of you but would feel flattered at his attentions, you might easily fall in love with him—I dare say you would scarcely refuse him—and yet"—she broke off suddenly.

"There was a girl," she began after a moment's hesitation, in a tone from





"They wanted him to put them in his stories."

which all the excitement had died, "a friend of mine, and she loved him. Perhaps you do not know that before he became famous he lived in a small Western town—she lived there too. They grew up together, and she was as proud of him—well, you know probably just how proud a girl can be of a boy who has played with her and scolded her and tyrannized over her and protected her and afterward loved her. For he *did* love her. He told her so a thousand times and he showed it to her in a thousand ways. And she loved him! I cannot tell you what he was to her." They were all looking curiously at her white face and she tried to speak still more calmly.

"Well, after a time his ambition—for he was very ambitious and very talented—made him restless. He wanted to go East—he thought he would succeed. She let him go freely, willingly. His success was hers, he said. Everything he was to do was for her, and she let

him go, and she told him then that he could be free. But he was very angry. He said that he would never have thought of going but to be better worthy of her. He succeeded—you know—the world knows how well he has succeeded, and the world likes success, and what wonder that he forgot her. She was handsome—at least her friends told her so—but she was not like the girls he knows now. She was not rich, and she had never been used to the life of luxury and worldliness to which he had so quickly accustomed himself. But," she went on, protestingly, as if in reply to some unspoken argument or some doubt that had assailed her, "she could have been all he wished her. She was quick and good to look at, and well-bred. She could have easily learned the world's ways—the ways that have become so vital to him."

She stopped, and then went on with an air of careful impartiality, as if try-



ing to be just, to look at both sides of the question, and her beautiful face grew whiter with the effort.

"But, of course, she was not like the girls he had met. He used to write to her at first how disgusted he was when those elegant young ladies would pet him and make much of him and use him and his time as they did everything else in their beautiful, idle lives. He did not like it, he said; and then I suppose it amused him, and then fascinated him. They would not let him alone. They wanted him to put them in his stories, and he had to go to their dinners and to the opera with them. He said they wanted someone to "show off;" and at first he resented it, but little by little he came to like it and to find it the life he had needed and longed for, and to forget and despise the simpler one he had known in his youth——"

She stopped again and pulled nervously at the silk fringe of the curtain, and looked at the strained faces of the girls as if asking them whether she had been just in her way of putting the thing. And then she hurried on.

"And so she released him. He had not been back in two years—not since he had first gone away, and she knew it would be easier to do it before she saw him again. And so when she heard of his success and how popular he was, and that he was the most talked about of all the younger authors, she wrote him that she could not be his wife. But she loved him, and she let him see it in the letter. She bent her pride that far—and she was a proud girl! She told herself over and over that he was not worthy of her—that success had

made a failure of him, but she loved him still and she let him see it. She determined to give him and herself that chance. If he still loved her he would know from that letter that she, too, loved him. Well, his answer—she told me that his answer was very cold and short. That if she wished to give him up she knew she must have some good reason."

Someone stirred uneasily, and gave a breathless sort of gasp.

"That was hard," she went on. She was speaking now in an impassive sort of way. "But that was not the hardest. She saw him again. It was not long ago——" She stopped and put one hand to her throat. "She had gone away. She desired to become what he had wished she was, although she could never be anything to him again, and she was succeeding, and thought that perhaps she would forget and be happy. But he found out where she was, and went to her. Something had gone wrong with him. You remember—he was reported to be engaged to a young girl very well known in society—the daughter of a senator, and a great beauty. Well, there was some mistake. He came straight to my friend and told her that he did not know what he had been doing, that she was the only girl he had ever

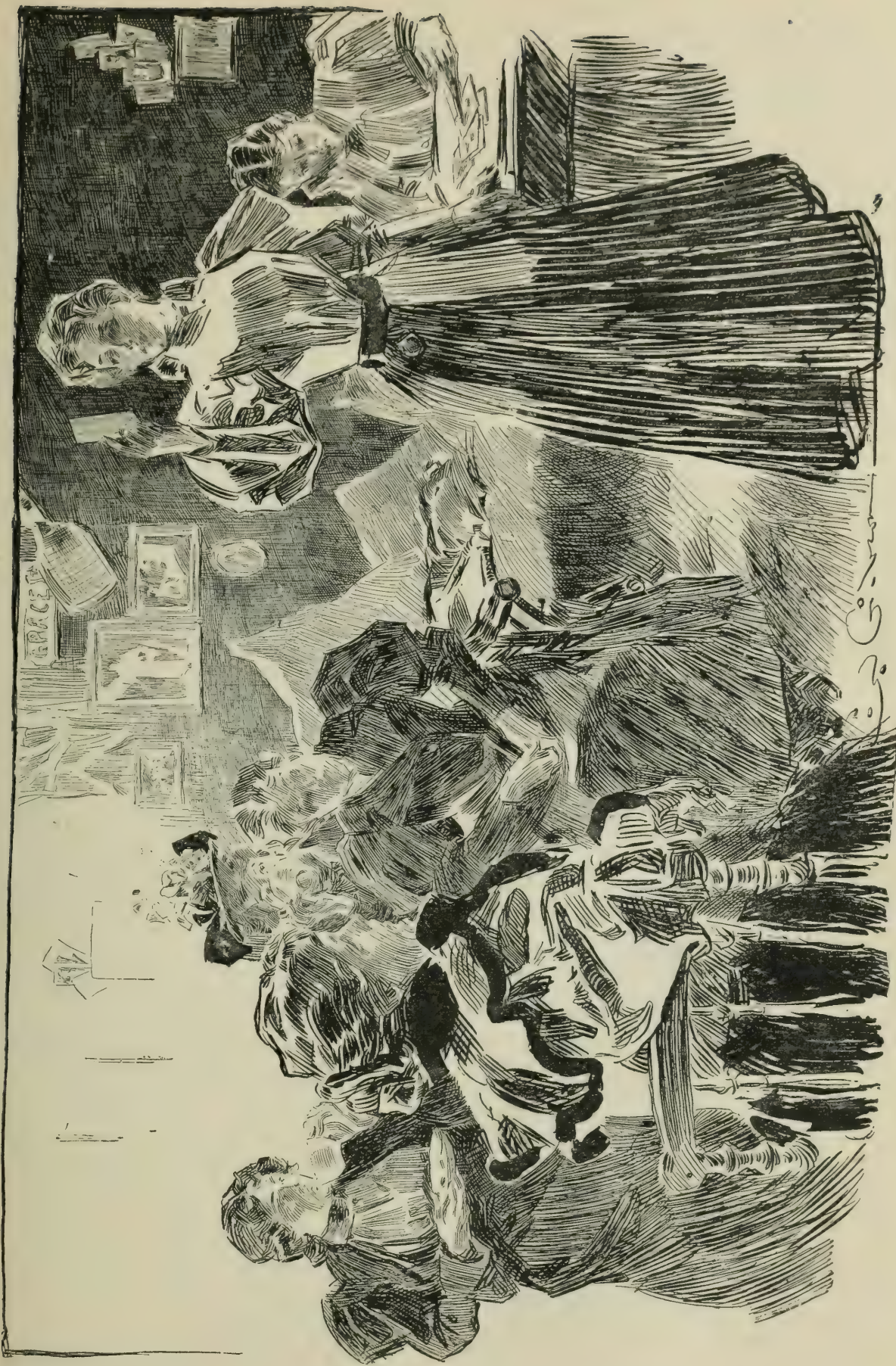


"She paused and her face grew whiter."

loved and he asked her forgiveness. He told her that his life would be worthless and ruined, that his success would mean less than nothing to him if she did not love him, and he implored her to be what she had once been to him and to marry him."

Miss Ronald looked up quickly, and the petulant expression in her eyes had given place to a look of disdain.





"Is it this?"



"What did she say then?" she asked. The girl shook her head, mournfully. "She could not," she said, simply. "She would have given her soul to have been able to say yes, but she could not!"

When the door had quite closed behind her, they sat silent and hushed. Suddenly Miss Ronald walked over to the window and picking up the photograph where it had fallen, face downward, she tore it into little bits.

## THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

### CHAPTER XXXII

IN WHICH WE SEE CARINTHIA PUT IN PRACTICE ONE OF HER OLD FATHER'S LESSONS

SEATED at his breakfast-table the Earl saw Gower stride in, and could have wagered he knew the destination of the fellow's morning walk. It concerned him little; he would be leaving the castle in less than an hour. She might choose to come or choose to keep away. The whims of animals do not affect men unless they are professionally tamers. Petty domestic dissensions are, besides, poor webs to the man pulling single-handed at ropes with his revolted miners. On the topic of wages, too, he was Gower's master, and could hold forth; by which he taught himself to feel that practical affairs are the proper business of men; women and infants being remotely secondary—the picturesque and poetry, consequently sheer nonsense.

"I suppose your waiting here is useless, to quote you," he said. "The Countess can decide now to remain, if she pleases. Drive with me to Cardiff: I miss you, if you're absent a week. Or is it legs? Drop me a line of your stages on the road, and don't loiter much."

Gower spoke of starting his legs next day, if he had to do the journey alone; and he clouded the yacht for Fleetwood with talk of the Wye and the Usk, Hereford and the Malvern Hills elliptical over the plains.

"Yes," the Earl acquiesced, jealously; "we ought to have seen—tramped every

foot of our own country. That yacht of mine, there she is, and I said I would board her and have a fly with half a dozen fellows round the Scottish Isles. We're never free to do as we like."

"Legs are the only things that have a taste of freedom," said Gower.

They strolled down to Howell Edwards's office at nine, Kit Ines beside the luggage cart to the rear.

Around the office and along to the street of the cottages, crowds were chattering, gesticulating; Ines fancied the foreign jabberers inclined to threaten. Howell Edwards, at the door of his office, watched them calculatingly. The lord of their destinies passed in with him, leaving Gower to study the features of the men, and Ines to reckon the chance of a fray.

Fleetwood came out presently, saying to Edwards: "That concession goes far enough. Because I have a neighbor who yields at every step? No, stick to the principles. I've said my final word. And here's the carriage. If the mines are closed, more's the pity; but I'm not responsible. You can let them know, if you like, before I drive off; it doesn't matter to me."

The carriage was ready. Gower cast a glance up the hill. Three female figures and a pannier-donkey were visible on the descent. He nodded to Edwards, who took the words out of his mouth. "Her ladyship, my lord."

She was distinctly seen, and looked formidable in definition against the cloud. Madge and the nurse-maid, Martha, were the two other young wom-



en. On they came, and the angry man seated in the carriage could not give the order to start. Nor could he quite shape an idea of annoyance, though he hung to it and faced at Gower a battery of the promise to pay him for this. Tattling observers were estimated at their small importance there, as everywhere, by one so high above them. But the appearance of the woman of the burlesque name and burlesque actions, and odd ascension out of the ludicrous into a form to cast a spell, so that she commanded serious recollections of her, disturbed him. He stepped from his carriage. Again he had his incomprehensible fit of shyness; and a vision of the complacent, jowled, redundant blue-coated monarch aswing in imbecile merriment on the signboard of the Royal Sovereign inn, constitutionally his total opposite, yet instigating the sensation.

In that respect his Countess and he had shifted characters. Carinthia came on at her bold mountain stride to within hail of him. Met by Gower, she talked, smiled, patted her donkey, clutched his ear, lifted a silken covering to show the child asleep, entirely at her ease and unhurried. These women get an aid from their pride of maternity. And when they can boast a parson behind them they are indecorous up to insolent in their ostentation of it.

She resumed her advance, with a slight abatement of her challenging march, sedately; very collectedly erect; changed in the fulness of her figure and her poised, calm bearing.

He heard her voice to Gower: "Yes, they do; we noticed the slate roofs, looking down on them. They do look like a council of rooks in the hollow: a parliament you said. They look exceedingly like when a peep of sunshine falls. Oh, no, not clergymen!"

She laughed at the suggestion.

She might be one of the actresses by nature.

Is the man unsympathetic with women a hater of nature deductively? Most women are actresses. As to worshipping nature, we go back to the state of heathen beast, Mr. Philosopher Gower could be answered.

Fleetwood drew in his argument. She stood before him. There was on

his part an insular representation of old French court salute to the lady, and she replied to it in the exactest measure, as if an instructed proficient.

She stood unshadowed. "We have come to bid you adieu, my lord," she said, and no trouble of the bosom shook her mellow tones. Her face was not the chalk-quarry or the rosed rock; it was oddly individual, and, in a way, alluring, with some gentle contraction of her eyelids. But evidently she stood in full repose, mistress of herself.

Upon him, it appeared, the whole sensibility of the situation was to be thrown. He hardened.

"We have had to settle business here," he said, speaking resonantly, to cover his gazing discomposedly, all but furtively.

The child was shown, still asleep. A cunning infant: not a cry in him to excuse a father for preferring concord or silence or the bachelor's exemption.

"He is a strong boy," the mother said. "Our doctor promises he will ride over all the illnesses."

Fleetwood's answer set off with an alarm of the throat and dwindled to: "We'll hope so. Seems to sleep well."

She had her rocky brows. They were not barren crags, and her shape was nature's ripeness, it was acknowledged. She stood like a lance in air—rather like an Amazon schooled by Athene, one might imagine. Hues of some going or coming flush hinted the magical trick of her visage. She spoke in modest manner, or, it might be, indifferently, without a flaunting of either.

"I wish to consult you, my lord. He is not baptized. His Christian names?"

"I have no choice."

"I should wish him to bear one of my brother's names."

"I have no knowledge of your brother's names."

"Chillon is one."

"Ah! Is it, should you think, suitable to our climate?"

"Another name of my brother's is John."

"Bull." The loutish derision passed her and rebounded on him. "That would be quite at home."



"You will allow one of your own names, my lord?"

"Oh, certainly, if you desire it; choose. There are four names you will find in a book of the Peerage or Directory or so, up at the castle—or you might have written—better than these questions on the public road. I don't demur. Let it be as you like."

"I write empty letters to tell what I much want," Carinthia said.

"You have only to write your plain request."

"If, now I see you, I may speak another request, my lord."

"Pray," he said, with courteous patience, and stepped forward down to the street of the miners' cottages. She could there speak out—bawl the request, if it suited her to do so.

On the point of speaking, she gazed round.

"Perfectly safe! no harm possible," said he, fretful under the burden of this her maniacal maternal anxiety. "The men are all right, they would not hurt a child. What can rationally be suspected!"

"I know the men; they love their children," she replied. "I think my child would be precious to them. Mr. Woodseer and Mr. Edwards and Madge are there."

"Is the one more request—I mean, a mother's anxiety does not run to the extent of suspecting everybody?"

"Some of the children are very pretty," said Carinthia, and eyed the bands of them at their games in the roadway and at the cottage doors. "Children of the poor have happy mothers."

Her eyes were homely, though they were so much a morning over her face. They were open now to what that fellow Woodseer (who could speak to the point when he was not aiming at it) called the parlor, or social sitting-room; where we may have converse with the tame woman's mind, seeing the door to the clawing recesses temporarily shut.

"Forgive me if I say you talk like the bigger child," Fleetwood said, lightly, not ungenially; for the features he looked on were useful, a picture in their one expression.

Her answer chilled him. "It is true, my lord. I will not detain you. I would beg to be supplied with money."

He was like the leaves of a frosted plant, in his crisp curling inward—he had been so genial.

"You have come to say good-by, that you may have an opportunity to—as you put it—beg for money. I am not sure of your having learnt yet the right disposal of money."

"I beg, my lord, to have two thousand pounds a year allowed to me."

"Ten—and it's a task to spend the sum on a single household—shall be allotted to your expenditure at Esslemont—stables, bills, et cætera. You can entertain. My steward, Leddings, will undertake the management. You will not be troubled with payings."

Her head acknowledged the graciousness. "I would have two thousand pounds and live where I please."

"Pardon me: the two, for a lady living where she pleases, exceeds the required amount."

"I will accept a smaller sum, my lord."

"Money!—it seems a singular demand when all supplies are furnished."

"I would have control of some money."

"You are thinking of charities."

"Not charities."

"Edwards here has a provision for the hospital needs of the people. Mr. Woodseer applies to me in cases he can certify. Leddings will do the same at Esslemont."

"I am glad, I am thankful. The money I would have is for my own use. It is for me."

"Ah! Scarcely that, I fancy."

The remark should have struck home. He had a thirst for the sign of her confession to it. He looked. Something like a petrification of her wildest face was shown.

Carinthia's eyes were hard out on a scattered knot of children down the street.

She gathered up her skirts. Without a word to him she ran, and running shouted to the little ones around and ahead: "In! in! indoors, children! Blant, i'r ty! Mothers, mothers, ho!



get them in. See the dog! *Ci! Ci!*  
In with them! *Blant, i'r ty! i'r ty!*"

A big black mongrel appeared worrying at one of two petticoated urchins on the ground.

She scurried her swiftest, with such warning Welsh as she had on the top of her mountain cry; and doors flew wide; there was a bang of doors when she darted by; first gust out of terrible heavens that she seemed to the cottagers.

Other shouts behind her rent the air, gathering to a roar, from the breasts of men and women. "Mad dog about!" had been for days the rumor crossing the hills over the line of village, hamlet, farm, from Cardiff port.

Dead hush succeeded the burst. Men and women stood off. The brute was at the lady.

Her arms were straight above her head; her figure overhanging, on a bend of the knees. Right and left the fury of the slavering fangs shook her loose droop of gown; and a dull prolonged growl, like the clamor of a far body of insurrectionary marching men, told of the rage.

Fleetwood hovered helpless as a leaf on a bough. "Back, I pray," she said to him, and motioned it, her arms at high stretch.

He held no weapon. The sweat of his forehead half-blinded him. And she waved him behind her, beckoned to the crowd to keep wide way, used her lifted hands as flappers: she had all her wits. There was not a wrinkle of a grimace. Nothing but her locked lips betrayed her vision of imminent doom. The shaking of her gown and the snarl in the undergrowl sounded insatiate.

The brute dropped hold. With a weariful jog of the head, it pursued its course at an awful even swing-pace: Death's own, Death's doer, his reaper. He, the very Death of the Terrors.

Carinthia's cry rang for clear way to be kept on either side, and that accursed dog went the path through a sharp-edged mob, as it poured pell-mell and shrank back, closing for the chase to rear of it.

"Father taught me," she said to the Earl, not more discomposed than if she had taken a jump.

"It's over!" he groaned, savagely

white, and bellowed for guns, any weapons. "Your father? pray." She was entreated to speak.

"Yes, it must be shot; it will be merciful to kill it," she said. "They have carried the child indoors. The others are safe. Mr. Woodseer, run to my nurse-girl, Martha. He goes," she murmured, and resumed to the Earl: "Father told me women have a better chance than men with a biting dog. He put me before him and drilled me. He thought of everything. Usually the poor beast snaps—one angry bite, not more. My dress teased it."

Fleetwood grinned civilly in his excitement; intending to yield patient hearing, to be interested by any mortal thing she might choose to say.

She was advised by recollection to let her father rest.

"No, dear girl, not hurt, no scratch, only my gown torn," she said to Madge; and Madge heaved and whimpered, and stooped to pin the frayed strips. "Quite safe; you see it is easy for women to escape, Mr. Edwards."

Carinthia's voice hummed over the girl's head: "Father made me practise it, in case. He forethought. Madge, you heard of this dog. I told you how to act. I was not feverish. Our babe will not feel it."

She bade Madge open her hands. "A scratch would kill. Never mind the tearings; I will hold my dress. Oh! there is that one child bitten. Mr. Edwards, mount a man for the doctor. I will go in to the child. He was bitten. Lose not one minute, Mr. Edwards. I see you go."

He bowed and hastened.

The child's mother was red eyes at her door for ease of her heart to the lady. Carinthia stepped into the room, where the little creature was fetching sobs after the spout of screams.

"God in heaven! she can't be going to suck the bite?" Fleetwood cried to Madge, whose answer was disquieting: "If it's to save life my mistress won't stop at anything."

His heart sprang with a lighted comprehension of Gower Woodseer's meaning. This girl's fervor opened portals to new views of her mistress, or opened eyes.



## CHAPTER XXXIII

## A FRIGHTFUL DEBATE

PUSHING through a swarm into the cot, Fleetwood saw Carinthia on a knee beside a girl's lap, where the stripped child lay. Its mother held a basin for the dabbing at raw red spots.

A sting of pain touched the memory of its fright, and brought further screams, then the sobs. Carinthia hummed a Styrian cradle-song as the wailing lulled.

She glanced up—she said to the Earl: "The bite was deep; it was in the blood. We may have time. Get me an interpreter. I must ask the mother. I know not many words."

"What now?" said he, at the looming of new vexations.

"We have no choice. Has a man gone? Dr. Griffiths would hurry fast. An hour may be too late. The poison travels. Father advised it: *Fifty years for one brace minute!* This child should be helped to live."

"We'll do our best. Why an interpreter?"

"A poker in the fire. The interpreter—whether the mother will bear to have it done."

"Burn, do you mean?"

"It should be burnt."

"Not by you?"

"Quick! quick!"

"But will you—could you? No, I say!"

"If there is no one else."

"You forget your own child."

"He is near the end of his mother."

"The doctor will soon arrive."

"The poison travels. It cannot be overtaken unless we start nearly equal, Father said."

"Work like that wants an experienced hand."

"A steady one. I would not quake—not tremble."

"I cannot permit it."

"Mr. Wythan would know: he would know!"

"Do you hear, Lady Fleetwood—the dog may not be mad!"

"Signs: He ran heavy, he foamed."

"Foam's no sign."

"Go; order to me a speaker of English and Welsh."

The Earl spun round, sensible of the novelty of his being commanded, and submitting; but no sooner had he turned than he fell into her view of the urgency, and he went, much like the boy we see at school, with a strong hand on his collar running him in.

Madge entered and said: "Mr. Woodseer has seen baby and Martha and the donkey all safe."

"He is kind," said Carinthia. "Do we right to bathe the wound? It seems right to wash it. Little things that seem right may be exactly wrong after all, when we are ignorant. I know burning the wound is right!"

Madge asked: "But, my lady, who is to do it?"

"You would do it, dear, if I shrank," her mistress replied.

"Oh, my lady, I don't know, I can't say. Burning a child! And there's our baby."

"He has had me nearly his time."

"Oh, my dear lady! Would the mother consent?"

"My Madge! I have so few of their words yet. You would hold the child to save it from a dreadful end."

"God help me, my lady—I would, as long as I live I will. . . . Oh! poor infant, we do need our courage now."

The cottage door was pushed open for Lord Fleetwood and Howell Edwards, whom his master had prepared to stand against immediate operations.

A mounted messenger had been despatched. But it was true, the doctor might not be at home. Assuming it to be a bite of rabies, minutes lost meant the terrible: Edwards bowed his head to that. On the other hand, he foresaw the closest of personal reasons for hesitating to be in agreement with the lady wholly. The Countess was not so much a persuasive lady as she was in her breath and gaze a sweeping and a wafting power. After a short argument, he had a sense of hanging like a bank detached to fatality of motion by the crack of a landslip, and that he would speedily be on his manhood to volunteer for the terrible work.

He addressed the mother. Her eyes whitened from their red at his first



word of laying hot iron on the child ; she ran out with the wild woman's howl to her neighbors.

"Poor mother!" Carinthia sighed. "It may last a year in the child's body and one day he shudders at water. Father saw a bitten man die. I could fear death with the thought of that poison in me. I pray Dr. Griffiths may come."

Fleetwood shuffled a step. "He will come, he will come."

The mother and some women now packed the room. A gabble arose between them and Edwards. They fired sharp snatches of speech, and they darted looks at the lady and her lord.

"They do not know!" said Carinthia.

Gower brought her news that the dog had been killed : Martha and her precious burden were outside, a mob of men, too. He was not alarmed, but she went to the door and took her babe in her arms, and when the women observed the lady holding her own little one, their looks were softened. At a hint of explanation from Edwards, the guttural gabble rattled up to the shrill vowels.

Fleetwood's endurance broke short. The packed small room, the caged-monkey lingo, the wailful child, and the past and apprehended debate upon the burning of flesh, composed an intolerable torture. He said to Edwards : "Go to the men, settle it with them. We have to follow that man Wythan ; no peace otherwise. Tell the men the body of the dog must be secured for analysis. Mad or not, it's the same ; these Welsh mothers and grandmothers won't allow cautery at any price. Hark at them !"

He turned to Carinthia : "Your ladyship will let Mr. Edwards or Mr. Woodseer conduct you to the house where you are residing. You don't know these excitable people ; I wish you to leave."

She replied softly : "I stay for the doctor's coming."

"Impossible for me to wait—and I can't permit you to be here."

"It is life and death, and I must not be commanded."

"You may be proposing gratuitous agony."

"I would do it to my own child."

The Earl attacked Gower : "Add your voice to persuade Lady Fleetwood."

Gower said : "What if I think with Lady Fleetwood?"

"You would see her do it?"

"Do it myself, if there was no one else."

"This dog ; all of you have gone mad," the Earl cried. "Griffiths may keep his head : it's the only chance. Take my word, these Welshwomen—just listen to them—won't have it. You'll find yourself in a nest of Furies. It may be right to do, it's folly to propose it, madness to attempt it. And I shall be bitten if I stop here a minute longer. I'm gone ; I can neither command nor influence. I should have thought Gower Woodseer would have kept his wits."

Fleetwood's look fell on Madge amid the group. Gower's perception of her mistress, through the girl's devotion to her, moved him. He took Madge by the hand ; and the sensation came, that it was the next thing to pressing his wife's. "You're a loyal girl. You have a mistress it's an honor to serve. You bind me. By the way, Ines shall run down a minute before I go."

"Let him stay where he is," Madge said, having bobbed her curtsy.

"Oh, if he's not to get a welcome!" said the Earl ; and he could now fix a steadier look on his Countess ; who would have animated him with either a hostile face or a tender. She had no expression of a feeling. He bent to her formally.

Carinthia's words were : "Adieu, my lord."

"I have only to say that Esslemont is ready to receive you," he remarked, bowed more curtly, and walked out.

Gower followed him. They might as well have been silent, for any effect from what was uttered between them. They spoke opinions held by each of them ; adverse, mainly ; speaking for no other purpose than to hold their positions.

"Oh, she has courage, no doubt ; no one doubted it," Fleetwood said, out of all relation to the foregoing.

Courage to grapple with his pride and open his heart, was wanting in him.

Had that been done, even to the hint



of it, instead of the lordly indifference shown, Gower might have ventured on a suggestion that the priceless woman he could call wife was fast slipping away from him and withering in her allegiance. He did allude to his personal sentiment. "One takes aim at Philosophy; Lady Fleetwood pulls us up to pay tribute of our debts." But this was vague, and his hearer needed a present thunder and lightning to shake and pierce him.

"I pledged myself to that yacht," said Fleetwood, by way of reply, "or you and I would tramp it, as we did once—jolly old days! I shall have you in mind. Now turn back. Do the best you can."

They parted midway up the street, Gower bearing away a sharp contrast of the Earl and his Countess; for until their senses are dulled, impressionable young men, however precociously philosophical, are mastered by appearances; and they have to reflect under new lights before vision of the linked eye and mind is given them.

Fleetwood jumped into his carriage and ordered the coachman to drive smartly. He could not have admitted the feeling small; he felt the having been diminished, and his requiring a rapid transportation from these parts for him to regain his proper stature. Had he misconducted himself at the moment of danger? It is a ghastly thought that the craven impulse may overcome us. But no, he could reassure his repute for manliness. He had done as much as a man could do in such a situation.

At the same time he had done less than the woman. Needed she to have gone so far? Why precipitate herself into the jaws of the beast?

Now she proposes to burn the child's wound. And she will do it if they let her. One sees her at the work: pale, flinty; no faces; trebly the terrific woman in her mild way of doing the work. All because her old father recommended it. Because she thinks it a duty, we will say; that is juster. This young woman is a very sword in the hand of her idea of duty. She can be feminine, too: there is one who knows. She can be particularly dis-

tant, too. If in timidity, she has a modest view of herself—or an enormous conception of the man that married her. Will she take the world's polish a little? Fleetwood asked with the simplicity of the superior being who will consequently perhaps bestow the debt he owes.

But his was not the surface nature which can put a question of the sort and pass it. As soon as it had been formed, a vision of the elemental creature calling him husband smote to shivers the shell we walk on, and caught him down among the lower forces, up amid the higher; an infernal and celestial contest for the extinction of the one or the other of them, if it was not for their union. She wrestled with him where the darknesses roll their snake-eyed torrents over between jagged horns of the nether world. She stood him in the white ray of the primal vital heat to bear unwithering beside her the test of light. They flew, they chased, battled, embraced, disjoined, adventured apart, brought back the count of their deeds, compared them—and name the one crushed! It was the one weighted to shame, thrust into the cellar corner of his own disgust by his having asked whether that starry warrior spirit in the woman's frame would "take polish a little."

Why should it be a contention between them? For this reason: He was reduced to admire her act; and if he admired, he could not admire without respecting: if he respected, perforce he revered: if he revered, he worshipped. Therefore she had him at her feet. At the feet of any woman! except for the trifling object. But at the feet of "It is my husband." That would be a reversal of things.

The princeliest of men must have won his title to the place before he can yield other than complimentary station to a woman without violation of his dignity: and vast wealth is not the title; worldly honors are not; deeds only are the title. Fleetwood consented to tell himself that he had not yet performed the deeds.

Therefore, for him to be dominated was to be obscured, eclipsed. A man may outrun us: it is the fortune of



war. Eclipsed behind the skirts of a woman waving her upraised hands, with, "Back, pray!"—no, that ignominy is too horribly abominable! Be sure the situation will certainly recur in some form; will constantly recur. She will usurp the lead; she will play the man.

Let matters go on as they are. We know our personal worth.

Arrived at this point in the perpetual round of the conflict Carinthia had implanted, Fleetwood entered anew the ranks of the ordinary men of wealth and a coronet, and he hugged himself. He enjoyed repose; knowing it might be but a truce. Matters might go on as they were. Still he wished her away from those Wythans, residing at Esslemont. There she might come eventually to a better knowledge of his personal worth—"the gold mine we carry in our bosoms till it is thrashed out of us in sweat," that fellow Gower Woodseer says; adding, that we are the richer for not exploring it. Philosophical cynicism is inconclusive, Fleetwood knew his large capacities; he had proved them and could again. In case a certain half-foreseen calamity should happen; imagine it a fact, imagine him seized, besides admiring her character, with a taste for her person! Why, then, he would have to impress his own mysteriously deep character on her portion of understanding. The battle for domination would then begin.

Anticipation of the possibility of it hewed division between the young man's pride of being and his warmer feelings. Had he been free of the dread of subjection he would have sunk to kiss the feet of the statuesque young woman, arms in air, firm-fronted over the hideous death that tore at her skirts.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

A SURVEY OF THE RIDE OF THE WELSH CAVALIERS ESCORTING THE COUNTESS OF FLEETWOOD TO KENTISH ESSELMONT

A FORMAL notification from the Earl, addressed to the Countess of Fleetwood in the third person, that Essle-

mont stood ready to receive her, autocratically concealed her lord's impatience to have her there; and by the careful precision with which the stages of her journey were marked, as places where the servants despatched to convey their lady would find preparations for her comfort, again alarmed the disordered mother's mind on behalf of the child she deemed an object of the father's hatred, second to his hatred of the mother. But the mother could defend herself, the child was prey. The child of a detested wife was heir to his title and estates. His look at the child, his hasty one look down at her innocent, was conjured before her as resembling a kick at a stone in his path. His indifference to the child's Christian names pointed darkly over its future.

The distempered wilfulness of a bruised young woman directed her thoughts. She spoke then in the tone of reason to her invalid friend Rebecca Wythan, who saw with her, felt with her, yearned to detain her till breath was gone. Owain Wythan had his doubts of the tyrant guilty of maltreating this woman of women. "But when you do leave Wales," he said, "you shall be guarded up to your haven."

Carinthia was not awake to his meaning then. She sent a short letter of reply, imitating the style of her lord very badly, stating that she was unable to leave Wales because of her friend's illness and her part as nurse. Regrets were unmentioned.

Meanwhile Rebecca Wythan was passing to death. Not cheerlessly, more and more faintly, her thread of life ran to pause, resembling a rill of the drought; and the thinner it grew the shrewder were her murmurs for Carinthia's ears in commending "the most real of husbands of an unreal wife," to her friendly care of him when he would no longer see the shadow he had wedded. She had the privilege of a soul beyond our minor rules and restraints to speak her wishes to the true wife of a mock husband—no husband; less a husband than this shadow of a woman a wife, she said; and spoke them without adjuring the bowed head beside her to record a promise or seem to show the far willingness, but merely



that the wishes should be heard on earth in her last breath, for a good man's remaining one chance of happiness. On the theme touching her husband Owain, it was verily to hear a soul speak, and have knowledge of the broader range, the rich interflowings of the tuned discords a spirit past the flesh can find. Her mind was at the same time alive to our worldly conventions when other people came under its light; she sketched them and their views in her brief words between the gasps, or heaved on them, with perspicuous humorous bluntness, as vividly as her twitched eyebrows indicated the laugh. Gower Woodseer she read startlingly, if correctly.

Carinthia could not leave her. Attendance upon this dying woman was a drinking at the springs of life.

Rebecca Wythan under earth, the Earl was briefly informed of Lady Fleetwood's consent to quit Wales—obedient to a summons two months old, and that she would be properly escorted, for the which her lord had made provision. Consequently the tyrant swallowed his wrath, little conceiving the monstrous blow she was about to strike.

In peril of fresh floods from our Dame, who should be satisfied with the inspiring of these pages, it is owned that her story of "the four and twenty squires of Glamorgan and Caermarthen in their brass-buttoned green coats and buckskins, mounted and armed, an escort of the Countess of Fleetwood across the swollen Severn, along mid-winter roads, up to the Kentish gates of Esslemont," has a foundation, though the story is not the more credible for her flourish of documentary old balladsheets, printed when London's wags had ears on cock to any whisper of the doings of their favorite Whitechapel Countess, and indeed hardly depended on whispers.

Counting the number at four and twenty, it wears the look of an invasion. But the said number is a ballad number, and has been since the antique time. There was, at a lesser number, enough of a challenge about it for squires of England, never in those

days backward to pick up a glove or give the ringing rejoinder for a thumb-bite, to ride out and tilt compliments with the Whitechapel Countess's green cavaliers, rally their sprites, and entertain them exactly according to their degrees of dignity, as exhibited by their 'havior under something of a trial; and satisfy also such temporary appetites as might be excited in them by (among other matters left to the luck of events) a metropolitan play upon the Saxon tongue, hard of understanding to the leeky cocks until their ready store of native pepper seasons it; which may require a corresponding English condiment to rectify the flavor of the stew.

Now the number of Saxe-Normans riding out to meet and greet the Welshmen is declared to have not exceeded nine. So much pretends to be historic, in opposition to the poetic version. They would, we may be sure, have made it a point of honor to meet and greet their invading guests in precisely similar numbers; a larger would have overshoot the mark of courtesy, and doubtless a smaller have fallen deplorably short of it. Therefore an acquaintance with her chivalrous, if less impulsive, countrymen compels to the dismissing of the Dame's ballad authorities. She has every right to quote them for her own good pleasure, and may create in others an enjoyment of what has been called "The Mackrell Fry."

Nine English cavaliers, then, left London early on a January or February morning, in a southerly direction bearing east; and they were the Earl of Fleetwood's intimates, of the half-dependent order; so we may suppose them to have gone at his bidding. That they met the procession of the Welsh, and claimed to take charge of the Countess's carriage, near the Kentish borderline, is an assertion supported by testimony fairly acceptable.

Intelligence of the advancing party had reached the Earl by courier, from date of the first gathering on the bridge of Pont-y-pridd; and from Gloucester, along to the Thames at Reading; thence away to the Mole from Mickleham, where the Surrey chalk runs its



final turfy spine northeastward to the slope upon Kentish soil.

Greatly to the astonishment of the Welsh cavaliers, a mounted footman, clad in the green and scarlet facings of Lord Fleetwood's livery, rode up to them a mile outside the principal towns and named the inn where the Earl had ordered preparations for the reception of them. England's hospitality was offered on a princely scale. Cleverer fencing could not be.

The meeting, in no sense an encounter, occurred close by a thirty-acre meadow, famous over the country; and was remarkable for the punctilious exchange of ceremonial speech, danger being present; as we see powder-magazines protected by their walls and fossés and covered alleys. Notwithstanding which there was a scintillation of sparks.

Lord Brailstone, spokesman of the welcoming party, expressed comic regrets that they had not an interpreter with them.

Mr. Owain Wythan, in the name of the Cambrian chivalry, assured him of their comprehension and appreciation of English slang.

Both gentlemen kept their heads uncovered in a suspense; they might for a word or two more of that savor have turned into the conveniently spacious meadow. They were induced, on the contrary, to enter the channel of English humor, by hearing Chumley Potts exclaim, "His nob!" and all of them laughed at the condensed description of a good hit back, at the English party's cost.

Laughter, let it but be genuine, is of a common nationality; indeed a common fireside; and profound disagreement is not easy after it. The Dame professes to believe that "Carinthia Jane" had to intervene as peacemaker, before the united races took the table in Esslemont's dining-hall for a memorable night of it, and a contest nearer the mark of veracity than that shown in another of the ballads she would have us follow. Whatever happened, they sat down at table together; and the point of honor for them, each and every, was, not to be first to rise from it. Once more the pure Briton and the mixed if

not fused English engaged, Bacchus for instrument this time, Bacchus for arbiter of the fray.

You may imagine! says the Dame. She cites the old butler at Esslemont, "as having been much questioned on the subject by her family relative, Dr. Glossop, and others interested to know the smallest items of the facts," and he is her authority for the declaration, that the Welsh gentlemen and the English gentlemen, "whatever their united number," consumed the number of nine dozen and a half of old Esslemont wine before they rose, or as possibly sank, at the festive board, at the hour of five of the morning.

Years later, this butler, Joshua Queeney, "a much enfeebled old man," retold and enlarged the tale of the enormous consumption of his best wine: with a sacred oath to confirm it, and a tear expressive of elegiacal feelings.

"They bled me twelve dozen, not a bottle less," she quotes him, after a minute description of his countenance and scrupulously brushed black suit, pensioner though he had become. He had grown during the interval to be more communicative as to particulars. "The wines were four. Sherry led off the parade pace, Hock the trot into the merry canter, Champagne the racing gallop, Burgundy the grand trial of constitutional endurance for the enforced finish. All these wines, except the sparkling, had their date of birth in the precedent century. 'They went like water.'"

Questioned anxiously by Dr. Glossop, Queeney maintained an impartial attitude, and said there was no victor, no vanquished. They did not sit in blocks. The tactics for preserving peace intermingled them. Each English gentleman had a Welsh gentleman beside him; they both sat firm; both fell together. The bottles or decanters were not stationary for the guest to fill his glass, they circulated, returning to an empty glass. All drank equally. Often the voices were high, the talk was loud. The gentlemen were too serious to sing.

At one moment of the evening Queeney confidently anticipated "a fracassy," he said. One of the foreign party, and they all spoke English, after five dozen bottles had gone the round, as correct



as the English themselves, remarked on the seventy-years Old Brown Sherry, that "it had a Madeira flavor." He spoke it approvingly. Thereupon Lord Simon Pitscrew calls to Queeney, asking him, "Why Madeira had been supplied instead of Esslemont's renowned Old Sherry?" A second Welsh gentleman gave his assurances that his friend had not said it *was* Madeira. But Lord Brailstone accused them of the worse unkindness to a venerable Old Brown Sherry, in attributing Madeira flavor to it. Then another Welsh gentleman briskly and emphatically stated his opinion that the attribution of Madeira flavor to it was a compliment. At this, which smelt strongly, he said, of insult, Captain Abrane called on the name of their absent host to warrant the demand of an apology to the Old Brown Sherry, for the imputation denying it an individual distinction. Chumley Potts offered generally to bet that he would distinguish, blindfold, at a single sip, any Madeira from any first-class Sherry, Old Brown, or Pale. "Single sip or smell," Ambrose Mallard cried, either for himself or his comrade, Queeney would not say which.

Of all Lord Fleetwood's following Mr. Potts and Mr. Mallard were, the Dame informs us, Queeney's favorites, because they were so genial; and he remembered most of what they said and did, being moved to it by "poor young Mr. Mallard's melancholy end, and Mr. Potts's grief!"

The Welsh gentlemen, after paying their devoirs to the Countess next morning, rode on in fresh health and spirits at mid-day to Barlings, the seat of Mr. Mason Fennell, a friend of Mr. Owain Wythan's. They shouted in an unseemly way, Queeney thought, at their breakfast-table, to hear that three of the English party, namely, Captain Abrane, Mr. Mallard, and Mr. Potts, had rung for tea and toast in bed. Lord Simon Pitscrew, Lord Brailstone, and the rest of the English were sore about it; for it certainly wore a look of constitutional inferiority on the English side, which could boast of indubitably stouter muscles. The frenzied spirits of the Welsh gentlemen when riding off, let it be known what their opinion was.

Under the protection of the Countess's presence they were so cheery as to seem triumphantly ironical; they sent messages of condolence to the three in bed.

With an undisguised reluctance, the Countess, holding Mr. Owain Wythan's hand longer than was publicly decent, calling him by his Christian name, consented to their departure. As they left they defiled before her; the vow was uttered by each, that at the instant of her summons he would mount and devote himself to her service individually or collectively. She waved her hand to them. They ranged in line and saluted. She kissed her hand. Sweeping the cavaliers' obeisance, gallantest of bows, they rode away.

A striking scene, Dame Gossip says; but raises a wind over the clipped adventure, and is for recounting what London believed about it. Enough has been conceded for the stoppage of her intrusion; she is left in the likeness of a full-charged pistol, capless to the clapping trigger.

That which London believed, or affected to believe about it, would fill chapters; but surely the Countess of Fleetwood's drive from the Welsh borders to Esslemont, accompanied by the chosen of the land, followed by the vivats of the whole principality, and England gaping to hear the stages of her progress, may be held sufficiently romantic, without stuffing of surprises and conflicts, adventures at inns, alarms at midnight, windings of a horn over hilly verges of black heaths, and the rape of the child, the pursuit, the recovery of the child, after a new set of heroine performances on the part of a strung-wire mother, whose outcry in a waste country district, as she clasps her boy to her bosom again, "There's a farm I see for milk for him!" the Dame repeats, having begun with an admission that the tale has been contradicted, and is not produced on authority. The end in design is to win the ear by making a fuss, and roll event upon event for the braining of common intelligence, until her narrative resembles dusty troopings along a road to the races.

Carinthia and her babe reached Es-



slemont, no matter what impediments. There, like a stopped runner whose pantings lengthen to the longer breath, her alarms over the infant subsided, ceasing for as long as she clasped it or was in the room with it. Walking behind the precious donkey-basket round the park, she went armed, and she soon won a fearful name at Kentish cottage-hearths, though she was not black to see, nor old. No, she was very young. But she did all the things that soldiers do — was a bit of a foreigner; she brought a reputation up from the Welsh land, and it had a raven's croak, and a glowworm's drapery, and a goblin's origin.

Something was hinted of her having agitated London once. Somebody dropped word of her and that old Lord Levellier, up at Croridge. She stalked park and country at night. Stories, one or two near the truth, were told of a restless and a very decided lady down these parts as well; and the Earl, her husband, daren't come nigh in his dread of her, so that he runs, as if to save his life, out of every place she enters. And he's not one to run for a trifle. His pride is pretty well a match for princes and princesses.

All the same he shakes in his shoes before her, durst hardly spy at Esslemont again while she's in occupation. His managing gentleman comes down from him, and goes up from her; that's how they communicate.

One week she's quite solitary; another week the house is brimful as could be. She's the great lady entertaining then. Yet they say it's a fact she has not a shilling of her own to fling at a beggar. She'll stock a cottage wanting it with provision for a fortnight or more, and she'll order the doctor in, and she'll call and see the right things done for illness. But no money; no one's to expect money of her. The shots you hear in Esslemont grounds out of season are she and her maid, always alongside her, at it before a target on a bank, trying that old Lord Levellier's gunpowder out of his mill; and he's got no money either; not for his workmen, they say, until they congregate, and a threatening to blow him up brings forth half their pay,

on account. But he's a known miser. She's not that. She's a pleasant-faced lady for the poor. She has the voice poor people like. It's only her enemy, maybe her husband, she can be terrible to. She'd drive a hole through a robber stopping her on the road, as soon as look at him.

This was Esslemont's atmosphere working its way to the Earl, not so very long after the establishment of his Countess there. She could lay hold of the English, too, it seemed. Did she call any gentleman of the district by his Christian name? Lord Simon Pitscrew reported her doing so in the case of one of the Welshmen. Those Welshmen! Apparently they are making a push for importance in the kingdom!

## CHAPTER XXXV

IN WHICH CERTAIN CHANGES MAY BE DIS-  
CERNED

BEHIND his white plaster of composure Lord Fleetwood had alternately raged and wondered during the passage of the Welsh cavalcade up eastward: a gigantic burlesque that would have swept any husband of their heroine off the scene had he failed to encounter it deferentially, preserving his countenance, and ostensibly his temper. An idiot of a woman, incurable in her lunacy, suspects the father of the infant as guilty of designs done to death in romances; and so she manages to set going solemnly a bigger blazing Tom Fool's show than any known or written romance gives word of! And that fellow, Gower Woodseer, pleads, in apology, for her husband's confusion, physiologically, that it comes to her having been carried off and kept a prisoner when she was bearing the child and knitting her whole mind to insure the child. But what sheer animals these women are, if they take impressions in such a manner! And Mr. Philosopher argues that the abusing of women proves the hating of Nature; names it "the commonest insanity, and the deadliest," and men are "planted in the bog of their unclean animal conditions until they do proper homage to the animal Nature



makes the woman be." Oh, pish, sir! —as Meeson Corby has the habit of exclaiming when Abrane's "fiddler" argues him into a corner. The fellow can fiddle fine things and occasionally clear sense: "Men hating Nature are insane. Women and Nature are close. If it is rather general to hate Nature and maltreat women, we begin to see why the world is a mad world."

That is the tune of the fiddler's fiddling. As for him, something protects him. He was the slave of Countess Livia; like Abrane, Mallard, Corby, Stembre, young Cressett, and the dozens. He is now her master. Can a man like that be foolish in saying of the Countess Carinthia, she is "not only quick to understand, she is in the quick of understanding?" Gower Woodseer said it of her in Wales, and again on the day of his walk up to London from Esslemont, after pedestrian exercise, which may heat the frame, but cools the mind. She stamped that idea on a thoughtful fellow.

He's a Welshman. They are all excitable, have heads on deer's legs for a flying figure in front. Still they must have an object, definitely seen by them, definite to them if dim to their neighbors, and it will run in the poetic direction; and the woman to win them, win all classes of them, within so short a term, is a toss above extraordinary. She is named Carinthia: suitable name for the Welsh pantomimic procession. Or cry out the word in an amphitheatre of Alpine crags, it sounds at home.

She is a daughter of the mountains, should never have left them. She is also a daughter of the Old Buccaneer; no poor specimen of the fighting Englishman of his day. According to Rose Mackrell, he, this Old Buccaneer it was, who, by strange adventures, brought the great Welsh mines into the family. He would not be ashamed in spying through his nautical glass, up or down, at his daughter's doings. She has not yet developed a taste for the mother's tricks—the mother said to have been a kindler. That Countess of Cressett was a romantic little fly-away bird. Both parents were brave: the daughter would inherit gallantry. She inherits a kind of thwarted beauty. Or

it needs the situation seen in Wales: her arms up and her unaffrighted eyes over the unappeasable growl. She had then the beauty coming from the fathom depths, with the torch of Life in the jaws of Death to light her; beauty of the nether kingdom mounting to an upper place in the higher. Her beauty recognized, the name of the man who married her is not Longears—not to himself, is the main point: nor will it be to the world when he shows that it is not so to himself.

Suppose he went to her, would she be trying at domination? The woman's pitch above woman's beauty was perceived to be no intermittent beam, but so living as to take the stamp of permanence. More than to say it was hers, it was she. What a deadly peril brought into view was her character—soul, some call it: generally a thing rather distasteful in women, or chilling to the masculine temperament. Here it attracts. Here, strange to say, it is the decided attraction, in a woman of a splendid figure and a known softness. By rights she should have more understanding than to suspect the husband as guilty of designs done to death in romances. However, she is not a craven who compliments him by fearing him, and he might prove that there is no need for fear. But she would be expecting explanations before the reconciliation. The bosom of these women will keep on at its quick heaving until they have heard certain formal words, oaths to boot. How speak them?

His old road of the ladder appeared to Fleetwood an excellent one for obviating explanations and effecting the reconciliation without any temporary seeming forfeit of the native male superiority. For there she is at Esslemont now; any night the window could be scaled. "It is my husband." The soul was in her voice when she said it.

He remembered that it had not ennobled her to him then; had not endeared; was taken for a foreign example of the children, artless, imperfectly suited to our English clime. The tone of adorable utterances, however much desired, is never for repetition; nor is the cast of divine sweet looks; nor are



particular deeds, once pardonable, fitly pleaded. A second scaling of her window—no, night's black hills girdle the scene with hoarse echoes: the moon rushes out of her clouds grimacing. Even Fleetwood's devil, much addicted to cape and sword and ladder, the vulpine and the gryphine, rejected it.

For she had, by singular transformation since, and in spite of a deluging grotesque that was antecedently incredible, she had become a personage, counting her adherents; she could put half the world in motion on her side. Yell those Welshmen to scorn, they were on a plane finding native ground with as large a body of these English. His baser mind bowed to the fact. Her aspect was entirely different; her attitude toward him as well: insomuch that he had to chain her to her original features, by the conjuring of recollected phrases memorable for the vivid portraiture of her foregone simplicity and her devotion to "my husband."

Yes, there she was at Esslemont, securely there, near him, to be seen any day; worth claiming, too; a combatant figure, provocative of the fight and the capture rather than repellent. The respect enforced by her attitude awakened in him his inherited keen old relish for our intersexual strife, and the indubitable victory of the stronger, with the prospect of slavish charms, fawning submission, marrowy spoil. Or perhaps, preferably, a sullen submission, reluctant charms; far more marrowy. Or who can say?—the creature is a rocket of the shot unto the fiery garland of stars; she may personate any new marvel, be an unimagined terror, an overwhelming bewitchment: for she carries the unexpected in her bosom. And does it look like such indubitable victory when the man, the woman's husband, divided from her, toothsome to the sex, acknowledges within himself and lets the world know his utter dislike of other women's charms, to the degree that herbal anchorites positively could not be colder, could not be chaster: and he no forest bird, but having the garden of the variety of fairest flowers at nod and blush about him. That was the truth. Even Henrietta's beauty had the effect

of a princess's birthday doll admired on show by a contemptuous boy.

Wherefore, then, did the devil in him seek to pervert his loveliest of young women and feed on her humiliation for one flashing minute? The taste had gone, the desire of the vengeance was extinct, personal gratification could not exist. He spied into himself, and set it down to one among the many mysteries.

Men uninstructed in analysis of motives arrive at this dangerous conclusion, which spares their pride and caresses their indolence, while it flatters the sense of internal vastness, and invites to headlong intoxication. It allows them to think they are of such a compound, and must necessarily act in that manner. They are not taught at the schools or by the books of the honored places in the libraries, to examine and see the simplicity of these mysteries: which it would be here and there a saving grace for them to see; as the minstrel dutifully inclining to the prosy in their behalf and morality's, should exhibit; he should arrest all the characters of his drama to spring it to vision and strike perchance the chord primarily, if not continually moving them, that readers might learn the why and how of a germ of evil, its flourishing under rebuke, the persistency of it after the fell creature energy has expired and pleasure sunk to be a phlegmatic dislike, almost a loathing.

This would here be done, but for signs of a barometric dead fall in Dame Gossip's chaps, already heavily pendant. She would be off with us on one of her whirling cyclones or elemental mad waltzes, if a step were taken to the lecturing-desk. We are so far in her hands that we have to keep her quiet. She will not hear of the reasons and the change of reasons for one thing and the other. Things were so: narrate them, and let readers do their reflections for themselves, she says, denouncing our conscientious method as the direct road downward to the dreadful modern appeal to the senses and assault on them for testimony to the veracity of everything described.

She is for the scene of "Chillon John's" attempt to restore the respi-



ration of his bank-book by wager ; to wit, that he would walk a mile, run a mile, ride a mile, and jump ten hurdles, then score five rifle-shots at a three-hundred yards' distant target, within a count of minutes ; twenty-five, she says ; and vows it to have been one of the most exciting of scenes ever witnessed on green turf in the land of wagers ; and that he was accomplishing it quite certainly when, at the first of the hurdles, a treacherous unfolding and waving of a white flag caused his horse to swerve and the loss of one minute, seven and twenty seconds, before he cleared the hurdles ; after which he had to fire his shots hurriedly, and the last counted blank, for being outside the circle of the stated time.

So he was beaten. But a terrific uproar over the field proclaimed the popular dissatisfaction. Presently there was a clearance of the mob, and behold a chase at the heels of a fellow to rival the very captain himself for fleetness. He escaped, leaving his pole with the sheet nailed to it, by way of flag, in proof of foul play ; or a proof, as the other side declared, of an innocently premature signaling of the captain's victory. However that might be, he ran. Seeing him spin his legs at a hound's pace, half a mile away, four countrymen attempted to stop him. All four were laid on their backs in turn with stupefying celerity ; and on rising to their feet, and for the remainder of their natural lives, they swore, that no man but a champion could have floored them so. This again may have been due to the sturdy island pride of four good men knocked over by one. We are unable to decide. Wickedness there was, Dame says ; and she counsels the world to "put and put together," for, at any rate, "a partial elucidation of a most mysterious incident." As to the wager-money, the umpires dissented ; a famous quarrel, that does not concern us here, sprang out of the dispute ; which was eventually, after great disturbance of the country, referred to three leading sportsmen in the metropolitan sphere, who pronounced the wager "off," being two to one. Hence arose the dissatisfied third party and the letters of this

minority to the newspapers, exciting, if not actually dividing, all England for several months.

Now the month of December was the month of the Dame's mysterious incident. From the date of January, as Madge Winch knew, Christopher Ines had ceased to be in the service of the Earl of Fleetwood. At Esslemont park-gates, one winter afternoon of a north-east wind blowing "rum-shrub into men for a stand against rheumatics," as he remarked, Ines met the girl by appointment, and informing her that he had money, and that Lord Fleetwood was "a black nobleman," he proposed immediate marriage. The hymeneal invitation, wafted to her on the breath of rum-shrub, obtained no response from Madge until she had received evasive answers as to why the Earl dismissed him, and whence the stock of money came.

Lord Fleetwood, he repeated, was a black nobleman. She brought him to say of his knowledge that Lord Fleetwood hated, and had reason to hate, Captain Levellier. "Shouldn't I hate the man who took my sweetheart from me and popped me into the noose with his sister instead?" Madge was now advised to be overcome by the smell of rum-shrub—a mere fancy-drink, tossed off by heroes in their idle moments, before they settle down to the serious business of real drinking, Kit protested. He simulated anxious admiration of known heroes, who meant business, and scorned any of the weak stuff under brandy, and went at it till the bottles were the first to give in. For why? They had to stomach an injury from the world on their young woman, and half-way on they shoved that young person and all enemies aside, trampled 'em. That was what Old O'Devy signified ; and many's the man driven to his consolation by a cat of a girl, who's like the elements in their puff and spits at a gallant ship, that rides the tighter and the tighter for all they can do to capsize. "Tighter than ever I was tight I'll be to-night, if you can't behave."

They fell upon the smack of words. Kit hitched and huffed away, threatening bottles. Whatever he had done, it



was to establish the petticoated hornet in the dignity of matron of a champion light-weight's wholesome retreat of a public-house. A spell of his larkish hilarity was for the punishment of the girl devoted to his heroical performances, as he still considered her to be, though women are notoriously volatile, and her language was mounting a stage above the kitchen.

Madge had little sorrow for him. She was the girl of the fiery heart, not the large heart; she could never be devoted to more than one at a time, and her mistress had all her heart. In relation to Kit, the thought of her having sacrificed her good name to him flung her on her pride of chastity, without the reckoning of it as a merit. It was the inward assurance of her independence; the young spinster's planting of the standard of her proud secret knowledge of what she is—let it be a thing of worth or what you will, or the world think as it may. That was her thought.

Her feeling, the much livelier animation, was bitter grief, because her mistress, unlike herself, has been betrayed by her ignorance of the man into calling him husband. Just some knowledge of the man. The warning to the rescue might be there. For nothing did the dear lady weep except for her brother's evil fortune. The day when she had intelligence from Mrs. Levellier of her brother's defeat, she wept over the letter on her knees long hours. "Me, my child, my brother!" she cried more than once. She had her suspicion of the Earl then, and instantly, as her loving servant had. The suspicion was now no dark light, but a clear daybeam to Madge. She adopted Kit's word of Lord Fleetwood. "A black nobleman he is—he is!" Her mistress had written like a creature begging him for money. He did not deign a reply—to her! When he had seen good proof she was the bravest woman on earth; and she rushed at Death to save a child—a common child, as people say. And who knows but what she saved that husband of hers, too, from bites might have sent him out of the world barking, and all his wealth not able to stop him.

They were in the month of March. Her dear mistress had been begging my

lord, through Mr. Woodseer, constantly of late for an allowance of money; on her knees to him, as it seemed; and Mr. Woodseer was expected at Esslemont. Her mistress was looking for him eagerly. Something her heart was in depended on it; and only her brother could be the object, for now she loved only him of these men; though a gentleman coming over from Barlings pretty often would pour mines of money into her lap for half a word.

Carinthia had walked up to Croridge in the morning to meet her brother at Lekkatts. Madge was left guardian of the child. She liked a stroll any day round Esslemont Park, where her mistress was beginning to strike roots; as she soon did wherever she was planted, despite a tone of pity for artificial waters and gardeners' arts. Madge respected them. She knew nothing of the grandeur of wildness. Her native English veneration for the smoothing hand of wealth led her to think Esslemont the home of all homes for a lady with her husband beside her. And without him, too, if he were wafted over seas and away; if there would but come a wind to do that.

The wild northeaster tore the budded beeches. Master John Edward Russett lay in the cradling basket drawn by his docile donkey, Martha and Madge to right and left of him, a speechless, rustic graduating in footman's livery to rear.

At slow march round by the wrinkled water Madge saw the park-gates flung wide. A coach drove up the road along on the farther rim of the circle, direct for the house. It stopped, the team turned leisurely and came at a smart pace toward the carriage-basket. Lord Fleetwood was recognized.

He alighted, bidding one of his grooms drive to stables. Madge performed her reverence, aware that she did it in clumsy style; his presence had startled her instincts and set them travelling.

"Coldish for the youngster," he said. "All well, Madge?"

"Baby sleeps in the air, my lord," she replied. "My lady has gone to Croridge."

"Sharp air for a child, isn't it?"

"My lady teaches him to breathe with



his mouth shut, like her father taught her when she was little. Our baby never catches colds."

Madge displayed the child's face.

The father dropped a glance on it from the height of skies.

"Cruridge, you said?"

"Her uncle, Lord Levellier's."

"You say, never catches cold?"

"Not our baby, my lord."

Probably good management on the part of the mother. But the wife's absence disappointed the husband strung to meet her, and an obtrusion of her practical motherhood blurred the prospect demanded by his present step.

"When do you expect her return, Madge?"

"Before nightfall, my lord."

"She walks?"

"Oh, yes, my lady is fond of walking."

"I suppose she could defend herself?"

"My lady walks with a good stick."

Fleetwood weighed the chances; behold her figure attacked, Amazonian.

"And tell me, my dear—Kit?"

"I don't see more of Kit Ines."

"What has the fellow done?"

"I'd like him to let me know why he was dismissed."

"Ah! He kept silent on that point."

"He let out enough."

"You've punished him, if he's to lose a bonny sweetheart, poor devil. Your sister Sally sends you messages?"

"We're both of us grateful, my lord."

He lifted the thin veil from John Edward Russett's face, with a loveless hand.

"You remember the child bitten by a dog down in Wales. I have word from my manager there. Poor little wretch has died—died raving."

Madge's bosom went shivering up and sank. "My lady was right. She's not often wrong."

"She's looking well?" said the Earl, impatient with moral merits—and this communication from Wales had been the decisive motive agent in hurrying him at last to Esslemont. The next moment he heard coolly of the lady's looking well. He wanted fervid eulogy of his wife's looks, if he was to hear any.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### BELOW THE SURFACE AND ABOVE

THE girl was counselled by the tremor of her instincts to forbear to speak of the minor circumstances, that her mistress had, besides a good stick, a good companion on the road to Cruridge; and she rejoiced to think her mistress had him, because it seemed an intimation of Justice returning upon earth. She was combative, a born rebel against tyranny. She weighed the powers, she felt to the worth, of the persons coming into her range of touch; she set her mistress and my lord fronting for a wrestle, and my lord's wealth went to thin vapor, and her mistress's character threw him. More dimly, my lord and the Welsh gentleman were put to the trial; a tough one for these two men. She did not proclaim the winner, but a momentary flutter of pity in the direction of Lord Fleetwood did as much. She pitied him; for his presence at Esslemont betrayed an inclination; he was ignorant of his lady's character, of how firm she could be to defy him and all the world, in her gratitude to the gentleman she thought of as her true friend, smiled at for his open nature, called by his Christian name.

The idea of a piece of information stinging Lord Fleetwood, the desire to sting, so to be, an instrument of retribution (one of female human nature's ecstasies); and her abstaining, that she might not pain the lord who had been generous to her sister Sally, made the force in Madge's breast which urges to the gambling for the undeveloped, entitled prophecy. She kept it low and felt it thrill.

Lord Fleetwood chatted; Madge had him wincing. He might pull the cover off the child's face carelessly—he looked at the child. His look at the child was a thought of the mother. If he thought of the mother, he would be wanting to see her. If he heard her call a gentleman by his Christian name, and heard the gentleman say "Carinthia," my lord would begin to shiver at changes. Women have to do unusual things when they would bring that outer set



to human behavior. Perhaps my lord would mount the coach-box and whip his horses away, adieu for ever. His lady would not weep. He might perhaps command her to keep her mouth shut from gentlemen's Christian names, all except his own. His lady would not obey. He had to learn something of changes that had come to others as well as to himself. Ah! and then would he dare hint, as base men will? He may blow foul smoke on her; she will shine out of it. He has to learn what she is, that is his lesson; and let him pray all night and work hard all day, for it not to be too late. Let him try to be a little like Mr. Woodseer, who worships the Countess and is hearty with the gentleman she treats as her best of friends. There is the real nobleman.

Fleetwood chatted on airily. His instincts were duller than those of the black-browed girl, at whom he gazed for idle satisfaction of eye from time to time while she replied demurely and maintained her drama of the featureless but well-distinguished actors within her bosom.

"You will grant me permission to lunch at your mistress's table in her absence?" And she said: "My lord!" And he resumed, to waken her interest with a personal question: "You like our quiet country round Esslemont?" She said: "I do," and gave him plain look for look. Her eye was undefended; he went into it, finding neither shallow nor depth, simply the look, always the look; whereby he knew that no story of a man was there, and not the shyest of remote responsive invitations from Nature's wakened and detected rogue. The bed of an unmarried young woman's eye yields her secret of past and present to the intrepid diver, if he can get his plunge; he holds her for the tenth of a minute that is the revelation. Jewel or oyster-shell, it is ours. She cannot withhold it, he knew right well. This girl, then, was, he could believe, one of the rarely exemplified innocent in knowledge. He was practised to judge.

Invitation or challenge or response from the handsomest, he would have scorned just then. His native devilry suffered a stir at sight of an innocent

in knowledge and spotless after experiences. By a sudden singular twist, rather unfairly, naturally, as it happened, he attributed it to an influence issuing from her mistress, to whom the girl was devoted, whom consequently she copied; might physically, and also morally at a distance, resemble.

"Well, you've been a faithful servant to your lady, my dear; I hope you'll be comfortable here," he said. "She likes the mountains."

"My lady would be quite contented if she could pass two months of the year in the mountains," Madge answered.

"Look at me. They say people living together get a likeness to one another. What's your opinion? Upon my word, your eyebrows remind me, though they're not the color:—they have a bend. . . ."

"You've seen my lady in danger, my lord!"

"Yes; well, there's no one to resemble her there, she has her mark: kind of superhuman business. We're none of us 'fifty feet high, with phosphorous heads,' as your friend Mr. Gower Woodseer says of the prodigiosities. Lady Fleetwood is back—when?"

"Before dark, she should be."

He ran up the steps to the house.

At Lekkatts beneath Croridge a lean mid-day meal was being finished hard on the commencement by a silent company of three. When eating is choking to the younger members of the repast, bread and cold mutton-bone serve the turn as conclusively as the trencherman's buffet-dishes. Carinthia's face of unshed tears dashed what small appetite Chillon had. Lord Levellier plied his fork in his right hand, ruminating; his back an arch across his plate.

Riddles to the thwarted young, these old people will not consent to be read by sensations. Carinthia watched his jaws at their work of eating under his victim's eye—knowing Chillon to be no longer an officer in the English service; knowing that her beloved had sold out for the mere money to pay debts and support his Henrietta; knowing, as he must know, that Chillon's act struck a knife to pierce his mother's breast through her coffin boards! This old



man could eat, and he could withhold the means due to his dead sister's son. Could he look on Chillon and not feel that the mother's heart was beating in her son's fortunes? Half the money due to Chillon would have saved him from ruin.

Lord Levellier laid his fork on the plate. He munched his grievance with his bit of meat. The nephew and niece here present feeding on him were not so considerate as the Welsh gentleman, a total stranger, who had walked up to Lekkatts with the Countess of Fleetwood, and expressed the preference to feed at an inn. Relatives are cormorants.

His fork on his plate released the couple. Barely half a dozen words, before the sitting to that niggard restoration, had informed Carinthia of the step taken by her brother. She beckoned him to follow her.

"The worst is done now, Chillon. I am silent. Uncle is a rock. You say we must not offend. I have given him my whole mind. Say where Riette is to live."

"Her head-quarters will be here, at a furnished house. She's with her cousin, the Dowager."

"Yes. She should be with me."

"She wants music. She wants—poor girl—let her have what comes to her."

Their thoughts beneath their speech were like fish darting under shadow of the traffic bridge.

"She loves music," said Carinthia; "it is almost life to her; like fresh air to me. Next month I am in London; Lady Arpington is kind. She will give me as much of their polish as I can take. I dare say I should feel the need of it if I were an enlightened person."

"For instance, did I hear 'Owain,' when your Welsh friend was leaving?" Chillon asked.

"It was his dying wife's wish, brother."

"Keep to the rules, dear."

"They have been broken, Chillon."

"Mend them."

"They would be a step backward."

"The right one for defence, Father says."

"Father says, *The habit of the defensive paralyzes will.*"

"Womanizes, he says, Carin. You

quote him falsely, to shield the sex. Quite right. But my sister must not be tricky. Keep to the rules. You're an exceptional woman; and it would be a good argument if you were not in an exceptional position."

"Owain is the exceptional man, brother."

"My dear, after all, you have a husband."

"I have a brother, I have a friend, I have no—I am a man's wife and the mother of his child; I am free, or husband would mean dungeon. Does my brother want oath from me? That I can give him."

"Conduct, yes; I couldn't doubt you," said Chillon. "But *the world's a flood at a dyke for women, and they must keep watch*, you've read."

"But Owain is not our enemy," said Carinthia, in her deeper tones, expressive of conviction and thereby not assuring to hear. "He is a man with men, a child with women. His Rebecca could describe him; I laugh now at some of her sayings of him; I see her mouth, so tenderly comical over her big 'simpleton,' she called him, and loved him so."

The gentleman appeared on the waste land above the house. His very loose black suit and a peculiar roll of his gait likened him to a mourning boatswain who was jolly. In Lord Levellier's workshop his remarks were to the point. Chillon's powders for guns and blasting interested him, and he proposed to ride over from Barlings to witness a test of them.

"You are staying at Barlings?" Chillon said.

"Yes; now Carinthia is at Esslemont," he replied, astoundingly, the simpleton.

His conversation was practical and shrewd on the walk with Chillon and Carinthia down to Esslemont; evidently he was a man well armed to encounter the world; social usages might be taught him. Chillon gained a round view of the worthy simple fellow, unlikely to turn out impracticable, for he talked such good sense upon matters of business.

Carinthia saw her brother tickled and interested. A feather moved her. Full of tears though she was, her heart



lay open to the heavens and their kind, small, wholesome gifts. Her happiness in the walk with her brother and friend, the pair of them united by her companionship, both of them showing they counted her their comrade, was the nearest to the radiant day before she landed on an island and imagined happiness grew here, and found it to be gilt thorns, loud mockery. A shaving northeaster tore the scream from hedges and the roar from copses under a faceless breadth of sky, and she said, as they turned into Esslemont Park lane: "We have had one of our old walks to-day, Chillon!"

"You used to walk together long walks over in your own country," said Mr. Wythan.

"Yes, Owain, we did, and my brother never knew me tired."

"Never knew you to confess to it," said Chillon, as he swallowed the name on her lips.

"Walking was flying over there, brother."

"Say, once or twice in Wales, too?" Mr. Wythan begged of her.

Wales reminded. "Yes, Owain, I shall not forget Wales, Welsh people. Mr. Woodseer says they have the three-stringed harp in their breasts, and one string is always humming, whether you pull it or no."

"That's love of country; that's their love of wild Wales, Carinthia."

There was a quiet interrogation in Chillon's turn of the head at this fervent simpleton.

"I love them for that hum," said she. "It joins one in me."

"Call to them any day; they are up, ready to march!"

"Oh! dear souls!" Carinthia said.

Her breath drew in.

The three were dumb. They saw Lord Fleetwood standing in the park gateway.

(To be continued.)

## THE WILD GEESE

*By James Herbert Morse*

THE wild geese, flying in the night, behold  
 Our sunken towns lie underneath a sea  
 Which buoys them on its billows. Liberty  
 They have, but such as those frail barques of old  
 That crossed unsounded mains to search our wold.  
 To them the night unspeakable is free;  
 They have the moon and stars for company,  
 To them no foe but the remorseless cold,  
 And froth of polar currents darting past,  
 That have been nigh the world's-end lair of storms  
 Enormous billows float their fragile forms.  
 Yes, those frail beings, tossing on the Vast  
 Of wild revolving winds, feel no dismay:  
 'Tis we who dread the thunder, and not they.



# PHOTOGRAPHY IN FICTION

## "MISS JERRY," THE FIRST PICTURE PLAY

By *Alexander Black*

I MIGHT have described it by another phrase. Indeed, I have been appalled by the number of descriptive terms which critics and commentators have suggested as applying with equal if not greater fitness to the partnership of monologue and photographs from life to which I gave the name "picture play." But perhaps it is too late now, if I had the wish, to call it anything else. And, to tell the truth, in the stress of the problem of the thing itself, I have been content to let others worry about the name.

Primarily my purpose was to illustrate art with life. Five or six years ago, when my plan first was made, I discovered several instances in which photographs from life were used to illustrate fiction, and many other instances in which fiction evidently had been adjusted to photographs from life. Neither of these phases offered any practical hint toward the picture play. The suggestion definitely came through a group of photographic studies from living characters, which were tossed together in a "picture talk" that I called "Ourselves as Others See Us." After outlining a combination of fiction and photography, each devised with a regard for the demands and limitations of the other, it began to be quite clear that the pictures must do more than illustrate. Thus there would be two points of radical difference from the illustrator's scheme. In the first place, the pictures would be primary, the text secondary. Again the pictures would not be art at all in the illustrator's sense, but simply the art of the *tableau vivant* plus the science of photography. If it is the function of art to translate nature, it is the privilege of photography to trans-

mit nature. But in this case the *tableaux vivants* must be progressive, that the effect of reality may arise not from the suspended action of isolated pictures, but from the blending of many. Here the stereopticon came to my aid. By carefully "registering" the backgrounds of the successive pictures in a scene, the figures alone are made to appear to move, thus slowly producing the effect which Mr. Edison has wrought, in a different way, with his kinetoscope. Here again the range of the picture-play plan gave it peculiar advantages, for not only could I pass from one fictitious scene to another, but I could introduce the backgrounds of real life, as I have done in several instances, bringing the living characters of my fictitious action against the actual life of the city—an interesting, if sometimes discouraging, labor.

The importance of the pictures in this relationship is analogous to the importance of the action in a play. The text or monologue, freed, for the most part, from the necessity of describing the appearance or actions of the characters, has to concern itself simply with their thoughts and words; and thus, in effect, a novelette which might require three hours to read, by this division of communication between the eye and the ear can be presented in an hour and a half or less time.

In "Miss Jerry" my purpose has been to test experimentally, in a quiet story, certain possibilities of illusion, with this aim always before me, that the illusion should not, because it need not and could not safely, be that of photographs from an acted play, nor of artistic illustration, but the illusion of reality.

A. B.

### GLIMPSES OF "MISS JERRY"

The heroine of "Miss Jerry" is a girl of Eastern birth, reared among the mines and cow-camps of Colorado. Richard Holbrook goes into the West with his young wife after the financial crash of '73. Soon after reaching Col-

orado his wife dies, and his child, Geraldine, grows up under the father's care, the only girl in the county, the pet of a rough community, in which she receives the title of the "Princess of Panther Mine."



When the story opens Holbrook and his daughter have been in New York again for five years enjoying the fruits of the miner's success, and the first cloud of misfortune appears in the shape of a letter from the mine reporting probable disaster. Moreover, Holbrook's New York investments have not turned out favorably. It begins to seem as if the miner and his daughter must make some radical changes in their way of living, yet Holbrook clings to the hope of averting disaster. The thought of confronting Geraldine with misfortune fills him with peculiar distress.

When she surprises him in his painful reverie, he starts guiltily, slipping the letter into his pocket and muttering some commonplace about being late for the office. But she reads the new trouble in his face, and the Colorado postmark on the envelope, which he has not taken from the table, confirms her suspicions of trouble at the mine.

On the same morning Kate, the maid, announces, in much excitement, that there is "a pirate in the hall." The "pirate" turns out to be a picturesque person who lounges in with a strange mixture of assurance and diffidence in his manner, and who drawls, "I guess this is Jerry!"

"Yes, it is!" exclaims the girl; "and is this you, Pink?" she adds, extending her hand, which the picturesque person, to the distress of the maid, grasps fervently. With increased astonishment Kate hears the pirate say, "Waal, I'll be hanged if I'd knowed yer, Miss Jerry, yer got to be such a woman!"







"But, Pink," pursues Jerry, surveying Pink's sombre-ro, buckskin coat and leather breeches, "what on earth are you doing in this rig?"

"Rig? Advertisin' the show, I guess. Anyhow, I ain't got any other hat that's fit to wear just about now. I'll have t' tell yer about it. But shoot me, I can't git used t' this bein' you!"

"You look so funny, Pink, worse than Charlie Allen used to look."

"Yes, I suppose I do. But I'm right in this now. I—I suppose y' heered about my gittin' married to Mary?"

"Yes, soon after I went away."

"And y' know what kind of a shot Mary was?"

"A much better shot than cook."

"Waal, somehow she got it inter her head t' go inter a show; and finally we got over t' Denver and then t' Omaha. And me and her got up a shootin' act, a reg'lar museum act, y' know; and Mary's a corker and no mistake, and I kin make a pretty good stagger myself. Of course it's dead easy at three or four yards, but we chuck a great bluff and it goes. Anyhow we was at Chicago durin' the show, and now we're down on the Bowery, at the Mammoth. I had yer address all the time from Parker and always intended to look yer up if ever I got to New York."

"And is this why you let your hair grow so long?"

"Sure. An' this is why I wear this hull business. It's an ad fer the show, but I did feel kinder queer tacklin' yer door-bell."

"And does your wife wear——"

"Not much! She's got a good fake for the show,





but she wouldn't wear nothing but stylish clothes on the street. And when she's got her war paint on, Mary's a peach. Mary's got very high-toned lately. She's a remarkable woman."

"I wonder if you remember, Pink, that Mary is the first woman I ever remember seeing?"

"Waal, yer got over it."

"You don't seem to be exactly happy about Mary, Pink."

"I ain't altogether. She's too remarkable a woman for me; and I kin tell yer, Jerry, if I ever was bereaved, and had a good square chance to marry again, I wouldn't take up next time with a dead shot!"

"Pink!" cries Jerry, when they have drifted off into reminiscent talk, "do you remember the day that I got into a corner of the corral, and climbed up there to escape the cattle, and stood there screaming for help until the Boston man dashed in, just in time?"

"Yes, and I remember the day that Banks was shot that you got a hole in your hat for tryin' t' tell Banks that Thorp was gunnin' for 'im."

"I had almost forgotten about that. And the winter before, Pink! you remember the great storm and the burying of the camp! And you remember me with the snow-shoes and a long rope fastened around my waist picking my way to the other camp. You remember the slope there, Pink!"

"Yes, sir, like I was lookin' at it now; an' you screamin' for more rope, an' bringin' back the best news a crowd of men with a lonesome feelin' inside ever got on the face of this earth."







A later turn in the story carries Jerry downtown to the office of the *New York Daily Dynamo*. She has made up her mind to do something in the world on her own account. Her father is not an old man by any means, and there is no certainty of disaster, but she finds in the situation an excuse for entertaining a long-cherished ambition.

She persuades herself that it is an entirely creditable thing to do, but she realizes that she felt much more comfortable going down the Panther Mine in a bucket

than going up the *Dynamo* Building in an elevator; and when she has gone so far as one of those paradoxical doors that tell you the entrance is somewhere else, she begins to feel a little sorry that her scheme makes it absolutely necessary for her to go alone.

The city editor is a younger man than Jerry has expected to see. He is young, but if he were eighty-three he could not wait with more severe repose for Jerry to begin, or assume a more judicial air while she explains, clumsily and haltingly, that she wishes to be a newspaper writer.

The ensuing conversation is characteristic of a situation familiar to newspaper offices. The young editor has succeeded much to his professional satisfaction in placing the difficulties before the applicant, when Jerry musters courage to ask for the privilege of interviewing a certain mining genius, now in town, who is guilty at once of revolutionary inventions and daring syndicating schemes. The girl's exceptional familiarity with the Colorado mines and her ambitious candor induce Hamilton to make a somewhat unprofessional experiment, not without an expectation of getting a story with an original flavor.

Jerry reads the slip of paper: "J. Sylvester Ward, Fifth Avenue Hotel."

"I don't suppose," she says, "that there is any other way except to go right to the hotel."



"No, I think not," says Hamilton, searching her face for some sign of dismay. "And we must have this thing for to-morrow morning's paper if Ward is in town."

At the Fifth Avenue Hotel Jerry learns that Ward is out of town. But that night Jerry meets Ward at the Dyckman ball. The Western man is a late comer, and is presented by his cousin, the hostess. Jerry has a moment of pardonable confusion when she realizes that the man who enters into talk with her is the man she was sent to interview.



"I'm glad," pursues Ward, "to get over here out of the crowd. The crush of people worries me. Of course you know I haven't done much of this society sort of thing for about a dozen years, and I feel like a cat in Leadville—the atmosphere is too rare for me."

"I've become accustomed to it," Jerry says—"I mean to society; but for a long time I was homesick for the camps. And sometimes when I find myself in a polite drawing-room dance I wonder what would happen if I should break into a regular mining jig right there before all the people!"

"I came from Philadelphia to-night, but I would travel a much greater distance to see you do that." Presently Ward is talking about his electric drills and other matters with interested candor.

"Of course," he remarks, some minutes later, "we are keeping very quiet about that 'combine' just now."

"And yet you are telling me all about it."

"O, well, you know what I mean; we are keeping it out of the papers."

"I see," says Jerry, reflectively.

"And besides, you are a privileged person. You belong to the mining fraternity, and if I am not mistaken your father will be interested in this thing."

"Aren't you trying to justify yourself for telling something you shouldn't have told?"

"Well, I am open to conviction as to whether my confidence has been misplaced."

They are both laughing at this when Fred Prentiss comes hurrying up. "Miss Holbrook, I have been looking for you everywhere. They are dancing, and this is my waltz!"

The incident of the ball causes Jerry some embarrassment; but in an accidental meeting with Ward on the following day she confesses her ambition and her commission from the *Dynamo*, with the result that the interview is published a day later than first ordered, and after making peace with her father the girl finds herself launched in journalism.

Jerry's experiences as an interviewer bring us to an interesting phase of the picture-play method. Jerry goes to interview Superintendent Martin, of the Brooklyn Bridge, and she finds Sergeant Dunn in his aerie on the top of the Equitable Building.







the story. Mr. Depew heard the description of the proposed partnership between fiction and reality with evident interest, and not, perhaps, without a trace of whimsical curiosity as to the outcome of the relationship. On the day set for the picture-making he received without dismay the author, the fictitious heroine, and the camera, and sat for the two pictures which in their due succession were to become part of the story, enlivening the incident, the reader will be induced to believe, with flashes of his delightful wit.

Another realistic phase of the picture-play method is represented in the street scenes, as where Hamilton and Jerry are observed on lower Fifth Avenue in one of their afternoon walks from the office to the Holbrook house in West Tenth Street. It may safely be said that it is an easier thing to paint a street background than to use the actual thing ready made; but the charm of the actual thing in the progression of the picture-play is a sufficient incentive to any necessary fight with the obstacles. The strain falls first on the photographer, who, with the requirements of the story continually in mind, had here, as elsewhere, the leeway afforded by the fact that primarily he was telling the story with his pictures, and could modify the text to fit the pictures should occasion demand, but who nevertheless was committed in a certain degree by the pictures already made. A multitude of difficulties may, and generally do, arise in the course



When she has mastered the complicated passages of the Grand Central Station the worst difficulties associated with interviewing Mr. Depew are over.

"But how did you come to know anything about railroads?" asks Mr. Depew.

And Jerry has to remind him that she is not the person who is being interviewed.

So much for the story of the interviews. The real thing is another story of its own which there is not space to speak of here. For the real people become part of

of the picture-making in the streets, and to get satisfactory results the actors, or models, must sometimes move a dozen times over a designated spot, for if other figures appear in the scene they must be unconscious of the camera and of the conscious actors, and the kaleidoscope of the scene may be shaken many times before it fits the requirements. This brings a trying strain on the actors, especially if the weather be warm and the pictures are being taken in full sunlight.



The indoor scenes brought up different methods. The people "cast" for the different characters of the story were posed in scenes entirely fictitious, that is to say, devised by the aid of screens, etc., under the strong light of a large photographic studio. So far as the actors in the play or story were concerned, their work was that of pantomime. Thus when "Pink" Loper, the Bowery cowboy, is followed to Miss Jerry's house by his gaunt wife, the "Rose of the Rockies," the tumult of the occasion, visible through the pictures, is made audible in the monologue. This misunderstanding, by the way, is amiably adjusted, though not until Mary has expressed herself in severe terms.

From time to time Hamilton makes unprofessional visits to the Holbrook house, and hears Jerry sing some of her mining-camp songs, accompanying herself on the guitar. He listens with eloquent attention, paying a second tribute with his eyes. There is a fine flattery that does not use words. And it is a natural enough thing that Hamilton should one day find himself in a confused state of feeling when he receives a proposition to become the London correspondent of the *Dynamo*. This is the sort of position he has always thought he would be delighted to get hold of. But there comes to most of us a time when we worry not so much about the appointments of Paradise as about who is going to be there.

Hamilton goes to see Jerry that night, and comes away disappointed. She does not tell him that she refused Ward two weeks before,







or his thoughts might not have caught the shadow of suspicion that grows with the presence of another man. When he has gone she wonders why the threat of a parting affects her so disagreeably. Her life with her father has influenced her views of life. The thought of marriage has never appeared in her reveries. She appreciates the fact that Hamilton is hampered by the attitude he occupies toward her, and it makes her realize her high estimate of him to find that she doesn't doubt his ability to emerge from the most delicate of situations without discredit.

Hamilton and Ward are brought together at the Holbrook house when Hamilton goes there with the proof of an article to be published in the *Dynamo*, in which there is allusion to the mining scheme into which Ward has drawn Holbrook. Hamilton refuses to suppress the article, though willing to do any honorable thing by way of modifying the influence of its publication, and Ward leaves the house with him in the hope that he be successful in another form of attack. The two men quarrel at the "Monastery," when Ward offers a cautious bribe.

The next day, at the *Dynamo* office, Hamilton hands Jerry a letter, called forth by an article she has written. The letter, addressed "To the writer of The Pressure of Despair," comes from Cherry Street, in the slums of the city.

"Perhaps I had better send one of the boys around to look the matter up," says Hamilton, after glancing at the address. But Jerry insists on going herself.



When she has gone Hamilton regrets that he has not refused to let her go alone. From a window overlooking the street he sees a man at the corner. It is Ward, who met Jerry on her way to the office, and who, in view of the quarrel, prefers not to enter. Hamilton sees her join him and walk away. Then he sends a telegram to the proprietor of the paper, who is in Washington, accepting the London commission.

When Jerry meets Ward in the street below she tells him about the strange letter, and adds, "You can't go with me."

"What will you do if I simply do go?"

"But you mustn't. I've already refused an escort. Good-by!"

"Let me walk a little way with you," says Ward, "and I'll be very good and go just when you tell me."

When they have reached Cherry Street he turns to her. "This is a horrible place. Can't I wait at the door for you?"

"No, that would make me nervous."

Ward paces the block waiting for her to come out. The house that Jerry enters is dark. In a room on the third floor she discovers the writer of the letter, who after recovering from the surprise of finding that the writer of the article is a woman, tells her the sad story of a sad life; of an early marriage and separation under the influence of her young husband's father. The young husband has been permitted to think that she is dead. "And he has made a great name now," says the woman, showing Jerry a newspaper clipping, with the Ward interview.







There is a knock at the door, and Ward, who has grown suspicious of some danger under Jerry's long absence, appears on the threshold. The woman screams her recognition, and Ward, slowly realizing the truth, falters to the woman's side. Jerry pauses at the door, and looking back sees him kneeling beside the poor bed, while over the face of the woman is stealing the white shadow of death.

When, after this crisis in the tenement, Jerry reaches home and finds a message from Hamilton, in which she is bluntly informed that he cannot keep an appointment to call for the reason that he is preparing to go to London, Jerry's horizon grows rather dark. She cannot conceal the change that has come over her. She cannot conceal it at noon the next day when her father comes home with news of the failure of Ward's scheme, from which he had withdrawn, and the sale of the Panther Mine under the most favorable conditions. Her face betrays her later in the afternoon when she meets Mrs. Remson-Holt, the "club woman" of the story, who at this stage is president of a cycling society, and who declares that Jerry looks as droopy as she used to look before she had any clubs.

It is in Mrs. Holt's garden that the contrite Hamilton finds Jerry and abjectly apologizes for the brusque message and his unjust suspicions.

"I can't say anything worse about myself than that," he pleads, "but I ask you to remember——"

"To remember that you are a man," says Jerry.





"If you like; but not only a man who because he was a man could indulge a foolish suspicion, but a man who had reason to be deeply, profoundly interested in the person of whom he was thinking."

They walk back to Jerry's home in West Tenth Street, talking in this vein.

"Take off your hat and stay a while," says Hamilton, trying to speak lightly.

He takes the hat from her. "What a wonderful thing a woman's hat is," he says. "Somehow it seems to symbolize the marvellous complexity of her own personality."

"I suppose," says Jerry, "that you have some parallel symbolism to explain the simplicity of a man's hat."

He took her by the arms and looked straight into her baffling blue eyes.

"Look here! I want you to sit down for a moment and let me talk to you seriously."

"Must it be serious? Everything has been so serious lately that it would be a relief to have"—

"But I must be serious—just a little."

In spite of his attempts at levity his face is entirely serious, while hers wears an expression that explains nothing to him.

"You seem to be determined," she says from the depths of the chair.

"I am. I told you once I shouldn't easily give you up. I have also said that I shall go to London. Now, this chair is very artistic, but how do you expect a man to propose to you in such furniture?"

"I don't expect it."

He caught her before she could get away, and held her







so closely and firmly that her eyes were near to his own. For a moment neither spoke a word, and in that moment he could not tell whether she was very near or very far from him.

"Right here and now, Jerry Holbrook, do I go to London or do I stay home?"

"You go to London."

Hamilton was staggered. It plainly appeared that she was trifling with him. He almost gasped at her:

"You say that finally?"

"Yes; and I'm going with you."

He scarcely believed her.

"Do you mean, Jerry, that we may just put it off for a while and that we may then" —

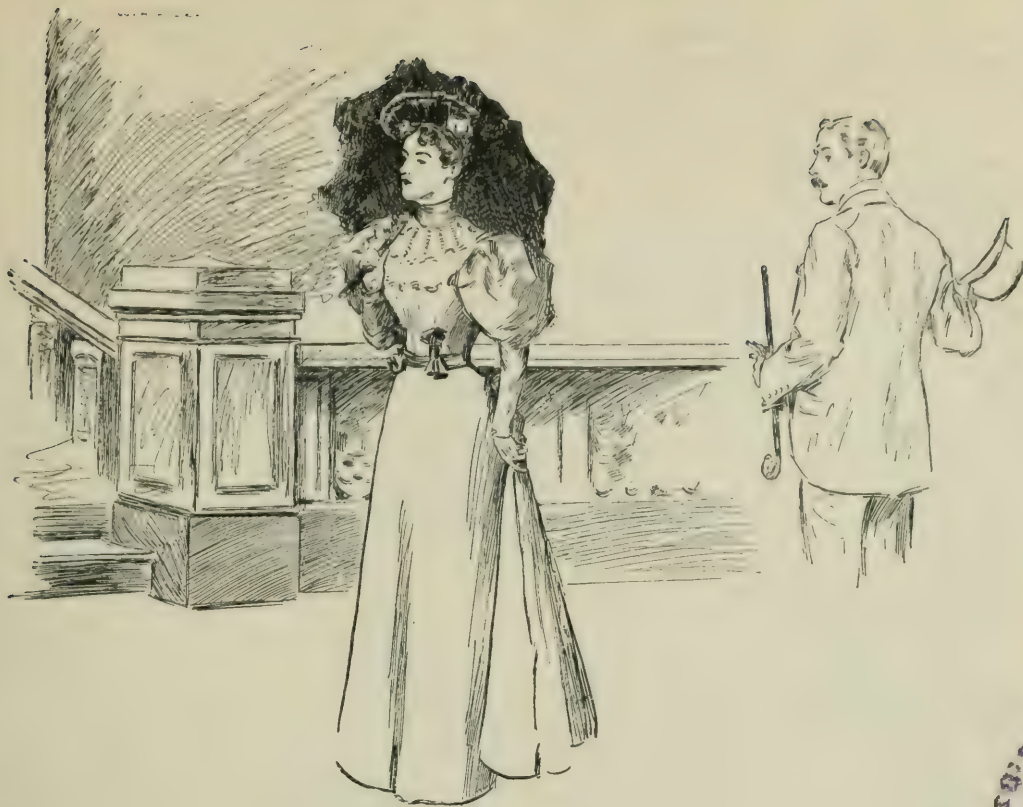
"O, no! You needn't put it off unless you wish to—I believe in short engagements."

She tried to keep him from kissing her again.

"And then, you know, father—there he is out there in the garden now—father needs a long rest, and I think I should like to ask him to join us in London. And he has told me, you quiet fellow, that you were the one who sent the timely word that made this morning's sale of the Panther Mine."







## THE ART OF LIVING

### THE CASE OF MAN

*By Robert Grant*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. H. HYDE

#### I

A NOT inconsiderable portion of the women of the United States is inclined to regard man as a necessary evil. Their point of view is that he is here, and therefore is likely, for the present at least, to remain a formidable figure in human affairs, but that his ways are not their ways, that they disapprove of them and him, and that they intend to work out their lives and salvation as independently of him as possible. What man in the flush and prime of life has not been made conscious of this attitude of the modern woman? She is constantly passing us in the street with the manner of one haughtily and supremely indifferent. There are women enough still who look patterns of modesty, and yet let us feel at the same time that we are more or less an ob-

ject of interest to them; but this particular type sails by in her trig and often stylish costume with the air not merely of not seeing us, but of wishing to ignore us. Her compressed lips suggest a judgment; a judgment born of meditated conviction which leaves no hope of reconsideration or exception. "You are all substantially alike," she seems to say, "and we have had enough of you. Go your ways and we will go ours."

The Mecca of the modern woman's hopes, as indicated by this point of view, would appear to be the ultimate disappearance of man from the face of the earth after the manner of the mastodon and other brutes. Nor are her hopes balked by physiological barriers. She is prepared to admit that it is not obvious, as yet, how girls alone are to be generated and boy babies given the



cold maternal shoulder; but she trusts to science and the long results of time for a victory which will eliminate sexual relations and all their attendant perplexities and tragedies from the theatre of human life.

We are not so sanguine as she that the kingdom of heaven is to be brought to pass in any so simple and purely feminine a fashion. That is, we men. Perhaps we are fatuous, but we see no reason to doubt that sexual relations will continue to the crack of doom, in spite of the perplexities and tragedies consequent upon them; and moreover, that man will continue to thrive like a

so very long ago — when men were tyrants and kept women under. Nowadays the only thing denied them in polite circles is to whisk around by themselves after dark, and plenty of them do that. The law is giving them, with both hands, almost everything they ask for nearly as rapidly as existing inequalities are pointed out, and the right of suffrage is withheld from them only because the majority of women are still averse to exercising it. Man, the tyrant and highwayman, has thrown up his arms and is allowing woman to pick his pockets. He is not willing to have her bore a hole in his upper lip,

and drag him behind her with a rope, but he is disposed to consent to any reasonable legislative changes which she desires to have made, short of those which would involve masculine disfigurement or depreciation. It certainly cannot be his bullying qualities which have attracted her disdain, for he has given in. If woman to-day finds that the law discriminates unjustly

between her and man, she has merely to ask for relief in sufficient numbers to show that she is not the tool of designing members of her own sex, in order to obtain it.

Under the spur of these reflections I consulted my wife by way of obtaining light on this problem. "Barbara, why is it that modern women of a certain type are so sniffy toward men? You know what I mean; they speak to us, of course, and tolerate us, and they love us individually as husbands and fathers; but instead of counting for everything, as we once did, we don't



"Man, the tyrant and highwayman, has thrown up his arms."

young bay-tree, even though she continues to wear a chip on her tailor-made shoulder. And yet at the same time we feel sober. It is not pleasant to be regarded as brutes and to have judgment passed upon us by otherwise attractive women. It behooves us to scratch our heads and ask ourselves if we can possibly merit the haughty indifference and thinly disguised contempt which is entertained toward us. To be weighed in the balance and found wanting by a serene and beautiful young person is a far from agreeable experience. There must be something wrong with us, and if so, what is it?

Of course there was a time—and not



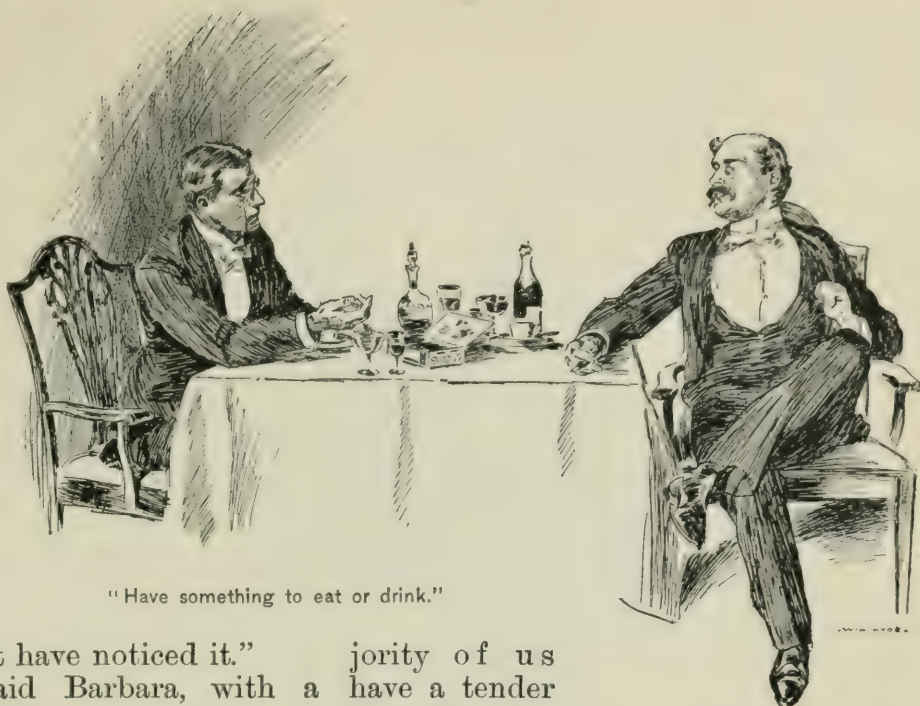
seem to count for anything unless it be dollars and cents. It isn't merely that you all talk so fast and have so much to say without regard to us that we often feel left out in the cold, and even hurt, but there is a stern, relentless look on some of your faces which makes us feel as though we had stolen the Holy

Grail. You must have noticed it."

"Oh, yes," said Barbara, with a smile. "It doesn't mean very much. Of course times are not what they were. Man used to be a demigod, now he is only a——"

Barbara hesitated for a word, so I suggested, "Only a bank."

"Let us say only a man. Only a man in the eyes of reflective womanhood. We have caught up and are beginning to think for ourselves. You can't expect us to hang on your every word and to fall down and worship you without reservation as we once did. Man used to be woman's whole existence, often to her infinite sorrow, and now he is only part of it, just as she is only a part of his. You go to your clubs; we go to ours; and while you are playing cards we read or listen to papers, some of which are not intelligible to man. But we love you still, even though we have ceased to worship you. There are a few, I admit, who would like to do away with you altogether; but they are extremists—in every revolution, you know, there are fanatics and unreasonable persons—but the vast ma-



"Have something to eat or drink."

majority of us have a tender spot for you in our hearts, and regard your case in sorrow rather than in anger—and as probably not hopeless."

"What is the matter with us?"

"Oh, everything. You are a failure fundamentally. To begin with, your theory of life is founded on compromise. We women—the modern woman—abhor compromise."

Although it was obvious that Barbara was trying to tease me, I realized from her expression that she intended to deal my sex a crucial stab by the word compromise. I must confess that I felt just a little uncomfortable under the white light of scorn which radiated from her eyes, while her general air reminded me for the first time disagreeably of the type of modern woman to whom I had referred.

"The world progresses by compromise," I replied, sententiously.

"Yes, like a snail."

"Otherwise it would stand still. A man thinks so and so; another man thinks precisely opposite; they meet each other half-way and so much is gained."



"Behoooves us to scratch our heads."





'Telling the host that we had been bored to death.'

"Oh, I know how they do. A man who stands for a principle meets another man; they argue and bluster for a few minutes, and presently they sit down and have something to eat or drink, and by the time they separate the man who stands for a principle has sacrificed all there is of it, except a tiny scrap or shred, in order not to incommode the man who has no principles at all; and what is almost worse, they part seemingly bosom friends and are apt to exchange rhetorical protestations of mutual esteem. The modern woman has no patience with such a way of doing things."

"I suppose," said I, "that two modern women under similar circumstances would tear each other all to pieces; there would be nothing to eat or drink, except possibly tea and wafers, and the floor would be covered with fragments of skin, hair, and clothing. When they separated one would be dead and the other maimed for life, and the principle for which the victor stood would be set back about a century and a half."

Barbara winced a little, but she said,

"What have you men accomplished all these years by your everlasting compromises? If you were really in earnest to solve the liquor problem, and the social evil, as you call it, and all the other abuses which exist in civilized and uncivilized society, you would certainly have been able to do more than you have. You have had free scope; we haven't been consulted; we have stood aside and let you have your innings; now we merely wish to see what we can do. We shall make mistakes I dare say; even one or two of us may be torn to pieces or maimed for life; but the modern woman feels that she has the courage of her convictions and that she does not intend to let herself be thwarted or cajoled by masculine theories. That accounts largely for our apparent sniffiness. I say 'apparent,' because we are not really at bottom so contemptuous as we seem—even the worst of us. I suppose you are right in declaring that the proud, superior, and beautiful young person of the present day is a little disdainful. But even she is less severe than she looks. She is simply a nine-



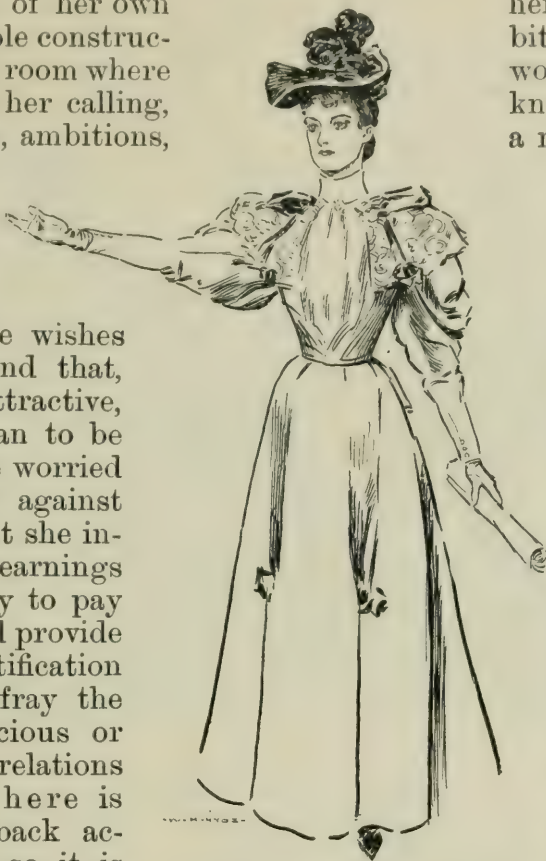
teenth century Joan of Arc protesting against the man of the world and his works, asking to be allowed to lead her life without molestation from him in a shrine of her own tasteful yet simple construction—rooms or a room where she can practise her calling, follow her tastes, ambitions, or hobbies, pursue her charities, and amuse herself without being accountable to him. She wishes him to understand that, though she is attractive, she does not mean to be seduced or to be worried into matrimony against her will, and that she intends to use her earnings and her property to pay her own bills and provide for her own gratification instead of to defray the debts of her vicious or easy-going male relations or admirers. There is really a long back account to settle, so it is not surprising that the pendulum should swing

a little too far the other way. Of course she is wrong; woman can no more live wholly independent of man than he of her—and you know what a helpless being he would be without her—and the modern woman is bound to recognize, sooner or later, that the sympathetic companionship of women with men is the only basis of true social progress. Sexual affinity is stronger than the constitutions of all the women's clubs combined, as eight out of ten young modern women discover to their cost, or rather to their happiness, sooner or later. Some brute of a man breaks into the shrine, and before she knows it she is wheeling a baby carriage. Even the novelist, with his or her fertile invention, has failed to discover any really satisfactory ending for the independent, disdainful heroine but marriage or the grave. Spinsterhood, even when illumined by a career, is a worthy and respectable lot, but not alluring."

It was something to be assured by my wife that the modern woman does not purpose to abolish either maternity or men, and that, so to speak, her bark is worse than her bite. Barbara belongs to a woman's club, so she must know. We men are in such a nervous state, as a result of

what Barbara calls the revolution, that very likely we are unduly sensitive and suspicious, and allow our imaginations to fly off at a tangent. Very likely, too, we are disposed to be a trifle irritable, for when one has been accustomed for long to sit on or club a person (literally or metaphorically according to one's social status) when she happens to express sentiments or opinions contrary to ours, it must needs take time to get used to the idea that she is really an equal, and to adjust one's ratiocinations to suit. But even accepting as true the assurance that the forbid-

ding air of the modern woman does not mean much, and that she loves us still though she has ceased to worship us, we have Barbara's word for it, too, that the modern woman thinks we have made a mess of it and that man is a failure fundamentally. Love without respect! Sorrow rather than anger! It sobers one; it saddens one. For we must admit that man has had free scope and a long period in which to make the most



"A nineteenth century Joan of Arc."



"The so-called man of the world."



of himself; and woman has not, which precludes us from answering back, as it were, which is always more or less of a consolation when one is brought to bay.

A tendency to compromise is certainly one of man's characteristics. Barbara has referred to it as a salient fault—a vice, and perhaps it is, though it is writ large in the annals of civilization as conducted by man. We must at least agree that it is not woman's way, and that she expects to do without it when we are no more or are less than we are now. Probably we have been and are too easy-going, and no one will deny that one ought at all times to have the courage of one's convictions, even in midsummer and on purely social occasions; nevertheless it would have been trying to the nervous system and conducive to the continuance and increase of standing armies had we favored the policy of shooting at sight those whose views on the temperance question differed from ours, or of telling the host at whose house we had passed the evening that we had been bored to death.

If one runs over in his mind the Madame Tussaud Gallery of masculine types, he cannot fail to acknowledge that, in our capacity of lords of creation and vicegerents of Providence, we have produced and perpetuated a number of sorry specimens. First in the list stands the so-called man of the world, on account of whom in particular, according to Barbara, the nineteenth-century Joan of Arc looks askance at our sex. He is an old stager; he dates back very nearly, if not completely, to the garden of Eden, and he has always been a bugbear to woman. It is not necessary to describe him; he has ever stood for simply carnal interests and appetites, whether as a satyr, a voluptuary, a wine-

bibber, a glutton, a miser, an idler, or a mere pleasure-seeker. If all the human industries which have owed and still owe their prosperity to his propensities were to be obliterated, there would be a large array of unemployed in the morning but a healthier world. The bully, or prevailer by brute force, the snob, the cynic, the parasite, the trimmer, and the conceited egotist are others prominent in the category, without regard to criminals and unvarnished offenders against whose noxious behavior men have protected themselves by positive law. On the other hand, our gallery of past types has many figures of which we have a right to be proud. Unfortunately we are barred again from comparison or answering back by the taunt that woman has never had a chance; nevertheless we may claim for what it is worth that, in the realm of intellect or of the spirit, there have been no women who have soared so high; seers, poets, law-givers, unfolders of nature's secrets, administrators of af-

fairs, healers and scholars have been chiefly or solely men. If some of us have fraternized with Belial, others have walked, or sought to walk, with God no less genuinely and fervently than any woman who ever breathed. In the matter of spirituality, indeed, some of us in the past having been led to believe that women knew more about the affairs of the other world than men, sought to cultivate the spindle-legged, thin-chested, pale, anæmic Christian as the type of humanity most acceptable to God and serviceable to society; but we have gone back to the bishop of sturdy frame and a reasonably healthy appetite as a more desir-



"Not a picturesque figure."

able mediator between ourselves and heaven.

From the stand-point of our present inquiry, what man in his various types has been in the past is less pertinent



than what he is at present. To begin with, certainly the modern man is not a picturesque figure. He no longer appeals to the feminine or any eye by virtue of imposing apparel or accoutrements. Foreign army officers and servants in livery are almost the only males



"Foreign army officers."

who have not exchanged plumage for sober woollens, tweeds, or serges, and the varied resplendent materials and colors by means of which men used to distinguish themselves from one another and to negative their evil-doings in the eyes of women have been discarded. All men but one look alike to any woman, and even that one is liable to be confounded with the rest of mankind when he is more than half a block away. Nor is the homogeneous tendency limited to clothes; it includes manners, morals, and point of view. The extreme types approximate each other much more closely than formerly, and apart from criminals and deliberately evil-minded persons, women have some ground for their insinuation that we are all pretty much alike. Let it be said that this effect is in one sense a feather in our caps. The nineteenth-century Joan of Arc to the contrary notwithstanding, the modern man of the world is a manifest improvement on his predecessor. He is no longer to be found under the table after dinner as a social

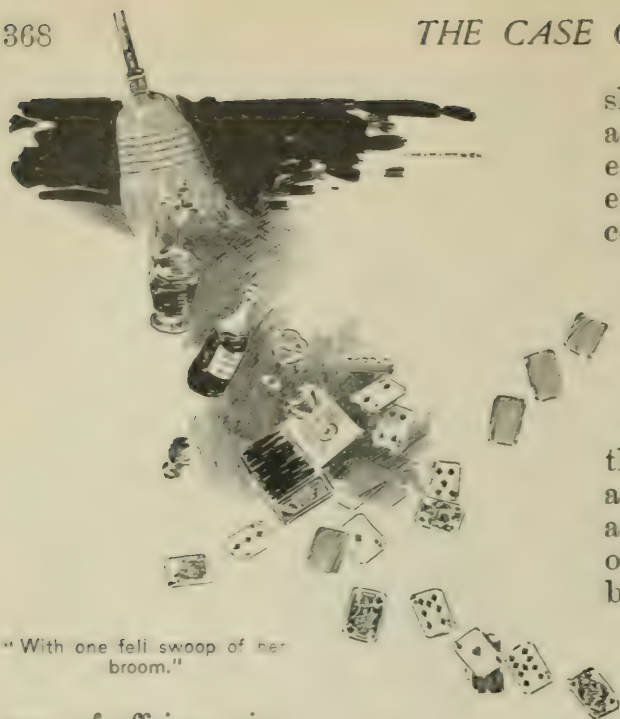
matter of course, and three-bottles-to-a-guest festivities have ceased to be an aristocratic function. Though on occasions still he will fumble with the latch-key, he mounts the stairs very little, if at all, after midnight with the non-chalance of self-congratulatory sobriety,

and all those dire scenes of woman on the staircase with a lighted candle looking down at her prostrate lord and master belong to an almost dim past. True it may be that the man of the world fears God no more than formerly, but he has learned to have a wholesome dread of Bright's disease, the insane asylum, and those varied forms of sudden and premature death

which are included under the reportorial head of heart-failure. Mere brutishness in its various forms is less apparent. The coarse materialist still swaggers in public places and impudently puffs a cigar in the face of modesty, but he serves no longer as a model for envious contemporaries or an object of hero-worship to the rising generation. Good taste, if nothing better, has checked man's tendencies to make a beast of himself in public or in private.

Similarly, also, the type of man to whom we look up most proudly and confidently to-day is not altogether the same. The model whom we were urged, and whom we sought of old to imitate, was he who wrestled with God on the mountain-top, without a thought of earth's smoke and din and wretchedness. Human life and its joys and interests served for him as a homily on vanity, or was regarded as a degradation in comparison with the revelations obtained by the priest, poet, or devotee of culture through the vista of aspiring imagination or zeal. The conservative





"With one fell swoop of her broom."

man of affairs—vigorous, far-seeing, keenly alive to the joys and interests of this life, strongly sympathetic on the humanitarian side, a man of the world withal in a reasonable sense—has impressed his personality on modern society more successfully than any other type. The priest who cares not for his fellow-man, the poet whose dreams and visions include no human interest or passion, the devotee of culture who refines merely to refine, have been superseded, and in their stead we have the man of the world who is interested in the world and for the world.

This change in the avowed aims and aspirations of man has not been without certain apparently melancholy results and manifestations of which society is feeling the effect at present, and which if allowed to prevail too far will undo us. The removal of the gaze of the priest, poet, and devotee of culture from the stars in contempt of earth, and the substitution of earth-gazing as a method for understanding the stars, has seemed to cast a damper on human imagination and has thereby caused many excellent women and some men to weep. If materialism be the science of trying to get the most out of this life, this is a material age; but at the same time it

should be remembered that man in this age has ceased for the first time to be either a hypocrite or a fool. Undoubtedly the process of becoming both sincere and sensible, especially as it has substituted concern for the ignorant, the oppressed, and the vicious of this earth about whom we know next to nothing, in place of Pre-Raphaelite heavenly choirs, alabaster halls, and saints in glory about whom we thought we knew everything, has been a little trying for the rest of us as well as for the priests, poets, and devotees of culture. But the women must not be discouraged; we shall grow to the situation in time, and even the poets, who seem to be most down in the mouth at present, will sooner or later find a fresh well of inspiration by learning to study the reflection of the stars on the earth instead of looking directly at them. Let them be patient, though it be to death, and some day through others, if not through themselves, the immortal verse will flow and the immortal lyre sound again.

Undoubtedly the modern man is at present a rather trying person to woman, for woman would have been glad, now that she is coming into her kingdom, to have him more of a crusader and less of a philosopher. To behold him lacking in picturesqueness and a philosopher addicted to compromise



"Ordinarily he is sleepy in the evening."



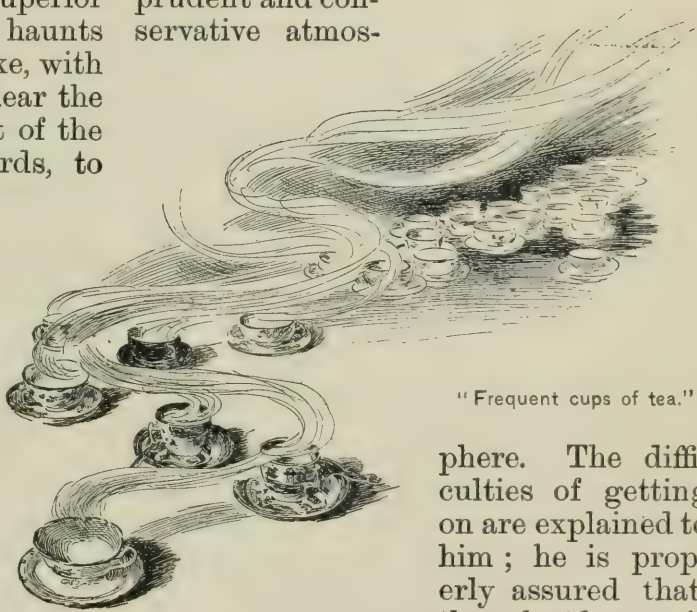
into the bargain is almost irritating to her, and she has certainly some ground for criticism. The man who sits opposite to her at the breakfast-table, even after he has overcome conservative fears of nothing to live on and dawdled into matrimony, is a lovable but not especially exciting person. He eats, works, and sleeps, does most of the things which he ought to do and leaves undone a commendable number of the things which he ought not to do, and is a rather respectable member of society of the machine-made order. He works very hard to supply her with money; he is kind to her and the children; he gives her her head, as he calls it; and he acquiesces pleasantly enough in the social plans which she entertains for herself and him, and ordinarily he is sleepy in the evening. Indeed in moments of most serious depression she is tempted to think of him as a superior choreman, a comparison which haunts her even in church. She would like, with one fell swoop of her broom, to clear the world of the social evil, the fruit of the grape, tobacco, and playing cards, to introduce drastic educational reforms which would, by kindergarten methods, familiarize every one on earth with art and culture, and to bring to pass within five, or possibly six years, a golden age of absolute reform inspired and established by woman. Life for her at present means one vast camp of committee meetings, varied only by frequent cups of tea; and that steaming beverage continues prominent in her radiant vision of the coming millennium. No wonder it disconcerts and annoys her to find so comparatively little enthusiastic confidence in the immediate success of her fell swoop, and to have her pathway blocked by grave or lazy ifs and buts and by cold contradictions of fact. No wonder she abhors compromise; no wonder she regards the man who goes on using tobacco and playing cards and drinking things stronger than tea as an inert and soulless creature.

Yet smile as we may at the dull, sorry place the world would be were the golden age of her intention to come upon

us over night like a cold wave, is she not justified in regarding the average custom-made man of the day as a highly respectable, well-to-do choreman who earns fair wages and goes to sleep at night contented with a good meal and a pipe? Is he not machine-made? Sincere and wise as he is, now that his gaze is fixed on the needs of earth, has he not the philosophy of hygienic comfort and easy-going conservative materialism so completely on the brain that he is in danger of becoming ordinary instead of just a little lower than the angels? Let us consider him from this point of view more in detail.

## II

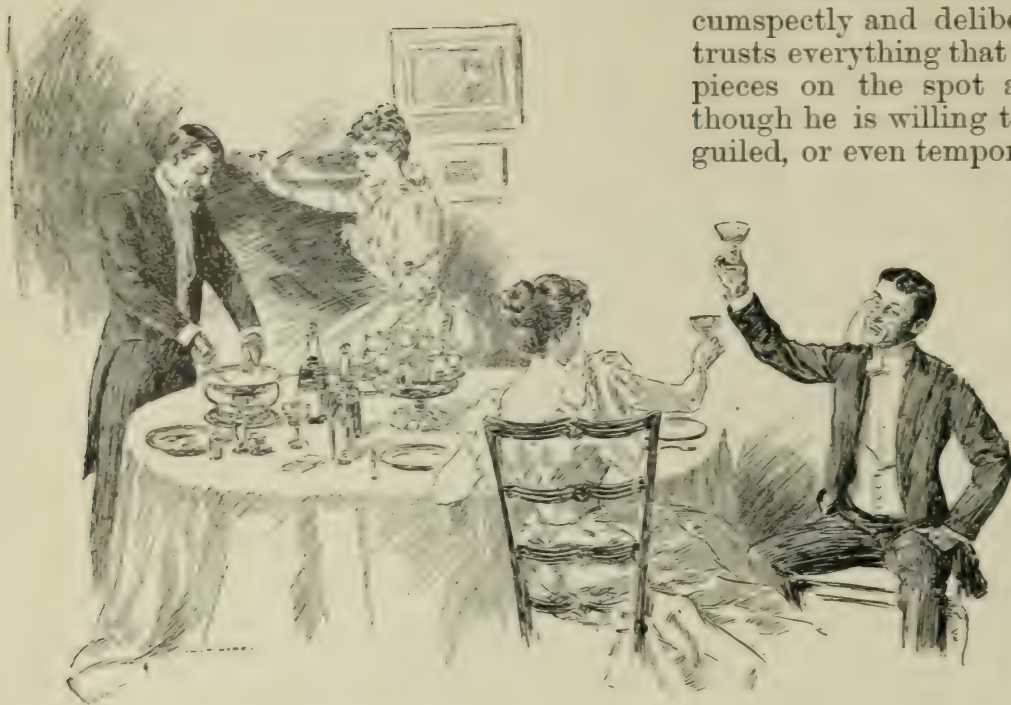
THE young man of the present era on his twenty-first birthday is apt to find himself in a very prudent and conservative atmos-



"Frequent cups of tea."

phere. The difficulties of getting on are explained to him; he is properly assured that, though there is plenty of room on the top benches, the occupations and professions are crowded, if not overcrowded, and that he must buckle down if he would succeed. It is obvious to him that the field of adventure and fortune-seeking in foreign or strange places is practically exhausted. It is open to him, to be sure, to go to the North Pole in search of some one already there, or to study in a cage in the jungles of Africa the linguistic value of the howls and chatterings of wild animals; but these are manifestly poor pickings compared with the opportunities of the past when a considerable por-





"A Welsh-rarebit with theatrical celebrities."

tion of the globe was still uninvestigated soil, and a reputation or treasure-trove was the tolerably frequent reward of leaving the rut of civilized life. It is plainly pointed out to him, too, that to be florid is regarded as almost a mental weakness in intellectual or progressive circles. He sees the lawyer who makes use of metaphor, bombast, and the other arts of oratory, which used to captivate and convince, distanced in the race for eminence by him who employs a succinct, dispassionate, and almost colloquial form of statement. He recognizes that in every department of human activity, from the investigation of disease-germs to the management of railroads, steady, undemonstrative marshallings of fact, and cautious, unemotional deduction therefrom are considered the scientific and only appropriate method. He knows that the expression of unusual or erratic ideas will expose him to the stigma of being a crank, a reputation which, once acquired, sticks like pitch, and that the betrayal of sentiment will induce conservative people to put him on the suspected list.

All this is imbibed by him as it should be, in the interest of sincerity and sense. Under the sobering restraint of it the young man begins to make his way

with enthusiasm and energy, but circumspectly and deliberately. He mistrusts everything that he cannot pick to pieces on the spot and analyze, and though he is willing to be amused, beguiled, or even temporarily inspired by

appeals to his imagination or emotions, he puts his doubts or qualms aside next morning at the behest of business. He wishes to get on. He is determined not to allow anything to interfere with that, and he understands that that is to be accomplished partly by hard work and partly

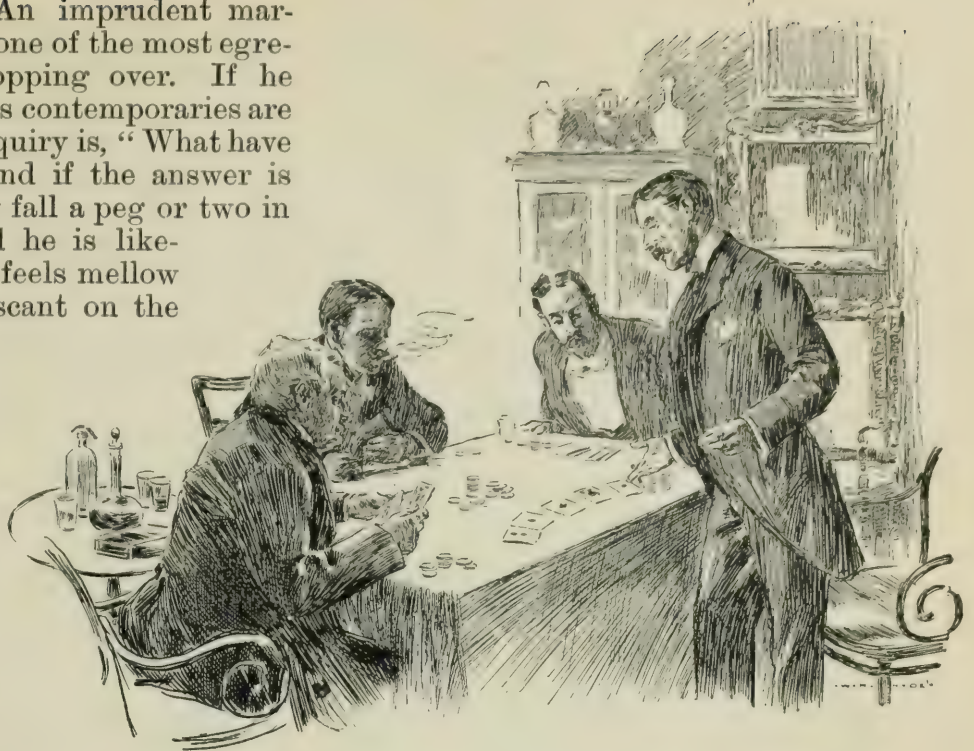
by becoming a good fellow and showing common-sense. This is excellent reasoning until one examines too closely what is expected of him as a good fellow, and what is required of him in the name of common-sense.

There have been good fellows in every age, and some of them have been tough specimens. Our good fellow is almost highly respectable. He wishes to live as long as he can, and to let others live as long as they can. His patron saints are his doctor, his bank account, prudence, and general toleration. If he were obliged to specify the vice not covered by the statute law which he most abhors, he would probably name slopping over. He aims to be genial, sympathetic, and knowing, but not obtrusively so, and he is becomingly suspicious and reticent regarding everything which cannot be demonstrated on a chart like an international yacht-race or a medical operation. He is quietly and moderately licentious, and justifies himself satisfactorily but mournfully on hygienic grounds or on the plea of masculine inevitability. He works hard, if he has to, for he wishes to live comfortably by the time he is forty, and comfort means, as it ought to mean, an attractive wife, an attractive establishment, and an at-



tractive income. An imprudent marriage seems to him one of the most egregious forms of slopping over. If he hears that two of his contemporaries are engaged, his first inquiry is, "What have they to live on?" and if the answer is unsatisfactory, they fall a peg or two in his estimation, and he is likely, the next time he feels mellow after dinner, to descant on the impropriety of bringing children into the world who may be left penniless orphans. If he falls in love himself before he feels that his pecuniary position warrants it, he tries to shake out the arrow, and, if that fails, he cuts it out deliberately

under antiseptic treatment to avoid blood-poisoning. All our large cities are full of young men who have undergone this operation. To lose one's vermiform appendix is a perilous yet blessed experience; but this trifling with the human heart, however scientific the excision, can scarcely be regarded as beneficial unless we are to assume that it, like the fashionable sac, has become rudimentary. We see a great many allusions in our comic and satiric weeklies to marrying for money, but the good fellow of the best type ordinarily disdains such a proceeding. His self-respect is not offended but hugely gratified if the young woman with whom he intends to ally himself would be able immediately or prospectively to contribute a million or so to the domestic purse; but he would regard a deliberate sale of himself for cash as a dirty piece of business. On the other hand, he is very business-like where his heart is engaged, and is careful not to let his emotions or fancy get the better of him until he can see his ship—and a well-freighted one at that—on the near horizon. And what is to become of the young woman in the meantime? To let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on a damask cheek may be more fatal than masculine



"A little game of poker within his means."

arrow extraction; for woman, less scientific in her methods than man, is less able to avoid blood-poisoning. She doses herself, probably, with antipyrine, burns her Emerson and her Tennyson, and after a period of nervous prostration devotes herself to charity toward the world at large with the exception of all good fellows.

The good fellow after he marries continues to be a good fellow. He adapts himself to the humanitarian necessities of the situation; he becomes fond and domestic, almost oppressively so, and he is eager to indulge the slightest wish or fancy of his mate, provided it be within the bounds of easy-going rationalism. The conjugal pliability of the American husband is a well-recognized original feature of our institutions, nevertheless he is apt to develop kinks unless he be allowed to be indulgent and companionable in his own way. He works harder than ever, and she for whose sake he is ostensibly toiling is encouraged to make herself fetching and him comfortable as progressively as his income will permit. When the toil of the week is over he looks for his reward in the form of a Welsh-rarebit with theatrical celebrities, a little game of poker within his means,



or, if he be musical, a small gathering of friends to sing or play, if possible in a so-called Bohemian spirit. It irks him to stand very upright or to converse for long, whether in masculine or feminine society. He likes to sprawl and to be entertained with the latest bit of humor, but he is willing, on a pleasant Sunday or holiday, to take exercise in order to perspire freely, and then to lie at ease under a tree or a bank, pleasantly refreshed with beer and tobacco, and at peace with the world. He prefers to have her with him everywhere, except at the little game of poker, and is conscious of an aching void if she be not at hand to help him recuperate, philosophize, and admire the view. But he expects her to do what he likes, and expects her to like it too.

In no age of the world has the reasoning power of man been in better working order than at present. With all due respect to the statistics which show that the female is beginning to outstrip the male in academic competitive examinations, one has only to keep his ears and eyes open in the workaday world in order to be convinced that man's purely mental processes

suggest a razor and woman's a corkscrew. The manager of corporate interests, the lawyer, the historian, the physician, the chemist, and the banker seek to-day to probe to the bottom that which they touch, and to expose to the acid of truth every rosy theory and seductive prospectus. This is in the line of progress; but to be satisfied with this alone would speedily reduce human society to the status of a highly organized racing stable. If man is to be merely a jockey, who is to ride as light as he can, there is nothing to be said; but even on that theory is it not possible to train too fine? With eloquence tabooed as savoring of insincerity, with conversation as a fine art starved to death, with melody in music sniffed at as sensational, and fancy in literature condemned as unscientific, with the loosening of all the bonds of conventionality which held civilization up to the mark in matters of taste and elegance, and with a general doing away with color and emotion in all the practical affairs of life out of regard to the gospel of common-sense and machine-made utility, the jockey now is riding practically in his own skin.

One has to go back but a little way in order to encounter among the moving spirits of society a radically different attitude. Unquestionably the temper of the present day is the result of a vigorous reaction against false or maudlin sentiment, florid drivel, and hypocritical posturing; but certainly a Welsh-rarebit at midnight, with easy-going companions, is a far remove as a spiritual stimulus from bread eaten in tears at the same hour. As has been intimated, this exaggeration of commonplaceness will probably right it-



"Foreign lions of their own sex"



self in time, but man's lack of susceptibility to influences and impressions which cannot be weighed, fingered, smelt, looked at, or tasted, seems to justify at present the strictures of the modern woman, who, with all her bumptiousness, would fain continue to reverence him. Some in the van of feminine progress would be glad to see the inspiration and direction of all matters—spiritual, artistic, and social—apportioned to woman as her sole rightful prerogative, and consequently to see man become veritably a superior choreman. Fortunately the world of men and women are likely to agree with Barbara that mutual sympathy and co-operation in these matters between the sexes are indispensable to the healthy development of human society. But even assuming that women were ready to accept the responsibility and man were willing to renounce it, I, for one, fear that civilization would find itself in a ditch rather speedily. All of us—we men, I mean—recognize the purifying and deterrent influence of woman as a Mentor and sweet critic at our elbows. We have learned to depend upon her to prod us when we lag, and to save us from ourselves when our brains get the better of our hearts. But, after all, woman is a clinging creature. She has been used to playing second fiddle; and it is quite a different affair to lead an orchestra. To point the way to spiritual or artistic progress needs, first of all, a clear intellect and a firm purpose, even though they alone are not sufficient. Woman is essentially yielding and impressionable. At the very moment when the modern Joan of Arc would be doing her best to make the world a better

place, would not eleven other women out of the dozen be giving way to the captivating plausibility of some emotional situation? As an instance of what she is already capable of from a social point of view, now that she has been given her head, may well be cited the feverish eagerness with which some of the most highly cultivated and most subtly evolved American women of our large cities vie with each other for intimacy with artistic foreign lions of their own sex known to be unchaste. They seem to regard it as a privilege to play hostess to, or, at least, to be on familiar terms with, actresses, opera-singers, and other public characters quietly but notoriously erotic, the plea in each case being that they are ready to forgive, to forget, and ignore for the sake of art and the artist. Yes, ignore or forget, if you choose, so far as seeing the artist act or hearing her sing in public is concerned, where there are no social ceremonies or intercourse; but let us please remember at the same time that even those effete nations who believe that the world would be a dull place without courtesans, insist on excluding such persons from their drawing-rooms. Indeed there is reason to believe that some of the artists in question have become hilarious, when out of sight of our hospitable shores, over the wonders of American social usages among the pure and cultivated women. Before our young men will cease to sow wild oats their female relations must cease to run after other men's mistresses. Decidedly, the modern Joan of Arc to the contrary notwithstanding, man cannot afford to abdicate just yet. But he needs to mend his hedges and to look after his preserves.



# "THE WHEEL OF LOVE"

A COMEDY IN NARRATIVE

By Anthony Hope

## CHAPTER VII

### THE SIGHTS OF AVIGNON

"It's a curious thing," observed Roger Deane, "but this fellow Baedeker always travels the opposite way to what I do. When I'm coming back, he's always going out, and *vice versa*. It makes him precious difficult to understand, I can tell you, Miss Dora. However, I think I've got him now. Listen to this! 'Marseilles to Arles (Amphitheatre starred) one day. Arles to Avignon (Palace of the Popes starred) two days—slow going that—Avignon to——'"

"Do you want to *squat* in this wretched country, Sir Roger?" demanded Dora, angrily.

A faint smile played round Sir Roger's lips.

"You're the only one who's in a hurry," he remarked.

"No, I'm not. Mr. Ellerton is in just as much of a hurry."

"Then he bears disappointment better."

"What in the world did papa and—well, and Lady Deane, you know—want to stop here for?"

"You don't seem to understand how interesting Marseilles is. Let me read you a passage. 'Marseilles was a colony founded about 600 B.C.'—Oh, well, don't be angry. We'll skip a bit. 'In 1792 hordes of galley-slaves were sent hence to Paris, where they committed frightful excesses'—that's what Maude and your father are going to do. 'It was for them that Rouget—' I say, what's the matter, Miss Dora?"

"I don't know why you should enjoy teasing me, but you *have* nearly made me cry, so perhaps you'll be happy now."

"You tried to take me in. I pretended to be taken in. That's all."

"Well, it was very unkind of you."

"And, after all, it's not a matter of indifference to you at what rate we travel, as you said in the train to-day."

"Oh, I had to. I—I couldn't let papa see."

"And why are you in a hurry?"

"I can't tell you; but I must—oh, I must!—be in England in four days."

"You'll hardly get your father to give up a day at Avignon."

"Well, one day there—then we should just do it, if we only slept in Paris."

"Yes, but my wife——"

"Oh, you can stay. Don't say anything about Paris yet. Help me to get there. I'll make papa go on. Please do, Sir Roger. I shall be so awfully obliged to you; so will Mr. Ellerton."

"Charlie Ellerton? Not he! He's in no hurry."

"What do you mean? Didn't you hear him urging papa to-day to travel straight through?"

"Oh, yes, I heard that."

"Well?"

"You were there then."

"What of that?"

"He's not so pressing when you're away."

"I don't understand. Why should he pretend to be in a hurry when he isn't?"

"Ah, I don't know. Don't you?"

"Not in the least, Sir Roger. But never mind Mr. Ellerton. Will you help me?"

"As far as Paris. You must look out for yourself there."

These terms Dora accepted. Surely at Paris she would hear some news of or from John Ashforth. She thought he must have written one line in response to her last letter, and that his answer must have been so far delayed as to arrive at Cannes after her departure; it would be waiting for her at Paris and would tell her whether she was in time or whether there was no more use in hurrying. The dread that oppressed



her was lest, arriving too late in Paris, she should find that she had missed happiness by reason of this wretched dawdling in Southern France.

Seeing her meditative, Deane slipped away to his cigar, and she sat in the hotel hall musing. Deane's revelation of Charlie's treachery hardly surprised her; she meant to upbraid him severely, but she was conscious that, if little surprised, she was hardly more than a little angry. His conduct was indeed contemptible, it revealed an utter instability and fickleness of mind which made her gravely uneasy as to Mary Travers's chances of permanent happiness. Yes, scornful one might be; but who could be seriously angry with the poor boy? And perhaps, after all, she did him injustice. Some natures were more prone than others to sudden passions; it really did not follow that a feeling must be either shallow or short-lived because it was sudden; whether it survived or passed away would depend chiefly on the person who excited it. It was clear that Mary Travers was incapable of maintaining a permanent hold over Charlie's affections, but another girl might—might have. If so, it would be perhaps a pity if Charlie and Mary Travers were to come together again. She doubted very much if they were suited to one another. She pictured Mary as a severe, rather stern young woman; and she hardly knew whether to laugh or groan at the thought of Charlie adapting himself to such a mate. Meanwhile, her own position was certainly very difficult, and she acknowledged its thorniness with a little sigh. To begin with, the suspense was terrible; at times she would have been almost relieved to hear that John was married beyond recall. Then Charlie was a great and a growing difficulty. He had not actually repeated the passionate indiscretion of which he had been guilty at Cannes, but more and more watchfulness and severity were needed to keep him within the bounds proper to their relative positions, and it was odious to be disagreeable to a fellow-traveller, especially when he was such a good and devoted friend as Charlie.

Sir Roger loyally carried out his bargain. Lady Deane was hurried on,

leaving Marseilles, with its varied types of humanity and its profound social significance, practically unexplored; Arles and Amphitheatre, in spite of the beckoning “star,” were dropped out of the programme, and the next day found the party at Avignon. And now they were once more for a moment in harmony. Dora could spare twenty-four hours; Lady Deane and the General were mollified by conscious unselfishness; the prospect of a fresh struggle at Paris lay well in the background and was discreetly ignored; Charlie Ellerton, who had reached the most desperate stage of love, looked neither back nor forward. It was enough for him to have wrung four-and-twenty hours of Dora's company from fate's reluctant grasp. He meant to make the most of it.

She and he sat, on the afternoon of their arrival, in the gardens, hard by the Cathedral, where Lady Deane and the General were doing their duty. Sir Roger had chartered a cab and gone for a drive on the boulevards.

“And we shall really be in Paris tomorrow night?” said Dora. “And in England, I hope, six-and-thirty hours afterward. I want papa to cross the next evening. Mr. Ellerton, I believe we shall be in time.”

Charlie said nothing. He seemed to be engrossed with the magnificent view before him.

“Well? Have you nothing to say?” she asked.

“It's a sin to rush through a place like this,” he observed. “We ought to stay a week. There's no end to see. It's an education!”

By way probably of making the most of his brief opportunity, he went on gazing across the river which flowed below, now toward the heights of Mont Ventoux, now at the ramparts of Villeneuve. Dora, on the other hand, fixed pensive eyes on his curly, hatless head, which leant forward as he rested his elbows on his knees. He had referred to the attractions of Avignon in tones of almost overpowering emotion.

Presently he suddenly turned his head toward her.

“I don't want to be in time,” he said, and, with equal rapidity, he returned to his survey of Villeneuve.



Dora made no answer, unless a perplexed wrinkle on her brow might serve for one. A long silence followed. It was broken at last by Charlie. With a sigh of satisfaction he left the landscape, as though he could not reproach himself with having neglected it, and directed his gaze into his companion's eyes. Dora blushed and pulled the brim of her hat a little lower down over her brow.

"What's more," said Charlie, in deliberate tones, and as if no pause had occurred between this remark and his last, "I don't believe you do."

Dora started and straightened herself in her seat; it looked as if the rash remark were to be met with a burst of indignation, but, a second later, she leant back again and smiled scornfully.

"How can you be so silly, Mr. Ellerton?" she asked.

"We both of us," pursued Charlie, "see now that we made up our minds to be very foolish; we both of us mistook our real feelings; we're beginning—at least I began some time ago, and you're beginning now—to understand the true state of affairs."

"Oh, I know what you mean, and I ought to be very angry, I suppose; but it's too absurd."

"Not in the least. The absurd thing is your fancying that you care about this fellow Ashforth."

"No, you must really stop, you must indeed. I don't——"

"I know the sort of fellow he is—a dull, dry chap, who makes love as if he was dancing a minuet."

"You're quite wrong."

"And kisses you as if it was part of the church service."

This last description, applied to John Ashforth's manner of wooing, had enough of aptness to stir Dora into genuine resentment.

"A girl doesn't like a man less because he respects her—nor more because he ridicules better men than himself."

"Don't be angry. I'm only saying what's true. Why should I want to run him down?"

"I suppose—well, I suppose because——"

"Well?"

"You're a little bit—but I don't think I ought to talk about it."

"Jealous, you were going to say."

"Was I?"

"And that shows you know what I mean."

"Well, by now I suppose I do. I can't help your doing it or I would."

Charlie moved closer, and leaning forward till his face was only a yard from hers, while his hand, sliding along the back of the seat, almost touched her, said in a low voice,

"Are you sure you would?"

Dora's answer was a laugh—a laugh with a hint of nervousness in it. Perhaps she knew what was in it, for she looked away toward *La Barthelasse*.

"Dolly," he whispered, "shall I go back to Cannes; shall I?"

Perhaps the audacity of this *per saltum* advance from the distance of Miss Bellairs to the ineffable assumption involved in "Dolly" made the subject of it dumb.

"I will, if you ask me," he said, as she was silent for a space.

Then with profile toward him and eyes away, she murmured,

"What would Miss Travers say if you turned back now?"

The mention of Mary did not on this occasion evoke any unseemly words. On the contrary, Charlie smiled. He glanced at his companion. He glanced behind him and round him. Then, drilling his deep design into the semblance of an uncontrollable impulse, he seized Dora's hand in his, and before she could stir, kissed her cheek.

She leapt to her feet.

"How dare you?" she cried.

"How could I help it?"

"I'll never speak to you again. No gentleman would have—oh, I do hope you're ashamed of yourself!"

Her words evidently struck home. With an air of contrition he sank on the seat.

"I'm a beast," he said, ruefully.

"You're quite right, Miss Bellairs. Don't have anything more to say to me. I wish I was—I wish I had some—some self-control—and self-respect, you know. If I were a fellow like Ashforth now, I should never have done that!"



CHAPTER VIII

MR. AND MRS. ASHFORTH

Of course you can't forgive me," and, in his extremity of remorse, he buried his face in his hands.

Dora stood beside him. She made one step as if to leave him; a glance at him brought her back, and she looked down at him for a minute. Presently a troubled, doubtful little smile appeared on her face; when she realized it was there, she promptly banished it. Alas! It was too late. The rascal had been peeping through his fingers, and, with a ringing laugh, he sprang to his feet, caught both her hands, and cried,

"Shocking, wasn't it? Awful?"

"Let me go, Mr. Ellerton."

"Must I?"

"Yes, yes."

"Why? Why, when you——"

"Sir Roger's coming. Look behind you."

"Oh, the deuce!"

An instant later they were sitting demurely at opposite ends of the seat, inspecting Villeneuve with interest.

Another moment Deane stood before them, puffing a cigarette, and wearing an expression of amiability tempered by boredom.

"Wonderful old place, isn't it, Deane?" asked Charlie.

"Such a view, Sir Roger!" cried Dora, in almost breathless enthusiasm.

"You certainly," assented Deane, "do see some wonderful sights on this Promenade. I'm glad I came up. The air's given you quite a color, Miss Dora."

"It's tea-time," declared Dora, suddenly. "Take me down with you, Sir Roger. Mr. Ellerton, go and tell the others we're going home to tea."

Charlie started off, and Sir Roger strolled along by Miss Bellairs's side. Presently he said:

"Still anxious to get to Paris?"

"Why shouldn't I be?" she asked, quickly.

"I thought perhaps the charms of Avignon would have decided you to linger. Haven't you been tempted?"

Dora glanced at him, but his face betrayed no secondary meaning.

"Tempted? Oh, perhaps," she answered, with the same nervous little laugh, "but not quite led astray. I'm going on."

ALL that evening Miss Bellairs was not observed—and Dean watched her very closely—to address a word to Charlie Ellerton; even good-night was avoided by a premature disappearance and unexpected failure to return. Perhaps it was part of the same policy of seclusion which made her persuade Lady Deane to travel to Paris with her in one compartment and relegate the men to another—a proposal which the banished accepted by an enthusiastic majority of two to one. The General foresaw an infinity of quiet naps and Deane uninterrupted smoking; Charlie alone chafed against the necessary interruption of his bold campaign, but, in face of Dora's calm coldness of aspect, he did not dare to lift up his voice.

Lady Deane was so engrossed in the study—or the search for opportunities of study—of sides of life with which she was unfamiliar as to be, for the most part, blind to what took place immediately around her. General Bellairs himself (who vaguely supposed that some man might try to make love to his daughter five years hence, and thereupon be promptly sent off with a flea in his ear) was not more unconscious than she that there was, had been, or might be anything, as the phrase runs, "between" the two junior members of the party. She had no hints to give and no questions to ask; she seated herself placidly in a corner and began to write in a large note-book. She had been unwillingly compelled to "scamp" Marseilles, but, as she wrote, she found that the rough notes she was copying, aided by fresh memory, supplied her with an ample fund of material. Alternately she smiled contentedly to herself, and gazed out of the window with a preoccupied air. Clearly, a plot was brewing, and the authoress was grateful to Dora for restricting her interruptions to an occasional impatient sigh and the taking up and dropping again of her Tauchnitz.

With the men tongues moved more.

"Well, General," said Deane, "what's



Miss Dora's *ultimatum* about your staying in Paris?"

Charlie pricked up his ears and buried his face behind *La Vie Parisienne*.

"You'll think me very weak, Deane," rejoined the General, with an apologetic laugh, "but I've promised to go straight on if she wants me to."

"And does she?"

"I don't know what the child has got in her head, but she says she'll tell me when she gets to Paris. We shall have a day with you anyhow; I don't think she's so set on not staying as she was, but I don't profess to understand her fancies. Still, as you see, I yield to them."

"Man's task in the world," said Deane. "Eh, Charlie, what are you hiding behind that paper for?"

"I was only looking at the pictures."

"Quite enough, too. You're going to stay in Paris, aren't you?"

"Don't know yet, old fellow. It depends on whether I get a letter calling me back or not."

"Hang it! One might as well be in a house where the shooting turns out a fraud. Nobody knows that he won't have a wire any morning and have to go back to town. My wife'll be furious if you desert her, General."

"Oh, I hope it won't come to that."

"I hope awfully that I shall be able to stay," said Charlie, with obvious sincerity.

"Then," observed Deane with a slight smile, "if the General and Miss Bellairs leave us you can take my wife about."

"I should think you might take her yourself," and he gently kicked Deane. He was afraid of arousing the General's dormant suspicions.

It was late at night when they arrived in Paris, but the faithful Laing was on the platform to meet them, and received them with a warm greeting. While the luggage was being collected by Deane's man, they stood and talked on the platform. Presently the General, struck by a sudden thought, asked:

"I suppose nothing came for us at Cannes, eh, Laing? You said you'd bring anything on, you know."

Laing interrupted a pretty speech which he was trying to direct into Dora's inattentive ears.

"Beg pardon, General."

"No letters for any of us before you left Cannes?"

"No, Gen—" he began, but suddenly stopped. His mouth remained open and his glass fell from his eye.

The General, not waiting to hear more than the first word, had rushed off to hail a cab and Deane was escorting his wife. Dora and Charlie stood waiting for the unfinished speech.

The end came slowly and with a prodigious emphasis of despair.

"Oh, by Jove!"

"Well, Mr. Laing?" said Dora.

"The morning you left—just after—there were two telegrams."

"For me?" said each of his auditors.

"One for each of you, but——"

"Oh, give me mine."

"Hand over mine, old chap."

"I—I haven't got 'em."

"What?"

"I—I'm awfully sorry, I—I forgot 'em."

"Oh, how tiresome of you, Mr. Laing!"

"Send 'em round first thing to-morrow, Laing."

"But—but I don't know where I put 'em, I know I laid 'em down. Then I took 'em up. Then I put 'em—where the deuce did I put 'em? Here's a go, Miss Bellairs! I say, I am an ass!"

No contradiction assailed him. His victims glared reproachfully at him.

"I must have left them at Cannes. I'll wire first thing in the morning, Miss Bellairs; I'll get up as soon as ever the office is open. I say, do forgive me."

"Well, Mr. Laing, I'll try, but——"

"Laing! Here! My wife wants you," shouted Sir Roger, and the criminal, happy to escape, ran away, leaving Dora and Charlie alone.

"They must have been from *them*," murmured Dora.

"No doubt; and that fool Laing——"

"What has he done with them?"

"Lit his pipe with them, I expect."

"Oh, what shall we do?"

"I don't know."

"What—what do you think they said, Mr. Ellerton?"

"How can I tell? Perhaps that the marriage was off!"

"Oh!" escaped from Dora.

"Perhaps that it was going on."



“It’s worse than ever. They may have asked for answers.”

“Probably.”

“And they won’t have written here!”

“Sure not to have.”

“And—and I sha’n’t know what to do. I—I believe it was to say he had broken off the marriage.”

“Is the wish father to the thought?”

The lights of the station flickered, but Charlie saw, or thought he saw, a hasty, unpremeditated gesture of protest.

“Dolly!” he whispered.

“Hush, hush! How can you now—before we know?”

“The cab’s waiting,” called Deane.

“Come along.”

They got in in silence. The General and Deane went first, and the three young people followed in a second vehicle. It was but just twelve, and the boulevards were gay and full of people.

Suddenly, as they were near the Opera, they saw the tall figure of an unmistakable Englishman walking away from them down the Avenue de l’Opéra. Dora clutched Charlie’s arm with a convulsive grip.

“Hullo! what’s the—” he began, but a second pinch enforced silence.

“See that chap?” asked Laing, pointing to the figure, “He’s at my hotel.”

“Is he?” said Dora, in a faint voice.

“Yes, I’ve got a good deal of amusement out of him. He oughtn’t to be out so late though, and by himself, too!”

“Who is it?” asked Charlie.

“I don’t know his name.”

“And why oughtn’t he to be out?”

“Because he’s on his honeymoon.”

“What?” cried Dora.

“Just married,” explained Laing.

“Wife’s a tallish girl, fair—rather good-looking; looks standoffish though.”

“You—you’re sure they’re married, Mr. Laing?” gasped Dora, and Charlie, in whom her manner had awakened a suspicion of the truth, also waited eagerly for the reply.

“What, Miss Bellairs?” asked Laing in surprise.

“Oh, I mean—I mean you haven’t made a mistake?”

“Well, they’re together all day, and

nobody’s with them except a lady’s-maid. I should think that’s good enough.”

With a sigh Dora sank back against the cushions. They were at the hotel now; the others had already gone in, and, bidding Laing a hearty good-night, Dora ran in, followed closely by Charlie. He did not overtake her before she found her father.

“Well, Dolly,” said the General, “there’s no letter.”

“Oh!” cried Dolly, “I’ll stay as long as ever you like, papa.”

“That’s right,” said Deane. “And you, Charlie?”

Charlie took his cue.

“A month if you like.”

“Capital! Now for a wash—come along, Maud—and then supper!”

Dora lingered behind the others, and Charlie with her. Directly they were alone, he asked:

“What does it all mean?”

She sat down, still panting with agitation.

“Why—why, that man we saw—the man Mr. Laing says is on his honeymoon, is—is—”

“Yes, yes?”

“Mr. Ashforth!”

“Dolly! And his wife. By Jove! It’s an exact description of Mary Travers!”

“The telegrams were to say the marriage was to be at once.”

“Yes, and—they’re married!”

“Yes!”

A short pause marked the astounding conclusion. Then Charlie came up very close and whispered:

“Are you broken-hearted, Dolly?”

She turned her face away with a blush.

“Are you, Dolly?”

“I’m very much ashamed of myself,” she murmured. “Oh, Mr. Ellerton, not just yet!” and in deference to her entreaty Charlie had the grace to postpone what he was about to do.

When the supper was ready Sir Roger Deane looked round the table inquiringly.

“Well,” said he, “what is it to be?”

“Champagne—champagne in magnums!” cried Charlie Ellerton, with a ringing laugh.



## CHAPTER IX

MR. AND MRS. ASHFORTH

MISS BUSSEY was much relieved when the doctor pronounced her convalescent and allowed her to come downstairs. To fall ill on an outing is always exasperating, but beyond that she felt that her enforced seclusion was particularly unfortunate at the moment. Here were two young people, not engaged nor going to be engaged to one another; and for three days or more circumstances had abandoned them to an inevitable and unchaperoned *tête-à-tête*! Mary made light of it; she relied on the fraternal relationship, but that was, after all, a fiction, quite incapable, in Miss Bussey's opinion, of supporting the strain to which it had been subjected. Besides, Mary's sincerity appeared doubtful; the kind girl, anxious to spare her aunt worry, made light of the difficulties of her position, but Miss Bussey detected a restlessness in her manner which clearly betrayed uneasiness. Here, of course, Miss Bussey was wrong; neither Mary nor John were the least self-conscious; they felt no embarrassment, but the poor creatures wore out their spirits in a useless vigil over the letter-rack. Miss Bussey was restored to active life on the morning after the party from Cannes arrived in Paris, and she hastened to emphasize the fact of her return to complete health by the unusual effort of coming down to breakfast. She was in high feather, and her cheery conversation lifted, to some extent, the gloom which had settled on her young friends. While exhorting to patience she was full of hope, and dismissed as chimerical all the darker explanations which the disconsolate lovers suggested as accounting for the silence their communications had met with. Under her influence the breakfast-table became positively cheerful, and at last all the three burst into a hearty laugh at one of the old lady's little jokes.

At this moment Authur Laing entered the room. His brow was clouded. He had searched his purse, his cigar-case, the lining of his hat—in fact every de-

pository where a careful man would be likely to bestow documents whose existence he wished to remember; as no careful man would put such things in the pocket of his "blazer," he had not searched there; and so the telegrams had not appeared, and the culprit was looking forward, with some alarm, to the reception which would await him when he "turned up" to lunch with his friends, as he had promised to do. Hardly, however, had he sat down to his coffee when his sombre thoughts were cleared away by the extraordinary spectacle of young Mr. and Mrs. Ashforth hobnobbing with their maid, the latter lady appearing quite at home and leading the gayety and the conversation. Laing laid down his roll and his knife and looked at them in undisguised amazement.

For a moment doubt of his cherished theory began to assail his mind. He heard the old lady call Ashforth "John;" that was a little strange, and it was rather strange that John answered by saying: "That must be as you wish—I am entirely at your disposal." And yet, reflected Laing, was it very strange, after all? In his own family they had an old retainer who called all the children, whatever their age, by their Christian names, and was admitted to a degree of intimacy hardly distinguishable from that accorded to a relative.

Laing, weighing the evidence *pro* and *contra*, decided that there was an overwhelming balance in favor of his old view, and dismissed the matter with the comment that, if it ever befell him to go on a wedding-tour, he would ask his wife to take a maid with rather less claims on her kindness and his toleration.

That same morning the second pair of telegrams, forwarded by post from Cannes, duly arrived. Dora and Charlie, reading them in the light of their recent happy information, found them most kind and comforting, although in reality they, apart from their missing forerunners, told the recipients nothing at all. John's ran: "Am in Paris at Continental. Please write. Anxious to hear. Everything decided for the best.—JOHN." Mary's to Charlie was even briefer; it said, "Am here at Continental. Why no answer to last?"



"It's really very kind of Mr. Ashforth," said Dora to Charlie, as they strolled in the garden of the Tuileries, "to make such a point of what I think. I expect the wire that stupid Mr. Laing lost was just to tell me the date of the marriage."

"Not a doubt of it. Miss Tr—Mrs. Ashforth's wire to me makes that clear. They want to hear that we're not desperately unhappy. Well, we aren't, are we, Dolly?"

"Well, perhaps not."

"Isn't it extraordinary how we mistook our feelings? Of course, though, it's natural in you. You had never been through anything of the sort before. How could you tell whether it was the real thing or not?"

Dora shot a glance out of the corner of her eye at her lover, but did not disclaim the innocence he imputed to her; she knew men liked to think that, and why shouldn't they, poor things? She seized on his implied admission and carried the war into his country.

"But you!—you who are so experienced—how did you come to make such a mistake?"

Charlie was not at a loss.

"It wasn't a mistake *then*," he said. "I was quite right then. Mary Travers was about the nicest girl I had ever seen. I thought her as charming as a girl could be."

"Oh, you did! Then why——"

"My eyes have been opened since then."

"What did that?"

"Why don't you ever pronounce my name?"

"Never mind your name. What opened your eyes?"

"Why, yours, of course."

"What nonsense! They're very nice about it, aren't they? Do you think we ought to call?"

"Shall you feel it awkward?"

"Yes, a little. Sha'n't you? Still we must let them know we're here. Will you write to Mrs. Ashforth?"

"I suppose I'd better. After lunch 'll do, won't it?"

"Oh, yes. And I'll write a note to him. I expect they won't be staying here long."

"I hope not. Hullo, it's a quarter

past twelve. We must be getting back. Laing's coming to lunch."

"Where are the Deanes?"

"Lady Deane's gone to Belleville with your father to see slums, and Roger's playing tennis with Laing. He said we weren't to wait lunch. Are you hungry, Dolly?"

"Not very. It seems only an hour since breakfast."

"How charming of you! We've been walking here since ten o'clock."

"Mr. Allerton, will you be serious for a minute? I want to say something important. When we meet the Ashforths there mustn't be a word said about—about—you know."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I couldn't! So soon! Surely you see that. Why, it would be hardly civil to them, would it, apart from anything else?"

"Well, it might look rather casual."

"And I positively couldn't face John Ashforth. You promise, don't you?"

"It's a nuisance, because, you see, Dolly——"

"You're not to get into the habit of saying 'Dolly.' At least not yet."

"Presently?"

"If you're good. Now promise!"

"All right."

"We're not engaged."

"All right."

"Nor thinking of it."

"Rather not."

"That's very nice of you, and when the Ashforths are gone——"

"I shall be duly rewarded?"

"Oh, we'll see. Do come along. Papa hates being kept waiting for his meals, and they must have finished their slums long ago."

They found Lady Deane and the General waiting for them, and the latter proposed an adjournment to a famous restaurant near the Opera. Thither they repaired, and ordered their lunch.

"Deane and Laing will find out where we've gone and follow," said the General. "We won't wait," and he resumed his conversation with Lady Deane on the events of the morning.

A moment later the absentees came in; Sir Roger in his usual leisurely fashion, Laing hurriedly. The latter



held in his hand two telegrams, or the crumpled *débris* thereof. He rushed up to the table and panted out, "Found 'em in the pocket of my blazer—must have put 'em there—stupid ass—never thought of it—put it on for tennis—awfully sorry."

Wasting no time in reproaches, Dora and Charlie grasped their recovered property.

"Excuse me!" they cried simultaneously, and opened the envelopes. A moment later both leant back in their chairs, the pictures of helpless bewilderment.

Dora had read: "Marriage broken off. Coming to you 28th. Write directions—Continental, Paris."

Charlie had read: "Engagement at end. Aunt and I coming to Paris—Continental, on 28th. Can you meet?"

Lady Deane was writing in her notebook. The General, Sir Roger, and Laing were busy with the waiter, the *menu*, and the wine-list. Quick as thought the lovers exchanged telegrams. They read and looked at one another.

"What does it mean?" whispered Dora.

"You never saw anything like the lives those ragpickers lead, Dora," observed Lady Deane, looking up from her task. "I was talking to one this morning and he said——"

"Maitre d'hotel for me," broke in Sir Roger.

"I haven't a notion," murmured Charlie.

"Look here, what's your liquor, Laing?"

"Anything; with this thirst on me——"

"There are ample materials for a revolution more astonishing and sanguinary——"

"Nonsense, General, you must have something to drink."

"Can they have changed their minds again, Dolly?"

"They must have, if Mr. Laing is——"

"Dry? I should think I was. So would you be, if you'd been playing tennis."

Laing cut across the currents of conversation:

"Hope no harm done, Miss Bellairs, about that wire?"

"I—I—I don't think so."

"Or yours, Charlie?"

Charlie took a hopeful view.

"Upon my honor, Laing, I'm glad you hid it."

"Oh, I see!" cried Laing. "Tip for the wrong 'un, eh, and too late to put it on now?"

"You're not far off," answered Charlie Ellerton.

"Roger, is it to-night that the General is going to take me to the——"

"Hush! Not before Miss Bellairs, my dear! Consider her filial feelings. You and the General must make a quiet bolt of it. *We're* only going to the *Palais-Royal*."

The arrival of fish brought a momentary pause, but the first mouthful was hardly swallowed when Arthur Laing started, hunted hastily for his eyeglass, and stuck it in his eye.

"Yes, it is them," said he. "See, Charlie, that table over there. They've got their backs to us, but I can see 'em in the mirror."

"See who?" asked Charlie, in an irritable tone.

"Why, those honeymooners. I say, Lady Deane, it's a queer thing to have a lady's-maid to breakf—— Why, by Jove, she's with them now! Look!"

His excited interest aroused the attention of the whole party, and they looked across the long room.

"Ashforth's their name," concluded Laing. "I heard the Abigail call him Ashforth; and the lady is——"

He was interrupted by the clatter of a knife and fork falling on a plate. He turned in the direction whence the sound came.

Dora Bellairs leant back in her chair, her hands in her lap; Charlie Ellerton had hidden himself behind the wine-list. Lady Deane, her husband, and the General gazed inquiringly at Dora.

At the same instant there came a shrill little cry from the other end of the room. The mirror had served Mary Travers as well as it had Laing. For a moment she spoke hastily to her companion; then she and John rose, and, with radiant smiles on their faces, ad-



vanced toward their friends. The long-expected meeting had come at last.

Dora sat still, staring sternly. Charlie, peeping out from behind his *menu*, saw the approach.

“ Now, in Heaven’s name,” he groaned, “ are they married or aren’t they ? ” and having said this he awaited the worst.

## CHAPTER X

MR. AND NOT MRS. ASHFORTH

*Sum cuique* : to the Man belongeth Courage in great things, but in affairs of small moment Woman is pre-eminent. Charlie Ellerton was speechless ; Dora Bellairs, by a supreme effort, rose on shaking legs and advanced with outstretched hands to meet John Ashforth.

“ Mr. Ashforth, I declare ! Who would have thought of meeting you here ? ” she exclaimed ; and she added in an almost imperceptible, mysterious whisper, “ Hush ! ”

John at once understood that he was to make no reference to the communications which had resulted in this happy meeting. He expressed a friendly gratification in appropriate words. Dora began to breathe again ; everything was passing off well. Suddenly she glanced from John to Mary. Mary stood alone, about three yards from the table, gazing at Charlie. Charlie sat as though paralyzed. He would ruin everything.

“ Mr. Ellerton,” she called, sharply. Charlie started up, but before he could reach Dora’s side, the latter had turned to Mary and was holding out a friendly hand. Mary responded with alacrity.

“ Miss Bellairs, isn’t it ? We ought to know one another. I’m so glad to meet you.”

Charlie was by them now.

“ And how do you do, Mr. Ellerton ? ” went on Mary, rivalling Dora in composure. And she also added a barely visible and quite inaudible “ Hush ! ”

“ Who are they ? ” asked Deane, in a low voice.

“ Their name’s Ashforth,” answered Laing.

“ God bless my soul ! ” exclaimed the General. “ I remember him now. We made his acquaintance at Interlaken,

but his name had slipped from my memory. And that’s his wife. Fine girl, too. I must speak to him.” And full of kindly intent he bustled off and shook John warmly by the hand.

“ My dear Ashforth, delighted to meet you again, and under such delightful conditions, too ! Ah, well, it only comes once in a lifetime, does it ?—in your case anyhow, I hope. I see Dora has introduced herself. You must present me. When was it ? ”

Portions of this address puzzled John considerably, but he thought it best to do as he was told.

“ Mary,” he said, “ let me introduce General Bellairs—Miss Bellairs’s father—to you. General Bell——”

The General interrupted him by addressing Mary with much effusion.

“ Delighted to meet you. Ah, you know our young friend Ellerton ? Everybody does, it seems to me. Come, you must join us. Waiter, two more places. Lady Deane, let me introduce Mr. Ashforth. They’re on their——”

He paused. An inarticulate sound had proceeded from Mary’s lips.

“ Beg pardon ? ” said the General.

A pin might have been heard to drop, while Mary, recovering herself, said coldly :

“ I think there’s some mistake. I’m not Mrs. Ashforth.”

“ Gad ! it’s the old ’un,” burst in a stage whisper from Arthur Laing, who seemed determined that John Ashforth should have a wife.

The General looked to his daughter for an explanation. Dora dared not show the emotion pictured on her face, and her back was toward the party. Charlie Ellerton was staring with a vacant look at the lady who was not Mrs. Ashforth. The worst had happened.

John came to the rescue. With an awkward laugh he said :

“ Oh, you—you attribute too much happiness to me. This is Miss Travers. I—I— Her aunt, Miss Bussey, and she have kindly allowed me to join their travelling party. Miss Bussey is at that table,” and he pointed to “ the old ’un.”

Perhaps it was as well that at this moment, the pent-up feelings which the situation, and above all the remorseful



horror with which Laing was regarding his fictitious lady's-maid, overcame Roger Deane. He burst into a laugh. After a moment the General followed heartily. Laing was the next, bettering his examples in his poignant mirth. Sir Roger sprang up.

"Come, Miss Travers," he said, "sit down. Here's the fellow who gave you your new name. Blame him," and he indicated Laing. Then he cried, "General, we must have Miss Bussey, too."

The combined party, however, was not, when fully constituted by the addition of Miss Bussey, a success. Two of its members ate nothing and alternated between gloomy silence and forced gayety—who these were may well be guessed. Mary and John found it difficult to surmount their embarrassment at the *contretemps* which had attended the introduction, or their perplexity over the cause of it. Laing was on thorns lest his distributions of parts and stations in life should be disclosed. The only bright feature was the congenial feeling which appeared at once to unite Miss Bussey and Sir Roger Deane. They sat together, and, aided by the General's geniality and Lady Deane's supramundane calm, carried the meal to a conclusion without an actual breakdown, ending up with a friendly wrangle over the responsibility for the bill. Finally it was on Sir Roger's proposal that they all agreed to meet at five o'clock and take coffee, or what they would, together at a *café* by the water in the Bois de Boulogne. With this understanding the party broke up.

Dora and Charlie, lagging behind, found themselves alone. They hardly dared to look at one another, lest their composure should fail.

"They're not married," said Charlie.

"No."

"They've broken it off!"

"Yes."

"Because of us."

"Yes."

"While we——"

"Yes."

"Well, in all my life, I never——"

"Oh, do be quiet."

"What an infernal ass that fellow Laing——"

"Do you think they saw anything?"

"No. I half wish they had."

"Oh, Mr. Ellerton, what shall we do? They're still in love with us!"

"Rather. They've been waiting for us."

Dora entered the hotel gates and sank into a chair in the court-yard.

"Well?" she asked, helplessly; but Charlie had no suggestion to offer.

"How could they," she broke out indignantly, "how could they break off their marriage at the last moment like that? They—they were as good as married. It's really hardly—people should know their own minds."

She caught sight of a rueful smile on Charlie's face.

"Oh, I know, but it's different," she added, impatiently. "One expects it of you, but I didn't expect it of John Ashforth."

"And of yourself?" he asked, softly.

"It's all your fault, you wicked boy," she answered.

Charlie sighed heavily.

"We must break it to them," said he. "Mary will understand; she has such delicacy of feeling that——"

"You're always praising that girl. I believe you're in love with her still."

"Well, you as good as told me I wasn't fit to black Ashforth's boots."

"Anyhow he wouldn't have—have—have tried to make a girl care for him when he knew she cared for somebody else."

"Hang it! It seems to me Ashforth isn't exactly immaculate. Why, in Switzerland——"

"Never mind Switzerland, Mr. Ellerton, please."

A silence ensued. Then Charlie remarked, with a reproachful glance at Dora's averted face:

"And this is the sequel to Avignon! I shouldn't have thought a girl would change so in forty-eight hours."

Dora said nothing. She held her head very high in the air and looked straight in front of her.

"When you gave me that kiss——" resumed Charlie.

Now this form of expression was undoubtedly ambiguous; to give a kiss may mean: 1. What it literally says—to bestow a kiss. 2. To offer one's self to be kissed. 3. To accept willingly a prof-



ferred kiss, and without much straining of words. 4. Merely to refrain from angry expostulation and a rupture of acquaintance when one is kissed—this last partaking rather of the nature of the ratification of an unauthorized act, and being, in fact, the measure of Dora's criminality. But the other shades of meaning caught her attention.

“You know it's untrue; I never did,” she cried, angrily. “I told you at the time that no gentleman would have done it.”

“Oh, you mean Ashforth, I suppose? It's always Ashforth.”

“Well, he wouldn't.”

“And some girls I know wouldn't forgive a man on Monday and round on him on Wednesday.”

“Oh, you needn't trouble to mention names. I know the paragon you're thinking of!”

They were now at the hotel.

“Going in?” asked Charlie.

“Yes.”

“I suppose we shall go to the Bois together?”

“I shall ask papa or Sir Roger to take me.”

“Then I'll go with Lady Deane.”

“I don't mind who you go with, Mr. Ellerton.”

“I'll take care that you're annoyed as little as possible by my presence.”

“It doesn't annoy me.”

“Doesn't it, D——”

“I don't notice it one way or the other.”

“Oh.”

“Good-by for the present, Mr. Ellerton.”

“Good-by, Miss Bellairs; but I ought to thank you.”

“What for?”

“For making it easy to me to do what's right,” and Charlie turned on his heel and made rapidly for the nearest *café*, where he ordered an *absinthe*.

Dora went wearily up to her bedroom, and, sitting down, reviewed the recent conversation. She could not make out how, or why, or where they had begun to quarrel. Yet they had certainly not only begun but made very fair progress, considering the time at their disposal. It had all been Charlie's fault. He

must be fond of that girl after all; if so, it was not likely that she would let him see that she minded. Let him go to Mary Travers, if—if he liked that sort of prim creature. She, Dora Bellairs, would not interfere. She would have no difficulty in finding several who did care for her. Poor John! How happy he looked when he saw her! It was quite touching. He really looked almost—almost—to her sudden annoyance and alarm she found herself finishing the sentence thus, “almost as Charlie did at Avignon.”

“Oh, he's worth a thousand of Charlie,” she exclaimed, impatiently.

At half-past four Sir Roger Deane was waiting in the hall. Presently Dora appeared.

“Where are the others?” she asked.

“Charlie's having a drink. Your father and Maud aren't coming. They're going to rest.”

“Oh, well, we might start.”

“Excuse me, Miss Dora, there's some powder on your nose.”

“Oh, is there? Thanks.”

“What have you been powdering for?”

“Really, Sir Roger! Besides the sun has ruined my complexion.”

“Oh, the sun.”

“Yes. Don't be horrid. Do let's start.”

“But Charlie——”

“I hate riding three in a *voiture*.”

“Oh, and I like riding alone in one, so——”

“No, no. You must come with me. Mr. Ellerton can follow us. He's always drinking, isn't he? I dislike it so.”

Sir Roger, with a wink at an unresponsive plaster bust of *M. le President*, followed her to the door. They had just got into their little victoria when Charlie appeared, cigarette in hand.

“Charlie,” observed Deane, “Miss Bellairs thinks you'll be more comfortable by yourself than perched on this front seat.”

“Especially as you're smoking,” added Dora. “*Allez cocher*.”

Charlie hailed another vehicle and got in. As he did so he remarked between his teeth, “I'm d——d if I stand it.”



## CHAPTER XI

## A DYNAMITE OUTRAGE

On one side of the lake Dora and John walked together, on the other Mary and Charlie. Miss Bussey and Roger Deane sat in the garden of the *café*. The scene round them was gay. Carriages constantly drove up discharging daintily attired ladies and their cavaliers. There was a constant stream of bicycles, some of them steered by fair riders in neat bloomer-suits; the road-waterers spread a grateful coolness in their ambit, for the afternoon was hot for the time of year, and the dust had an almost autumnal volume. Miss Bussey had been talking for nearly ten minutes on end, and now she stopped with an exhausted air, and sipped her coffee. Deane lit another cigar and sat silently looking on at the life that passed and repassed before him.

"It's a curious story," he observed at last.

"Very; but I suppose it's all ended happily now. Look at them, Sir Roger."

"Oh, I see them."

"Their troubles are over at last, poor children; and really I think they've all behaved very well. And yet——"

"Yes?"

"I should have thought Mary and Mr. Ashforth so suited to one another. Well, well, the heart's an unaccountable thing—to an old spinster, anyhow."

"You're right, Miss Bussey. Take my wife and me. You wouldn't have thought we should have hit it off, would you? First year I knew her I hardly dared to speak to her—used to bring up Browning and—(Sir Roger here referred to an eminent living writer) and chaps like that, before I went to see her, you know. No use! I bored her to death. At last I chucked it up."

"Well?"

"And I went one day and talked about the Grand National for half an hour by the clock. Well, she asked me to come again next day, and I went, and told her all about the last burlesque and—and so on, you know. And then I asked her to marry me."

"And she said 'Yes'?"

"Not directly. She said there was an impassable gulf between us—an utter want of sympathy in our tastes and an irreconcilable difference of intellectual outlook."

"Dear me! Didn't that discourage you?"

"I said I didn't care a dash; she was the only girl I ever cared for (all right, Miss Bussey—don't laugh), and I'd have any outlook she liked. I said I knew I was an ass, but I thought I knew a pretty girl when I saw one, and I'd go away if she'd show me a prettier one."

"Well?"

"Well, she didn't."

Miss Bussey laughed a little.

"Of course," resumed Sir Roger, "I've got money; you know, and all that, and perhaps——"

"Sir Roger! what a thing to say of your wife!"

"Well, with another girl—but, hang it, I don't believe Maud would. Still, you see, it's so dashed queer that sometimes——"

"I'm sure she's very fond of you," said Miss Bussey, rather surprised at the confidence and the nature of the confidence which she was receiving.

"I expect it's all right," resumed Deane, more cheerfully, "and that brings us back to where we started, doesn't it?"

"And we started in bewilderment."

"You're puzzled that Dora Bellairs and Ashforth should pair off together and——?"

"Well, the other combination would seem more natural, wouldn't it? Doesn't it surprise you a little?"

"I'm never surprised at anything till I know it's true," said Sir Roger.

"What, you——?"

They were interrupted by the return of their friends, and a move was made. Three vehicles were necessary to take them back, for the twos could, obviously, neither be separated from one another nor united with anybody else, and in procession, Miss Bussey and Deane leading, they filed along the avenues back to the Arc de Triomphe.

They had hardly passed the open Place when their progress was suddenly arrested. A crowd spread almost across



the broad road, and *sergents de ville* imperiously commanded a stop. There was a babble of tongues, great excitement, and a thousand eager fingers pointing at a house. The doorway was in ruins, and workmen were busy shoring it up with beams. In the middle of the crowd there was an open circle, surrounded by *gendarmes*, and kept clear of people. In the middle of it lay a thing like a rather tall, slim watering-pot, *minus* the handle. The crowd, standing on tiptoe and peeping over the shoulders of their guardians, shook their fists at this harmless-looking article and apostrophized it with a wonderful wealth of passionate invectives.

“What in the world’s the matter?” cried Miss Bussey, who was nervous in a crowd.

“Revolution, I suppose,” responded Deane, calmly, and turning to his nearest neighbor, he continued in the first French that came to him, “*Une autre révolution, n’est-ce-pas, Monsieur?*”

The man stared, but a woman near him burst into a voluble explanation, from the folds of which unlearned English ears disentangled, at the third reiteration, the ominous word, “*Dynamite*,” and she pointed to the watering-pot.

“Oh, it’ll go off!” shrieked Miss Bussey.

“It’s gone off,” said Sir Roger. “We’re too late,” and there was a touch of disappointment in his voice, as he turned and shouted to the others, “Keep your seats! It’s all over. Only an explosion.”

“Only!” shuddered Miss Bussey. “It’s a mercy we weren’t killed.”

It appeared that this mercy had not stopped at Miss Bussey and her friends. Nobody had been killed—not even the magistrate on the third floor for whose discipline and reformation the occurrence had been arranged; and presently the carriages were allowed to proceed.

Lady Deane’s grief at having missed so interesting an occasion was very poignant.

“No, Roger,” said she, “it is *not* a mere craving for horrors, or a morbid love of excitement; I wish I had been there to observe the world, because it’s just at such moments that people reveal

their true selves. The veil is lifted—the veil of hypocrisy and convention—and you see the naked soul.”

“You could hear it too, Maud,” observed Sir Roger. “Fine chance of improving your French vocabulary. Still, I daresay you’re right.”

“I’m sure I am.”

Deane looked at his wife meditatively.

“You think,” he asked, “that being in danger might make people——”

“Reveal their inmost natures and feelings! I’m sure of it.”

“Gad! Then we might try.”

“What do you mean, Roger?”

“Nothing. You’re going out with the General to-night. Very well, I shall take a turn on my own hook.”

As he strolled toward the smoking-room, he met Charlie Ellerton.

“Well, old fellow, had a pleasant afternoon?”

“Glorious!” answered Charlie in a husky voice.

“Are we to congratulate you?”

“I—I—well, it’s not *absolutely* settled yet, Deane, but—soon, I hope.”

“That’s right. Miss Bussey told me the whole story; and I think you’re precious lucky to get such a girl.”

“Yes, aren’t I?”

“You don’t look over and above radiant.”

“Do you want me to go grinning about the hotel like an infernal hyena?”

“I think a chastened joy would be appropriate.”

“Don’t be an ass, Deane. I suppose you think you’re funny.”

Sir Roger passed on, with a smile on his lips. As he passed the reading-room Dora Bellairs came out.

“Well, Miss Dora, enjoyed your afternoon?”

“Oh, awfully—except that dreadful explosion.”

“You must excuse a friend, you know. I’m awfully glad it’s all come right in the end.”

“You—you’re very kind, Sir Roger. It’s—it’s—there’s nothing quite settled yet.”

“Oh, of course not, but still—! Well, I heard all about it and I think he’s worthy of you. I can’t say more. He seems a capital fellow.”

“Yes, isn’t he? I——”



"Yes?"

"Oh, I'm very, very, *very* happy," and, after making this declaration in a shaky voice, she fairly ran away down the passage. Deane watched her as she went.

"Maud's right," said he. "She always is. There's nothing for it but dynamite. I wonder where it's to be got?"

General Bellairs clapped him on the shoulders.

"Inclined for a turn, Deane? I'm going to see an old servant of mine—Painter's his name. He married my poor wife's French maid, and set up as a restaurant-keeper in the Palais-Royal. I always look him up when I come to Paris."

"I'm your man," answered Deane, and they set out for Mr. Painter's establishment. It proved to be a neat little place, neither of the very cheap nor the very sumptuous class, and the General was soon promising to bring the whole party to *déjeuner* there. Painter was profuse in thanks and called Madame to thank the General. The General at once entered into conversation with the trim little woman.

"Nice place yours, Painter," observed Deane.

"Pleased to hear you say so, Sir Roger."

"Very nice. Ah—er—heard of the explosion?"

"Yes, Sir Roger. Abominable thing, sir. These Socialists——"

"Quite so. Never had one here, I suppose?"

"No, sir. We're pretty well looked after in here."

"Like one?" asked Deane.

"Beg pardon, sir. Ha-ha. No, sir."

"Because I want one."

"You—beg pardon, sir?"

"Look here, Painter. I'll drop in here after dinner for some coffee. I want to talk to you. See? Not a word to the General."

"Glad to see you, Sir Roger, but——"

"All right. I'll put you up to it. Here they come. Present me to Madame."

They went away, having arranged with the Painters for luncheon and a private room on the next day but one.

"Lunch for eight," said Deane. "At least, General, I thought we might ask our friends from the Continental."

"Yes—and young Laing."

"Oh, I forgot him. Yes, Laing, of course. For nine—*neuf*, you know, please, madame."

"That's all right," said the General. "I'm glad to do him a turn."

"Yes, that's all right," assented Sir Roger, with the slightest possible chuckle. "We shall have a jolly lunch, eh, General?"

## CHAPTER XII

### ANOTHER!

"I SHALL never, never forget your generosity, John."

"No, Mary. It was your honesty and courage that did it."

"I told Mr. Ellerton the whole story, and he seemed positively astonished."

"And Miss Bellairs admitted that when she wrote she considered such a thing utterly impossible. She's changed a little, Mary. She's not so cheerful and light-hearted as she used to be."

"Think what she's gone through. I've noticed just the same in Mr. Ellerton, but——"

"You hope to restore him soon?"

"Oh, well, I expect Miss Bellairs—what a pretty girl she is, John—will soon revive, too, now she is with you again. John, have you observed anything peculiar in Aunt Sarah's manner?"

"To tell you the truth, I fancied she was rather short with me once or twice at dinner."

"I believe she is—isn't pleased at—at what's happened. She hasn't taken much to Mr. Ellerton, and you know she liked you so much, that I think she still wants you as one of the family."

John laughed: then he leant forward and said in a low voice:

"Have you settled anything about dates?"

"N-o. Mr. Ellerton—well he didn't introduce the subject: so of course I didn't. Have you?"

"No, we haven't. I made some suggestion of the kind, but Miss Bellairs



didn't fall in with it. She won't even let me ask her father's consent just yet."

"Mr. Ellerton proposes not to announce our—anything—for a few days."

"Well," said John, "I shall insist on an announcement very shortly, and you ought to do the same, Mary. We know the evils—" He checked himself, but Mary was not embarrassed.

"Of secret engagements?" she said, calmly. "We do indeed."

"Besides it's a bore. I couldn't go with Miss Bellairs to the theatre to-night, because she said it would look too marked."

"Yes, and Mr. Ellerton said that if he dined here he might as well announce our engagement from the statue of Strasburg."

John frowned, and Mary perceiving the bent of his thoughts ventured to say, though with a timid air unusual to her:

"I think they're the least little bit inconsiderate, don't you, John—after all we have done for them?"

"Well, I don't mind admitting that I do feel that. I do not consider that Miss Bellairs quite appreciates the effort I have made."

Mary sighed.

"We mustn't expect too much of them, must we?" she asked.

"I suppose not," John conceded; but he still frowned.

When we consider how simple the elements of perfect happiness appear to be, regarded in the abstract, it becomes surprising to think how difficult it is to attain them in the concrete. A kind magician may grant us all we ask, may transport us whither we would go, dower us with all we lack, bring to us one desired companion after another, but something is wrong. We have a toothache, or in spite of our rich curtains there's a draught, or the loved one haps not to be at the moment congenial: and we pitifully pray the wizard to wave his wand again. Would any magician wave his for these four troublesome folk? It must be admitted that they hardly deserved it.

Nevertheless a magician was at work, and, with the expiration of the next night, his train was laid. At eleven

o'clock in the forenoon of Friday, Roger Deane had a final interview with the still hesitating Painter.

"But if the police should come, Sir Roger?" urged the fearful man.

"Why, you'll look a fool, that's all. Isn't the figure high enough?"

"Most liberal, Sir Roger, but—but it will alarm my wife."

"If you come to that, it'll alarm my wife."

"Very true, Sir Roger." Painter seemed to derive some comfort from this indirect community of feeling with the aristocracy.

"It'll alarm everybody, I hope. That's what it's for. Now mind—2.30 sharp—and when the coffee's been in ten minutes. Not before! I must have time for coffee."

"Very good, Sir Roger."

"Is the ladder ready?"

"Yes, Sir Roger."

"And the what's-its-name?"

"Quite ready, Sir Roger."

"Let's see it."

It was inspected and pronounced satisfactory. Then Roger Deane set out to return to his hotel, murmuring contentedly:

"If that don't make up their minds for 'em, I don't know what will."

Then he paused suddenly.

"Gad! Will the women have hysterics?" he asked, but in a moment he added, reassuring himself, "Maud never has, and, hang it, we must chance the rest."

Arrived at home he found Arthur Laing kicking his heels in the smoking-room.

"Lunching with you to-day, aren't I, somewhere in the Palais-Royal?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, some place the General's found out. Look here, Laing, are you a nervous man?"

"Nervous! what do you take me for?"

"Lose your head in moments of excitement?"

"I never have 'em."

"Oh, well, hang you! I say, Laing, you're not a fool. Just look here. Anything I say—*anything*, mind—at lunch to-day, you're not to contradict. You're to back me up."



"Right you are, old chap."

"And the more infernal nonsense it sounds, the more you're to take your oath about."

"I'm there."

"And finally, you're on no account to lay a finger either on Miss Travers or on Dora Bellairs."

"Hullo! I'm not in the habit of beating women at any time, let alone at a lunch-party."

"I mean what I say: you're not to touch either of them. If you do you'll spoil it. You're to go for Miss Bussey."

"She's not done me any harm."

"Never mind. As soon as the row begins and I say, 'Save the ladies!' you collar Miss Bussey. See?"

"Oh, I see. Seems to me we're going to have a lively lunch. Am I to carry the old lady?"

"Yes."

"Oh, by Jove! How's my biceps? Just feel, will you?"

Deane felt and gravely pronounced the muscle to be equal to its task. Laing was much gratified, and awaited the unknown future with philosophic patience.

Sir Roger had predicted "a jolly lunch," but, in its early stages, the entertainment hardly earned this description. Something was wrong somewhere; Dora started by refusing, very pointedly, to sit near Charlie Ellerton; and yet, when she found herself between Ashforth and Laing, she was absent, silent, and melancholy. Charlie, on the other hand, painfully practised a labored attentiveness to Mary Travers which contrasted ill with his usual spontaneous and gay courtesy. Miss Bussey wore an air of puzzled gravity, and Laing kept looking at her with a calculating eye. He seemed to be seeking the best grip. Lady Deane and the General, engrossed in a *tête-à-tête* discussion, did little to promote the hilarity of the table, and it was left to Deane to maintain the flow of conversation as he best could. Apparently he found the task a heavy one, for, before long, he took a newspaper out of his pocket, and, *à propos* one of his own remarks, began to read a highly decorated account of the fearful injuries under which the last victim of the last diaboli-

cal explosion had been in danger of succumbing. Sir Roger read his gruesome narrative with much emphasis, and as he laid down the paper he observed:

"Well, I hope I'm not more of a coward than most men, but in face of dynamite—ugh!" and he shuddered realistically.

"I should make for the door," said Laing.

"Yes, but in this case the bomb was at the door!"

"Then," said Laing, "I should exit by the window."

"But this poor man," remarked Mary Travers, "stayed to rescue the woman he loved," and her eyes rested for an instant in confident affection on Charlie Ellerton.

"We should all do as much, I trust," said John, glancing at Dora Bellairs.

"I'm sure I hope you won't have to," said Dora, rather ungraciously.

"Think what a convincing test of affection it would be," suggested Deane, persuasively. "After that you could never doubt that the man loved you."

"My good Sir Roger," observed Miss Bussey, "it would be common humanity."

"Suppose there were two girls," said Laing, "and you couldn't take 'em both!"

Deane hastily interposed.

"Haven't we had enough of this dreary subject?" he asked, and he frowned slightly at Laing.

"Isn't it about time for coffee?" the General suggested.

Deane looked at his watch.

"What does the time matter, Deane, if we're ready?"

"Not a bit. 2.20. That's all right," and he rang the bell.

Painter came in with the coffee: the little man looked rather pale and nervous, but succeeded in serving the company without upsetting the cups. He came to Deane last.

"Is everything ready?" whispered that gentleman, and receiving a trembling "Yes, sir," he added, "in ten minutes."

"This," he observed out loud, "has been a pleasant gathering—a pleasant end to our outing."



"What? you're going?" asked Miss Bussey.

"Yes: my wife and I cross to England to-morrow."

"I shall go the next day," announced the General, "if Dora is ready."

John threw a glance toward Dora, but she was busy drinking her coffee.

"Well," said Deane, "I hope we may soon meet again, under equally delightful circumstances, in London. At any rate," he added with a laugh, "then we shall be safe from——"

Crash! A loud noise came from the door, as if of some metallic substance thrown against the panels.

"Hullo!" said Laing.

"Oh, somebody tumbled downstairs," said Deane, reassuringly. "Don't move, Miss Bussey."

"Oh, but Sir Roger, what is it? What do you think?" It didn't sound at all like what you say."

The General laughed.

"Come, Miss Bussey. I don't suppose it's——"

As he spoke the form of Painter appeared at the open window. He was breathless, and shrieked hastily.

"Dynamite, dynamite! Save yourselves! It'll be off in a minute."

"Then I shall be off in half a minute," said Laing.

There was a rush to the door: and Laing, remembering his instructions joined hastily in it.

"No, no. The bomb's there!" cried Painter, excitedly.

They stood still in horror for ten seconds.

"To the window, to the window, for your lives! Save the ladies!" cried Sir Roger Deane.

## CHAPTER XIII

### FAITHFUL TO DEATH

THE ladies looked at one another. Even in that awful moment, the becoming, the seemingly, the dignified had its claims. The window was narrow: the ladder—Mary Travers had gone to look at it—was steep: a little, curious, excited crowd was gathering below. Deane saw their hesitation. He rushed

to the door and cautiously opened it. The thing was there! Across the very entrance—that villainous oblong case! And from below came a shriek—it was Madame's voice, and a cry of "Quick! quick!"

"This," said the General, firmly (he had been through the Mutiny), "is not a time for punctilio. Excuse me," and he lifted Lady Deane in his stalwart arms and bore her toward the window.

With a distant reminiscence of the ball-room, Arthur Laing approached Miss Bussey, murmuring "May I have the——" and, with a mighty effort swung the good lady from the ground. She clutched his cravat wildly, crying "Save me!"

Mary Travers was calmness itself. With quiet mien and unfaltering voice, she laid her hand on Charlie's arm and murmured:

"I am ready, Charlie."

At the same moment John Ashforth, the light of heroism in his eye, whispered to Dora, "You must trust yourself implicitly to me."

"Quick, quick!" cried Deane, "or it's all up with you. Quick, Ashforth! Quick, Charlie, quick, man!"

There was one more pause. Mary's hand pressed a little harder. John's arm was advancing toward Dora's waist. Sir Roger looked on with apparent impatience.

"Are you never going?" he called. "Must I——"

Suddenly a loud cry rang out. It came from Miss Bellairs.

"Oh, Charlie, save me, save me!" she cried, and then and there flung herself into his arms.

"My darling!" he whispered loudly, and catching her up made for the window. As they disappeared through it, Deane softly and swiftly opened the door and disappeared in his turn. Mary and John were left alone. Then Mary's composure gave way. Sinking into a chair she cried:

"And I am left! Nobody cares for me. What shall I do?"

"In an instant John's strong arm was round her. "I care for you!" he cried, and raising her almost senseless form, he rushed to the window. The ladder was gone!



"Gone!" he shrieked. "Where is it?"

There was no answer. The little crowd had gone too.

"We are lost," he said.

Mary opened her eyes.

"Lost!" she re-echoed.

"Lost! Abandoned—by those who loved—ah, no, no, Mary. In the hour of danger—then we see the truth."

Mary's arms clasped him closer.

"Ah, John, John," she said, we must die together, dear."

John stooped and kissed her.

Suddenly the door was opened and Deane entered. He wore a comically apologetic look, and carried an oblong metal vessel in his right hand.

"Excuse me," he said. "There's been er—slight but very natural mistake. It wasn't—er—exactly dynamite—it's er—a preserved-peach tin. That fool Painter——"

"Then we're safe!" cried Mary.

"Yes, thank Heaven," answered Deane, fervently.

"Oh, John!" she cried.

Sir Roger, with a smile, retired and closed the door after him.

Downstairs Lady Deane and Miss Bussey, forgetful of their sufferings, were restoring Madame Painter to her senses; Painter was uncorking a bottle of champagne for Arthur Laing; Sir Roger Deane was talking in a low voice and persuasive tones to an imposing representative of the police. What passed between them is unknown; possibly only words, possibly something else; at any rate, after a time, Deane smiled, the great man smiled responsively, saluted, and disappeared, murmuring something about *Anglais*, *milords*, and *drôles*—the precise purport of his reflections could not be distinctly understood by those in the house, for civility made him inarticulate, but when he was safely outside he looked at a piece of crisp paper in his hand, then, with his thumb pointing over his shoulder, he gave an immense shrug, and exclaimed:

"*Mais voila un grand fou!*" and to this day he considers Roger Deane the very type of a maniac.

Mary and John descended. As soon as they appeared Dora jumped up from her seat and ran toward John, crying,

"Oh, Mr. Ashforth!"

While Charlie, advancing more timidly to Mary, murmured: "Forgive me, but——"

Mary with a slight bow, John, with a lift of his hat, both without a halt or a word, passed through the room, arm-in-arm, and vanished from Mr. Painter's establishment.

Sir Roger had seized on Laing's champagne and was pouring it out. He stopped now, and looked at Dora. A sudden gleam of intelligence glanced from her eyes. Rushing up to him, she whispered, "You did it all? It was all a hoax?"

He nodded.

"And why?"

"Ask Charlie Ellerton," he answered.

"Oh, but Mr. Ashforth and Mary Travers are so angry!"

"With one another?"

"No, with us."

Sir Roger looked her mercilessly full in the face, regardless of her blushes.

"That," he observed with emphasis, "is exactly what you wanted, Miss Belairs."

Then he turned to the company, holding a full glass in his hand. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "some of us have had a narrow escape. Whether we shall be glad of it or sorry hereafter, I don't know—do you, Charlie? But here's a health to——"

But Dora, glancing apprehensively at the General, whispered, "Not yet!"

"To Dynamite!" said Sir Roger Deane.

#### POSTSCRIPT

It should be added that a fuller, more graphic, and more sensational account of the outrage in the Palais-Royal than this pen has been capable of inscribing will appear, together with much other curious and enlightening matter, in Lady Deane's next work. The authoress also takes occasion in that work—and there is little doubt that the subject was suggested by the experiences of some of her friends—to discuss the nature, quality, and duration of the Passion of Love. She concludes—if it be permissible thus far to anticipate the publication of her book—that all



True Love is absolutely permanent and unlimitable, untried by circumstance and untouched by time ; and this opinion is, she says, indorsed by every woman who has ever been in love. Thus fortified, the conclusion seems beyond cavil. If, therefore, any incidents here recorded appear to conflict with it, we must imitate the discretion of Plato and say, either these persons were not Sons of the Gods—that is, True Lovers

—or they did not do such things. Unfortunately, however, Lady Dean's proof-sheets were accessible too late to allow of the title of this story being changed. So it must stand—"The Wheel of Love;" but if any lady (men are worse than useless) will save the author's credit by proving that wheels do not go round, he will be very much obliged—and will offer her every facility.

THE END.

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## LIKE TO A SONGLESS BIRD

*By M. L. van Vorst*

LIKE to a songless bird that swings  
On some high branch and thrills to hear,  
How the deep-hearted forest rings,  
With melody so rich and clear,

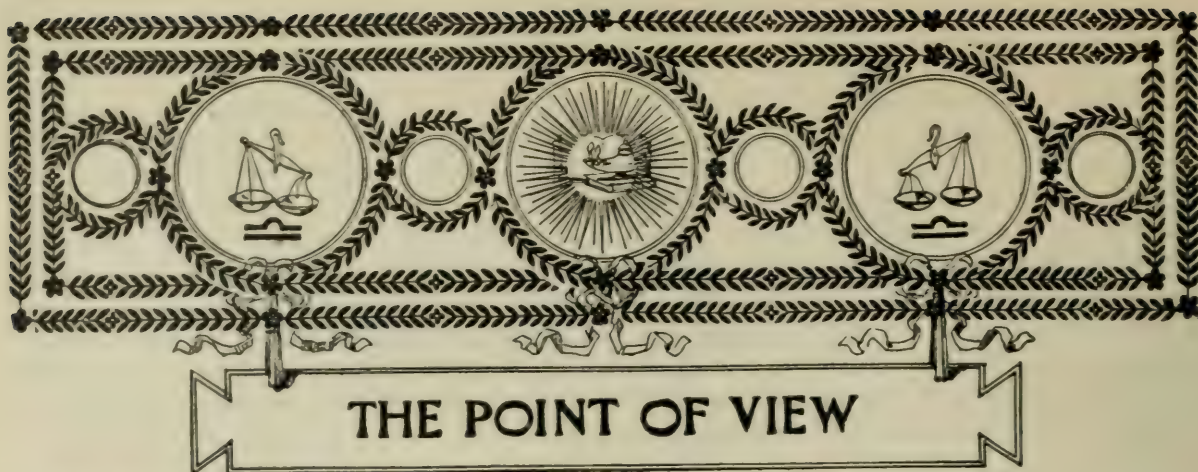
And vainly swells his throat to wake  
A song as pure as these that fill  
The wood, and every echo shake,  
While he alone is dumb and still.

So, thrilling to the music dear  
Since the first song woke low and sweet,  
To all pure sound I bend my ear,  
And with my heart the rhythms beat.

Until the palpitating past,  
With melody becomes so rife,  
With parted lips and hands locked fast,  
I hear all songs of Love and Life.

I try to lift my voice to wake  
A song as pure as these that fill  
All time, the vaults with music shake,  
And I alone am dumb and still.





MR. STEVENSON once wrote an Apology for Idlers, but it has long seemed to me that someone (I do not, myself, propose to do it) should set down an Apology for Workers, as a protest against certain lamentable habits of thought into which the modern worker has fallen. The suspicion seems never to have occurred to him that he may, after all, have been called upon to labor, not because of any peculiar ability on his own part, nor because there is anything specially meritorious in labor itself, but simply because he has an heirship in the common primal curse. Having contrived, in some way, at the outset, to shed upon his vocation a certain glory of the fancy, thenceforward he courts work "like a mistress," and chooses to consider his calling as a sacred and binding function; not as a means to a living, but as Life itself, and altogether the most important part of his entirety.

In my idle youth I once listened on a sunny, odorous Sunday with an unregenerate and doubting heart while a perspiring theologian contended that when man lost Paradise unto himself, a wise Creator gave him Toil as the best possible recompense. Perhaps the preacher was right, though I hardly think the biblical account would bear him out. Perhaps work is the most efficacious means of grace and growth; but it is a sorry substitute for Eden!

One must discriminate here, of course, between that vital, spontaneous play of mind and muscle in the easy delight which was their creative intent, and that acquired instinct for busyness which prompts a man to think better of doing ill than of doing nothing at all. The natural man would leap and shout and run and wrestle, to be sure, but it is to be questioned

whether, without the high and heroic compulsions of civilization, he would put a submissive head into the yoke to swink and sweat for the mere sense of virtue resulting therefrom. Indeed it is quite improbable that he would recognize any virtue in such behavior, there being not yet established in his mind that instinct for self-supremacy which is at the root of much of the modern love of activity. Mr. La Farge tells us that he has seen a crew of big Samoans often outpull the same number of English sailors in a short race, but that in a long, tough contest the little underfed Cockneys invariably outdid the others. And this, not because of any physical superiority in the Englishmen (the Samoans could have beaten them over and over), but simply because of the *habit* of winning in the English blood which brought into play an incalculable nervous force against which mere physical strength, unfed by desire, counted as nothing. To the natural man in such case there is nothing to pull for, a matter of supremacy being of no importance, and such exertion as brings weariness to the flesh no matter of love. The savage is too self-sufficient to admit rivalry; the man is greater than the worker.

It is just possible, you see, that this compelling impulse toward work for work's sake may not be the respectable thing we have taken it for; that it may even indicate a deficiency in the individual, just as men ravenously read indiscriminate printed matter, to avoid the *ennui* of their own barren minds. Physicians are accustomed to find among the earliest symptoms of nervous disintegration an abnormal eagerness for activity. "Most of the work of the world is done by the men and the women who are not very well. They



cannot keep still ; they are not strong enough," said a shrewd physician to me once.

Perhaps my friend was whimsical, perhaps he was scientific. At any rate, Napoleon and Cæsar were epileptics, and Diogenes a healthy man. Nor have I ever found a man, wholesome and lovable to the core, who had not somewhere in his composition a capacity for wide and smiling idleness. For your over-busy person needs be of necessity a coward or an egotist. Either he permits himself to be whipped by Life into a nervous and flinching energy, because he is not strong enough and courageous enough to offer the necessary resistance, or else he is of that class of self-appointed heroes who have a taste for being at the front and who find no privilege of exemption half so dear as the opportunity for self-expression that comes with participation. A great deal of unnecessary work, such as Congresses for Discussions, and Societies for Advancements, and *fin-de-siècle* literature, gets itself done in this way, and by these persons, not because the world is in any way benefited by such performances, but simply because the performers are not able to efface themselves and their opinions. One longs at last for the cool presence of the idler, to whom "life is for itself, and not for a spectacle," and who has no feeling of uneasy resentment that there is not provided a desperate situation for him to redeem. I do not believe that Shakespeare ever thought the better of himself, except perhaps before Anne Hathaway and his debtors, for having written the sonnets, nor am I uncomfortable in the opinion that Shakespeare's peers have lived and died, so blessed by Fortune and a high indifference as to be under no temptation to coin their gold and barter it for a world's consideration. For in the richest nature its activities distil back into itself, and thereby is knowledge fortified into wisdom and both ripen into character. Happy and thrice happy is the man whose life to him a kingdom is, and who is of the royal blood to sit down and enjoy it.

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AT the time of the late change of ministry in England it was related in the newspapers, with a solemnity befitting

the theme, how when Lord Salisbury found it necessary to communicate with Lord Rosebery in the crisis of affairs, on a trainless Sunday afternoon, Lord Salisbury's secretary, "who was an expert bicyclist," mounted his wheel and rode hard some thirty miles bearing his chief's message to the retiring premier. As he dashed up, spurning the flying gravel with his pneumatic tire, and whirling with glowing axle—O hapless muse, an axle with ball-bearings cannot even glow!—I wonder if Lord Rosebery, who is a man of imagination, noted what a historic scene was here enacted. The historian, at all events, should not fail to note it ; and when, at the coronation of future kings of England, the champion rides into the great hall at Westminster on a Humber to throw down the king's glove to all comers, or when some future Jefferson tethers his Columbia to the White House fence as he goes to his inauguration, the memory of the gallant McDonnell, first to bear upon a bicycle the high affairs of state, shall recur to men.

Romance, we are assured, is a matter of association. Beauty is a matter of convention. We have been accustomed to associate with heroic action a four-legged, round-bellied, long-headed animal which is not intrinsically beautiful, which has been proved in the *Evening Post* to be overrated as to its intelligence and ability, and which many of us cannot even ride. Will it be a matter for surprise if our descendants transfer the feeling to a steel machine which is even now inspiring verse and fiction ? When new Esmonds and Castlewoods "spin" and "scorch" over dark roads after recreant princes, and poets tell how Direk and Joris burst a tire or broke a pedal on their way from Ghent to Aix, they will have changed their mounts but not their minds. Lovers will still "ride together, forever ride ;" of "the bicycle in war" we hear already ; and there will be plenty of young Harries, "vaulting with such ease into their seats," to witch the world with noble wheelmanship. Young Lochinvars will come out of the West on the best wheels in all the broad Border—but this literature of the future is too full of great possibilities to let us follow it.



To one great disadvantage of the bicycle in heroic situations it is perhaps wise though painful to call attention, in the hope that some remedy may be devised. You cannot sit still upon it. After a heroic action it is impossible to pose. When the hero has done the active part of his heroism he must ignominiously get off. That this will greatly limit the introduction of the bicycle into pictorial art cannot be doubted, and it is unfavorable also to the making of stirring addresses such as heroes affect. If Mr. McDonnell could have reined his smoking bicycle back upon its haunches while he handed his letter to Lord Rosebery with a few appropriate remarks, we might have had the scene preserved for us by the brush ; as it is, a few words like these must alone embalm it.

THE element of companionship enters seriously into golf. It enters considerably into most games, so that the majority of us care more whom we play with than what we play. But one could play tennis with any player whose skill approximated to his own without much thought of his personal idiosyncrasies, for the net yawns and stretches between tennis players, keeping them apart ; and while they are playing the action is too lively to permit the communication of anything but the ball. But a fit person to play tennis with is one thing and a thoroughly satisfactory person to play golf with is another. Ivan Putter, in whose society I had the good fortune to be thrown last summer, was such a person. This summer I did not have the advantage of his company, and I have grieved over our separation at many holes with wistful appreciation of his qualities as a golfer. It is true that he was no very great shakes with his clubs. I could drive farther than he could and put about as well, and though I did not win more than my share of games from him, I had always the solace of being persuaded that he was not really in my class at golf, and that any day when I was really myself and playing my game I could beat him. Somehow I was seldom myself and rarely played my game, whereas his game, such as it was, he was usually able to put up, so that the disparity between my estimate of his skill and my opinion of my own was not a real hin-

drance to our rivalry. But irrespective of his abilities with drivers and mashies he had traits of surprising value. For one thing he is an excessively lazy man and always arranged beforehand for a good supply of caddies both for himself and me, and he trained his caddies—which were casual boys picked up haphazard—so well that they were an example to mine, and the standard of efficiency of the whole squad was high. Then he usually spent the evening in reading the golf-rules and in making himself an authority on points of etiquette and play, with the result that my head was as little troubled with knowing the rules as it was with knowing the caddies. He took his game seriously, never trifling with a stroke, exulting when he made a good one, grieving when he didn't, and working hard all the time. And when he wasn't attending to his own game he was paying close attention to mine. That was perhaps his greatest charm. When it was my drive he waved out the four caddies, advised me as to my tee, and stood over the stroke. If it was a good one it was doubly glorious. If it was a miss or a fizzle he helped me swear. His interest kept mine always warm, so that I held almost as much of my breath over his strokes as he over mine. He insisted on perfect order in turns, and indeed on every propriety the rules suggested ; and when there was a ball lost he abandoned it with the same reluctance when it was mine as when it was his.

A railroad crosses the links where Ivan Putter habitually plays. Mindful of his deliberation, I have dreaded all summer to hear that he had been run over by the cars between the cow-pasture and the home hole. But I hope he may be spared, for since I played with him I have played with other men, men who scurry helter skelter across the fields, chasing their balls like terriers after tom-cats, men who know few rules and respect not those, men who pay little attention to their own play and none to mine, triflers, scorers of etiquette, ignorant and without a standard. They mean well enough, poor gentlemen, but how I wish they might be apprenticed for a time to Ivan Putter and learn to temper their methods with some of the graces of his admirable spirit.









ON THE COAST—MOONLIGHT.

ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

From the painting by Winslow Homer. By permission of the owner, Thomas B. Clarke, Esq.



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII


OCTOBER 1895

No. 4

## THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

*By Robert Herrick*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ORSON LOWELL

 ANY visitors to the fascinating Midway of the World's Fair remember the group of serious-looking gray buildings, irregularly dotted about four generous-sized city blocks, which frowned across the fence at the giddy street in Cairo. The conductor in the Ferris Wheel box would reply to the curious, "Oh! that's the new Chicago University." The Midway has become a matter of two years' oblivion, and the university has grown in true Chicago style until now eleven halls and laboratories outline a magnificent scheme of buildings. The workmen are busy on the foundations of a new museum, and in the clear Wisconsin air above Lake Geneva is rising the future observatory that will house the Yerkes telescope. The unlovely prairie is already sodded between the buildings or depressed into gentle English gardens that contain numerous tennis-courts. Little groves of modest oaks relieve the severe, academic walls without hiding the broken red roofs and the Gothic characteristics of the chastened architecture. The university has done more than grow: it has sprung into existence full-armed. And one benefit of this supernatural birth is that its external form has been planned with regard for the *ensemble*. It is a lucky institution; one form of its luck is Mr. Cobb, who has seized this opportunity, hitherto unique in Ameri-

can civilization, to express an enduring institution in a distinct, individual, harmonious form. The irregular slow growth of the New England college is fittingly symbolized in the stern, irregular halls that swear at each other across the yard; but the modern imagination of the founders of the University of Chicago has provided for the expansion of their creation into a single unit. Moreover, a university teaches in many subtle ways as well as through men and books. Thus the laboratory, in the form that Mr. Ryerson has given it to the university, is more than the most complete physical workshop in the world: it is a beautiful building that carries its individual lesson for every student.

The Midway is no more; in its place stretch two broad driveways separated by sunken gardens (some time they may contain a canal and 'varsity eights), which connect two great parks, an English-like bit of country with Gainsborough trees and level sod to the west, and the site of the Fair beside the blue lake to the east. One wishes, in mortal fashion, that the omnivorous city were kept at bay by a special park encircling the university to the north. Then the peaceful calm, in the world but not of it, the fitting atmosphere for an academic place, would be ever possible. The present suburban section immediately about the university will probably grow more and more into a college town, protecting the campus,





The Midway Boulevard (as seen from the site of the "Street in Cairo" at the World's Fair).

rimmed round by unbroken walls of buildings from the roar and the smoke of the city. For the existing halls, already an enviable equipment, merely indicate the plan. When the tropical growth of Chicago has done its good work, the twenty-four acres of campus will contain homes for several thousand students in many small halls, as well as many times the present number of buildings for general purposes. In this swift country the future is upon us before we have well realized the present, and for this future the founders of the university have provided none too extravagantly.

Magnificent buildings, an endowment of over six million dollars bestowed in the short period of four years, and a generous annual budget for current expenses may not make a university, but they create the material condition all essential for any ideal enterprise.

It is certainly true, I think, that never before at any time or in any place has so much been generously given in such brief time to the cause of higher education as for the University of Chicago. Yet the endowment already seems small when one contemplates the scope of the undertaking and the costliness of the best things and the limitless possibilities in this central plain of the Mis-



The Junior Faculty Party in Kelly Hall.





Kent Hall.

The Faculty Tennis Courts.

Ryerson Hall.

Mississippi Valley. The generous response of Mr. Rockefeller to the plans of the university and the equally fine generosity of Chicago have shown that in so far as the university realizes the fresh opportunities open to it there will be no question of an adequate support. But apart from the important question of means, anyone who takes an intelligent interest in American life must perceive the energies of the middle West—of Chicago. These energies are not solely commercial; the enthusiasm for the Columbian Exposition, the two large libraries already existing, with a third planned and started, the nucleus of a great museum provided by Mr. Field—all these and more indefinite signs indicate that Chicago is ready for a further expression of intellectual life than the pressure of the past quarter century has made possible. The people of Chicago are eager, in a sense that is true nowhere else in our country, for art, literature, education, the accompaniments of a complex civilization. We may expect, then, without being accused of brag or pretension,

that in a few years a beautiful chapel, a suitable library, a reasonable gymnasium, and new museums for the biological sciences will be added to the existing buildings, and that as the idea of the university extends in the West, the University of Chicago will expand into a harmonious and stately home of diverse interests and activities. The phenomenal birth and growth and the material side of the new institution have been made much of in the illustrated press. It is not my purpose to enlarge upon these picturesque facts; there are other aspects less widely heralded.

Another provision of the supernatural birth, beside the harmonious buildings, is the system of the university, organized before the doors were opened. Indeed, at first sight, to the new member of the organism, whether student or instructor, the machinery is the most evident part of the institution: it is so complicated and yet so regular; so comprehensive and so fascinating a bit of imagination! The calendar year seems to have been devised for the spe-



cial provision of the four terms or quarters of the university, with one week of recuperation between the terms. The quarter plan of work, which may be compared to an endless chain, is one of the fundamental facts of the university. You run up against it everywhere. Your students are with you to-day and gone to-morrow to return anon for another term of residence. The university world, both faculty and students, make a movable, shifting population which insures a kind of cosmopolitan air to this institution that never closes its doors. Matriculation and graduation may take place four times a year; any one course continues only twelve weeks; a student may take twelve years to earn his degree and yet be an industrious person, and in residence for full work one term each year—nay a courageous student might receive his A.B.

just twenty-four years after matriculation and yet say that he had attended "school" (Western American for college) every year. All these figures are multiples of four, and a casual observer might call that the golden number of the University of Chicago.

A concrete instance will illustrate the advantages to a certain class in this flexible system. The other day I came across a young man who had received his preparatory education some six years ago at a New England academy. He was a seller of soda-water fountains, a business that occupied him and paid him well for about half the business year. His intentions were to complete his college course and then to enter a professional school. There are many similar instances which make one remember that our fathers in New England frequently left college for a term



Beecher Hall.

Walker Museum.

View from Woodlawn Avenue.





Cobb Hall.

The Group of Buildings from the West at Night.

to teach in a "district school" or in some other way to provide the means for a college course. The pressure of the higher scholarship, or the aristocratic tendencies of the great American universities, have done away of late years with this possibility. At Chicago a student may spend six months of the year in bread-winning, and six months in full academic residence, or, if his limited means compel him to extra exertion and his physique is tough, he can earn his bachelor's degree by three years of continuous residence without increasing the strain perceptibly at any one point. Another class of students also are given the privileges of the higher education by this system: teachers who, with or without the first degree, are ambitious to push on beyond the narrow round of the school curriculum. Teachers in colleges, in high schools and academies throughout the great middle West, on leave of absence or in the summer vacation, may come for a period under the influence and the stimulus of the university life. Such

students—in many respects the most inspiring class, because to them life is no more experimental—came in large numbers to the first summer quarter. This term is in no sense a summer school: the university is in regular session in all departments except in the Divinity School. The curriculum is the same as at other seasons, or only slightly modified to accommodate itself to the large number of teachers in residence. And the faculty is the same in part, strengthened by the presence of instructors from other institutions, who bring new life and new methods.

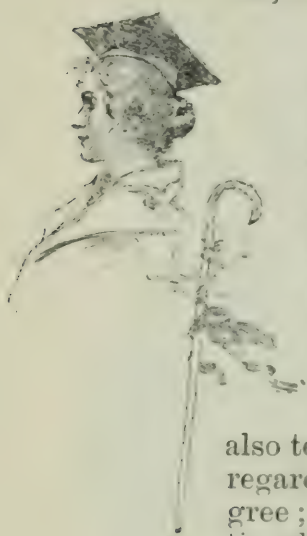
There are other significant possibilities of this endless chain system. I can mention only a few







Kelly and Foster Halls and the Women's Tennis Courts.



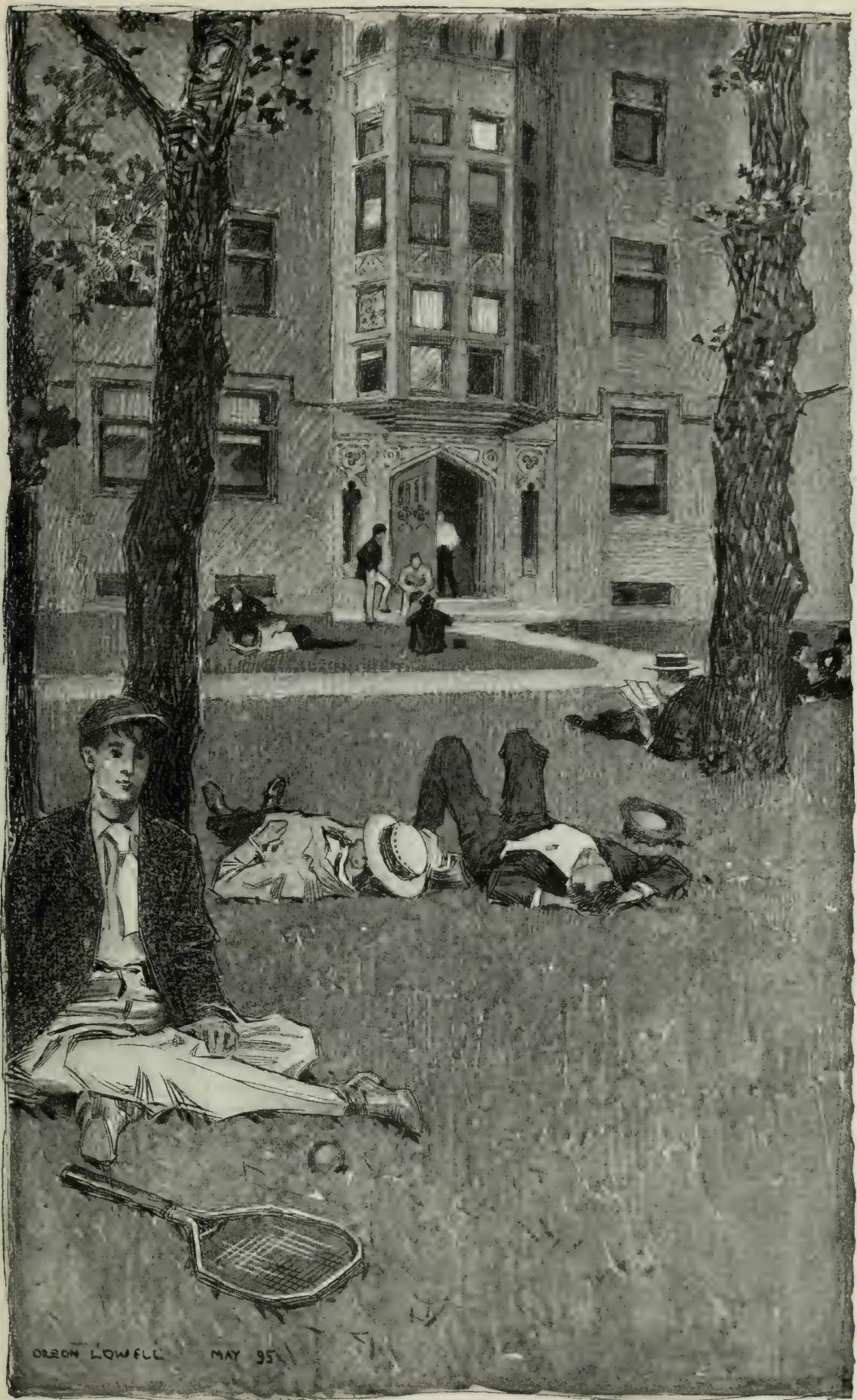
—and first the freedom to wander from place to place during the college year, a freedom that will come to be valued more and more, especially by the graduate student, when our universities shall co-operate in a liberal interchange of their privileges. This flexible method of residence may also tend to alter the traditional regard for the bachelor's degree; it has become a conventional thing in American education, and a sign of its disuse may not be deplorable. The class, on which the social life of the American college has been based, cannot exist in the kaleidoscopic quarter system. In this respect, as in the others touched upon, the University of Chicago has struck the democratic note.

I used the word machinery in reference to the elaborate system of the new university. When one penetrates further into the machine the gearing multiplies as new activities present themselves: there is the plan of the undergraduate system with its three colleges divided into two departments, the Academic Colleges and the University Colleges to correspond to the usual Freshman-Sophomore and Junior-Senior years; the graduate schools, already three in number; the University Extension Division with gigantic plans of teaching ologies and isms to the hungering masses; the University Press which forms the pub-

lication outlet for the voluminous results of the "research" and "investigation," words that haunt the place; and the "affiliation" of schools and colleges.

The affiliation idea is perhaps the most tentative of all the parts of this complex organism, and yet imaginatively the most fascinating. It contemplates the union or league of smaller colleges with the great central capital of the University of Chicago—in a word, a college trust. These smaller institutions, it is proposed, shall do the college work under the supervision of the university authorities, and the bachelor's degree shall be granted by the university to their graduates. The graduate work, the finer lines (one is induced to borrow a commercial figure), will be done at Chicago in the graduate schools of the university. In the absence of any governmental supervision of higher education in the United





Entrance to North Divinity.  
(Late afternoon.)





A Major in Society—Beecher Hall.

activities, and is a delightful speculative land to occupy.

It is a delicate matter to speak of the University Extension movement. Its advocates, of generous and democratic impulses, repudiate any criticism of their philanthropic desires as snobbish and narrow. To many the extension idea is founded on a grave misconception of the purposes of a university, and the proposition that lecture-courses or correspondence classes or evening classes are in any sense equivalent to university work is absurd. Indeed, at the University of Chicago, where the extension work has been frankly recognized as an integral division, the few years of experience have shown conclusively that work performed in extension classes cannot

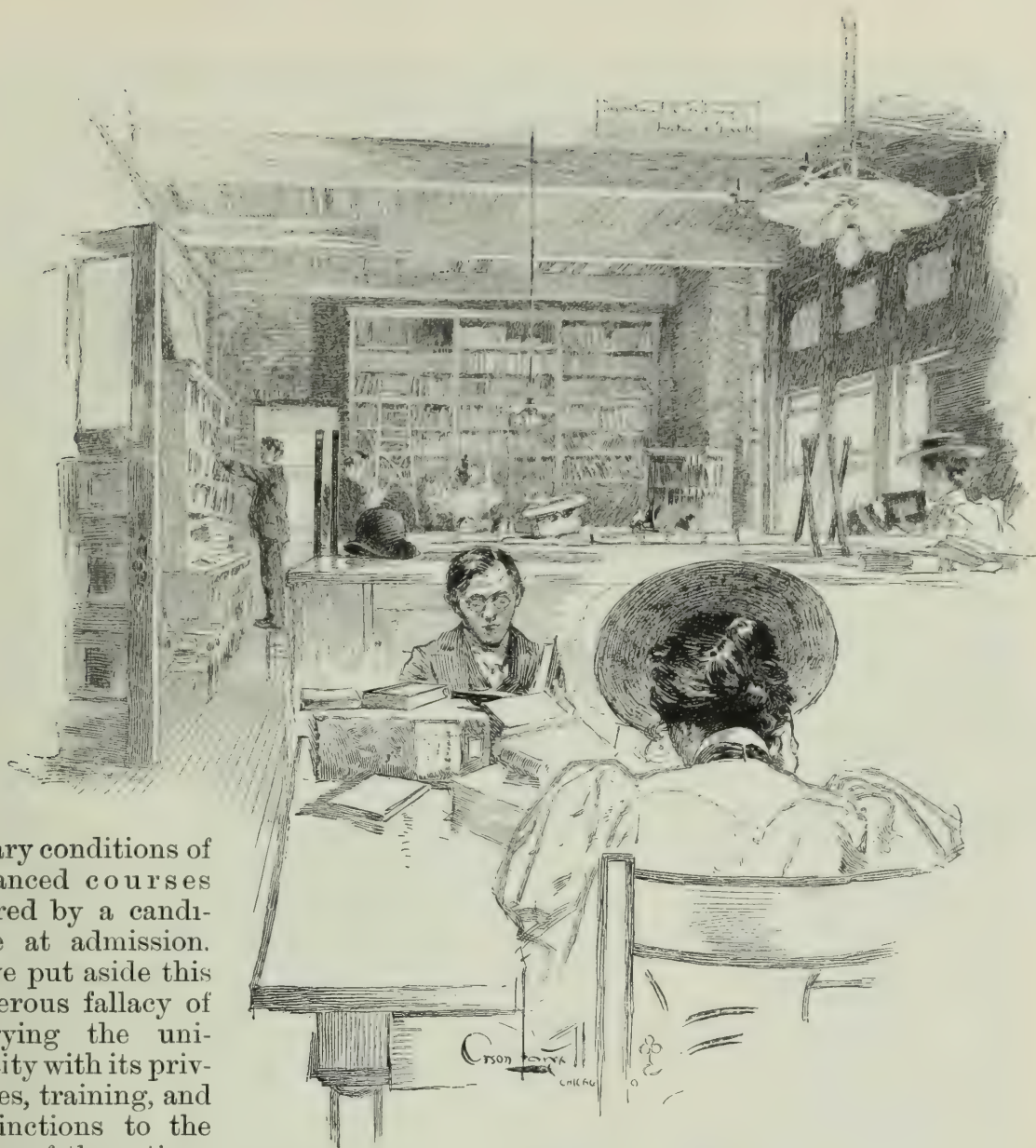
States, this plan of federal co-operation among colleges is suggestive. But the university must be in the position to bestow substantial benefits before it can dictate standards and methods; the official seal of the university must indicate more than red tape. And those of us who have had our undergraduate work in large university centres might doubt the theory that the freshman or sophomore can get as much in a small inland college, however free from temptations and vice the life may be, as in the university, or, indeed, that the university can spare the healthy young body of undergraduates from its campus. Affiliation, however, has its economic parallels in other

count for a degree, except under the or-



A Spout-out on Marshall Field





The Classical Library.

dinary conditions of advanced courses offered by a candidate at admission. If we put aside this generous fallacy of carrying the university with its privileges, training, and distinctions to the home of the artisan or clerk, there remains an influential work for the extension zeal. It prepares a constituency for the university. The extension lecturer, radiating out week after week into countless small towns ("centres"), suggests the college idea to families of small lawyers, business-men, school-teachers, ministers—the most intelligent public, taken as a whole, in America. This savors of advertising. Frankly, yes, it is advertising on a magnificent scale. The extension teachers are drummers of education. But a name should not damn an enterprise, and to an American advertising is legitimate self-respect and self-confidence. If we examine carefully our conservative New England universities, we find less open, but none the less marked, evidences of the same spirit. It is not a pleasant

or a delicate habit, but it is frankly democratic.

One seeks curiously in the system of the University of Chicago for the predominating type or ideal: is it the American college with its group of professional schools, or the English Oxford with its care for the individual soul or the German university? It would seem absurd to say that the University of Chicago bids fair to be more like Harvard than any other American college, and yet under some aspects that will appear later it would seem so. Again, the subdivision of control into several boards, the care for the individual students by the many deans (roughly, one dean for every one hundred under-graduates), and the external forms of the quadrangles remind





The Michigan Game May 25, 1895.



one of the English Oxford or Cambridge. On the other hand, the entire independence of separate departments, each like a small college in itself; the emphasis placed upon the doctor's degree, investigation, research, etc., and the activity of the graduate schools—all point to the German university as the prevailing influence. The graduates in residence this year—in all over three hundred—form more than one-third of the entire body of students, a larger number than at any other American university. This preponderance of graduate students has been brought about by several reasons: the emphasis placed upon the advanced courses under the leadership of such heads of departments as Professors Dewey, Hale, von Holst, Laughlin, Michelson, and Nef, not to mention others; the special privileges and distinctions granted to graduates (for example in many departments only graduate students are allowed in the special departmental libraries); the \$30,000 annually offered in fellowships and scholarships; and the equal privileges accorded to women. It is a truism that the most distinctive move in American college life of the last decade has been in the sudden interest in post-graduate study. But hitherto no Western institution, whether college or so-called university, has had the means to provide liberally for advanced studies. This open field, therefore, it has been the ambition of the University of Chicago, situated in the centre of a vast inland constituency of small colleges, to develop. A serious limitation in the way of accomplishing this ideal at Chicago as at the older universities has been the low standard of admission to graduate work. An American "graduate" is often (pretension aside) merely a graduate of an academy. Some day this laxity will be remedied by concerted action among all the American universities which aim to do advanced work. In the meantime

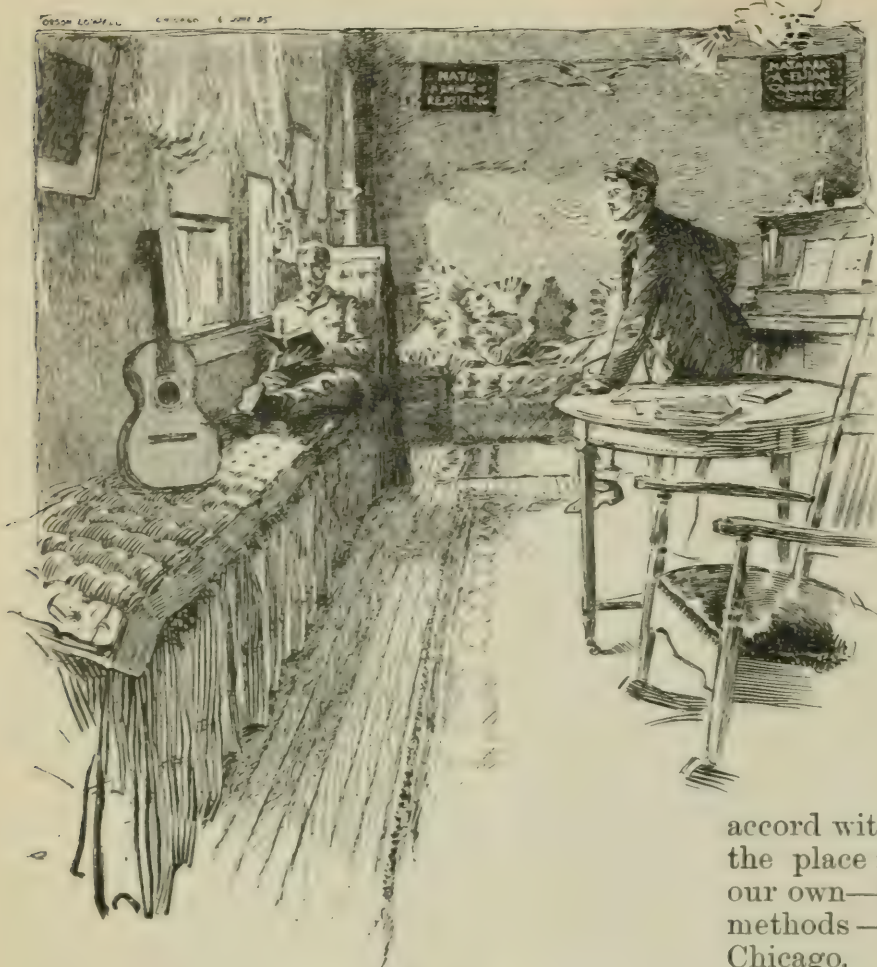


Entrance to Cobb Hall.

it may be questioned whether the graduate school can maintain its integrity without a strong under-graduate body, and further whether the emphasis is not placed too heavily upon the creation of specialists, rather than the developing of men—the older ideal of the New England college. The presence of a large number of graduates at Chicago creates a serious, scholarly atmosphere, prevents boyishness, and sets standards of accomplishment; it stimulates the student and instructor alike. As a result of the interest in graduate work the university has done much to elevate the position of the doctor's degree in the West. Whether or not it may seem desirable to follow German ideals of mere scholarship to their logical conclusions, it is clear that for a long time Western colleges and high schools can absorb with advantage doctors of philosophy.

In the midst of all this novel machinery in which the university has expressed itself, the thoughtful observer remembers Newman's wise warning: "The personal influence of the teacher is able in some sort to dispense with an academical system, but the system cannot in any sort dispense with personal influence. Such is the history of so-





Parlor in Graduate Hall.

ciety: it begins in the poet and ends in the policeman. Universities are instances of the same course; they begin in influence, they end in system." We have begun the other way at Chicago: the system was created of a piece, and then the life was breathed into it. But if the faculties, drawn from many intellectual centres, cannot amalgamate and supply this influence of culture and scholarship and character, then the university becomes a machine-shop indeed, in which there is much doing, but little worth remembering.

According to the last Annual Register the General Faculty of Arts, Literature, and Science (excluding nine docents) numbered upward of one hundred and twenty-five members, of whom five are women. Of these about sixty have received their training and degrees in whole or in part from European universities, and fifty have been in residence either as graduates or undergraduates at the large Eastern universities. No one college has a preponderating rep-

resentation in the faculty, although Harvard, Yale, and Johns Hopkins each has contributed a large number. The members of the faculty have had very varied scholastic histories and antecedents, geographically ranging from the University of California to the Imperial University of Japan. No one section of the country has furnished a majority. Certainly, if training and environment count for anything, the University of Chicago is not in danger of being "bred-in." And one feels that it will never be possible at Chicago to create a provincial oligarchy. A close corporation air would not

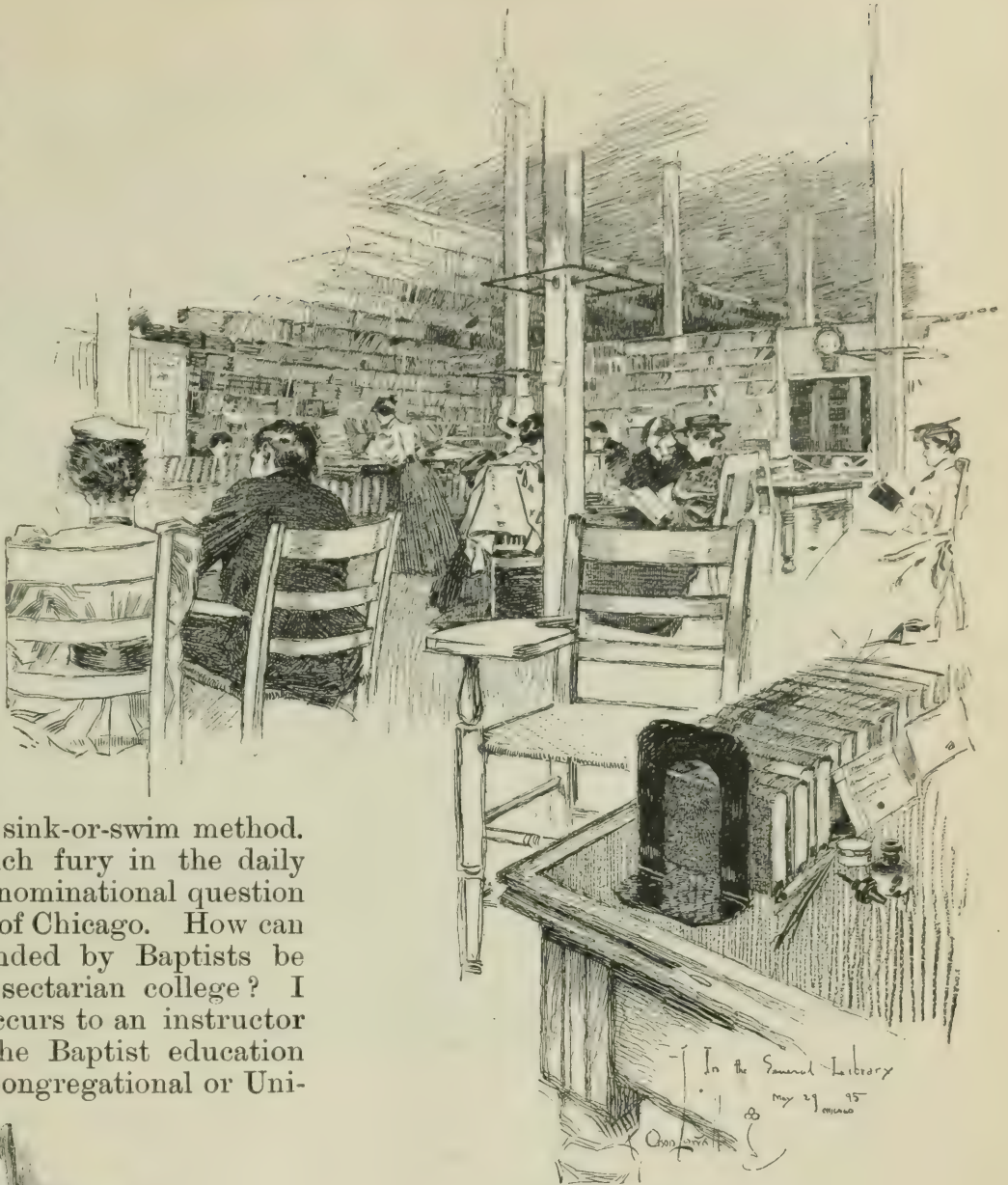
accord with the democratic freedom of the place; for tolerance of ways not our own—limitless belief in people and methods—is a lesson first learned in Chicago.

Another distinctive aspect of the faculty is its youth; the traditional prejudice that all wisdom of an academic sort is peculiarly the possession of the gray-beards is gainsaid at Chicago by the young faculty and the young president. But youth and hopefulness and mistakes cheerfully accepted are dogmas received enthusiastically in the West. On the other hand, the University Senate (composed of the heads of departments), which includes such men as Professors Whitman and von Holst, sets a high standard of scholarship and reputation in the academic world. In spite of the overshadowing prominence of the heads of departments, it is to the great praise of the trustees and the president that the younger men whose reputations are still to be made are allowed freedom and independence. Each instructor has a wide liberty in conducting his courses, and I believe that no other college in America leaves her instructors so free to grow in the prosecution of their special studies. The maximum number of students in each class is fixed by regulation at thirty,



and the day will never come when the herding of students into courses of three or four hundred members will be tolerated. An instructor, if he is in any way human, gets to know his students even in the space of twelve weeks. In a certain sense he is responsible for every member and is interested in every individuality. This may be called an academy habit, but it has its advantages for the student over the sink-or-swim method.

One hears much fury in the daily press over the denominational question at the University of Chicago. How can a university founded by Baptists be anything but a sectarian college? I think it never occurs to an instructor at Chicago that the Baptist education differs from the Congregational or Uni-



In the General Library.



A Den in Beecher.

tarian education. Those who have been trained at the New England universities, which after two hundred years of denominational bonds are just beginning to enjoy toleration and scholarly independence, should not criticise this generous contribution of the Baptists to the higher education. Members of the general faculty, it is needless to say, are not chosen by the president and trustees because they are Baptists, any more than the faculty of Yale are selected because they are Congregationalists. As a matter of fact, the various members of the faculty belong to many different churches; the first head-professor appointed was a Unitarian, the second an Episcopalian. Whatever may have been the initial dangers of narrow-





The Convocation. July 1, 1895.

ness, it would be absurd to-day to regard the University of Chicago as merely a sectarian institution.

A body of men differing widely in their traditions and training; the presence of leaders in special lines of scholarship; entire freedom and independence—these are elements of a scholarly and catholic influence. It would be foolish to deny that, in creating a large faculty within the limited space of three years, mistakes have been made. The ideal men for every position are not on the market every day in the year. What institution, however, is without its dead wood? Here, again, the system works: it is flexible enough to slough off superfluous members, to sort its faculty frequently. In a way the students indirectly sort the faculty; the quarter term of work compels frequent election, *e.g.*, a student at Chicago may elect nine different instructors during

the ordinary academic year, while the Harvard man knows but four, or at most six, of his faculty. And the American undergraduate—not to mention the graduate student who is always alive to his opportunities—is keen to distinguish between the cheap and the intrinsic.

So far, I suppose, I have said nothing about college and college life as it is popularly understood. Where are the classes? the class spirit? the 'varsity athletics? the clubs? in a word, the *life* of the place? Ah! that is another matter—and a more difficult one to describe.

"And do zey reely zit zide by zide in the lecture-room, and the zame professor lecture to zem both? Non!" And my horrified French friend raised his hands deprecatingly. When I told him that at the University of Chicago women sometimes taught as well, and



when I suggested that this innovation was on its way East and surely would not stop this side of Paris, he burst out into a positively derisive laugh. "Non, non, that will ne-ever happen. And what will you do with all zese ladies when zey have graduated? not



Window-seat, Cobb Hall.

all doctors, and lawyers, and teachers, non?" I remarked we were beginning in America to consider it as immoral in a woman to loaf and amuse herself for four or five of her best years as for a man. "But zey will be much worse when zey are educated. Zey will not marry properly. Zey will become immoral." And having arrived at an issue between races we passed on out of Beecher Hall.

I fancy the attitude of many of my colleagues toward the young women in their first classes was much the same as this Parisian's. To be sure the state universities ever since their inception had tried the experiment, and at most of them the women equal in number the men; but as a rule at the state university the conditions are much the same as at a high school. How would women conduct themselves under the temptations of the elective system? How could they resist the demoralization of being domiciled in college halls separated only by a few acres of green-sward from the men's halls on the other side of the campus?

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At Chicago, it may not be too much to say, the experiment has been tried of an absolutely sexless university education. Even in the short space of three years certain facts have become quite clear: the university has not attracted merely the ordinary constituency of a Western college, but the equal privileges in graduate as well as under-graduate courses have drawn a cultivated and mature class of young women; the intellectual standards have not been lowered by the presence of women, although it must be confessed coeducation has doubtless kept away many desirable men who prefer the traditional freedom of a university without women to the more decorous life of a coeducational institution. It might be said that the average ability and scholarship of the women has exceeded that of the men. The hysterical feminine intellect in my experience is not met with more frequently than the dissipated masculine intellect in our Eastern colleges.

Naturally enough women flock to certain departments and certain courses and shun others. The courses in arts and literature naturally attract more undergraduate women than purely scientific work, for the majority of college women expect to teach those subjects after graduation. Yet it is a curious fact that much of the best work done by the women is in the sciences and mathematics.

How do they live? For, after all, a university must accomplish character besides scholarship. And if by almost a mere chance the university had not solved the problem of feminine existence successfully, there would be a very different story to tell. About one-third of the women are residents of Chicago, for whom the university is not immediately responsible. Another third, generally the more mature students, graduates or unclassified, board outside the campus, where they can live more cheaply than in the university halls. The remaining third, many of them the younger women who come from distant homes, are organized into clubs; the three women's halls at the southeast of the campus furnish the club-houses. Here forty or fifty young



women in each hall lead essentially the same kind of co-operative home life that a young club-man enjoys, more ascetic, to be sure, in appointments as befits the ideal sex. The trustees have appointed a "head" for each house from the women of the faculty, who is the responsible adviser; the club-members themselves select a "counsellor" (a kind of honorary grand vizier) to represent them in the faculty. The discipline of the houses rests largely on unwritten law. Certain "house customs" (five in number) suggested by the council (the disciplinary and administrative hand of the university) and approved by the houses are tacitly respected. Beyond these the actual regulations of the halls are embodied in house-rules made by the members. With the exception of the "head" the officers in both the men's and the women's halls are selected by the house-members. At the beginning of every quarter the house elects members. Novices are admitted as "guests" for one quarter, and naturally if at the close of a quarter a novice is not elected to house membership, the "guest" departs. When the halls multiply, membership in particular halls will become individualized, and each house will have its own distinct and significant life. To a certain extent this is already true.

The halls have each a pleasant dining-room, a reception-room, and a drawing-room. Here each house entertains, as a club, once a month; these monthly receptions are largely attended by the townspeople and by the members of the faculty with their wives, and by the students, men and women, from other halls. Besides these general receptions, any member of a house has the usual privileges of a club in respect to guests and private parties. Independently or in small circles the women entertain their friends and create that social life without which feminine, yes masculine, existence would be arid. One feels that they have a very jolly and healthy life—these young women who live in the quadrangle. In a sense they are the leaders among the women of the university; they are, as a rule, the gayest and most human members of

the academic world. Great freedom in matters of personal conduct obtains among the women as among the men, a freedom rarely abused. According to one of the house-customs, the youngest students (members of the academic colleges) show the courtesy of consulting their "head" in regard to chapernage whenever they sally forth with men. But they come and go as they like, responsible to themselves and to the general public opinion of the community. This public ideal of good form is a strong and growing unwritten law, the most valuable engine of discipline that can be devised in a coeducational community. It is not regarded as "quite nice," I believe, for young women to walk about the campus with the men, or to gossip and flirt in the public halls and recitation rooms. If a few of the refinements of ordinary life can thrive in a frank, coeducational atmosphere, one need not feel apprehensive. The presence of women—undoubtedly affects the life of the men at the university—in an unexpected way. They can't have as much fun at a coeducational college as at one of the Eastern universities. The customs, the free-and-easy life of men among themselves, the inane occupations that in the minds of the average college man make up "the old times," are incompatible with mixed society. In other words, the women make the university tamely mature, and the ordinary young fellow who goes to college "for a good time" seeks some place where boyishness has passed into traditions.

Democratic! that is the word we hark back to at every point. The democratic West makes no distinction between sexes in most things; it would be as useless to attempt to do away with coeducation in our new universities as to dam the Mississippi. And when we reflect that four-fifths of the secondary education of the United States is in the hands of women, we should certainly accord them a warm welcome in their efforts to train themselves for their responsibilities. Let them have the best! In time they will become accustomed to their new freedom and accept it with grace and without pretension.



Among the men there is one hall for graduate students and one for undergraduates already organized on the plan described above. Snell House, the undergraduate club, is a thriving organization, that promises to do much toward settling the problem of student life. The "heads" of the houses, though in most instances members of the faculty, are in no sense proctors or keepers; they have interested themselves as strong allies in the various clubs, and are regarded by the members as natural friends and leaders, who share the common life and interests. Of course, an unpopular head would quickly lose his influence over his house, but, on the other hand, a house could make existence impossible for an obnoxious head. As the university grows and expands, this manner of life will undoubtedly be developed in the new halls to be built about the campus and in the clubs outside. Each house will have its own restaurant or dining-room and also parlors, thus making a separate family existence for small groups of students. Thus the secret societies will find it impossible to obtain firm hold in undergraduate life, and the university will be saved from the complications of boyish, immature conduct that the secret society life fosters. Also, as the mass of students increases, the social life of the individual will be cared for; the Western student, it may be remarked, is essentially a social animal.

Among the women there are many students from Eastern and Southern homes; the undergraduate men are almost without exception from the central West. What is this student like? How does he act in college? What are his amusements? He is decidedly in earnest—too much so, I am inclined to think. Frequently his conditions of life force him to struggle for existence at the university. Students who are earning the means to study are the rule, not the exception. Every possible occupation that a large city affords, from lighting lamps on the streets to tutoring or writing for the newspapers, furnishes the few needed dollars. This condition of strenuous poverty necessarily produces a very dif-

ferent atmosphere in the college world from the opulent spirit of our older institutions. The poor man is the dominant person; to be rich and idle would be almost unfashionable. To be sure, the atmosphere is not the dreamy half-lights of an Oxford garden; rather the harsh, invigorating breeze of a Colorado desert. Unrelieved, that, perhaps, is the word; unrelieved by prejudice, past and present. The student is unprejudiced in scholarship, accepting no traditions of what is really excellent to know; unprejudiced in social life, despising the tame amenities of a reticent society; unprejudiced in athletics, and therefore, thank Heaven! still willing to regard his amusements as avocations. He is untrained; even the ambitious candidate for a higher degree in the graduate schools is often lamentably unprejudiced about his foundation of knowledge, but he is eager, sensitive, industrious. College means for him work, and I am sure that the faculty rejoice in the fact that an industrious poverty will for a long time prevent any other conception from becoming universal.

I have emphasized the industrious aspect of the student at Chicago. We may think of him only as an academic artisan, but he has his festivities. It is almost amusing to consider the eagerness with which he has entered upon all the activities supposed to be peculiar to "college boys." There is the glee club, the banjo club, the university orchestra, the university chorus, the football eleven, the 'varsity nine, the track team, besides various evidences of interest in oratorical and literary matters. All this apart from the departmental clubs, which are strictly solemn and serious affairs. The athletic teams are restricted by the conditions of life mentioned in the preceding paragraph: the men ordinarily must work for their living; they feel obliged to perform their college work (if they fail in any course the regulations force them to withdraw from public contests); and no athletic organization is rich enough to furnish a lavish training-table. The result is that we have games and contests (for the neighboring colleges support athletics under the



same limitations) rather than battles and slaughters. The games are loosely played perhaps; competition and wealth have not rendered it possible for a team "to develop the game." In a word, the athletic question or disease exists only potentially at the University of Chicago.

The same spirit is true of more serious undertakings: two college settlements in the hard districts of Chicago are supported and manned by the students. In spite of the severe struggles they are making for their education, many of them desire to carry something in time and effort and ideals, even in precious money, to the desolate who are at their doors. The classes and clubs of the settlement show that the college students feel the impossibility of an academic life that lives solely to itself. On the philanthropic committee, and as teachers in the settlement classes, men and woman, instructors and students, work side by side. The interest in sociological studies, which is commoner at Chicago than elsewhere, stimulates this modern activity in college life.

All these clubs and athletic teams exist not merely for amusement, but also because the students feel that one cannot have a full-fledged university without them. They make up the American idea of a university, just as the graduate school, the laboratory, and the elective system go to make a modern university. And this is noteworthy that the students feel a responsibility to construct a great university as much in their way as the faculty and the trustees in theirs. They feel the exhilaration and loyalty to the scope of the institution as men working shoulder to shoulder in a new country, planning for a brilliant future. This sense of personal interest and co-operation which goes far to make men of the students, not college boys, manifests itself most strikingly in the relationship or camaraderie with the faculty, and especially in loyalty to the president. I believe that nowhere in the United States is a college president so thoroughly known and heartily liked and admired by all students as President Harper. Not only does every student feel that the president knows

him personally, but he knows that the president has an individual interest in him and his affairs. He feels that he may go to him about his private concerns, and as far as his position will permit it, the president may be depended upon to see the college life from the student's point of view. He does not impress them as merely an august and powerful personage at the head of a great corporation. This is more than mere popularity—it is loyalty and devotion. The students, one may say without exception, would be unwilling to commit any act that might place President Harper and the new university in an ungracious light before the public. They would care little for the possible punishment as compared to the pain and difficulties they might give the president. The result is that student government is one of the least perplexing problems at the university. This fact may be due in part to the large proportion of mature graduate students, who sober the usual college spirit; but I think that the deeper cause is the truer one—a sense of loyalty to the young university and its responsible executive.

It may be said that a government of love and good-feeling is possible in a university of one thousand students, but quite impossible when three times that number must be cared for. The system of the University of Chicago is very elastic at this point. The institution is subdivided, and control and government will be vested more and more largely in the boards that immediately supervise certain divisions. At present the numerous deans—eight I think in all—make it possible to understand the individual work of the students; make it possible to give every student a feeling that he possesses an individuality which means something. Indeed, with us the danger is on the other side—that the student will be pampered into feeling that the university depends altogether upon him.

A young man may walk, some fine May morning, down the flag-stones of the yard at Harvard; the sun comes flooding in through the time-honored trees, the vines in tender green are



creeping about the stiff deformity of this building or softening the angular lines of that, and the very breeze flutters the dignified air of the place; those isolated buildings, each in itself so awkward and plain, with the wide openings between, through which the breezes and the sunshine play—subtly they present themselves to him like a slowly making picture of a past, a puritan past, with its rigidity, its scorn of beauty, its clean correctness and integrity of life. The wide spaces, the uncompromising architecture of the halls, are an incarnation of New England, softened now by time and its associations. And this sense of a fine New England past grows richer as he wanders up Brattle Street or Kirkland Street, that have seen so much which has had distinction in our America. Emerson, and Lowell, and Longfellow—the inadequate but just expression of our early life—all those and many others have left a benediction to Cambridge. Surely nowhere else on our continent is life so precious in its past possessions and subtle influences, as just here in this cluster of puritan buildings, in this fresh air that comes in from the sea.

And if it be his good fortune to take up his home there, to live that life for four or perhaps seven years, he will find that the place is not merely of the past: it has to-day a very definite life of its own. If he is carefully conscious of it all, he will note that this definite ideal of life, made of tradition and sure innovation, is moulding him inevitably, has moulded him irrevocably. If he has given himself up to it freely, he will leave it all with a sad home sickness, a regret of going away and leaving himself. His critics will say that his training has been snobbish, that he belongs to a class, that he is "indifferent" (let us hope that he is to cheap affairs!), that he is not American—whatever that may be. And if he is frank with himself, he will own a part of this impeachment, but not as an impeachment. What has been valuable in his past training is not so much any one piece of work, any one great scholar's influence, as the spirit of the place, its standards of work, its ideals of excellence—in short, its

aristocratic bearing. In so far as he has absorbed that intolerant love for the most excellent and but one excellence, he has come out a Harvard man.

We meet a new order of things at Chicago. It is not my purpose to contrast the worth of the two ideals of life, or to judge them; indeed, I have said that Chicago resembles Harvard, paradoxical as it is, in many vital respects. The complete intellectual, unsectarian independence in spirit is the same at Chicago as at Cambridge; the desire for high standards in scholarship is the same; the manliness and maturity of the students, born of great freedom, resembles the Harvard way of life. The multitudinous subjects and teachers are characteristic of all large universities. The one fact that at Chicago professionalism in athletics is absolutely unknown, although the Western colleges have not outgrown the habit of buying success if possible, places the new university with its older sister.

But at the University of Chicago the student graduates as a person, not as a member of a class. His work and student life are individual from the very first. He enters the university when he pleases; he graduates when he pleases. His course has been individual and democratic. The conventions of an old society, the ambitions of a select set, do not trouble him. He has had great freedom, great opportunities, and the stimulus of an eager, emulous life. He goes away certainly not without some insight into what learning and scholarship mean, but without class loyalties, without the intimate personal life so dear to us who have had it.

We look to a new order of things in learning, as in national and social life. In that new life, one fancies, the dominating forces will be traditionless. The uninterrupted appreciation of intellectual goods will no longer be true. The subjects taught will increase without number, and the most catholic means of estimation or valuation will be employed. Our new student will be contemptuous of mere culture, of anything that derives its respect from the past alone; he will despise forms and ceremonies, but he will be powerful in life.



# THE LAMP OF PSYCHE

By Edith Wharton

## I



DELIA CORBETT was too happy; her happiness frightened her. Not on theological grounds, however; she was sure that people had a right to be happy; but she was equally sure that it was a right seldom recognized by destiny. And her happiness almost touched the confines of pain—it bordered on that sharp ecstasy which she had known, through one sleepless night after another, when what had now become a reality had haunted her as an unattainable longing.

Delia Corbett was not in the habit of using what the French call *gros mots* in the rendering of her own emotions; she took herself, as a rule, rather flippantly, with a dash of contemptuous pity. But she felt that she had now entered upon a phase of existence wherein it became her to pay herself an almost reverential regard. Love had set his golden crown upon her forehead, and the awe of the office allotted her subdued her doubting heart. To her had been given the one portion denied to all other women on earth, the immense, the unapproachable privilege of becoming Laurence Corbett's wife.

Here she burst out laughing at the sound of her own thoughts, and rising from her seat walked across the drawing-room and looked at herself in the mirror above the mantel-piece. She was past thirty and had never been very pretty; but she knew herself to be capable of loving her husband better and pleasing him longer than any other woman in the world. She was not afraid of rivals; he and she had seen each other's souls.

She turned away, smiling carelessly at her insignificant reflection, and went back to her arm-chair near the balcony. The room in which she sat was very beautiful; it pleased Corbett to make all his surroundings beautiful. It was

the drawing-room of his hotel in Paris, and the balcony near which his wife sat overlooked a small bosky garden framed in ivied walls, with a mouldering terracotta statue in the centre of its cup-shaped lawn. They had now been married some two months, and, after travelling for several weeks, had both desired to return to Paris; Corbett because he was really happier there than elsewhere, Delia because she passionately longed to enter as a wife the house where she had so often come and gone as a guest. How she used to find herself dreaming in the midst of one of Corbett's delightful dinners (to which she and her husband were continually being summoned) of a day when she might sit at the same table, but facing its master, a day when no carriage should wait to whirl her away from the brightly lit porte-cochère, and when, after the guests had gone, he and she should be left alone in his library, and she might sit down beside him and put her hand in his! The high-minded reader may infer from this that I am presenting him, in the person of Delia Corbett, with a heroine whom he would not like his wife to meet; but how many of us could face each other in the calm consciousness of moral rectitude if our inmost desire were not hidden under a convenient garb of lawful observance?

Delia Corbett, as Delia Benson, had been a very good wife to her first husband; some people (Corbett among them) had even thought her laxly tolerant of "poor Benson's" weaknesses. But then she knew her own; and it is admitted that nothing goes so far toward making us blink the foibles of others as the wish to have them extend a like mercy to ourselves. Not that Delia's foibles were of a tangible nature; they belonged to the order which escapes analysis by the coarse process of our social standards. Perhaps their very immateriality, the consciousness that she could never be brought to book



for them before any human tribunal, made her the more restive under their weight; for she was of a nature to prefer buying her happiness to stealing it. But her rising scruples were perpetually being allayed by some fresh indiscretion of Benson's, to which she submitted with an undeviating amiability which flung her into the opposite extreme of wondering if she didn't really influence him to do wrong—if she mightn't help him to do better. All these psychological subtleties exerted, however, no influence over her conduct which, since the day of her marriage, had been a model of delicate circumspection. It was only necessary to look at Benson to see that the most eager reformer could have done little to improve him. In the first place he must have encountered the initial difficulty, most disheartening to reformers, of making his neophyte distinguish between right and wrong. Undoubtedly it was within the measure even of Benson's primitive perceptions to recognize that some actions were permissible and others were not; but his sole means of classifying them was to try both, and then deny having committed those of which his wife disapproved. Delia had once owned a poodle who greatly desired to sleep on a white fur rug which she destined to other uses. She and the poodle disagreed on the subject, and the latter, though submitting to her authority (when reinforced by a whip), could never be made to see the justice of her demand, and consequently (as the rug frequently revealed) never missed an opportunity of evading it when her back was turned. Her husband often reminded her of the poodle, and, not having a whip or its moral equivalent to control him with, she had long since resigned herself to seeing him smudge the whiteness of her early illusions. The worst of it was that her resignation was such a cheap virtue. She had to be perpetually rousing herself to a sense of Benson's enormities; through the ever-lengthening perspective of her indifference they looked as small as the details of a landscape seen through the wrong end of a telescope. Now and then she tried to remind herself that she had married him for love;

but she was well aware that the sentiment she had once entertained for him had nothing in common with the state of mind which the words now represented to her; and this naturally diminished the force of the argument. She had married him at nineteen, because he had beautiful blue eyes and always wore a gardenia in his coat; really, as far as she could remember, these considerations had been the determining factors in her choice. Delia as a child (her parents were since dead) had been a much-indulged daughter, with a liberal allowance of pocket-money, and permission to spend it unquestioned and unadvised. Subsequently, she used sometimes to look, in a critical humor, at the various articles which she had purchased in her teens; futile chains and lockets, valueless china knick-knacks, and poor engravings of sentimental pictures. These, as a chastisement to her taste, she religiously preserved; and they often made her think of Benson. No one, she could not but reflect, would have blamed her if, with the acquirement of a fuller discrimination, she had thrown them all out of the window and replaced them by some object of permanent merit; but she was expected not only to keep Benson for life, but to conceal the fact that her taste had long since discarded him.

It could hardly be expected that a woman who reasoned so dispassionately about her mistakes should attempt to deceive herself about her preferences. Corbett personified all those finer amenities of mind and manners which may convert the mere act of being into a beneficent career; to Delia he seemed the most admirable man she had ever met, and she would have thought it disloyal to her best aspirations not to admire him. But she did not attempt to palliate her warmer feeling under the mask of a plausible esteem; she knew that she loved him, and scorned to disavow that also. So well, however, did she keep her secret that Corbett himself never suspected it, until her husband's death freed her from the obligation of concealment. Then, indeed, she gloried in its confession; and after two years of widowhood, and more than



two months of marriage, she was still under the spell of that moment of exquisite avowal.

She was reliving it now, as she often did in the rare hours which separated her from her husband; when presently she heard his step on the stairs, and started up with the blush of eighteen. As she walked across the room to meet him she asked herself perversely (she was given to such obliqueness of self-scrutiny) if to a dispassionate eye he would appear as complete, as supremely well-equipped as she beheld him, or if she walked in a cloud of delusion, dense as the god-concealing mist of Homer. But whenever she put this question to herself, Corbett's appearance instantly relegated it to the limbo of solved enigmas; he was so obviously admirable that she wondered that people didn't stop her in the street to attest her good fortune.

As he came forward now, this renewal of satisfaction was so strong in her that she felt an impulse to seize him and assure herself of his reality; he was so perilously like the phantasms of joy which had mocked her dissatisfied past. But his coat-sleeve was convincingly tangible; and, pinching it, she felt the muscles beneath.

"What—all alone?" he said, smiling back her welcome.

"No, I wasn't—I was with you!" she exclaimed; then fearing to appear fatuous, added, with a slight shrug, "Don't be alarmed—it won't last."

"That's what frightens me," he answered, gravely.

"Precisely," she laughed; "and I shall take good care not to reassure you!"

They stood face to face for a moment, reading in each other's eyes the completeness of their communion; then he broke the silence by saying, "By the way, I'd forgotten; here's a letter for you."

She took it unregardingly, her eyes still deep in his; but as her glance turned to the envelope she uttered a note of pleasure.

"Oh, now nice—it's from your only rival!"

"Your Aunt Mary?"

She nodded. "I haven't heard from

her in a month—and I'm afraid I haven't written to her either. You don't know how many beneficent intentions of mine you divert from their proper channels."

"But your Aunt Mary has had you all your life—I've only had you two months," he objected.

Delia was still contemplating the letter with a smile. "Dear thing!" she murmured. "I wonder when I shall see her?"

"Write and ask her to come and spend the winter with us."

"What—and leave Boston, and her kindergartens, and associated charities, and symphony concerts, and debating clubs? You don't know Aunt Mary!"

"No, I don't. It seems so incongruous that you should adore such a bundle of pedantries."

"I forgive that, because you've never seen her. How I wish you could!"

He stood looking down at her with the all-promising smile of the happy lover. "Well, if she won't come to us we'll go to her."

"Laurence—and leave this!"

"It will keep—we'll come back to it. My dear girl, don't beam so; you make me feel as if you hadn't been happy until now."

"No—but it's your thinking of it!"

"I'll do more than think; I'll act; I'll take you to Boston to see your Aunt Mary."

"Oh, Laurence, you'd hate doing it."

"Not doing it together."

She laid her hand for a moment on his. "What a difference that does make in things!" she said, as she broke the seal of the letter.

"Well, I'll leave you to commune with Aunt Mary. When you've done, come and find me in the library."

Delia sat down joyfully to the perusal of her letter, but as her eye travelled over the closely written pages her gratified expression turned to one of growing concern; and presently, thrusting it back into the envelope, she followed her husband to the library. It was a charming room and singularly indicative, to her fancy, of its occupant's character; the expanse of harmonious bindings, the fruity bloom of Renaissance bronzes, and the imprisoned sunlight



of two or three old pictures fitly epitomizing the delicate ramifications of her husband's taste. But now her glance lingered less appreciatively than usual on the warm tones and fine lines which formed so expressive a background for Corbett's fastidious figure.

"Aunt Mary has been ill—I'm afraid she's been seriously ill," she announced as he rose to receive her. "She fell in coming down-stairs from one of her tenement-house inspections, and it brought on water on the knee. She's been laid up ever since—some three or four weeks now. I'm afraid it's rather bad at her age; and I don't know how she will resign herself to keeping quiet."

"I'm very sorry," said Corbett, sympathetically; "but water on the knee isn't dangerous, you know."

"No—but the doctor says she mustn't go out for weeks and weeks; and that will drive her mad. She'll think the universe has come to a standstill."

"She'll find it hasn't," suggested Corbett, with a smile which took the edge from his comment.

"Ah, but such discoveries hurt—especially if one makes them late in life!"

Corbett stood looking affectionately at his wife.

"How long is it," he asked, "since you have seen your Aunt Mary?"

"I think it must be two years. Yes, just two years; you know I went home on business after——" She stopped; they never alluded to her first marriage.

Corbett took her hand. "Well," he declared, glancing rather wistfully at the Paris Bordone above the mantel-piece, "we'll sail next month and pay her a little visit."

## II

CORBETT was really making an immense concession in going to America at that season; he disliked the prospect at all times, but just as his hotel in Paris had reopened its luxurious arms to him for the winter, the thought of departure was peculiarly distasteful.

Delia knew it, and winced under the enormity of the sacrifice which he had imposed upon himself; but he bore the burden so lightly, and so smilingly derided her impulse to magnify the heroism of his conduct, that she gradually yielded to the undisturbed enjoyment of her anticipations. She was really very glad to be returning to Boston as Corbett's wife; her occasional appearances there as Mrs. Benson had been so eminently unsatisfactory to herself and her relatives that she naturally desired to efface them by so triumphal a re-entry. She had passed so great a part of her own life in Europe that she viewed with a secret leniency Corbett's indifference to his native land; but though she did not mind his not caring for his country she was intensely anxious that his country should care for him. He was a New Yorker, and entirely unknown, save by name, to her little circle of friends and relatives in Boston; but she reflected, with tranquil satisfaction, that, if he were cosmopolitan enough for Fifth Avenue, he was also cultured enough for Beacon Street. She was not so confident of his being altruistic enough for Aunt Mary; but Aunt Mary's appreciations covered so wide a range that there seemed small doubt of his coming under the head of one of her manifold enthusiasms.

Altogether Delia's anticipations grew steadily rosier with the approach to Sandy Hook; and to her confident eye the Statue of Liberty, as they passed under it in the red brilliance of a winter sunrise, seemed to look down upon Corbett with her Aunt Mary's most approving smile.

Delia's Aunt Mary—known from the Back Bay to the South End as Mrs. Mason Hayne—had been the chief formative influence of her niece's youth. Delia, after the death of her parents, had even spent two years under Mrs. Hayne's roof, in direct contact with all her apostolic ardors, her inflammatory zeal for righteousness in everything from baking-powder to municipal government; and though the girl never felt any inclination to interpret her aunt's influence in action, it was potent in modifying her judgment of herself and others. Her parents had been in-



curably frivolous, Mrs. Hayne was incurably serious, and Delia, by some unconscious powers of selection, tended to frivolity of conduct, corrected by seriousness of thought. She would have shrunk from the life of unadorned activity, the unsmiling pursuit of Purposes with a capital letter, to which Mrs. Hayne's energies were dedicated; but it lent relief to her enjoyment of the purposeless to measure her own conduct by her aunt's utilitarian standards. This curious sympathy with aims so at variance with her own ideals would hardly have been possible to Delia had Mrs. Hayne been a narrow enthusiast without visual range beyond the blinders of her own vocation; it was the consciousness that her aunt's perceptions included even such obvious inutility as hers which made her so tolerant of her aunt's usefulness. All this she had tried, on the way across the Atlantic, to put vividly before Corbett; but she was conscious of a vague inability on his part to adjust his conception of Mrs. Hayne to his wife's view of her; and Delia could only count on her aunt's abounding personality to correct the one-sidedness of his impression.

Mrs. Hayne lived in a wide brick house on Mount Vernon Street, which had belonged to her parents and grandparents, and from which she had never thought of moving. Thither, on the evening of their arrival in Boston, the Corbetts were driven from the Providence Station. Mrs. Hayne had written to her niece that Cyrus would meet them with a "hack;" Cyrus was a sable factotum designated in Mrs. Hayne's vocabulary as a "chore-man." When the train entered the station he was, in fact, conspicuous on the platform, his smile shining like an open piano, while he proclaimed with abundant gesture the proximity of "de hack," and Delia, descending from the train into his dusky embrace, found herself guiltily wishing that he could have been omitted from the function of their arrival. She could not help wondering what her husband's valet would think of him. The valet was to be lodged at a hotel: Corbett himself had suggested that his presence might disturb the routine of Mrs. Hayne's household, a view in which

Delia had eagerly acquiesced. There was, however, no possibility of dissembling Cyrus, and under the valet's depreciatory eye the Corbetts suffered him to precede them to the livery-stable landau, with blue shades and a confidentially disposed driver, which awaited them outside the station.

During the drive to Mount Vernon Street Delia was silent; but as they approached her aunt's swell-fronted domicile she said, hurriedly, "You won't like the house."

Corbett laughed. "It's the inmate I've come to see," he commented.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of her," Delia almost too confidently rejoined.

The parlor-maid who admitted them to the hall (a discouraging hall, with a large-patterned oil-cloth and buff walls stencilled with a Greek border) informed them that Mrs. Hayne was above; and ascending to the next floor they found her genial figure, supported on crutches, awaiting them at the drawing-room door. Mrs. Hayne was a tall, stoutish woman, whose bland expanse of feature was accentuated by a pair of gray eyes of such surpassing penetration that Delia often accused her of answering people's thoughts before they had finished thinking them. These eyes, through the close fold of Delia's embrace, pierced instantly to Corbett, and never had that accomplished gentleman been more conscious of being called upon to present his credentials. But there was no reservation in the uncritical warmth of Mrs. Hayne's welcome, and it was obvious that she was unaffectedly happy in their coming.

She led them into the drawing-room, still clinging to Delia, and Corbett, as he followed, understood why his wife had said that he would not like the house. One saw at a glance that Mrs. Hayne had never had time to think of her house or her dress. Both were scrupulously neat, but her gown might have been an unaltered one of her mother's, and her drawing-room wore the same appearance of contented archaism. There was a sufficient number of arm-chairs, and the tables (mostly marble-topped) were redeemed from monotony by their freight of books;



but it had not occurred to Mrs. Hayne to substitute logs for hard coal in her fireplace, nor to replace by more personal works of art the smoky expanses of canvas "after" Raphael and Murillo which lurched heavily forward from the walls. She had even preserved the knotty antimacassars on her high-backed armchairs, and Corbett, who was growing bald, resignedly reflected that during his stay in Mount Vernon Street he should not be able to indulge in any lounging.

### III

DELIA held back for three days the question which burned her lip; then, following her husband upstairs after an evening during which Mrs. Hayne had proved herself especially comprehensive (even questioning Corbett upon the tendencies of modern French art), she let escape the imminent "Well?"

"She's charming," Corbett returned, with the fine smile which always seemed like a delicate criticism.

"Really?"

"Really, Delia. Do you think me so narrow that I can't value such a character as your aunt's simply because it's cast in different lines from mine? I once told you that she must be a bundle of pedantries, and you prophesied that my first sight of her would correct that impression. You were right; she's a bundle of extraordinary vitalities. I never saw a woman more thoroughly alive; and that's the great secret of living—to be thoroughly alive."

"I knew it; I knew it!" his wife exclaimed. "Two such people couldn't help liking each other."

"Oh, I should think she might very well help liking me."

"She doesn't; she admires you immensely; but why?"

"Well, I don't precisely fit into any of her ideals, and the worst part of having ideals is that the people who don't fit into them have to be discarded."

"Aunt Mary doesn't discard anybody," Delia interpolated.

"Her heart may not, but I fancy her judgment does."

"But she doesn't exactly fit into any of your ideals, and yet you like her," his wife persisted.

"I haven't any ideals," Corbett lightly responded. "*Je prends mon bien où je le trouve*; and I find a great deal in your Aunt Mary."

Delia did not ask Mrs. Hayne what she thought of her husband; she was sure that, in due time, her aunt would deliver her verdict; it was impossible for her to leave any one unclassified. Perhaps, too, there was a latent cowardice in Delia's reticence; an unacknowledged dread lest Mrs. Hayne should range Corbett among the intermediate types.

After a day or two of mutual inspection and adjustment the three lives under Mrs. Hayne's roof lapsed into their separate routines. Mrs. Hayne once more set in motion the complicated machinery of her own existence (rendered more intricate by the accident of her lameness), and Corbett and his wife began to dine out and return the visits of their friends. There were, however, some hours which Corbett devoted to the club or to the frequentation of the public libraries, and these Delia gave to her aunt, driving with Mrs. Hayne from one committee meeting to another, writing business letters at her dictation, or reading aloud to her the reports of the various philanthropic, educational, or political institutions in which she was interested. She had been conscious on her arrival of a certain aloofness from her aunt's militant activities; but within a week she was swept back into the strong current of Mrs. Hayne's existence. It was like stepping from a gondola to an ocean steamer; at first she was dazed by the throb of the screw and the rush of the parting waters, but gradually she felt herself infected by the exhilaration of getting to a fixed place in the shortest possible time. She could make sufficient allowance for the versatility of her moods to know that, a few weeks after her return to Paris, all that seemed most strenuous in Mrs. Hayne's occupations would fade to unreality; but that did not defend her from the strong spell of the moment. In its light her own life seemed vacuous, her husband's aims trivial as the subtleties



of Chinese ivory carving ; and she wondered if he walked in the same revealing flash.

Some three weeks after the arrival of the Corbetts in Mount Vernon Street it became manifest that Mrs. Hayne had overtaxed her strength and must return for an undetermined period to her lounge. The life of restricted activity to which this necessity condemned her left her an occasional hour of leisure when there seemed no more letters to be dictated, no more reports to be read ; and Corbett, always sure to do the right thing, was at hand to speed such unoccupied moments with the ready charm of his talk.

One day when, after sitting with her for some time, he departed to the club, Mrs. Hayne, turning to Delia, who came in to replace him, said, emphatically, "My dear, he's delightful."

"Oh, Aunt Mary, so are you !" burst gratefully from Mrs. Corbett.

Mrs. Hayne smiled. "Have you suspended your judgment of me until now ?" she asked.

"No ; but your liking each other seems to complete you both."

"Really, Delia, your husband couldn't have put that more gracefully. But sit down and tell me about him."

"Tell you about him ?" repeated Delia, thinking of the voluminous letters in which she had enumerated to Mrs. Hayne the sum of her husband's merits.

"Yes," Mrs. Hayne continued, cutting, as she talked, the pages of a report on state lunatic asylums ; "for instance, you've never told me why so charming an American has condemned America to the hard fate of being obliged to get on without him."

"You and he will never agree on that point, Aunt Mary," said Mrs. Corbett, coloring.

"Never mind ; I rather like listening to reasons that I know beforehand I'm bound to disagree with ; it saves so much mental effort. And besides, how can you tell ? I'm very uncertain."

"You are very broad-minded, but you'll never understand his just having drifted into it. Any definite reason would seem to you better than that."

"Ah—he drifted into it ?"

"Well, yes. You know his sister, who married the Comte de Vitrey and went to live in Paris, was very unhappy after her marriage ; and when Laurence's mother died there was no one left to look after her ; and so Laurence went abroad in order to be near her. After a few years Monsieur de Vitrey died too ; but by that time Laurence didn't care to come back."

"Well," said Mrs. Hayne, "I see nothing so shocking in that. Your husband can gratify his tastes much more easily in Europe than in America ; and, after all, that is what we're all secretly striving to do. I'm sure if there were more lunatic asylums and poor-houses and hospitals in Europe than there are here I should be very much inclined to go and live there myself."

Delia laughed. "I knew you would like Laurence," she said, with a wisdom bred of the event.

"Of course I like him ; he's a liberal education. It's very interesting to study the determining motives in such a man's career. How old is your husband, Delia ?"

"Laurence is fifty-two."

"And when did he go abroad to look after his sister ?"

"Let me see—when he was about twenty-eight ; it was in 1867, I think."

"And before that he had lived in America ?"

"Yes, the greater part of the time."

"Then of course he was in the war ?" Mrs. Hayne continued, laying down her pamphlet. "You've never told me about that. Did he see any active service ?"

As she spoke Delia grew pale ; for a moment she sat looking blankly at her aunt.

"I don't think he was in the war at all," she said at length, in a low tone.

Mrs. Hayne stared at her. "Oh, you must be mistaken," she said, decidedly. "Why shouldn't he have been in the war ? What else could he have been doing ?"

Mrs. Corbett was silent. All the men of her family, all the men of her friends' families, had fought in the war ; Mrs. Hayne's husband had been killed at Bull Run, and one of Delia's cousins at Gettysburg. Ever since she could re-



member it had been regarded as a matter of course by those about her that every man of her husband's generation who was neither lame, halt, nor blind should have fought in the war. Husbands had left their wives, fathers their children, young men their sweethearts, in answer to that summons; and those who had been deaf to it she had never heard designated by any name but one.

But all that had happened long ago; for years it had ceased to be a part of her consciousness. She had forgotten about the war; about her uncle who fell at Bull Run, and her cousin who was killed at Gettysburg. Now, of a sudden, it all came back to her, and she asked herself the question which her aunt had just put to her—why had her husband not been in the war? What else could he have been doing?

But the very word, as she repeated it, struck her as incongruous; Corbett was a man who never did anything. His elaborate intellectual processes bore no flower of result; he simply *was*—but had she not hitherto found that sufficient? She rose from her seat, turning away from Mrs. Hayne.

"I really don't know," she said, coldly. "I never asked him."

#### IV

Two weeks later the Corbetts returned to Europe. Corbett had really been charmed with his visit, and had in fact shown a marked inclination to outstay the date originally fixed for their departure. But Delia was firm; she did not wish to remain in Boston. She acknowledged that she was sorry to leave her Aunt Mary; but she wanted to get home.

"You turncoat!" Corbett said, laughing. "Two months ago you reserved that sacred designation for Boston."

"One can't tell where it is until one tries," she answered, vaguely.

"You mean that you don't want to come back and live in Boston?"

"Oh, no—no!"

"Very well. But pray take note of the fact that I'm very sorry to leave. Under your Aunt Mary's tutelage I'm becoming a passionate patriot."

Delia turned away in silence. She was counting the moments which led to their departure. She longed with an unreasoning intensity to get away from it all; from the dreary house in Mount Vernon Street, with its stencilled hall and hideous drawing-room, its monotonous food served in unappetizing profusion; from the rarefied atmosphere of philanthropy and reform which she had once found so invigorating; and most of all from the reproof of her aunt's altruistic activities. The recollection of her husband's delightful house in Paris, so framed for a noble leisure, seemed to mock the æsthetic barrenness of Mrs. Hayne's environment. Delia thought tenderly of the mellow bindings, the deep-piled rugs, the pictures, bronzes, and tapestries; of the "first nights" at the Français, the eagerly discussed *conférences* on art or literature, the dreaming hours in galleries and museums, and all the delicate enjoyments of the life to which she was returning. It would be like passing from a hospital-ward to a flower-filled drawing-room; how could her husband linger on the threshold?

Corbett, who observed her attentively, noticed that a change had come over her during the last two weeks of their stay in Mount Vernon Street. He wondered uneasily if she were capricious; a man who has formed his own habits upon principles of the finest selection does not care to think that he has married a capricious woman. Then he reflected that the love of Paris is an insidious disease, breaking out when its victim least looks for it, and concluded that Delia was suffering from some such unexpected attack.

Delia certainly was suffering. Ever since Mrs. Hayne had asked her that innocent question—"Why shouldn't your husband have been in the war?"—she had been repeating it to herself day and night with the monotonous iteration of a monomaniac. Whenever Corbett came into the room, with that air of giving the simplest act its due value which made episodes of his entrances she was tempted to cry out to him—"Why weren't you in the war?" When she heard him, at a dinner, point one of his polished epigrams, or smilingly demolish the syllogism of an an-



tagonist, her pride in his achievement was chilled by the question—"Why wasn't he in the war?" When she saw him, in the street, give a coin to a crossing-sweeper, or lift his hat ceremoniously to one of Mrs. Hayne's maid-servants (he was always considerate of poor people and servants) her approval winced under the reminder—"Why wasn't he in the war?" And when they were alone together, all through the spell of his talk and the exquisite pervasion of his presence ran the embittering undercurrent, "Why wasn't he in the war?"

At times she hated herself for the thought; it seemed a disloyalty to life's best gift. After all, what did it matter now? The war was over and forgotten; it was what the newspapers call "a dead issue." And why should any act of her husband's youth affect their present happiness together? Whatever he might once have been, he was perfect now; admirable in every relation of life; kind, generous, upright; a loyal friend, an accomplished gentleman, and, above all, the man she loved. Yes—but why had he not been in the war? And so began again the reiterant torment of the question. It rose up and lay down with her; it watched with her through sleepless nights, and followed her into the street; it mocked her from the eyes of strangers, and she dreaded lest her husband should read it in her own. In her saner moments she told herself that she was under the influence of a passing mood, which would vanish at the contact of her wonted life in Paris. She had become over-strung in the high air of Mrs. Hayne's moral enthusiasms; all she needed was to descend again to regions of more temperate virtue. This thought increased her impatience to be gone; and the days seemed interminable which divided her from departure.

The return to Paris, however, did not yield the hoped-for alleviation. The question was still with her, clamoring for a reply, and reinforced, with separation, by the increasing fear of her aunt's unspoken verdict. That shrewd woman had never again alluded to the subject of her brief colloquy with Delia; up to the moment of his farewell she had been unreservedly cordial to

Corbett; but she was not the woman to palter with her convictions.

Delia knew what she must think; she knew what name, in the old days, Corbett would have gone by in her aunt's uncompromising circle.

Then came a flash of resistance—the heart's instinct of self-preservation. After all, what did she herself know of her husband's reasons for not being in the war? What right had she to set down to cowardice a course which might have been enforced by necessity, or dictated by unimpeachable motives? Why should she not put to him the question which she was perpetually asking herself? And not having done so, how dared she condemn him unheard?

A month or more passed in this torturing indecision. Corbett had returned with fresh zest to his accustomed way of life, weaned, by his first glimpse of the Champs Élysées, from his factitious enthusiasm for Boston. He and his wife entertained their friends delightfully, and frequented all the "first nights" and "private views" of the season, and Corbett continued to bring back knowing "bits" from the Hôtel Drouot, and rare books from the quays; never had he appeared more cultivated, more decorative and enviable; people agreed that Delia Benson had been uncommonly clever to catch him.

One afternoon he returned later than usual from the club, and, finding his wife alone in the drawing-room, begged her for a cup of tea. Delia reflected, in complying, that she had never seen him look better; his fifty-two years sat upon him like a finish which made youth appear crude, and his voice, as he recounted his afternoon's doings, had the intimate inflections reserved for her ear.

"By the way," he said presently, as he set down his tea-cup, "I had almost forgotten that I've brought you a present—something I picked up in a little shop in the Rue Bonaparte. Oh, don't look too expectant; it's not a *chef-d'œuvre*; on the contrary, it's about as bad as it can be. But you'll see presently why I bought it."

As he spoke he drew a small, flat parcel from the breast-pocket of his impec-



cable frock-coat and handed it to his wife.

Delia, loosening the paper which wrapped it, discovered within an oval frame studded with pearls and containing the crudely executed miniature of an unknown young man in the uniform of a United States cavalry officer. She glanced inquiringly at Corbett.

"Turn it over," he said.

She did so, and on the back, beneath two unfamiliar initials, read the brief inscription :

"Fell at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863."

The blood rushed to her face as she stood gazing at the words.

"You see now why I bought it?" Corbett continued. "All the pieties of one's youth seemed to protest against leaving it in the clutches of a Jew pawnbroker in the Rue Bonaparte. It's awfully bad, isn't it?—but some poor soul might be glad to think that it had passed again into the possession of fellow-countrymen." He took it back from her, bending to examine it critically. "What a daub!" he murmured. "I wonder who he was? Do you suppose that by taking a little trouble one might find out and restore it to his people?"

"I don't know—I dare say," she murmured, absently.

He looked up at the sound of her voice. "What's the matter, Delia? Don't you feel well?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I was only thinking"—she took the miniature from his hand. "It was kind of you, Laurence, to buy this—it was like you."

"Thanks for the latter clause," he returned, smiling.

Delia stood staring at the vivid flesh-tints of the young man who had fallen at Chancellorsville.

"You weren't very strong at his age, were you, Laurence? Weren't you often ill?" she asked.

Corbett gave her a surprised glance. "Not that I'm aware of," he said; "I had the measles at twelve, but since then I've been unromantically robust."

"And you—you were in America until you came abroad to be with your sister?"

"Yes—barring a trip of a few weeks in Europe."

Delia looked again at the miniature; then she fixed her eyes upon her husband's.

"Then why weren't you in the war?" she said.

Corbett answered her gaze for a moment; then his lids dropped, and he shifted his position slightly.

"Really," he said, with a smile, "I don't think I know."

They were the very words which she had used in answering her aunt.

"You don't know?" she repeated, the question leaping out like an electric shock. "What do you mean when you say that you don't know?"

"Well—it all happened some time ago," he answered, still smiling, "and the truth is that I've completely forgotten the excellent reasons that I doubtless had at the time for remaining at home."

"Reasons for remaining at home? But there were none; every man of your age went to the war; no one stayed at home who wasn't lame, or blind, or deaf, or ill, or——" Her face blazed, her voice broke passionately.

Corbett looked at her with rising amazement.

"Or——?" he said.

"Or a coward," she flashed out. The miniature dropped from her hands, falling loudly on the polished floor.

The two confronted each other in silence; Corbett was very pale.

"I've told you," he said, at length, "that I was neither lame, deaf, blind, nor ill. Your classification is so simple that it will be easy for you to draw your own conclusion."

And very quietly, with that admirable air which always put him in the right, he walked out of the room. Delia, left alone, bent down and picked up the miniature; its protecting crystal had been broken by the fall. She pressed it close to her and burst into tears.

An hour later, of course, she went to ask her husband's forgiveness. As a woman of sense she could do no less; and her conduct had been so absurd that it was the more obviously pardonable. Corbett, as he kissed her hand, assured her that he had known it was only nervousness; and after dinner, during which he made himself excep-



tionally agreeable, he proposed their ending the evening at the Palais Royal, where a new play was being given.

Delia had undoubtedly behaved like a fool, and was prepared to do meet penance for her folly by submitting to the gentle sarcasm of her husband's pardon; but when the episode was over, and she realized that she had asked her question and received her answer, she knew that she had passed a milestone in her existence. Corbett was perfectly charming; it was inevitable that he should go on being charming to the end of the chapter. It was equally inevitable that she should go on being in love with him; but her love had undergone a modification which the years were not to efface.

Formerly he had been to her like an unexplored country, full of bewitching surprises and recurrent revelations of

wonder and beauty; now she had measured and mapped him, and knew beforehand the direction of every path she trod. His answer to her question had given her the clue to the labyrinth; knowing what he had once done, it seemed quite simple to forecast his future conduct. For that long-past action was still a part of his actual being; he had not outlived or disowned it; he had not even seen that it needed defending.

Her ideal of him was shivered like the crystal above the miniature of the warrior of Chancellorsville. She had the crystal replaced by a piece of clear glass which (as the jeweller pointed out to her) cost much less and looked equally well; and for the passionate worship which she had paid her husband she substituted a tolerant affection which possessed precisely the same advantages.

## SUMMER'S WILL

*By Martha Gilbert Dickinson*

THESE are the clauses of Summer's will—  
 To Autumn—a languorous haze, to fill  
 Valley and mountain with vague regret  
 For her, whose beauty they cannot forget.  
 To Mortals—maples whose colors dare  
 Till scarlet Flamingoes seem nesting there,  
 Also a river woven in gold  
 Where willows murmur their stories old—  
 Treasures of golden-rod, troops of corn  
 And sumach torches out-heralding dawn.  
 To Heaven—lest day despair too soon  
 The silvery horn of her harvest moon.  
 To wondering Cattle—meadows green,  
 Rivaling May in their fleeting sheen;  
 All her black crows to the lonely pines,  
 To straggling fences her mad-cap vines;  
 But to the Ocean—only her tears—  
 Tempests of parting, and desolate fears;  
 Signed in witch-hazel, filed in frost,  
 To the witnessing winds 'twas all but tossed  
 When she smiled a Gentian codocil,  
 "My love to the road-side under the hill."



# AMERICAN POSTERS, PAST AND PRESENT

*By H. C. Bunner*

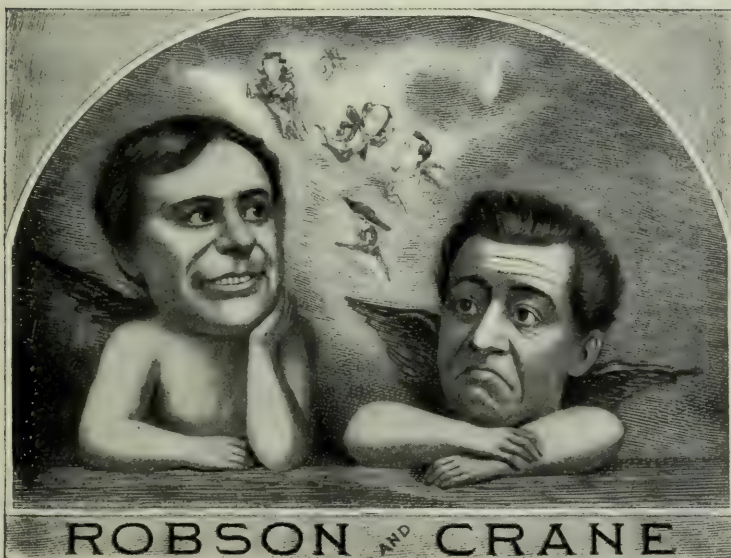
IN America—at least, in the United States—the poster enjoys an absolutely unique distinction. In other countries it has been prized and admired, cherished in costly collections, and honored with the most serious artistic study and criticism. But in the United States the poster has been—and in some parts of the land it is yet—not only admired, but loved.

The craving to look at pictures, or even decorative lettering or pure decoration itself, seems to be natural to all types and classes of Americans. Any kind of picture attracts the untutored taste; but of course the preference is generally given to such as, according to the code of the art for art's sake people, should be consigned to eternal perdition as “distinctly literary.” But in default of the picture that tells its own direct and indirect comprehensible story, the untaught native taste will accept pretty nearly anything in the general line of graphic art. It is the same in country and in town. The indifference of the New York street crowds to strange



Drawn by Matt Morgan for the Strobbridge Lithograph Company in 1881.

sights, odd people, fantastic costumes, and the like has often been noted. Yet the hurrying workers who will not give a second glance to an Oriental garbed in dazzling gorgeousness, or even to a dime-museum giant off duty, will stop short at the sight of a sign-painter, and, putting all business or occupation aside, will gaze on him in seemingly helpless fascination while he letters “Eisenstein, Einstein, Ehrenstein, Johnstone & Co.” And if by chance he illuminates his handiwork with a design of the garment known as “pants,” and bearing a distant and painful resemblance to trousers, the crowd will stay faithfully by him till the last stroke of



Drawn by Joseph Baker for the Forbes Lithograph Company in 1877.

Types of Early Lithographic Posters.



his brush—silent, eager, intent—looking upon him as upon one who performs a miracle.

It is, of course, the process of production more than the thing produced that holds the attention of the admiring townsman; but the attraction is not at all unlike that which fills the spirit of the back-country boy with wondering rapture when he sees the swift and dexterous pioneers of the circus arrive with paste-pots and brushes and ladders and ponderous burdens of huge sheets of paper laid in thick folds like cloth, and with an almost super-human speed transform old Squire Calkins's long board-fence into a picture-gallery that is not only

an orgy in the primary colors, but works of nature, and a revelation of a most marvellous illumination of the possibilities never before dreamed of by

the student of natural history or the humble observer of animated nature.

## OLIVER DOUD BYRON



Designed and printed by the Sturbridge Lithograph Company.  
An Example of the primitive and confused theatrical posters.



PLAYING BACKSTIFF FOR A BRUSH.

Drawn by Thomas Worth

An Example of the Old Fashioned

Do you wonder that he loves it? Do you wonder that his soul prostrates itself before the elephant whose ears are so big that the ends of the flaps have to be supported by two attendant Nubians? Do you wonder that he loves the dromedary with four humps? No dromedary in his "jogafy-book" has any such holiday allowance of humps. Of course he will not see these marvellous features, and, in a certain sense, he knows it. They were not visible in last year's circus; and his cynical elder brother has openly and blasphemously denied their existence. But as he watches the great pictured sheets drying out in the sun, and smells the smell of paste—always pleasant in his nostrils, because of its association with many sticky achievements in the way of malicious mischief—why, the boy sees those animals, and those assorted colored people in regal clothes, just as if they were really there—for he sees them with the eye of faith. He would be ungrateful, indeed, if he did not love the circus-poster. All mankind loves the circus, and what circus



## SMOKE "GREENBACK" TOBACCO



"HUNG UP" WITH THE STARCH OUT.  
No. 14 Companion to No. 13.

Reproduced by permission of Currier & Ives.

"Before and After" Poster.

ever rose to the glorious promise of its posters?

But it was not only the circus-poster that took hold on the heart of the country-folk of remote regions. Although the fondness for pictures was general in man, woman, and child, it was not quite openly avowed. Certain old Puritanical traditions moved the

people to look upon such home decorations as idle vanities; and even had this prejudice been less general the sources of artistic supply were meagre in the extreme. Therefore the crude and costly printed posters of the circus, the travelling juggler, the Indian herb-doctor, the horse-dealer, and, more often than the rest, the gaudy lithographs advertising agricultural implements and patent medicines, were welcome in the little towns and at the lonely cross-roads. They were not often allowed in the house; but their utilitarian character gave them a sort of right to a place on the walls of the barn; and it was here that the

boys and the hired men between them would set up an art-gallery which was never quite complete until a sheet of considerable size was skilfully reft from the pictured pageant on the board fence.

There is something pitiful in this attempt to satisfy a natural appetite with the very lowest forms of pictorial artifice; and a serious mischief sprang from

## DAYY CROCKETT.



Drawn by Matt Morgan for the Strobridge Lithograph Company.

A Type of an Early Class Interesting and Truthful as Pictures yet Ineffective as Posters.





Drawn by Robert Joste. Published by the Metropolitan Print Company.



Drawn by William H. Crane. Published by A. S. Seer.

Theatrical Posters for "Rip Van Winkle" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."  
(Representative specimens of the old wood-engraved "stock" poster.)

it in the damper it put on any development or progress in the art of poster designs. It became an understood thing that the general public would not have anything better than the flashy and ill-executed prints to which they had grown accustomed; and year after year the same old pictorial horrors were scattered broadcast in city and country. This pernicious example had an influence on a class of producers who should have been above the half-superstitious folly. The theatrical managers caught the idea; and although the establishment of the lithographic art in

this country gave them facilities which they had never had before, they stuck to the primitive system of printing from roughly engraved wood-blocks, superimposing one cross-hatching of color upon another; the result attained being perhaps more hideous and incoherent than anything which could be done in any other way of color-printing.

This absurd tradition practically checked all advance in poster designing until a score of years ago; and so far

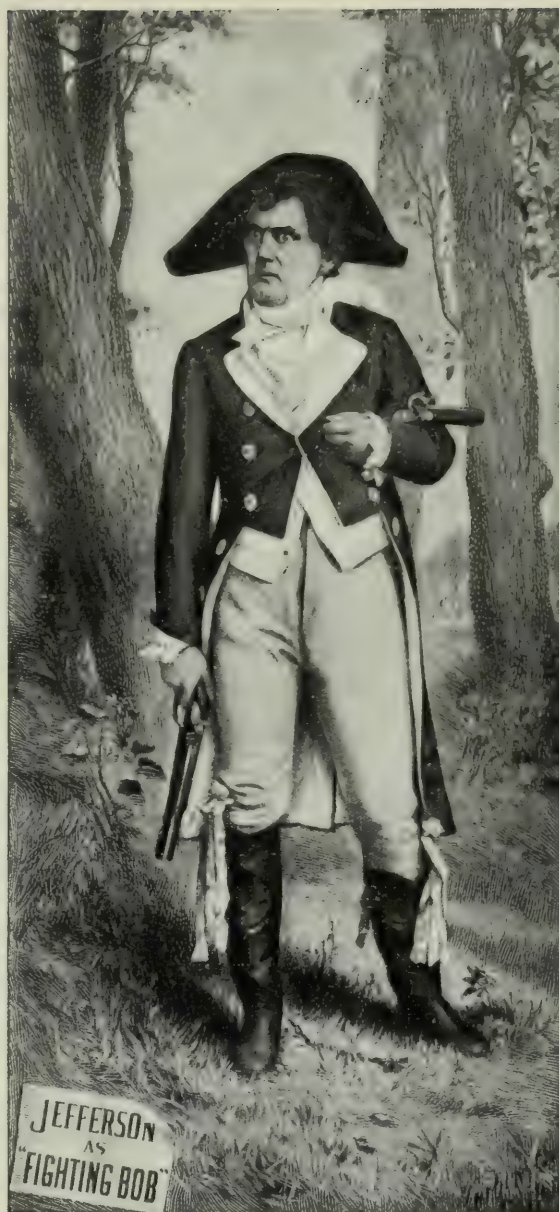
\* "Stock" posters are made on speculation by the manufacturers and sold as often as called for, the name of the star being inserted.





Drawn by Robert Joste for the Metropolitan Print. Company.  
An Example of the Coarsest Wood-engraved Theatrical Poster.

as the theatrical people were concerned it is more than doubtful whether they would ever have got out of the rut they had got into, if it had not been that the commercial people crowded them out of it. I do not wish to imply that there were no exceptions to the rule of stupidity among the theatrical managers. A few self-respecting managers like Messrs. Palmer and Abbey and the late Lester Wallack made a number of brave and intelligent attempts to find graceful and dignified forms of pictorial advertising. But for the most part our actors and actresses allowed themselves



Drawn by Joseph Baker for the Forbes Lithograph Company in 1879.

An Example of the Extremely Finished Lithographic Theatrical Poster.

(Interesting also as being the first poster ever produced representing Jefferson in character.)

to be portrayed on the bill-boards in a medium so grossly and unnecessarily offensive to good taste that the meanest mountebank might have blushed to find himself so set before the world. So dead was the poster-making art that serious dramatic and lyric artists had not even the resource of tasteful and appropriate decoration for their public announcements, but were obliged to use plain type—and type of designs of half a century old. It was at this point that the Genius of Patent Medicine came to the relief of Histrionic Art.

Up to this time the Patent Medicine





Designed and printed by the Strobbridge Lithograph Company.

poster had been the most pitiful of all forms of pictorial advertising. In conception it never aimed to be more than feebly instructive, and in execution it was as hideous as cheap work could make it. It was constructed upon one of a few simple formulas—simple to the point of idiocy. Of these the most in use was what was known as the “Before and After”—which was short for Before and After Taking. This involved the employment of two pictures, one of which represented a lean and haggard wretch of advanced years, destitute of teeth, and but sparsely provided



Drawn by Hugo Ziegfeld for the H. C. Miner-Springer Lithograph Company.

with hair, who was apparently trying to present his physical disabilities to the beholder in the most unpleasant possible light. The other picture showed a sturdy, lusty person in the prime of life, with well-slicked hair and as many teeth as the artist could crowd into his mouth, which was always shown stretched open in a laugh of an impossibly large size. Those who gazed on this display were expected to believe that the miracle of transforming the aged wreck into an offensively healthy person of thirty-five had been accomplished by the use of three bottles of OLD DR. RIPLEY'S RESURGENT REINVIGORATOR OR IMBRICATED INDIAN TONIC.





Drawn by E. Potthast for the Strobidge Lithograph Company.

This was the favorite formula, but others pressed it hard. One that had considerable popularity showed a happy and precocious little boy with red striped stockings, yellow clothes, and, necessarily, red and yellow hair, rushing merrily into the room of his aged grandmother, and offering her a bottle of the good doctor's decoction. This little boy was among the most useful of all poster-subjects; for if the advertiser wanted to spend money, he could have two pictures, in the first of which the grandmother sat paralyzed in her arm-chair with a crutch by her side—



Composed and drawn on stone by F. M. Hutchins.



Drawn by Robert Joste for the Metropolitan Print. Company.

Selection of Modern Theatrical Posters.





Drawn by Theodore A. Liebler



Drawn by Joseph Baker.



Published by A. Hoen & Company



Drawn by Louis J. Rhead.

Examples of



not a nice, easy crutch, but just a plain old home-made T-shaped affair—while in the second tableau the boy's rejuvenated relative accompanied him to the front door, and cast her crutch violently into the perspective. On the other hand, if the advertiser wanted to do things cheaply, one picture would suffice: wherein the old lady rose from her striped arm-chair, flinging her crutch loosely among the furniture at the mere sight of the boy and the bottle. In either case the old lady's chair was striped with the colors of the boy.

But the day came when some shrewd advertiser perceived that these pictures really had no firm claim on the popular respect. This was shown by the unfailing certainty with which, sooner or later, the lead-pencil of the public decorated the small boy with spectacles, and his grandmother with side-whiskers. This man must have reasoned as did the trustees of the Boston Public Library, when they found that the citizens were making the shab-

by old furniture of the library look shabbier yet with ink-marks and knife-cuts. Some officials would have turned out the offending citizens, but these trustees were wiser. They turned out the shabby old furniture, and replaced it with the handsomest that money could buy. Then the people respected those who had treated them with respect, and the defacement stopped forever. Applying the same idea to the Patent Medicine Poster business, our advertiser set to work to address himself to the public, with a decent courtesy and deference. His plan worked; perhaps he surprised himself, certainly he surprised the public. Even the worried business man, hurrying to his office, stopped when he found himself confronted with a poster that, though it bore the name of a well-known nostrum, bore also a highly attractive picture, well conceived and well executed; evidently an artist's design, and not that of an artisan; evidently made especially for the use it was put to, and evidently reproduced by the costliest skill. The subject was nothing—a sin-

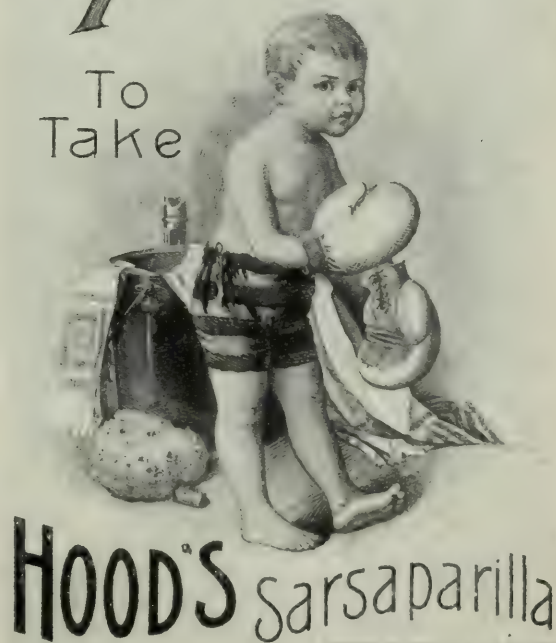
*He knows a good thing  
when he sees it!*



Drawn by E. H. Kiefer.

*Time!*

To  
Take



Drawn by F. J. Kaber.



gle figure and the article to be advertised; but the latter object, while it was recognizable, was not unduly prominent; and the figure was an admirably drawn study of a type well chosen to interest observers of every class.

The success of this first appeal to the popular interest by really artistic methods was so marked and unmistakable that it found numerous imitators. Business men, who spent money largely in pictorial advertising, began to see that it was not the quantity but the quality of the printing they put forth that caught and held the popular eye; and it looked for a little while as though American ingenuity and liberality might



Drawn by Francis Day.

do for the poster something approaching what natural taste and inborn inspiration had already done for it in France.

The vulgar conventionalities of the past began to lose their commercial value; and the artist was called in to do what the advertising agent had done before. Still, so little did Americans, in the office or in the studio, realize that art is worthy of respect, even in its humblest manifestations, that the artists were ashamed to put their names to the good work they did for the good money of the advertiser: and the advertisers

fatuously congratulated themselves on the fact that good artists came a few dol-



Drawn by A. K. Moe.



Drawn by Will Carqueville.





Drawn by Edward Penfield.

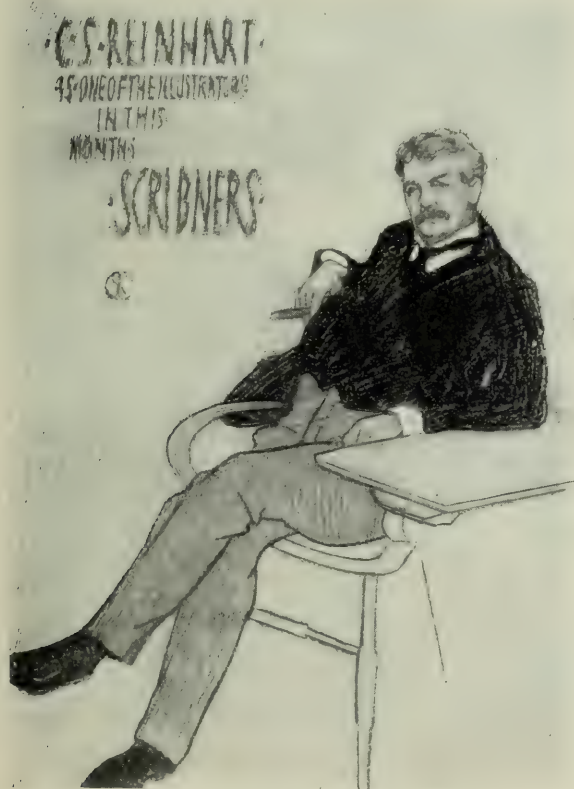


Drawn by George Wharton Edwards.

lars cheaper anonymously than they did when they signed their names. But any real progress in the art of poster-mak-

ing in America was checked at this time by two unfavorable circumstances. The most obvious, though the least in effect, was the fact that pictorial advertising had naturally been diverted into other channels, so that it proved cheaper and more effective to employ high-priced artists in illustrating circulars, calendars, and dainty gift-books than to set them at a somewhat discredited form of work. The second was the fact that the German lithographer—that is, the artisan draughtsman who redraws the artist's picture upon the stone—is a man of an enduring force of character only to be found elsewhere in the mule and the martyr at the stake.

Most lithographic draughtsmen in this country are either Germans or German-Americans, and they adhere with persistence to the traditions of German technique. This technique is admirable for its purpose. The color-work is done in a highly finished crayon drawing that is really a stipple or a close imitation of it. This work takes a firm hold on stone, rendering it possible to make many prints and transfers, and by its near approach to a mechanical process bringing the work within the capacity of any-



Drawn by William Sergeant Kendall.



body who can learn to copy values at all.

There is no questioning the advantage of this in what is known as commercial lithography; but it makes of the lithographic workshops a very uncomfortable place for any Art that seeks a less conventional expression. The lithographic draughtsman has very little use for Art, and a profound contempt for the Artist. Set before him, at the top of his little wooden desk, the most brilliant water-color that Fortuny ever dashed off, and

Albert Morris Bagby's NEW NOVEL  
**MISS TRÄUMEREI.**

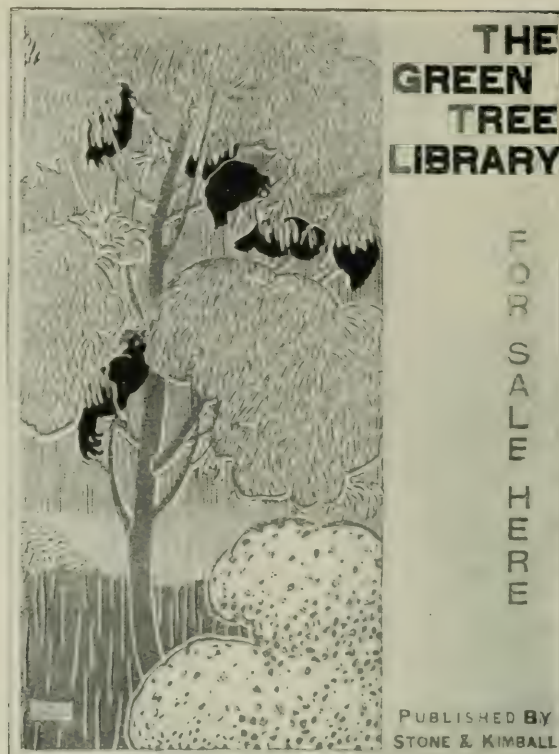


LAMSON, WOLFFE & CO. 6 BEACON ST. BOSTON.  
SOLD HERE PRICE \$1.50

Drawn by Ethel Reed.

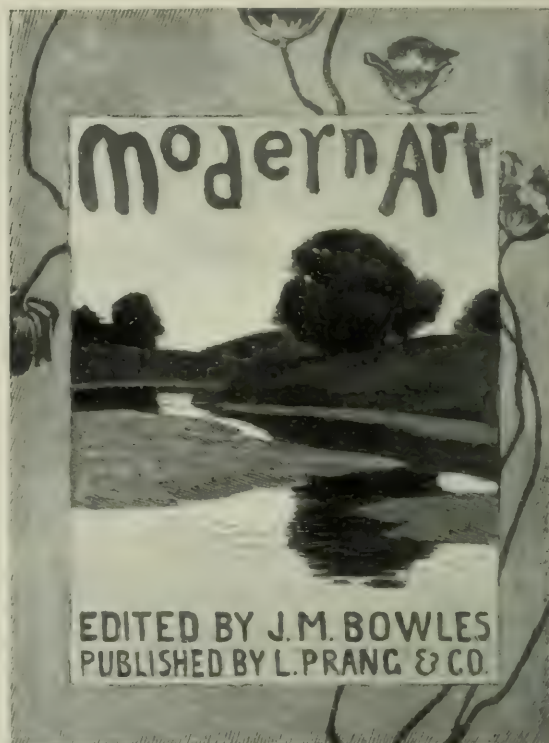
as he slowly separates its mystic tints into what he considers their component elements, and reproduces them in his even, unvarying grain, that pleases him the better the more he makes it look like machine-work, he will pity the poor devil of an unskilful artist who didn't know how to finish his work up "nice and smooth."

I should hardly have made mention of the perverse conservatism that for many years prevailed against the efforts of every artist who tried to do anything new and bold in the use of flat tints, or new forms of modelling in designing of



Drawn by Henry McCarter.

posters, if it were simply the perversity of ignorance. But there is a warning conveyed in what I have said which all who seek the reproduction of works of art by mechanical means would do well



Drawn by Arthur W. Dow.

Modern Book Posters.



to heed—and for complement and corroboration, I refer them to Mr. Spielmann's able article on "English Posters" in the July number of this magazine.



"Carnival Time."

Drawn by Will H. Bradley, for the Chicago Sunday Tribune.

The spirit that inspired this perversity was the spirit that separates the laborer from the artist. The lithographic draughtsman resented the introduction of new methods, because, having learned the old ones, he was unwilling to learn further—because he preferred to be a human machine at a fixed rate of wages to being a self-educating human creature, accepting thankfully every opportunity to raise himself to a higher plane of achievements. It is, and it always will be, useless for the artist to struggle with this spirit. Where he is obliged to ask the assistance of manual labor, he must ask it from those only (and they are numerous enough) who respect his aims, and who in some measure aspire to his knowledge and skill.

With the acceptance of the really handsome, admiration-compelling poster, the American took his first step on a path already well beaten in France, whence it practically took its start. He had learned one important lesson in the art of poster-making; but there were

others that he had to go to Paris to learn.

Let us suppose him there, seeking for light, under intelligent guidance. Let us personify him and his conductor as the American Mentor and Telemachus, Mr. Halliday and Rollo. Thus might run an instructive bit of street dialogue:

ROLLO.—Father, what is that extraordinary picture on the circular billboard over yonder. I am speaking particularly of the yellow lady kicking the silk hat off the blue moon.

MR. HALLIDAY.—That, my son, is an advertisement of a patent specific for the cure of ingrowing eyebrows. The lady, having been relieved of this painful and disfiguring malady, is expressing her gratitude, and celebrating her return to a natural vivacity of spirits.

ROLLO.—Thank you, father. I was about to ask you how you obtained this information, but I am glad now that I refrained from speaking hastily; for I perceive that the name is printed inconspicuously in an obscure corner of the placard.

MR. HALLIDAY.—Yes, my son; and as I perceive that you are at a loss to know why the announcement is thus modestly made, I will explain to you that it is placed obscurely for a very simple purpose.

ROLLO.—Oh! yes, I see, papa. It is made to make the people wonder what on earth the picture is intended to advertise, so that they will look at it a long time in order to find out what it is.

MR. HALLIDAY.—Your supposition is entirely correct, Rollo. This is, indeed, the purpose for which the whole picture is made. By looking carefully, you will observe other points that are carefully calculated to attract the comments of the curious. It has, you see, accomplished its purpose in having attracted our attention, and held it for a sufficient length of time to impress upon our minds the name of the article it advertises. It is this purpose which the proprietor wishes to effect, and it is for this reason that he has directed his artist to introduce into the costume of the lady—which is not, you will observe,



anything of a complicated or extensive character—such a startling combination of colors as shrimp pink, electric blue, yellow green, and two conflicting shades of reddish purple.

ROLLO.—Thank you, father. And if on our return to Beechnutville, in our dear old State of New Hampshire, I should meet any ladies who exhibit the same symptoms, I shall certainly recommend them to try "Tur-lu-tu-tu" to eradicate ingrowing eyebrows.

How quickly and how thoroughly these lessons were learned by some Americans the illustrations to this article will show. Starting from a lower plane than French art ever knew, our designers have reached a level of artistic equality with all except the acknowledged masters in this curious line of work in France or elsewhere; and there are evidences of the natural, healthy, unaffected growth of certain tendencies that must lead to the formation of a distinctively American school. These evidences may seem too clear to my friendly and optimistic eyes; but I shall present some of them to the readers of this paper, and leave them to judge what ground I have for my faith in my own forecast.

But first let me take passing note of the productions of the American poster-makers of the present day as we see them represented in these illustrations. It needs but a glance at the reproductions of the work of to-day that are given in these pages to show that boldness of design and variety and novelty in technical execution have taken the place of the timorous crudity of earlier years. Unquestionably, the fact that most of our artists are still at school is quite apparent. We can forgive this when we see the American artist, consciously or unconsciously, trying to get rid of the little touch of cynical vulgarity that deforms too much of what is otherwise worthy in French art, and to keep for himself the lucid clearness and unsought force and directness of its inspiration. But imitation is not so readily forgiven when it takes the form of even a conscientious Americanization of a brutal English parody on the eccentricities of mediæval Florentine

art; and it is pleasant to see that the artist who on our side of the water has most conspicuously shown cleverness in this readaptation is growing away from his British model and developing his own characteristic powers, which point him as naturally to lines of beauty as the qualities of the foreigner urge him to a morbid delight in the contortions of ugliness. How much this means anyone may judge who will set side by side the illustration on page 47 of SCRIBNER'S for July, 1895, and the one on page 441 of this number, and will reflect that it is hardly more than two or three years since these two artists, one after the other (in both senses of the preposition), started out to do the same sort of work. Development of this sort is to be credited partly to the artist, but in no slight measure to the public that accepts or rejects his work.

It is pleasant to reflect that while all England, from the hopelessly vulgar "middle class" who read Mr. Phil May's publications to the "upper class" who write art criticisms, have accepted, and still accept Mr. Aubrey Beardsley in all his offensiveness, the American public has so far kept pace with the progress of American art that once in awhile its foot may even be in the lead.

Mr. Bradley's best work has been done for publishing houses; and it may be stated as a general proposition that art in poster-making has in this country found its best inspiration, in most cases, from literature. This is natural enough; for this partnership is a far worthier one than certain people would have us believe, and it has possibilities of production which were undreamed of a few years ago, before the periodical publications of America began to develop the illustrator into a responsible and respectable artist. But if Literature can boast of the largest exhibit of thoroughly good poster work, let it not be forgotten that the American stage has within the last two or three years made a record for itself that is almost unique. It has long been considered by European commentators on the stage an accepted and established fact that the theatre is the last of all the agencies of art to get hold of an innovation of any sort and put it to practi-



cal use. New inventions, popular crazes, fresh "sensations" of all sorts and varieties, become threadbare topics in the newspapers, at the music-halls, on the streets, and even on the lecture platform, before the unobservant dramatist and the timorous manager undertake to utilize them. The powers of steam and electricity got into the churches before they got into the theatres; and the statistical student of the stage has somewhere recorded the exact number of months (or it may have been years) that it took for the most enterprising of Parisian play-houses to become aware of the existence of the phonograph, and of the possibilities of comedy lurking within it. But those who wish to see how the American theatrical manager "caught onto" the possibilities of the New Poster has only to compare with the best example in this collection the exquisitely clever and amusing design made last year for Mr. Palmer's theatre (page 435).

As we look back to the rough woodcuts shown on earlier pages of this article, mark the persistence of an ignorant and pusillanimous tradition in the misuse of lithography (of which a specimen is given on page 433), and realize how far behind the theatrical profession had fallen at a time when even the dullest business man had discovered the advertising value of the artist, it does not seem invidious to pick out this poster and make special mention of its excellence. It is a poster that would take the Blue Ribbon, if it were to be judged on the "points" of artistic poster-making. Let us set down a few of these points—but with no serious attempt to indicate their relative importance by their position in the list.

It is sufficiently striking to catch the eye.

It is sufficiently attractive to hold the gaze and to invite further inspection.

It conveys its advertisement directly, literally, and pictorially.

It pleases by its humor and ingenuity, and makes the man who sees it talk about it to the next man.

The design is well thought out, and therefore makes people who see it think of it.

It is well drawn.

It is well colored.

It is well printed.

These are some of the points by which every poster should be judged; and they are set down here that the impartial reader may apply the test to the examples of recent American art here reproduced, without suffering any diminution of the admiration which they compel at first glance.

The names attached to the illustrations of this article—I speak, of course, of those of the present day—are principally those of young artists. They represent few bearers of high academic honors. Even where, at starting out, they have availed themselves of foreign sources of inspiration, they have had to strike out for themselves—either to surpass their originals, or to be original for themselves. They have had no help from local tradition or example. Their work as it is shown everywhere to-day does not need to seek a single excuse for itself out of this list of drawbacks.

The posters of France and the posters of England have been well described and amply illustrated in this series and in many books and magazine articles. In pursuance of a proposition made to the reader a few pages behind this, I will ask him to look over the little group of magazine posters reprinted here, and to ask himself if it would be possible to refer any one of them to a French or English origin. If I choose, for example, Mr. Penfield's work to rest my case on, and show what I believe to be the growth of a distinctly American idea in this oddest form of art, it is only because the merry conceit of the absurdly mad March Hare gives it the unusual advantage of a touch of humor. In the lightness, freshness, and purity of that humor; in the composition, free without license, and unconventional without extravagance; in the striking yet inoffensive use of color; in the frankness and unaffected innocence and happy simplicity of the whole thing, I find a quality which, I am grateful to think, comes to the American artist—whatever else he may have to learn for himself or earn for himself—as his natural and honest birthright.



# THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

## CHAPTER XXXVII

BETWEEN CARINTHIA AND HER LORD

THE Earl's easy grace of manner was a ceremonial mantle on him as he grasped the situation in a look. He bent with deferential familiarity to his Countess, exactly toning the degree of difference which befitted a salute to the two gentlemen, amiable or hostile.

"There and back?" he said, and conveyed a compliment to Carinthia's pedestrian vigor in the very smile which can be recalled for a snub.

She replied: "We have walked the distance, my lord."

Her smile was the braced one of an untired stepper.

"A cold wind for you."

"We walked fast."

She compelled him to take her in the plural, though he addressed her separately, but her tones had their music.

"Your brother, Captain Kirby-Levelier, I believe?"

"My brother is not of the army now, my lord."

She waved hand for Madge to conduct donkey and baby to the house. He noticed. He was unruffled.

The form of amenity expected from her, in relation to her brother, was not exhibited. She might perhaps be feeling herself awkward at introductions, and had to be excused.

"I beg," he said, and motioned to Chillon the way of welcome into the park, saw the fixed figure, and passed over the unspoken refusal, with a remark to Mr. Wythan: "At Barlings, I presume?"

"My tent is pitched there," was the answer.

"Good-by, my brother," said Carinthia.

Chillon folded his arms around her. "God bless you, dear love. Let me see

you soon." He murmured: "You can protect yourself."

"Fear nothing for me, dearest."

She kissed her brother's cheek. The strain of her spread fingers on his shoulders signified no dread at her being left behind.

Strangers observing their embrace would have vowed that the pair were brother and sister, and of a notable stock.

"I will walk with you to Croridge again when you send word you are willing to go; and so, good-by, Owain," she said.

She gave her hand; frankly she pressed the Welshman's, he not a whit behind her in frankness.

Fleetwood had a skimming sense of a drop upon a funny whirly world. He kept from giddiness, though the whirl had been lasting since he beheld the form of a wild forest girl dancing, as it struck him now, over an abyss, on the plumed shoot of a stumpy tree.

Ay, and she danced at the ducal schloss—she mounted his coach like a witch of the Alps up crags—she was beside him pelting to the vale under a leaden southwester—she sat solitary by the fireside in the room of the inn.

Veil it. He consented to the veil he could not lift. He had not even power to try, and his heart thumped.

"Pleasant to see you established here, if you find the place agreeable," he said.

She was kissing her hand to her brother, all her eyes for him—or for the couple; and they were hidden by the park-lodge before she replied: "It is an admired, beautiful place."

"I came," said he, "to have your assurance that it suits you."

"I thank you, my lord."

"My lord' would like a short rest, Carinthia."

She seemed placidly acquiescing. "You have seen the boy?"



"Twice to-day. We were having a conversation just now."

"We think him very intelligent."

"Lady Arpington tells me you do the honors here excellently."

"She is good to me."

"Praises the mother's management of the young one. John Edward: Edward for call-name. Madge boasts his power of sleeping."

"He gives little trouble."

"And babes repay us. We learn from small things. Out of the mouth of babes wisdom! Well, their habits show the wisdom of the mother. A good mother: there's no higher title. A lady of my acquaintance bids fair to win it, they say."

Carinthia looked in simplicity, saw herself, and said: "If a mother may rear her boy till he must go to school, she is rewarded for all she does."

"Ah," said he, nodding over her mania of the perpetual suspicion. "Leddings, Queeney, the servants here, run smoothly?"

"They do: they are happy in serving."

"You see, we English are not such bad fellows when we're known. The climate, to-day, for example, is rather trying."

"I miss colors most in England," said Carinthia. "I like the winds. Now and then we have a day to remember."

Madge and the miracle infant awaited them on the terrace. For so foreign did the mother make herself to him, that the appearance of the child, their own child, here between them, was next to miraculous; and the mother, who might well have been the most astonished, had transparently not an idea beyond the verified palpable lump of young life she lifted in her arms out of the arms of Madge, maternally at home with its presence on earth.

Demonstrably a fine specimen, a promising youngster. The father was allowed to inspect him. This was his heir; a little fellow of smiles, features, puckered brows of inquiry; seeming a thing made already, and active on his own account.

"Do people see likenesses?" he asked.

"Some do," said the mother.

"You?"

She was constrained to give answer.

"There is a likeness to my father, I have thought."

There's a dotage of idolatrous daughters, he could have retorted; and his gaze was a polite offer to humdrum reconciliation, if it pleased her.

She sent the child up the steps.

"Do you come in, my lord?"

"The house is yours, my lady."

"I cannot feel it mine."

"You are the mistress to invite or exclude."

"I am ready to go in a few hours, for a small income of money, for my child and me."

"Our child."

"Yes."

"It is our child."

"It is."

"Any sum you choose to name. But where would you live?"

"Near my brother I would live."

"Three thousand a year for pin-money, or more, are at your disposal. Stay here, I beg. You have only to notify your wants. And we'll talk familiarly now, as we're together. Can I be of aid to your brother? Tell me, pray. I am disposed in every way to subscribe to your wishes. Pray, speak, speak out."

So the Earl said. He had to force his familiar tone against the rebuke of her grandeur of stature; and he was for inducing her to deliver her mind, that the mountain girl's feebleness in speech might reinstate him.

She rejoined, unhesitatingly: "My brother would not accept aid from you, my lord. I will take no money more than for my needs."

"You spoke of certain sums, down in Wales."

"I did then." Her voice was dead.

"Ah! You must be feeling the cold north wind here."

"I do not. You may feel the cold, my lord. Will you enter the house?"

"Do you invite me?"

"The house is your own."

"Will the mistress of the house honor me so far?"

"I am not the mistress of the house, my lord."

"You refuse, Carinthia?"

"I would keep from using those words. I have no right to refuse the entry of the house to you."



"If I come in?"

"I guard my rooms."

She had been awake, then, to the thrusting and parrying behind masked language.

"Good. You are quite decided, I may suppose."

"I will leave them when I have a little money, or when I know of how I may earn some."

"The Countess of Fleetwood earning a little money?"

"I can put aside your title, my lord."

"No, you can't put it aside while the man with the title lives, not even if you're running off in earnest under a dozen Welsh names. Why should you desire to do it? The title entitles you to the command of half my possessions. As to the house, don't be alarmed; you will not have to guard your rooms. The extraordinary wild animal you—the impression may have been produced; I see, I see. If I were in the house, I should not be raging at your doors; and it is not my intention to enter the house. That is, not by right of ownership. You have my word."

He bowed to her, and walked to the stables.

She had the art of extracting his word from him. The word given, she went off with it, disengaged mistress of Esslemont. And she might have the place for residence, but a decent courtesy required that she should remain at the portico until he was out of sight. She was the first out of sight, rather insolently.

As he whipped along the drive and left that glassy stare of Esslemont behind him, there came a slap of a reflection: Here, on the box of this coach, the bride just bursting her sheath sat, and was like warm wax to take impressions. She was like hard stone to retain them, pretty evidently. Like women the world over, she thinks only of her side of the case. Men disdain to plead theirs. Now money is offered her, she declines it. Formerly she made it the principal subject of her conversation.

Turn the mind to something brighter. Fleetwood strung himself to do so, and became agitated by the question whether the bride sat to left or to right of him when the southwester blew—a wind altogether preferable to the chill northeast.

Women, when they are no longer warm, are colder than the deadliest catarrh wind scything across these islands. Of course she sat to left of him. In the line of the main road, he remembered a look he dropped on her, a look over his left shoulder.

She never had a wooing; she wanted it, had a kind of right to it, or the show of it. How to begin? But was she worth an effort? Turn to something brighter. Religion is the one refuge from women, Feltre says: his Roman Catholic recipe. The old shoemaker, Mr. Woodseer, hauls women into his religion, and purifies them by the process—fancies he does. He gets them to wear an air. Old Gower, too, has his Religion of Nature, with free admission for women, whom he worships in similes, running away from them, leering sheepishly. No, Feltre's rigid monastic system is the sole haven. And what a world, where we have no safety, except in renouncing it! The two sexes created to devour one another must abjure their sex before they gain "the peace," as Feltre says, impressively, if absurdly. He will end a monk, if he has the courage of his logic. A queer spectacle—an English nobleman a shaven monk!

Fleetwood shuddered. We are twisted face-about to discover our being saved by women from that horror—the joining the ranks of the nasal friars. By what women? Bacchante, clearly, if the wife we have is a northeaster to wither us, blood, bone, and soul.

He was hungry; he waxed furious with the woman who had flung him out upon the roads. He was thirsty as well. The brighter something to refresh his thoughts grew and glowed in the form of a shiny table, bearing tasty dishes, old wines; at an inn, or anywhere. But, out of London, an English inn to furnish the dishes and the wines for a civilized and self-respecting man is hard to seek, as difficult to find as a perfect skeleton of an extinct species. The Earl's breast howled derision of his pursuit when he drew up at the sign of the Royal Sovereign, in the dusky hour, and handed himself desperately to Mrs. Rundles's mercy.

He could not wait for a dinner, so his eating was cold meat. Warned by a



sip that his drinking, if he drank, was to be an excursion in chemical acids, the virtues of an abstainer served for his consolation. Tolerant of tobacco, although he did not smoke, he fronted the fire, envying Gower Woodseer the contemplative pipe, which for half a dozen puffs wafted him to bracing deserts, or primeval forests, or old highways with the swallow thoughts above him, down the Past, into the Future. A pipe is pleasant dreams at command. A pipe is the concrete form of philosophy. Why, then, a pipe is the alternative of a friar's frock for an escape from women. But if one does not smoke? . . . Here and there a man is visibly in the eyes of all men cursed; let him be blest by Fortune; let him be handsome, healthy, wealthy, courted, he is cursed.

Fleetwood lay that night beneath the roof of the Royal Sovereign. Sleep is life's legitimate mate. It will treat us at times as the faithless wife, who becomes a harrying beast, behaves to her lord. He had no sleep. Having put out his candle, an idea took hold of him, and he jumped up to light it again and verify the idea, that this room . . . He left the bed and strode round it, going in the guise of an urgent somnambulist, or ghost bearing burden of an imperfectly remembered mission. This was the room.

Reason and cold together overcame his illogical scruples to lie down on that bed soliciting the sleep desired. He lay and groaned, lay and rolled. All night the Naval Monarch with the loose cheeks and jelly smile of the swinging sign-board creaked. Flaws of the northeaster swung and banged him. He creaked high in complaint, low on some partial contentment. There was piping of his boatswain, shrill piping, shrieks of the whistle. How many nights had that most ill-fated of brides lain listening to the idiotic uproar! It excused a touch of craziness. But how many? Not one, not two, ten, twenty: count, count to the exact number of nights the unhappy girl must have heard those mad colloquies of the hurricane boatswain and the chirpy king. By heaven! Whitechapel after one night of it beckons as a haven of grace.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE RED WARNING FROM A SON OF VAPOR

THE night Lord Fleetwood had passed cured him of the wound Carinthia dealt, with her blunt defensive phrase and her Welshman. Seated on his coach-box, he turned for a look the back way leading to Esslemont, and saw rosed crag and mountain forest rather than the soft undulations of parkland pushing green meadows or brown copse up the slopes under his eye. She had never been courted; she deserved a siege. She was a daughter of the racy highlands. And she, who could say to her husband, "I guard my rooms," without sign of the stage-face of scorn or defiance or flinging of the glove, she would have to be captured by siege, it was clear. She wore an aspect of the confident fortress, which neither challenges nor cries to treat, but commands respect. How did she accomplish this miracle of commanding respect after such a string of somersaults before the London world?

He had to drive northwestward; his word was pledged to one of his donkey Ixionides; Abrane, he recollected; to be a witness at some contemptible exhibition of the fellow's muscular skill; a match to punt against a Thames waterman this time.

And first he had to grant a deferred audience at home to various tradesmen, absurdly fussy about having the house of his leased estate of Calesford furnished complete and habitable on the very day stipulated by his peremptory orders that the place should be both habitable and hospitable. They were right, they were excused; grand entertainments of London had been projected, and he fell into the weariful business with them, thinking of Henrietta's insatiable appetite for the pleasures. He had taken the lease of this burdensome Calesford, at an eight miles drive from the northwest of town, to gratify the devouring woman's taste: which was, to have all the luxuries of the town in a framework of country scenery.

Gower Woodseer and he were dining together in the evening. The circum-



stance was just endurable, but Gower would play the secretary, and doggedly subjected him to hear a statement of the woful plight of Countess Livia's affairs. Gower, commissioned to examine them, remarked: "If we have all the figures!"

"If we could stop the bleeding!" Fleetwood replied. "Come to the Opera to-night; I promised. I promised Abrane for to-morrow. There's no end to it. This gambling mania's a flux. Not one of them except your old enemy, Corby, keeps clear of it; and they're at him for subsidies, as they are at me, and would be at you or any passenger on the road suspected of a purse. Corby shines among them."

That was heavy judgment enough, Gower thought. No allusion to Esslemont ensued. The Earl ate sparsely, and silently for the most part.

He was warmed a little at the Opera by hearing Henrietta's honest raptures over her Columelli in the *Pirata*. But Lord Brailstone sat behind her, and their exchange of ecstasies upon the tattered pathos of

*"E il mio tradito amor"*

was not moderately offensive.

His countenance in Henrietta's presence had to be studied and interpreted by Livia. Why did it darken? The demurest of fuliginous intriguers argued that Brailstone was but doing the spiriting required of him, and would have to pay the penalty unrewarded, let him Italianize as much as he pleased. Not many months longer, and there would be the bit of an outburst, the whiff of scandal, perhaps a shot, and the rupture of an improvident alliance, followed by Henrietta's free hand to the moody young Earl, who would then have possession of the only woman he could ever love; and at no cost. Jealousy of a man like Brailstone, however infatuated the man, was too foolish. He must perceive how matters were tending? The die-away and eyeballs-at-the-circling of a pair of fanatics *per la musica* might irritate a husband, but the lover should read and know. Giddy as the beautiful creature, deprived of her natural aliment, seems in her excusable hunger for

it, she has learnt her lesson, she is not a reeling libertine.

Brailstone peered through his eyelashes at the same shadow of a frown where no frown sat on his friend's brow. Displeasure was manifest, and why? Fleetwood had given him the dispossessing shrug of the man out of the run, and the hint of the tip for winning, with the aid of operatic arias; and though he was in Fleetwood's books ever since the prize-fight, neither Fleetwood nor the husband, nor any skittishness of a timorous wife could stop the pursuer bent to capture the fairest and most inflaming woman of her day.

"I prefer your stage Columelli," Fleetwood said.

"I come from exile!" said Henrietta, and her plea in excuse of ecstasies wrote her down as confessedly treasonable to the place quitted.

Ambrose Mallard entered the box, beholding only his goddess Livia. Their eyebrows and inaudible lips conversed eloquently. He retired like a trumped card on the appearance of M. de St. Ombre. The courtly Frenchman won the ladies to join him in whipping the cream of the world for five minutes, and passed out before his flavor was exhausted. Brailstone took his lesson and departed, to spy at them from other boxes and heave an inflated shirt-front. Young Cressett, the bottle of effervescence, dashed in, and for him Livia's face was motherly. He rattled a tale of the highway robbery of Sir Meeson Corby on one of his Yorkshire moors. The picture of the little baronet arose upon the narration, and it amused. Chumley Potts came to "confirm every item," as he said. "Plucked Corby clean. Pistol at his head. Quite old style. Time ten P.M. Suspects Great Britain, King, Lord and Commons, and buttons twenty times tighter. Brosey Mallard down on him for a few fighting men. Perfect answer to Brosey."

"Mr. Mallard did not mention the robbery," Henrietta remarked.

"Feared to shock: Corby such a favored swain," Potts accounted for the omission.

"Brosey spilling last night?" Fleetwood asked.



"At the palazzo. We were," said Potts. "Luck pretty fair first off. Brosey did his trick, and away and away and away went he! More old Brosey wins, the wiser he gets. I stayed." He swung to Gower: "Don't drink dry Sillery after two A.M. You read me?"

"Egyptian, but decipherable," said Gower.

The rising of the curtain drew his habitual groan from Potts, and he fled to colloque with the goodly number of honest fellows in the house of music who detested "squallery." Most of these afflicted pilgrims to the London Conservatory were engaged upon the business of the Goddess richly inspiring the Heliconian choir, but rendering the fountain-waters heady. Here they had to be, if they would enjoy the spectacle of London's biggest and choicest bouquet: and in them, too, there was an unattached air during Potts's cooling discourse of Turf and Tables, except when he tossed them a morsel of tragedy, or the latest joke, not yet past the full gallop on its course. Their sparkle was transient; woman had them fast. Compelled to think of them as not serious members of our group, he assisted at the crush-room exit, and the happy riddance of the beautiful cousins dedicated to the merry London midnight's further pastures.

Fleetwood's word was extracted, that he would visit the "palazzo" within a couple of hours.

Potts exclaimed: "Good! you promise. Hang me, if I don't think it's the only certain thing a man can depend upon in this world."

He left the Earl and Gower Woodseer to their lunatic talk. He still had his ideas about the association of the pair. "Hard-headed player of his own game, that Woodseer, spite of his Mumbo-Jumbo-oracle kind of talk."

Mallard's turn of luck downward to the deadly drop had come under Potts's first inspection of the table. Admiring his friend's audacity, deploring his rashness, reproving his persistency, Potts allowed his verdict to go by results; for it was clear that Mallard and Fortune were in opposition. Something like real awe of the tremendous encounter kept him from a plunge or a bet.

Mallard had got the vertigo, he reported the gambler's launch on dementedness to the Earl. Gower's less experienced optics perceived it. The plainly doomed duellist with the insensible Black Goddess offered her all the advantages of the Immortals challenged by flesh. His effort to smile was a line cut awry in wood; his big eyes were those of a cat for sociability; he looked cursed, and still he wore the smile. In this condition the gambler runs to emptiness of everything he was, his money, his heart, his brains, like a coal-truck on the incline of the rails to a collier.

Mallard applied to the Earl for a loan of fifty guineas. He had them and lost them, and he came, not begging, blustering for a second supply; quite in the wrong tone, Potts knew. Fleetwood said: "Back it with pistols, Brosey;" and, as Potts related subsequently, "Old Brosey had the look of a staked horse."

Fortune and he having now closed the struggle, perforce of his total disarmament, he regained the wits we forfeit when we engage her. He said to his friend Chummy: "Abrane to-morrow? Ah, yes, punts a Thames waterman. Start of—how many yards? Sunbury-Walton: good reach. Course of two miles: Braney in good training. Straight business? I mayn't be there. But you, Chummy, you mind, old Chums, all cases of the kind, safest back the professional. Unless—you understand?"

Fleetwood could not persuade Gower to join the party. The philosopher's pretext of much occupation masked a bashfully sentimental dislike of the flooding of quiet country places by the city's hordes. "You're right, right," said Fleetwood, in sympathy, resigned to the prospect of despising his associates without a handy helper. He named Esslemont once, shot up a look at the sky, and glanced it eastward.

Three coaches were bound for Sunbury from a common starting-point at nine of the morning. Lord Fleetwood, Lord Brailstone, and Lord Simon Pit-screw were the whips. Two hours in advance of them, the Earl's famous purveyors of picnic feasts bowled along to pitch the riverside tent and spread the



tables. Our upper and lower London world reported the Earl as out on another of his expeditions; and say what we will, we must think kindly of a wealthy nobleman ever to the front to enliven the town's dusty eyes and increase Old England's reputation for pre-eminence in the sports. He is the husband of the Whitechapel Countess—got himself into that mess; but whatever he does, he puts the stamp of style on it. He and the thing he sets his hand to, they're neat, they're finished, they're fitted to trot together, and they're a shining polish, natural, like a lily of the fields; or say, nature and art, like the coat of a thoroughbred led into the paddock by his groom, if you're of that mind.

Present at the start in Piccadilly, Gower took note of Lord Fleetwood's military promptitude to do the work he had no taste for, and envied the self-compression which could assume so pleasant an air. He heard here and there crisp comments on his lordship's coach and horses and personal smartness; the word "style," which reflects handsomely on the connoisseur conferring it, and the question whether one of the ladies up there was the Countess. His task of unearthing and disentangling the monetary affairs of "one of the ladies" compelled the wish to belong to the party soon to be towering out of the grasp of bricks, and delightfully gay, spirited, quick for fun. A fellow, he thought, may brood upon Nature, but the real children of Nature—or she loves them best—are those who have the careless chatter, the ready laugh, bright welcome for a holiday. In catching the hour we are surely the bloom of the hour? Why, yes, and no need to lose the rosy wisdom of the children when we wrap ourselves in the patched old cloak of the man's.

On he went to his conclusions; but the Dame will have none of them, though here was a creature bent on masonry-work in his act of thinking, to build a travellers'-rest for thinkers behind him; while the volatile were simply breaking their bubbles.

He was discontented all day, both with himself and the sentences he coined. A small street-boy, at his run along the

pavement nowhither, distanced him altogether in the race for the great secret; precipitating the thought that the conscious are too heavily handicapped. The unburdened unconscious win the goal. Ay, but they leave no legacy. So we must fret and stew, and look into ourselves, and seize the brute and scourge him, just to make one serviceable step forward; that is, utter a single sentence worth the pondering for guidance.

Gower imagined the fun upon middle Thames; the vulcan face of Captain Abrane; the cries of his backers, the smiles of the ladies, Lord Fleetwood's happy style in the teeth of tattle—an Aurora's chariot for overriding it. One might hope, might almost see, that he was coming to his better senses on a certain subject. As for style overriding the worst of indignities, has not Scotia given her poet to the slack dependent of the gallows-tree, who so rantingly played his jig and wheeled it round in the shadow of that institution? Style was his, he hit on the right style to top the situation, and perpetually will he slip his head out of the noose to dance the poet's verse.

In fact, style is the mantle of greatness; and say that the greatness is beyond our reach, we may at least pray to have the mantle.

Strangest of fancies, most unphilosophically Gower conceived a woman's love as that which would bestow the gift upon a man so bare of it as he. Where was the woman? He embraced the idea of the sex, and found it resolving to a form of one. He stood humbly before the one, and she waned into swarms of her sisters. So did she charge him with the loving of her sex, not her. And could it be denied, if he wanted a woman's love just to give him a style? No, not that, but to make him feel proud of himself. That was the heart's way of telling him a secret in owning to a weakness. Within it the one he had thought of forthwith obtained her lodgement. He discovered this truth, in this round-about way, and knew it a truth by the warm fireside glow the contemplation of her cast over him.

Dining alone, as he usually had to do, he was astonished to see the Earl enter his room.



"Ah, you always make the right choice!" Fleetwood said, and requested him to come to the library when he had done eating.

Gower imagined an accident. A metallic ring was in the Earl's voice.

One further mouthful finished dinner, for Gower was anxious concerning the ladies. He joined the Earl and asked.

"Safe? Oh, yes. We managed to keep it from them," said Fleetwood. "Nothing particular, perhaps you'll think. Poor devil of a fellow! Father and mother alive too! He did it out of hearing, that's one merit. Mallard: Ambrose Mallard. He has blown his brains out."

Seated plunged in the arm-chair, with stretched legs and eyes at the black fire-grate, Fleetwood told of the gathering under the tent, and Mallard seen, seen drinking champagne; Mallard no longer seen, not missed.

"He killed himself three fields off. He must have been careful to deaden the sound. Small pocket-pistol hardly big enough to—but anything serves. Couple of brats came running up to Chummy Potts:—'Gentleman's body bloody in a ditch.' Chummy came to me, and we went. Clean dead: in the mouth, pointed up; hole through the top of the skull. We're crockery! crockery! I had to keep Chummy standing. I couldn't bring him back to our party. We got help at a farm; the body lies there. And that's not the worst. We found a letter to me in his pocket pencilled—his last five minutes. I don't see what he could have done except to go. I can't tell you more. I had to keep my face, rowing and driving back. 'But where is Mr. Potts? Where can Mr. Mallard be?' Queer sensation, to hear the ladies ask! Give me your hand."

The Earl squeezed Gower's hand an instant; and it was an act unknown for him to touch or bear a touch; it said a great deal.

Late at night he mounted to Gower's room. The funeral of the day's impressions had not been shaken off. He kicked at it and sank under it as his talk rambled. "Add five thousand," he commented on the spread of Livia's papers over the table. "I've been hav-

ing an hour with her. Two thousand more, she says. Better multiply by two and a half for a woman's confession. We have to trust to her for some of the debts of honor. See her in the morning. No one masters her but you. Mind, the first to be clear of must be St. Ombre. I like the fellow; but these Frenchmen—they don't spare women. Ambrose," the Earl's eyelids quivered, "jealousy fired that shot. Quite groundless. She's cool as a marble Venus, as you said. Go straight from her house to Esslemont. I don't plead a case. Make the best account you can of it. Say . . . you may say my eyes are opened. I respect her. If you think that says little, say more. It can't mean more. Whatever the Countess of Fleetwood may think due to her, let her name it. Say, my view of life, way of life, everything in me, has changed. I shall follow you. I don't expect to march over the ground. She has a heap to forgive. Her father owns or boasts, in that book of his Rose Mackrell lent me, he never forgave an injury."

Gower helped the quotation, rubbing his hands over it, for cover of his glee at the words he had been hearing. "Never forgave an injury without a return blow for it. The blow forgives. Good for the enemy to get it. He called his hearty old Pagan custom, 'action of the lungs' with him. And it's not in nature for injuries to digest in us. They poison the blood, if we try. But, then, there's a manner of hitting back. It is not to go an inch beyond the exact measure, Captain Kirby warns us."

Fleetwood sighed down to a low groan.

"Lord Feltre would have an answer for you. She's a wife; and a wife hitting back is not a pleasant—well, petticoats make the difference. If she's for amends, she shall exact them; and she may be hard to satisfy, she shall have her full revenge. Call it by any other term you like. I did her a wrong. I don't defend myself; it's not yet in the law-courts. I beg to wipe it out, rectify it—choose your phrase: to the very fullest. I look for the alliance with her to . . ."

He sprang up and traversed the



room: "We're all guilty of mistakes at starting: I speak of men. Women are protected; and if they're not, there's the convent for them, Feltre says. But a man has to live it on before the world; and this life, with these poor flies of fellows . . . I fell into it in some way. Absolutely like the first bird I shot as a youngster, and stood over the battered head and bloody feathers, wondering! There was Ambrose Mallard—the same splintered bones—blood—come to his end; and for a woman; that woman the lady bearing the title of half-mother to me. God help me! what are my sins? She feels nothing, or about as much as the mortuary paragraph of the newspapers, for the dead man; and I have Ambrose Mallard's look at her and St. Ombre talking together, before he left the tent to cross the fields. Borrow, beg, or steal for money to play for her! and not a glimpse of the winning-post. St. Ombre's a cool player: that's at the bottom of the story. He's cool because Play doesn't bite him, as it did Ambrose. I should say the other passion has never bitten him. And he's alive and presentable; Ambrose under a sheet with Chummy Potts to watch. Chummy cried like a brat in the street for his lost mammy. I left him crying and sobbing. They have their feelings, these 'children of vapors,' as you call them. But how did I fall into the line with a set I despised? She had my opinion of her gamblers, and retorted, that young Cressett's turn for the fling is my doing: I can't swear it's not. There's one of my sins. What's to wipe them out? She has a tender feeling for the boy; confessed she wanted governing. Why, she's young, in a way. She has that particular vice of Play. She might be managed. Here's a lesson for her! Don't you think she might? the right man? the man she can respect, fancy incorruptible. He must let her see he has an eye for Tricks. She's not responsible for—his mad passion was the cause, cause of everything he did. The kind of woman to send the shaft. You call her 'Diana Seated.' You said, 'She doesn't hunt, she sits and lets fly her arrow.' Well, she showed feeling for young Cressett, and her hit at me was an answer. It struck me on the mouth. But she's an

eternal anxiety. A man she respects! A man to govern her!"

Fleetwood hurried his paces. "I couldn't have allowed poor Ambrose. Besides, he had not a chance—never had in anything. It wants a head; wants the man who can say no to her. 'The Reveller's Aurora,' you called her. She has her beauty, yes. She respects you. I should be relieved—a load off me! Tell her, all debts paid; fifty thousand invested, in her name and her husband's. Tell her, speak it, there's my consent—if only the man to govern her! She has it from me, but repeat it, *as from me*. That sum and her portion would make a fair income for the two. Relieved? by heaven, what a relief! Go early. Coach to Esslemont at eleven. Do my work there. I haven't to repeat my directions. I shall present myself two days after. I wish Lady Fleetwood to do the part of hostess at Calesford. Tell her I depute you to kiss my son for me. Now I leave you. Good-night. I sha'n't sleep. I remember your saying, 'Bad visions come *under* the eyelids.' I shall keep mine open, and read. Her father's book of the Maxims—I generally find two or three at a dip to stimulate. No wonder she venerates him. That sort of progenitor is your 'permanent aristocracy!' Hard enemy. She must have some of her mother in her, too. Abuse me to her, admit the justice of reproaches, but say, reason, good feeling, I needn't grind at it. Say, I respect her. Advise her to swallow the injury—not intended for insult. I don't believe anything higher than respect can be offered to a woman. No defence of me to her, but I'll tell *you*, that when I undertook to keep my word with her, I plainly said—never mind; good-night. If we meet in the morning let this business rest until it's done. I must drive to help poor Chums and see about the inquest."

Fleetwood nodded from the doorway. Gower was left with humming ears.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### A RECORD OF MINOR INCIDENTS

THEY went to their beds doomed to lie and roam as the solitaires of a sleepless night. They met next day like a



couple emerging from sirocco deserts, indisposed for conversation or even short companionship, much of the night's dry turmoil in their heads. Each would have preferred the sight of an enemy; and it was hardly concealed by them, for they inclined to regard one another as the author of their infernal passage through the drear night's wilderness.

Fleetwood was the civiler; his immediate prospective duties being clear, however abhorrent. But he had inflicted a monstrous disturbance on the man he meant, in his rash, decisive way, to elevate, if not benefit. Gower's imagination, foreign to his desires and his projects, was playing juggler's tricks with him, dramatizing upon hypotheses, which mounted in stages and could pretend to be soberly conceivable, assuming that the Earl's wild hints overnight were a credible basis. He transported himself to his first view of the Countess Livia, the fountain of similes born of his prostrate adoration, close upon the invasion and capture of him by the combined liqueurs in the giddy Baden lights; and joining the Arabian magic in his breast at the time with the more than magical reality now proposed as a sequel to it, he entered the land where dreams confess they are outstripped by revelations.

Yet it startled him to hear the Earl say: "You'll get audience at ten; I've arranged; make the most of the situation to her. I refuse help. I foresee it's the only way of solving this precious puzzle. You do me and every one of us a service past paying. Not a man of her set worth. She—but you'll stop it; no one else can. Of course, you've had your breakfast. Off, and walk yourself into a talkative mood, as you tell me you do."

"One of the things I do when I've nobody to hear," said Gower, speculating whether the black sprite in this young nobleman was for sending him as a rod to scourge the lady: an ingenious device that smelt of mediæval courts, and tickled his humor.

"Will she listen?" he said, gravely.

"She will listen; she has not to learn you admire. You admit she has helped to trim and polish, and the rest. She declares you're incorruptible. There's

the ground open. I fling no single sovereign more into that quicksand, and I want not one word further on the subject. I follow you to Esslemont. Pray, go."

Fleetwood pushed into the hall. A footman was ordered to pack and deposit Mr. Woodseer's portmanteau at the coach office.

"The principal point is to make sure we have all the obligations," Gower said.

"You know the principal point," said the Earl. "Relieve me."

He faced to the opening street-door. Lord Feltre stood in the framing of it; a welcome sight. The "monastic man of fashion," of Gower's phrase for him, entered crooning condolences, with a stretched waxen hand for his friend, a partial nod for Nature's worshipper—inefficient at any serious issue of our human affairs, as the Earl would now discover.

Gower left the two young noblemen to their greetings. Happily for him, philosophy, in the present instance, after a round of profundities, turned her lantern upon the comic aspect of his errand. Considering the Countess Livia, and himself, and the tyrant, who benevolently and providently, or sardonically, hurled them to their interview, the situation was comic, certainly, in the sense of its being an illumination of this life's odd developments. For thus had things come about, that, if it were possible even to think of the lady's condescending, he, thanks to the fair one he would see before evening, was armed and proof against his old infatuation or any renewal of it. And he had been taught to read through the beautiful twilighted woman, as if she were burnt paper held at the fire consuming her. His hopes hung elsewhere. Nevertheless, an intellectual demon-imp, very lively, in his head, urged him to speculate on such a contest between them, and weigh the engaging forces. Difficulties were perceived, the scornful laughter on her side was plainly heard; but his feeling of savage mastery, far from beaten down, swelled so as to become irritable for the trial; and when he was near her house, he held a review of every personal disadvantage he could summon, incited by



an array of limping deficiencies that flattered their arrogant leader with ideas of the power he had in spite of them.

The Dame will have naught of an interview and colloquy not found mentioned in her collection of ballads, concerning a person quite secondary in Dr. Glossop's voluminous papers. She as vehemently prohibits a narrative of Gower Woodseer's proposal some hours later, for the hand of the Countess of Fleetwood's transfixed maid Madge, because of the insignificance of the couple; and though it was a quaint idyll of an affection slowly formed, rationally based while seeming preposterous, tending to bluntly funny utterances on both sides. The girl was a creature of the enthusiasms, and had lifted that passion of her constitution into higher than the worship of sheer physical bravery. She had pitied Mr. Gower Woodseer for his apparently extreme, albeit reverential, devotion to her mistress. The plainly worded terms of his asking a young woman of her position, and her reputation, to marry him, came on her like an intrusion of dazzling day upon the dosed eyelids of the night, requiring time and her mistress's consent, and his father's expressed approval, before she could yield him an answer that might appear as forgetfulness of her station, her ignorance, her damaged character. Gower protested himself, with truth, a spotted pard, an ignoramus, and an outcast of all established classes, as the worshipper of Nature cannot well avoid being.

"But what is it you like me for, Mr. Gower?" Madge longed to know, that she might see a way in the strange land where he had planted her after a whirl; and he replied: "I've thought of you till I can say I love you because you have naturally everything I shoot at."

The vastness of the compliment drove her to think herself empty of anything.

He named courage, and its offspring, honesty, and devotedness, constancy. Her bosom rose at the word.

"Yes, constancy," he repeated; "and growing girls have to 'turn corners,' as you told me once."

"I did?" said she, reddening under a memory, and abashed by his recollection of a moment she knew to have been weak with her, or noisy of herself.

Madge went straightway to her mistress and related her great event, in the tone of a confession of crime. Her mistress's approbation was timidly suggested (rather than besought).

It came on a flood. Carinthia's eyes filled; she exclaimed: "Oh, that good man! He chooses my Madge for wife. She said it; Rebecca said it. Mrs. Wythan saw and said Mr. Woodseer loved my Madge. I hear her saying it. Then, yes, and yes, from me for both your sakes, dear girl. He will have the faithfullest, he will have the kindest. Oh! and I shall know there can be a happy marriage in England."

She summoned Gower; she clasped his hand, to thank him for appreciating her servant and sister, and for the happiness she had in hearing it; and she gazed at him and the laden brows of her Madge alternately, encouraging him to repeat his recital of his pecuniary means for the poetry of the fact it verified, feasting on the sketch of a four-roomed cottage and an agricultural laborer's widow for cook and housemaid; Madge to listen to his compositions of the day in the evening; Madge to praise him, Madge to correct his vanity.

Love was out of the count, but Carinthia's leaping sympathy decorated the baldness of the sketch and spied his features through the daubed mask he chose to wear as a member of the order of husbands, without taking it for his fun. Dry material statements presented the reality she doted to think of. Moreover, the marriage of these two renewed her belief in true marriage, and their intention to unite was evidence of love.

"My journey to England was worth all troubles for the meeting Madge," she said. "I can look with pleasure to that day of my meeting her first—the day: it was then."

She stopped. Madge felt the quivering upward of a whimper to a sob in her breast. She slipped away.

"It's a day that has come round to be repaired, Lady Fleetwood," said Gower. "If you will. Will you not? He has had a blow—the death of a friend, violent death. It has broken him. He wants a month or so in your mountains. I have thought him hard



to deal with; he is humane. His enormous wealth has been his tempter. Madge and I will owe him our means of livelihood, enough for cottagers, until I carve my way. His feelings are much more independent of his rank than those of most noblemen. He will repeat your kind words to Madge and me; I am sure of it. He has had heavy burdens; he is young, hardly formed yet. He needs a helper; I mean, one allied to him. You forgive me? I left him with a Catholic lord for comforter, who regards my prescript of the study of Nature, when we're in grief, as about the same as an offer of a dish of cold boiled greens. Silver and ivory images are more consoling. Neither he nor I can offer the right thing for Lord Fleetwood. It will be found here. And then your mountains. More than I, nearly as much as you, he has a poet's ardor for mountain-land. He and Mr. Wythan would soon learn to understand one another on that head, if not as to management of mines."

The pleading was crafty, and it was penetrative in its avoidance of stress. Carinthia shook herself to feel moved. The endeavor chilled her to a notion that she was but half alive. She let the question approach her, whether Chillon could pardon Lord Fleetwood. She, with no idea of benignness, might speak pardon's word to him, on a late autumn evening years hence, perhaps, or to his friends to-morrow, if he could considerately keep distant. She was upheld by the thought of her brother's more honorable likeness to their father, in the certainty of his refusal to speak pardon's empty word or touch an offending hand, without their father's warrant for the injury wiped out; and as she had no wish for that to be done, she could anticipate his withholding of the word.

For her brother at wrestle with his fallen fortunes was now the beating heart of Carinthia's mind. Her husband was a shadow there. He did obscure it, and he might annoy, he was unable to see it in motion. He sat there somewhat like Youth's apprehension of Death; the dark spot seen mistily at times through people's tears, or visioned as in an ambush beyond the hills; occasionally challenged to stimu-

late recklessness; oftener overlooked, acknowledged for the undesired remote of life's conditions, life's evil, fatal, ill-assorted yoke-fellow; and if it was in his power to burst out of his corner and be terrible to her, she could bring up a force unnamed and unmeasured, that being the blood of her father in her veins. Having done her utmost to guard her babe, she said her prayers, she stood for peace or the struggle.

"Does Lord Fleetwood speak of coming here?" she said.

"To-morrow."

"I go to Croridge to-morrow."

"Your ladyship returns?"

"Yes, I return. Mr. Gower, you have fifty minutes before you dress for dinner."

He thought only of the exceeding charity of the intimation; and he may be excused for his not seeing the feminine full answer it was, in an implied, unmeditated contrast. He went gladly to find his new comrade, his flower among grass-blades, the wonderful creature astonishing him and surcharging his world by setting her face at him, opening her breast to him, breathing a young man's word of words from a woman's mouth. His flower among grass-blades for a head looking studiously down, she was his fountain of wisdom as well, in the assurance she gave him of the wisdom of his choice.

But Madge had put up the "prize-fighter's lass," by way of dolly defence, to cover her amazed confusion when the proposal of this well-liked gentleman to a girl such as she sounded Churchy. He knocked it over easily; it left, however, a bee at his ear and an itch to transfer the buzzer's attentions and tease his darling; for she had betrayed herself as right good game. Nor is there happier promise of life-long domestic enlivenment for a prescient man of letters than he has in the contemplation of a pretty face showing the sensitiveness to the sting, which is not allowed to poison her temper, and is short of fetching tears. The dear innocent girl gave this pleasing promise; moreover, she could be twisted to laugh at herself, just a little. Now, the young woman who can do that has already jumped the hedge into the high-



road of philosophy, and may become a philosopher's mate in its byways, where the minute discoveries are the notable treasures.

They had their ramble, agreeable to both, despite the admonitory dose administered to one of them. They might have been espied at a point or two from across the park-palings; their laughter would have caught an outside pedestrian's hearing. Whatever the case, Owain Wythan, riding down off Croridge, big with news of her brother for the Countess, dined at her table, and walking up the lane to the Esslemont Arms on a moonless night, to mount his horse, pitched against an active, and as it was deemed by Gower's observation of his eyes, a scientific fist. The design to black them finely was attributable to the dyeing accuracy of the stroke. A single blow had done it. Mr. Wythan's watch and purse were untouched; and a second look at the swollen blind peepers led Gower to surmise that they were, in the calculation of the striker, his own.

He walked next day to the Royal Sovereign Inn. There he came upon the Earl driving his phaeton. Fleetwood jumped down, and Gower told of the mysterious incident, as the chief thing he had to tell, not rendering it so mysterious in his narrative style. He had the art of indicating darkly.

"Ines, you mean?" Fleetwood cried, and he appeared as nauseated and perplexed as he felt. Why should Ines assault Mr. Wythan? It happened that the pugilist's patron had, within the last fifteen minutes, driven past a certain thirty-acre meadow, sight of which on his way to Carinthia had stirred him. He had even then an idea of his old deeds dogging him to bind him, every one of them, the smallest.

"But you've nothing to go by," he said. "Why guess at this rascal more than another?"

Gower quoted Mrs. Rundles and the ostler for witnesses to Kit's visit yesterday to the Royal Sovereign, though Kit shunned the bar of the Esslemont Arms.

"I guess pretty clearly, because I suspect he was hanging about and saw me and Madge together."

"Consolations for failures in town?—by the way you are complimented, and I don't think you deserved it. However, there was just the chance to stop a run to perdition. But, Madge? Madge? I'd swear to the girl!"

"Not so hard as I," said Gower, and spoke of the oath to come between the girl and him.

Fleetwood's dive into the girl's eyes drew her before him. He checked a spurt of exclamations.

"You fancy the brute had a crack for revenge and mistook his man?"

"That's what I want her ladyship to know," said Gower.

"How could you have let her hear of it?"

"Nothing can be concealed from her."

The Earl was impressionable to the remark, in his disgust at the incident. It added a touch of a new kind of power to her image.

"She's aware of my coming?"

"To-day or to-morrow."

They scaled the phaeton and drove.

"You undervalue Lord Feltre. You avoid your adversaries," Fleetwood now rebuked his hearer. "It's an easy way to have the pull of them in your own mind. You might learn from him. He's willing for controversy. Nature-worship or 'aboriginal genuflexion,' he calls it; Anglicanism, Methodism; he stands to engage them. It can't be doubted that in days of trouble he has a Faith 'stout as a rock, with an oracle in it,' as he says; and he's right—'men who go into battle require a rock to back them or staff to lean on.' You have your 'secret,' you think; as far as I can see, it's to keep you from going into any form of battle."

The new influence at work on the young nobleman was evident, if only in the language used.

Gower answered mildly: "That can hardly be said of a man who's going to marry."

"Perhaps not. Lady Fleetwood is aware?"

"Lady Fleetwood does me the honor to approve my choice."

"You mean, you're dead on to it with this girl?"

"For a year and more."



"Fond of her?"

"All my heart."

"In love?"

"Yes, in love. The proof of it is, I've asked her now I can support her as a cottager leaning on the Three Per Cents."

"Well, it helps you to a human kind of talk. It carries out your theories. I never disbelieved in your honesty. The wisdom's another matter. Did you ever tell anyone that there's not an act of a man's life lies dead behind him but it is blessing or cursing him every step he takes?"

"By that," rejoined Gower, "I can say Lord Feltre proves there's wisdom in the truisms of devoutness."

He thought the Catholic lord had gone a step or two to catch an eel.

Fleetwood was looking on the backward of his days, beholding a melancholy sunset, with a grimace in it.

"Lord Feltre might show you the 'leanness of Philosophy';—you would learn from hearing him:—'an old gnawed bone for the dog that chooses to be no better than a dog.'"

"The vertiginous roast haunch is recommended," Gower said.

"See a higher than your own head, good sir. But, hang the man! he manages to hit on the thing he wants." Fleetwood set his face at Gower with cutting heartiness. "In love, you say: and Madge: and mean it to be the holy business! Well, poor old Chummy always gave you credit for knowing how to play your game. She has given proof she's a good girl. I don't see why it shouldn't end well. That attack on the Welshman's the bad look-out. Explained, if you like, but women's impressions won't get explained away. We must down on our knees or they. Her ladyship attentive at all to affairs of the house?"

"Every day with Queeney; at intervals with Leddings."

"Excellent! You speak like a fellow recording the devout observances of a great dame with her minor and superior ecclesiastical comforters. Regular at church?"

"Her ladyship goes."

"A woman without religion, Gower Woodseer, is a weed on the water, or

she's hard as nails. We shall see. Generally, Madge and the youngster parade the park at this hour. I drive round to the stables. Go in and offer your version of that rascally dog's trick. It seems the nearest we can come at. He's a sot, and drunken dogs 'll do anything. I've had him on my hands, and I've got the stain of him."

They trotted through Esslemont park-gates. "I've got that place, Calesford, on my hands, too," the Earl said, suddenly moved to a liking for his Kentish home.

He and Gower were struck by a common thought of the extraordinary burdens his indulgence in impulses drew upon him. Present circumstances pictured to Gower the opposing weighed and matured good reason for his choosing Madge, and he complimented himself in his pity for the Earl. But Fleetwood, as he reviewed a body of acquaintances perfectly free from the wretched run in harness, though they had their fits and their whims, was pushed to the conclusion that fatalism marked his particular course through life.

He could not hint at such an idea to the unsympathetic fellow, or rather, the burly antagonist to anything of the sort, beside him. Lord Feltre would have understood and appreciated it instantly. Where is aid to be had if we have the Fates against us? Feltre knew the Power, he said; was an example of "the efficacy of supplications;" he had been "fatally driven to find the Power, and had found it—on the road to Rome, of course; not a delectable road for an English nobleman, except that the noise of another convert in pilgrimage on it would deal our English world a lively smack, the very stroke that heavy body wants. But the figure of a "monastic man of fashion" was antipathetic to the Earl, and he flouted an English Protestant mass merely because of his being highly individual, and therefore revolutionary for the minority.

He cast his bitter cud aside. "My man should have arrived. Lady Fleetwood at home?"

Gower spoke of her having gone to Croridge in the morning.

"Has she taken the child?"



"She has, yes, for the air of the heights."

"For greater security. Lady Arpington praises the thoughtful mother. I rather expected to see the child."

"They can't be much later," Gower supposed.

"You don't feel your long separation from 'the object'?"

Letting him have his cushion for pins,

Gower said: "It needs all my philosophy."

He was pricked and probed for the next five minutes; not bad rallying, the Earl could be smart when he smarted. Then they descended the terrace to meet Lady Fleetwood driving her pony-trap. She gave a brief single nod to the salute of her lord, quite in the town-lady's manner, surprisingly.

(To be continued.)

## MR. STEVENSON'S HOME LIFE AT VAILIMA

*By Lloyd Osbourne*

THREE miles behind Apia, on a rising plateau that stands some seven hundred feet above the ocean level, lie the house and grounds of Vailima. "I have chosen the land to be my land, the people to be my people, to live and die with," said Mr. Stevenson, in his speech to the Samoan chiefs, and his great lonely house beneath Vaea Mountain, the fruit of so much love, thought, and patient labor, will never lose the world's interest, nor fail to be a spot of pious pilgrimage, so long as his books endure and his exile be unforgotten. For Stevenson was an exile; he knew he would never see his native land again when the steamer carried him down the Thames; he knew he had turned his back forever on the Old World, which had come to mean no more to him than shattered health, shattered hopes, a life of gray invalidism, tragic to recall. Whatever the future held in store for him, he knew it could be no worse than what he was leaving, that living death of the sick-room, the horror of which he never dared put to paper. I can remember the few minutes allowed him each day in the open air when the thin sunshine of South England permitted; his despairing face, the bitterness of the soul too big for words when this little liberty was perforce refused him. I recall him saying: "I do not ask for health, but I will go anywhere, live anywhere. I can enjoy the ordinary existence of a human being." I used to remind him of that when at times his Samoan exile

lay heavy upon him, and his eyes turned longingly to home and to those friends he would never see again.

I will say nothing of the voyaging, of the long, dim winter in the Adirondack wilderness, of the various chain of events that carried him into the southern seas and a new life. His health began to return at once; at the end of the second cruise in the schooner *Equator*, he even dared to think of returning home, and went to the length of engaging cabins in the mail steamer. But even the mild and pleasant climate of New South Wales, so like that of Italy or southern California, proved too harsh for his newborn strength, and a severe illness overwhelmed him on the eve of his departure. The vessel sailed without him, and he was no sooner able to walk than he returned to the islands in the private trading steamer of one of his friends. He grew well immediately, and began to recognize the hopelessness of quitting the only spot that offered him a degree of health; and when the cruise was done and the vessel paid off in Sydney, he returned to Samoa in order to make his home.

Unbroken forest covered Vailima when first we saw it; not the forest of the temperate zone with its varied glades and open spaces, but the thick tangle of the tropics, dense, dark, and cold in even the hottest day, where one must walk cutlass in hand to slash the lianas and the red-edged stinging leaves of a certain tree that continually



bar one's path. The murmur of streams and cascades fell sometimes upon our ears as we wandered in the deep shade, and mingled with the cooing of wild doves and the mysterious, haunting sound of a native woodpecker at work. Our Chinaman, who was with us on this first survey, busied himself with taking samples of the soil, and grew almost incoherent with the richness of what he called the "dirty." We, for our part, were no less enchanted with what we saw, and could realize, as we forced our way through the thickets and skirted the deep ravines, what a noble labor lay before our axes, what exquisite views and glorious gardens could be carved out of the broken mountain-side and the sullen forest.

The land was bought, a half square mile of forest-clad plateau, ravine, and mountain. Years passed in health-resorts and crowded cities made Mr. Stevenson greedy of land-owning when the opportunity came to him; no row of villas in the uncertain future should mar his vistas of the sea nor press their back gardens into his plantation. In this, it must be confessed, he saw far ahead, for poor, distracted, war-worn Samoa has not encouraged the villa-resident as yet, and the primeval forest that stretches from Vailima across the island to the shores beyond knows nothing of the ringing axe or the thunder of falling trees.

A rough shanty was built, a pony bought, a German in decayed circumstances engaged as cook, and Mr. Stevenson took up his quarters in the first clearing and began pioneer life with an undaunted heart. For months he lived in a most distracting fashion, and threw himself with ardor into the work of felling, clearing, and opening up his acres to cultivation. Gangs of Samoans were busy the whole day long, and the rough, overgrown path from town flattened beneath the tread of many feet. Planks and scantling lined it for upward of a mile, representing the various stages of his industry and the various misfortunes that had overtaken the noble savage in its labors. The little leisure of the planter was spent in studying the language, in teaching his overseer English, - deci-

mals, and history, after the harassing hours of the day, and in acquainting himself first hand with the amazing inconsistencies that make up the Samoan character.

The new house was built; I arrived from England with the furniture, the library, and other effects of our old home; the phase of hard work and short commons passed gradually away, and a form of hollow comfort dawned upon us. I say hollow comfort, for though we began to accumulate cows, horses, and the general apparatus of civilized life, the question of service became a vexing one. An expensive German cooked our meals and quarrelled with the white housemaid; the white overseer said "that manual labor was the one thing that never agreed with him," and that it was an unwholesome thing for a man to be awakened in the early morning, "for one ought to wake up natural-like," he explained. The white carter "couldn't bear with niggers," and though he did his work well and faithfully, he helped to demoralize the place and loosen discipline. Everything was at sixes and sevens, when, on the occasion of Mrs. Stevenson's going to Fiji for a few months' rest, my sister and I took charge of affairs. The expensive German was bidden to depart; Mr. Stevenson discharged the carter; the white overseer (who was tied to us by contract) was bought off in cold coin, to sleep out his "natural sleep" under a kindlier star and to engage himself (presumably) in intellectual labors elsewhere. There are two sides to "white slavery"—that cherished expression of the labor agitator—and with the departure of our tyrants we began again to raise our diminished heads. My sister and I threw ourselves into the kitchen, and took up the labor of cooking with zeal and determination; the domestic boundaries proved too narrow for our new-found energies, and we overflowed into the province of entertainment, with decorated menus, silver-plate and finger-bowls! The aristocracy of Apia was pressed to lunch with us, to commend our independence and—to eat our biscuits. It was a French Revolution in miniature; we danced the carmignole in the kitchen



and were prepared to conquer the Samoan social world. One morning, before the ardor and zest of it all had time to be dulled by custom, I happened to discover a young and very handsome Samoan on our back veranda. He was quite a dandified youngster, with a red flower behind his ear and his hair limed in the latest fashion. I liked his open, attractive face and his unembarrassed manner, and inquired what propitious fate had brought him to sit upon our ice-chest and radiate good nature on our back porch. It seemed that Simele, the overseer, owed him two Chile dollars, and that he was here, bland, friendly, but insistent, to collect the debt in person. That Simele would not be back for hours in no way daunted him, and he seemed prepared to swing his brown legs and show his white teeth for a whole eternity.

"Chief," I said, a sudden thought striking me, "you are he that I have been looking for so long. You are going to stay in Vailima and be our cook!"

"But I don't know how to cook," he replied.

"That is no matter," I said. "Two months ago I was as you; to-day I am a splendid cook. I will teach you my skill."

"But I don't want to learn," he said, and brought back the conversation to Chile dollars.

"There is no good making excuses," I said. "This is a psychological moment in the history of Vailima. You are the Man of Destiny."

"But I haven't my box," he expostulated.

"I will send for it," I returned. "I would not lose you for twenty boxes. If you need clothes, why there stands my own chest; flowers grow in profusion and the oil-bottle rests never empty beside my humble bed; and in the hot hours of the afternoon there is the beautifullest pool where one can bathe and wash one's lovely hair. Moreover, so generous are the regulations of Tusi-tala's government that his children receive weekly large sums of money, and they are allowed on Sundays to call their friends to this elegant house and entertain them with salt beef and biscuit."

Thus was Taalolo introduced into the Vailima kitchen, never to leave it for four years save when the war-drum called him to the front with a six-shooter and a "death-tooth"—the Samoan war-cutlass or head-knife. He became in time not only an admirable chef, but the nucleus of the whole native establishment and the loyalest of all our Samoan family. His coming was the turning-point in the history of the house; we had achieved independence of our white masters, and their discontented white faces had disappeared one by one. Honest brown ones now took their places, and we gained more than good servants by the change.

Samoans live in a loose, patriarchal fashion. With them, as with most barbarians, the family is everything, and the immediate head of it the unit of the country. Moreover, the easy system of adoption that prevails throughout, and the bounty of Nature that makes food-getting more of a pastime than a labor, allows the Samoan to pass from one family to another practically at will. There is a single word in the dictionary that contains a world of meaning—a man that works hard for a short time and then grows lazy—"as applied to a stranger entering a new family."

Naturally it came to pass in Vailima that a new family was started, with Mr. Stevenson for its house-chief, and the tradition of devotion and service transferred bodily from Samoan life into our own. None knew better than Mr. Stevenson, a Celt and a Scotchman, how to foster and encourage this innovation, and our family soon began to acquire a status in the land. The Stuart tartan kilt, our uniform on high days and holidays, became a thing of pride to the wearer and the badge of his high connection, and the "mamalu" or prestige of Vailima was to be supported and upheld by every son of the house. Truth suffered occasionally at the hands of the more zealous, and I can trace many misstatements and exaggerations that have crept into print to the misguided though laudable ardor of our clansmen. A friend aptly described Vailima as "an Irish castle of 1820 minus the dirt." It



must be remembered that the better class of Samoans are gentlefolk, and are undistinguishable, so far as good manners, good breeding and tact are concerned, from the ordinary man of the world of our own country. No Spaniard is more punctilious in matters of etiquette, no German prouder of his long pedigree, than these handsome and stalwart barbarians ; and their language is even enriched by a whole vocabulary of courtesy with which every chief must be familiar. In fact, the rudeness, boorishness, and pretentiousness of many whites is often sharply criticised and condemned.

In number the Vailima family varied from thirteen to twenty-one, a picked lot of young men that for physique, good manners, obedience, and manliness it would be hard to match in any country. It must be said that Mr. Stevenson's methods of discipline had much to do with this favorable result. Unquestioning and absolute obedience was insisted upon ; no order once given was ever altered or modified, and the singular and unforeseen partiality of Samoans (the most casual of mankind) for system, for an ordered and regulated existence, for a harness of daily routine, was taken advantage of to the fullest degree. Every man had his work outlined for him in advance, and several even possessed type-written lists of their various duties. Little proclamations and notices were often posted up in order to correct petty irregularities, and to define the responsibility and authority of each member of the household. For breaches of discipline, untruthfulness, absence without leave, etc., money fines were imposed with rigorous impartiality, and for more serious offences a regular court martial was held. No one was ever fined without his first assenting to the justice of the punishment, and the culprit was always given the option of receiving his money in full, and being dismissed the place. A leaf, too, was taken with advantage from the old Naval Regulations, and no man was ever punished the same day of the offence. The fines themselves went into the coffers of the rival missionary societies, Protestant or Roman Catho-

lic, according to the creed of the involuntary donor. A lecture often fell to the lot of the wrong-doer that he relished even less than the penalty of his offence, and the summing up of an important "suega" or trial was always listened to in breathless silence by the members of the household. It ran usually to something of this sort :

"Fiaali'i, you have confessed that you stole the cooked pigs, the taro, the palusamis, the breadfruit, and fish that fell to Vailima's portion at the great feast. Your wish to eat was greater than your wish to be a gentleman. You have shown a bad heart and your sin is a great one, not alone for the pigs which count as naught, but because you have been false to your family. Even a German black-boy that knows not God and whom you despise, would not have done what you have done. It is easy to say that you are sorry, that you wish you were dead : but that is no answer. We have lost far more than a few dozen baskets of food ; we have lost our trust in you, which used to be so great, our confidence in your loyalty and high-chiefness. See how many bad things have resulted from your sin ! First, you have told many lies and have tried to screen your wickedness by a trick, saying that five baskets was all the feast apportioned to us, thus bringing shame on the gentleman who gave it. Secondly, you persuaded T'i'a, Tulafono, and Satupaiala to join in your conspiracy, which they did not wish to do at first, they being like Eve in the garden and you the serpent. You have hurt all our hearts here, not because of the pigs, but because we are ashamed and mortified before the world. If this thing gets spoken of and carried from house to house, we shall be ashamed to walk along the road, for people will mock at us, and the name of Vailima will not be fragrant. Then if it reaches the ears of the great chiefs that treated us so handsomely, are we to say : "Be not angry, gentlemen, four of our family are thieves ; their respect and love for me is great, but their wish to eat pig is greater still !" There are great sins that are easily forgiven : there are others that are hard to pardon. It is better to obey a strong and angry heart than to obey



the belly. *I am not your father ; I am not your chief. The belly is your chief ! But God has not given all my children bad hearts. Look at Leupolu. He was not like Ti'a, Tulafono, and Satupaiala ; he was a brave man, though he was only one and you so many. He said you were doing a wicked thing ; he would not surrender his burden of food, nor did the fear of ghosts prevent him coming home in the dark. For if a man is brave in uprightness he is brave in all other ways. But Leupolu loved his family more than his belly. And when he came home he did not make a great cry, nor did he tell the story of your wickedness. He went about with a sad face and said nothing, for he was like myself, angry but sorrowful. He will be rewarded for his love with a new kilt and a suitable jacket. Ti'a, Tulafono, and Satupaiala are each fined two dollars. Fiaali'i, you are fined thirty dollars to be paid in weekly instalments. When the whole thirty-six dollars is ready it will be handed you, and you will make us a great feast here in Vailima by way of atonement, and for every pig there shall be two pigs, and for every taro, two taro, and so on and more also. You shall be the host, but you shall call none of your friends to the feast, nor Ti'a, Tulafono, nor Satupaiala, but the others shall invite *their* friends. Then you will be forgiven and this thing forgotten. We live only by the high-chief-will of God, nor must we be cruel to one another when the High-Chief-Son of God is so good to us all. One word must still be said. Let the story of this wicked business be buried in your hearts, lest strangers talk of it. Fiaali'i and the others have been tried and punished, and their penalties must not be increased by mockery or reproaches. Think of your own sins and hold your peace. This trial is finished. Sosimo, Mitaele, and Pulu will make 'ava for us all, and it will be called on the front veranda."*

But Mr. Stevenson was not only the judge in the household, the meter out of punishments and rewards ; he was the real "matai" or head of the family, and was always ready, no matter how busy he might be, or how much immersed in literary work, to turn a

friendly ear to the complaints of his people. He was consulted on every imaginable subject, and all manner of petty persecutions and petty injustices were put right by his strong arm. Government chiefs and rebels consulted him with regard to policy ; political letters were brought to him to read and criticise ; his native following was so widely divided in party that he was often kept better informed on current events than any one person in the country. Old gentlemen would arrive in stately procession with squealing pigs for the "chief-house of wisdom," and would beg advice on the capitation-tax or some such subject of the hour ; an armed party would come from across the island with gifts, and a request that Tusitala would take charge of the funds of the village and buy the roof-iron for a proposed church. Parties would come to hear the latest news of the proposed disarming of the country, or to arrange a private audience with one of the officials ; and poor, war-worn chieftains, whose only anxiety was to join the winning side, and who wished to consult with Tusitala as to which that might be. Mr. Stevenson would sigh sometimes as he saw these stately folk crossing the lawn in single file, their attendants following behind with presents and baskets, but he never failed to meet or hear them.

It has often been asked what gave Mr. Stevenson his standing in Samoa ; what it was that made this English man of letters such a power in the land of his adoption. It must be remembered that to the Samoan mind he was inordinately rich, and many of them believe in the bottom of their hearts that the story of the bottle-imp was no fiction, but a tangible fact. Mr. Stevenson was a resident, a considerable land-owner, a man like themselves, with taro-swamps, banana plantations, and a Samoan "aiga" or family. He was no official with a hired house, here to-day with specious good-will on his lips, and empty promises, but off to-morrow in the mail steamer to that vague region called "papa lagi" "or the white country." He knew Samoan etiquette, and was familiar with the baser as well as the better side of the native character ;



he was cautiously generous after the fashion of the country, and neither excited covetousness by undue prodigality nor failed to respond in a befitting way for favors received. Moreover, he was a consistent partisan of Mataafa, the ill-fated rebel king, a man of high and noble character, who though beaten and crushed by the government forces was nevertheless looked up to and covertly admired by all Samoa. The divinity that doth hedge a king, even a defeated and fallen one, cast a glamour over his close friend, Mr. Stevenson. And when the British man-of-war brought the unfortunate ex-king to Apia with many of his chiefs, it was Mr. Stevenson that first boarded the ship with sympathy and assistance; it was Mr. Stevenson that lighted the great ovens and brought down his men weighted with food-baskets when all were afraid and stood aloof; it was Mr. Stevenson that attended to the political prisoners in the noisome jail after they had been flogged through the streets and foully mishandled under the very guns of the men-of-war; it was Mr. Stevenson that brought and paid the doctor, that had the stinking prison cleansed, that fed the starving wretches from his own pocket until officialdom was shamed and terrified into action. These things made a deep impression at the time, and will never be altogether forgotten. No wonder the government chiefs said to one another: "Behold, this is indeed a friend; would our white officials have done the same had the day gone against us?" And the expression, "Once Tusitala's friend, always Tusitala's friend," went about the countryside like a proverb.

Mr. Stevenson's relations with the missionary bodies, the two Protestant and the Roman Catholic, were particularly happy. He stood very high in the esteem and love of all three, for though a candid critic, he was in the keenest sympathy with their work and their way of doing it, and was ever outspoken in his admiration of their high-mindedness, unsectarianism, and honest endeavor to improve the people. His friendship and regard was no less generously returned; and they opened their hearts to him, freely and frankly,

on many a delicate matter undivulged to the general world; for together they stood on the common ground of regard for Samoa and devotion to its welfare. Would that I could say the same of our officials, or characterize Mr. Stevenson's relations with the most of them in the same strain; but it must be confessed that to them he was the *bête noir* of the country, or, a better simile, the Samoan Jove, whose thunderbolts carried consternation far and wide. In vain they attempted to deport him from the island, to close his mouth by regulation, to post spies about his house and involve him in the illicit importation of arms and fixed ammunition. The natives looked on in wonder, and when the officials vanished and the undaunted Tusitala remained behind, they drew their own conclusions.

But of the many causes that went to make Mr. Stevenson a considerable figure in his adopted country, his own personality after all was the chiefest. If his ardent, sympathetic individuality shines so convincingly through the text of his books that it makes friends of those who but dimly understand his work, how much more was it the case in far Samoa, where no printed page intervened between the man and his fellows, where his voice reached first hand and swayed—not literary coteries in the heart of civilization, but war-scarred chiefs with guns in their hands and bitter wrongs to right. He would have been loved and followed anywhere, but how much more in poor, misgoverned, war-distracted Samoa, so remote, so inarticulate; for he was one of the Great-hearts of this world both in pen and deed, and many were those he led through sorrow and tribulation to the gates of the City Beautiful.

The current of life ran very placidly in Vailima, in spite of the little agitations and bitternesses of the tiny world at our feet. The conch-shell awakened the household at daybreak, and the routine of existence went forward unchanged, for all that the cannon might boom from the men-of-war, and the mellow trumpets proclaim the march of armed men. At times a war-party would halt at our front veranda, discuss a bowl of 'ava with the head of



the house, and melt picturesquely away again in the forest, with perhaps a *feu de joie* in honor of their host—a compliment that he would gladly have dispensed with. Meals were served in the great hall of Vailima, a noble room over fifty feet long and proportionately broad, of which Mr. Stevenson was pardonably proud. At half past two the clapping of hands announced that 'ava was prepared—that peculiar beverage of the South Pacific—and when everyone was assembled it was called and distributed in the Samoan manner, Mr. Stevenson receiving the first cup according to the dictates of etiquette. There were always visitors living in the house, and the cool of the afternoon often brought callers from the "beach," officers from the men-of-war, missionaries, officials, blue-jackets, local residents, priests, Mormon elders, passing tourists—all the flotsam and jetsam, in fact, of a petty port lying on one of the great thoroughfares of the world. It is hard for an outsider to realize the life and animation there is in Samoa. The American conjures up a picture of a frontier post; the Englishman harks to Kipling and station life in India; and both are wrong. Samoa is very cosmopolitan for all its insignificance on the map, and its white population of four hundred souls; balls, picnics, parties, are of common occurrence; there is a constant flow of news, rumor, and island gossip; and four steamers a month link the group to the outside world and bring an endless procession of strange faces across our little stage.

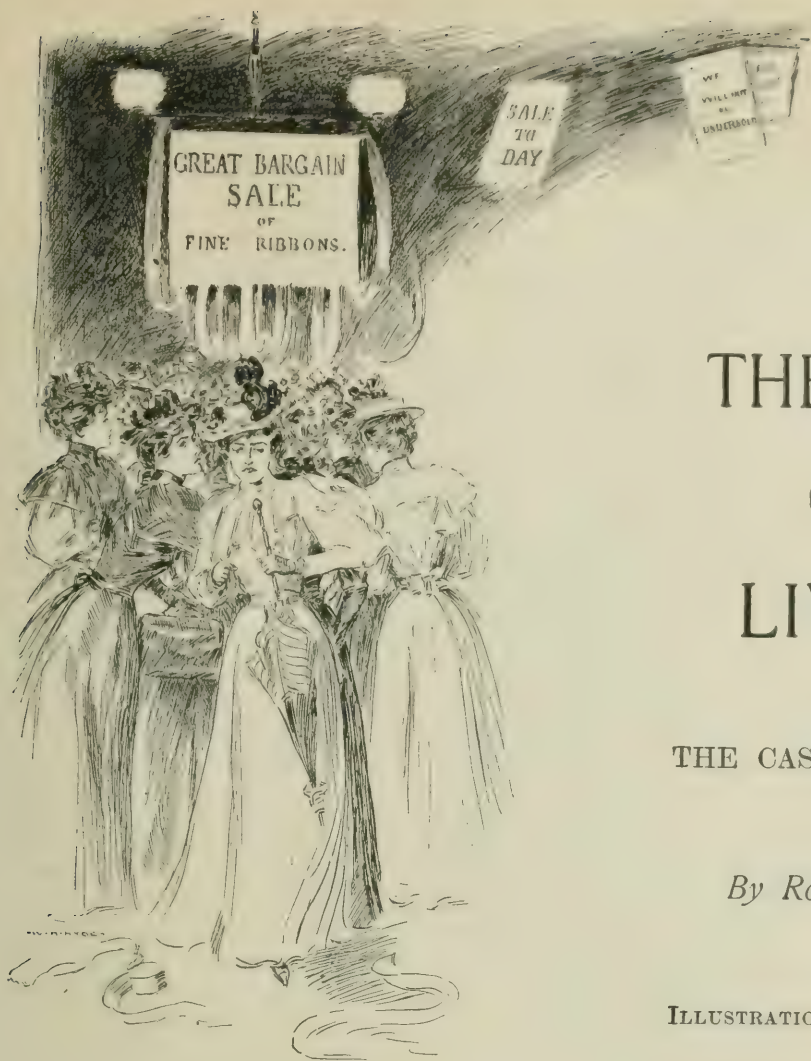
Mr. Stevenson was fond of amusement and hospitality, and apart from a constant succession of more formal luncheon parties and dinners, there was always room at his mahogany for the unexpected guests that the chef had orders to bear in mind. The first cotillon ever given in Samoa took place at Vailima; the first pony paper-chase was got up under Mr. Stevenson's direction;

he was always eager to bear his part in any scheme for the public entertainment and his support and subscription could always be reckoned on in advance. Nor was he less backward with regard to the natives, whom he often feasted in the Samoan way with great pomp and a rigorous regard to etiquette and custom. His birthday party was a veritable gathering of the clans, beginning at dawn and continuing uninterruptedly till dusk, with a huge feast and troops of dancers to entertain the people. A Christmas-tree rejoiced the household every year, and was the occasion of breathless anticipation and excitement; and the little fiesta was not unenhanced by the good-humored raillery with which the presents were distributed.

Mr. Stevenson could not be seen to better advantage than at the head of his faultless table, sharing and leading the conversation of the guests that various strange fates had brought together beneath his roof. He loved the contrast of evening dress and the half-naked attendants; the rough track that led the visitor through forest and jungle to this glowing house under Vaea, the juxtaposition of original Hogarths, Peranesis's, pictures by Sargent, Lemon, and Will H. Low, the sculptured work of Rodin and Augustus St. Gaudens, with rifle-racks, revolvers, and trophies of savage weapons. And the conversation was to match: English literature and copra; Paul Bourget's new book and the rebel loss at Tifitifi; European politics and the best methods of suppressing head-taking!

When he was detained in town at night or by some mischance was late of returning to Vailima, it was his pleasure that the house should be lit throughout, so that he might see it shining through the forest on his home-coming. As I must now be drawing to an end, where better could I stop than at this picture: the tired man drawing rein in the "Road of the Loving Heart," and gazing up at the lights of home?





# THE ART OF LIVING

THE CASE OF WOMAN

*By Robert Grant*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. H. HYDE

I



GREAT many men, who are sane and reasonable in other matters, allow themselves, on the slightest provocation, to be worked up into a fever over the aspirations of woman. They decline to listen to argument, grow red in the face, and saw the air with their hands, if they do not pound on the table, to express their views on the subject—which, by the way, are as out of date and old-fashioned as a pine-tree shilling. They remind one of the ostrich in that they seem to imagine, because they have buried their heads in the sand, nothing has happened or is happening around them. They confront the problem of woman's emancipation as though it were only just being broached instead of in the throes of delivery.

For instance, my friend, Mr. Julius

Cæsar, who though a conservative, cautious man by nature, is agreeably and commendably liberal in other matters, seems to be able to see only one side of this question. And one side seems to be all he wishes to see. "Take my wife," he said to me the other day; "as women go she is a very clever and sensible woman. She was given the best advantages in the way of school-training open to young ladies of her day; she has accomplishments, domestic virtues, and fine religious instincts, and I adore her. But what does she know of politics? She couldn't tell you the difference between a senator and an alderman, and her mind is practically a blank on the tariff or the silver question. I tell you, my dear fellow, that if woman is allowed to leave the domestic hearth and play ducks and drakes with the right of suffrage, every political caucus will become a retail drygoods store. If there is one thing which makes a philosopher despair of the future of



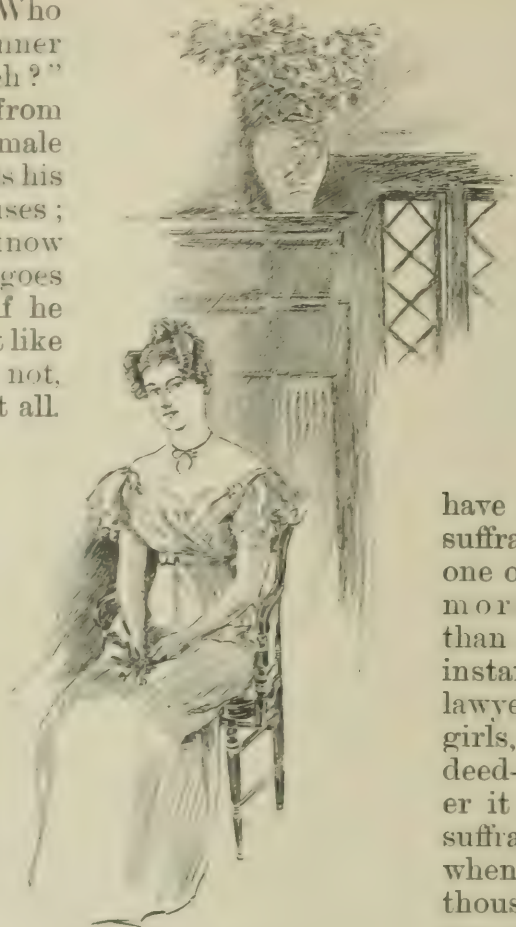
the race, it is to stand in a crowded drygoods store and watch the jam of women perk and push and sidle and grab and covet and go well-nigh crazy over things to wear. The average woman knows about clothes, the next world, children, and her domestic duties. Let her stick to her sphere. A woman at a caucus? Who would see that my dinner was properly cooked, eh?"

One would suppose from these remarks that the male American citizen spends his days chiefly at caucuses; whereas, as we all know when we reflect, he goes perhaps twice a year, if he be a punctilious patriot like Julius Cæsar, and if not, probably does not go at all. If the consciousness that his wife could vote at a caucus would act as a spur to the masculine political conscience, the male American citizen could well afford to dine at a restaurant on election-days, or to cook his own food now and then.

Of course, even a man with views like Julius Cæsar would be sorry to have his wife the slavish, dollish, or unenlightened individual which she was apt to be before so-called women's rights were heard of. As he himself has proclaimed, he adores his wife, and he is, moreover, secretly proud of her æsthetic presentability. Without being an advanced woman, Dolly Cæsar has the interests of the day and hour at her fingers' ends, can talk intelligently on any subject, whether she knows anything about it or not, and is decidedly in the van, though she is not a leader. Julius does not take into account, when he anathematizes the sex because of its ambitions, the difference between her and her great-grandmother. He believes his wife to be a very charming specimen of what a woman ought to be,

and that, barring a few differences of costume and hair arrangement, she is practically her great-grandmother over again. Fatuous Julius! There is where he is desperately in error. Dolly Cæsar's great-grandmother may have been a radiant beauty and a famous house-keeper, but her brain never harbored one-tenth of the ideas and opinions which make her descendant so attractive.

Those who argue on this matter like Julius Cæsar fail to take into account the gradual, silent results of time; and this is true of the results to come as well as those which have accrued. When the suffrage question is mooted one often hears sober men, more dispassionate men than Julius—Perkins, for instance, the thin, nervous lawyer and father of four girls, and a sober man indeed—ask judicially whether it is possible for female suffrage to be a success when not one woman in a thousand would know what was expected of her, or how to vote. "I tell you," says Perkins, "they are utterly



"Dolly Cæsar's great-grandmother may have been a radiant beauty."

unfitted for it by training and education. Four-fifths of them wouldn't vote if they were allowed to, and everyone knows that ninety-nine women out of every hundred are profoundly ignorant of the matters in regard to which they would cast their ballots. Take my daughters; fine girls, talented, intelligent women—one of them a student of history; but what do they know of parties, and platforms, and political issues in general?"

Perkins is less violently prejudiced than Julius Cæsar. He neither saws the air nor pounds on the table. Indeed, I have no doubt he believes that he entertains liberal, unbiassed views on the subject. I wonder, then, why it



never occurs to him that everything which is new is adopted gradually, and that the world has to get accustomed to all novel situations. I happened to see Mr. Perkins the first time he rode a bicycle on the road, and his performance certainly justified the prediction that he would look like a guy to the end of his days, and yet he glides past me now with the ease and nonchalance of a possible "scorcher." Similarly, if women were given universal suffrage, there would be a deal of fluttering in the dove-cotes for the first generation or so. Doubtless four-fifths of woman-kind would refuse or neglect to vote at all, and at least a quarter of those who went to the polls would cast their ballots as tools or blindly. But just so soon as it was understood that it was no less a woman's duty to vote than it was to attend to her back hair, she would be educated from that point of view, and her present crass ignorance of political matters would be changed into at least a form of enlightenment. Man prides himself on his logic, but there is nothing logical in the argument that because a woman knows nothing about anything now, she can never be taught. If we have been content to have her remain ignorant for so many centuries, does it not savor both of despotism and lack of reasonableness to cast her ignorance in her teeth and to beat her

about the head with it now that she is eager to rise? Decidedly it is high time for the man who orates tempestuously or argues dogmatically in the name of conservatism against the cause of woman on such flimsy pleas as these, to cease his gesticulations and wise saws. The modern woman is a potential reality, who is bound to develop and improve, in another generation or two, as far beyond the present interesting type as Mrs. Julius Caesar is an advance on her great-grandmother.

On the other hand, why do those who have woman's cause at heart lay such formal stress on the right of the ballot as a factor in her development? There can be no doubt that, if the majority of women wish to vote on questions involving property or political interests, they will be enabled to do so sooner or later. It is chiefly now the conviction in the minds of legislatures that a large number of the intelligent women of their communities do not desire to exercise the right of suffrage which keeps the bars down. Doubtless these bodies will yield one after another to the clamor of even a few, and the experiment will be tried. It may not come this year or the next, but many busy people are so certain that its coming is merely a question of time that they do not allow themselves to be drawn into the fury of the fray. When

it comes, however, it will come as a universal privilege, and not with a social or property qualification. I mention this simply for the enlightenment of those amiable members of the sex to be enfranchised who go about sighing and simpering in the interest of drawing the line. That question was settled a century ago. The action taken may have been an error on the part of those who



"The first time he rode a bicycle."



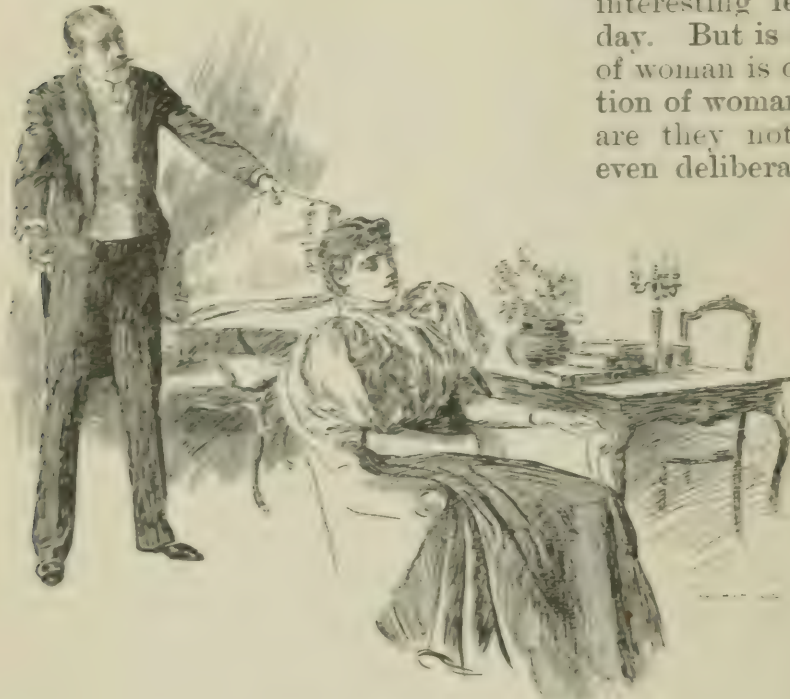
framed the laws, but it has been settled forever. There would be no more chance of the passage by the legislature of one of the United States of a statute giving the right of suffrage to a limited class of women than there would be of one prescribing that only the good-looking members of that sex should be allowed to marry.

Many people, who believe that woman should be denied no privilege enjoyed

will be one grand march of progress to the music of the spheres; but, barring a pæan of this sort, we are given no light as to what she intends to do and become. She has stretched out her hand for the rattle and is determined to have it, but she does not appear to entertain any very definite ideas as to what she is going to do with it after she has it.

Unquestionably, the development of the modern woman is one of the most interesting features of civilization to-day. But is it not true that the cause of woman is one concern, and the question of woman suffrage another? And are they not too often confounded, even deliberately confounded, by those

who are willing to have them appear to be identical? Supposing that to-morrow the trumpet should sound and the walls of Jericho fall, and every woman be free to cast her individual ballot without let or hindrance from one confine of the civilized world to another, what would it amount to after all by way of elucidating the question of her future evolution? For it must be remembered that, apart from



To cast her ignorance in her teeth

by man which she really desires to exercise, find much difficulty in regarding the right of suffrage as the vital end which it assumes in the minds of its advocates. One would suppose, by the clamor on the subject, that the ballot would enable her to change her spots in a twinkling, and to become an absolutely different creation. Lively imaginations do not hesitate to compare the proposed act of emancipation with the release of the colored race from bondage. We are appealed to by glowing rhetoric which celebrates the equity of the case and the moral significance of the impending victory. But the orators and triumphants stop short at the passage of the law and fail to tell us what is to come after. We are assured, indeed, that it will be all right, and that woman's course after the Rubicon is crossed

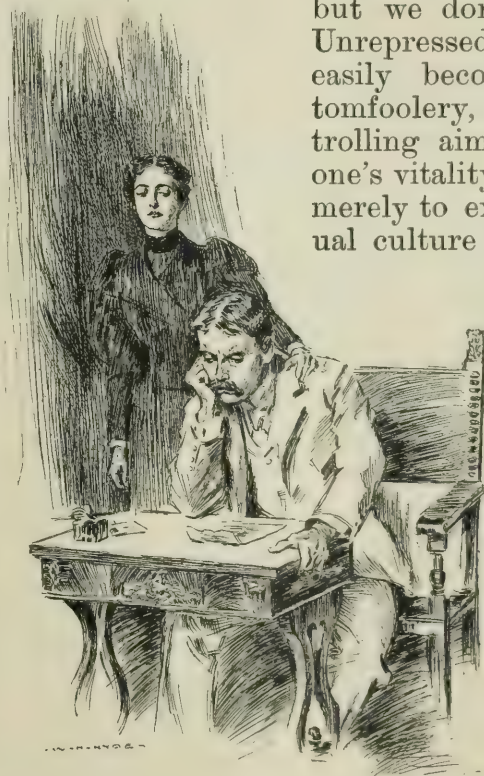
the question of her development in general, those who are clamoring for the ballot have been superbly vague so far as to the precise part which the gentle sex is to play in the political arena after she gets her rattle. They put their sisters off with the general assertion that things in the world, politically speaking, will be better, but neither their sisters nor their brothers are able to get a distinct notion of the platform on which woman means to stand after she becomes a voter. Is she going to enter into competition with men for the prizes and offices, to argue, manipulate, hustle, and do generally the things which have to be done in the name of political zeal and activity? Is it within the vista of her ambition to become a member of, and seek to control, legislative bodies, to be a police commissioner or a member of Congress?





"Complete and ideal marital happiness."

Those in the van decline to answer, or at least they do not answer. It may be, to be sure, the wisdom of the serpent which keeps them non-committal, for they stand, as it were, between the devil and the deep sea in that, though they and their supporters would perhaps like to declare boldly in favor of competition, or at least participation, in the duties and honors, they stand in wholesome awe of the hoarse murmur from the ranks of their sis-



"An ever-watchful guardian angel at the shoulder of man."

ters, "We don't wish to be like men, and we have no intention of competing with them on their own lines." Accordingly, the leaders seek refuge in the safe but indefinite assertion that of course women will never become men, but they have thus far neglected to tell us what they are to become.

It really seems as though it were time for woman, in general congress of the women's clubs assembled, to make a reasonably full and clear statement of her aims and principles—a declaration of faith which shall give her own sex and men the opportunity to know precisely what she is driving at. Her progress for the last hundred years has been gratifying to the world, with the exception of pig-headed or narrow-minded men, and civilization has been inestimably benefited by the broadening of her intelligence and her interests. But she has now reached a point where there is a parting of the ways, and the world would very much like to know which she intends to take. The atmosphere of the women's clubs is mysterious but unsuggestive, and consequently many of us feel inclined to murmur with the poet, "it is clever, but we don't know what it means." Unrepressed nervous mental activity easily becomes social affectation or tomfoolery, in the absence of a controlling aim or purpose. To exhaust one's vitality in papers or literary teas, merely to express or simulate individual culture or freedom, may not land

one in an insane asylum, but it is about as valuable to society, as an educating force, as the revolutions of the handle of a freezer, when the crank is off, are valuable to the production of ice-cream.

For the benefit of such a congress, if haply it should be called together later, it will not be out of place to offer a few suggestions as to her future evolution. In this connection it seems to me imperative to go back to the original poetic



conception of woman as the wife and mother, the domestic helpmate and loving, self-abnegating companion of man. Unedifying as this formula of description may seem to the active-minded modern woman, it is obvious that under existing physiological conditions she must remain the wife and mother, even though she declines to con-

tinue domestic, loving, and self-abnegating. And side by side with physiological conditions stands the intangible, ineffable force of sexual love, the poetic, entrancing ecstasy which no scientist has yet been able to reduce to a myth or to explode. Schopenhauer, to be sure, would have us believe that it is merely a delusion by which nature seeks to reproduce herself, but even on this material basis the women's clubs find themselves face to face with an enemy more determined than any Amazon. A maid deluded becomes the sorriest of club members.

What vision of life is nobler and more exquisite than that of complete and ideal marital happiness? To find it complete and ideal the modern woman, with all her charms and abilities, must figure in it, I grant; the mere domestic drudge; the tame, amiable house-cat; the doting doll, are no longer pleasing parties of the second part. To admit so much as this may seem to offer room for the argument that the modern woman of a hundred years hence will make her of the poet's dream of to-day appear no less pitiable; but there we men are ready to take issue. We admit our past tyranny, we cry "Peccavi," yet we claim at the same time that, having taken her to our bosoms as our veritable, loving companion and helpmate, there is

no room left, or very little room left, for more progress in that particular direction. Her next steps, if taken, will be on new lines, not by way of making herself an equal. And therefore it is that we suggest the vision of perfect modern marital happiness as the leading consideration to be taken into account in dealing with this question. Even in the past, when wom-



"Teacher."



"Nurse."

an was made a drudge and encouraged to remain a fool, the poetry and joy and stimulus of life for her, as well as for her despot mate, lay in the mystery of love, its joys and responsibilities. Even then, if her life were robbed of the opportunity to love and be loved, its savor was gone, however free she might be from masculine tyranny and coercion. Similarly, after making due allowance for the hyperbole as to the influence which woman has on man when he has made up his mind to act to the contrary, there is no power which works for righteousness upon him comparable to the influence of woman. There is always the possibility that the woman a man loves may not be consciously working for righteousness, but the fact that he believes



so is the essential truth, even though he be the victim of self-delusion. This element of the case is pertinent to the question whether woman would really try to reform the world, if she had the chance, rather than to this particular consideration. The point of the argument is that the dependence of each sex on the other, and the loving sympathy between them, which is born of dissimilarity, is the salt of human life. The eternal feminine is what we prize in woman, and wherever she deflects from this there does her power wane and her usefulness become impaired. And conversely, the more and the higher she advances along the lines of her own nature, the better for the world. Nor does the claim that she has been hampered hitherto, and consequently been

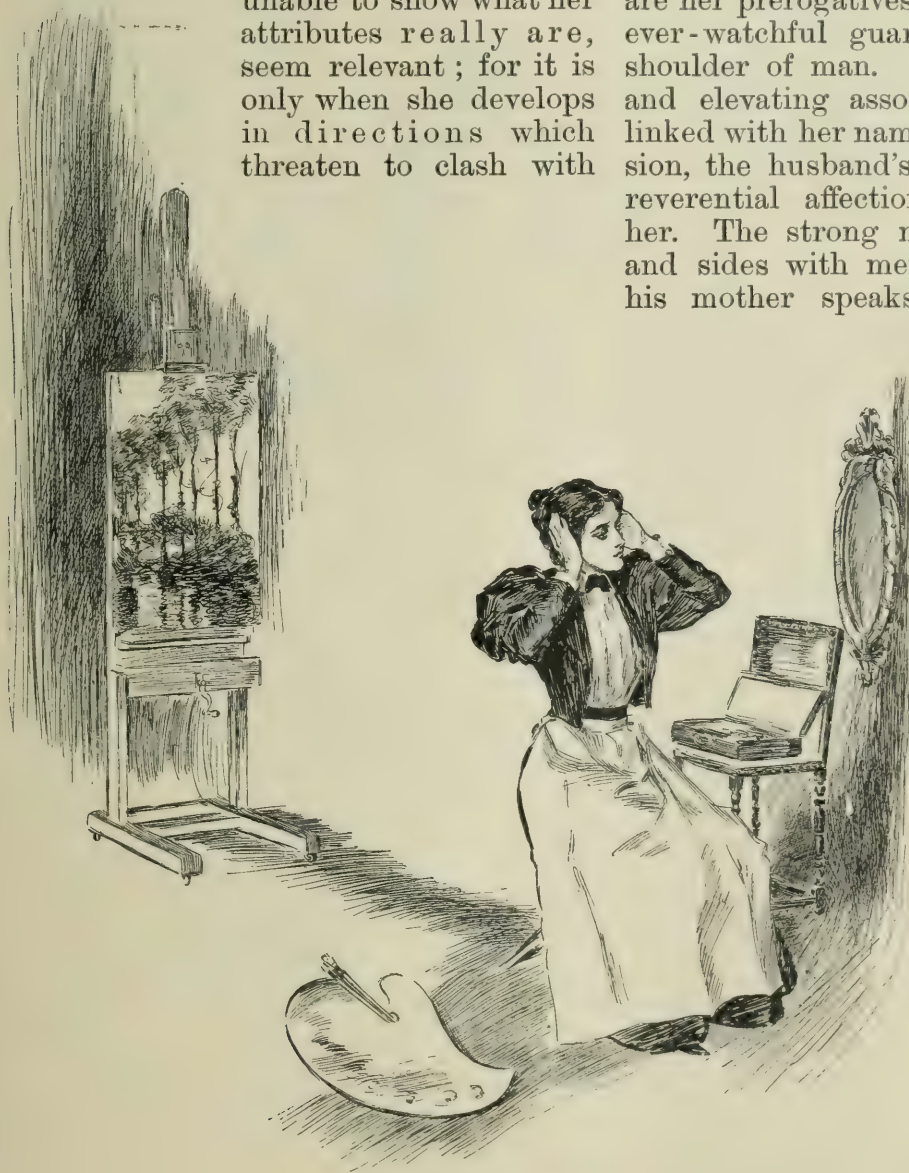
unable to show what her attributes really are, seem relevant; for it is only when she develops in directions which threaten to clash with

the eternal feminine that she encounters opposition or serious criticism. And here even the excitability and unreasonableness of such men as our friend Julius Cæsar find a certain justification. Their fumes and fury, however unintelligent, proceed from an instinctive repugnance to the departure or deviation from nature which they find, or fear to find, in the modern woman. Once let them realize that there was no danger of anything of the kind, and they would become gentle as doves, if not all smiles and approval.

There is no more beautiful and refining influence in the world than that of an attractive and noble woman. Unselfishness, tenderness, aspiring sentiment, long-suffering devotion, grace, tact, and quickly divining intelligence are her prerogatives, and she stands an ever-watchful guardian angel at the shoulder of man. The leading poetic and elevating associations of life are linked with her name. The lover's passion, the husband's worship, the son's reverential affection are inspired by her. The strong man stays his hand and sides with mercy or honor when his mother speaks within him. In

homelier language, she is the keeper of the hearth and home, the protector and trainer of her children, the adviser, consoler, and companion of her husband, father, son, brother, or other masculine associates.

Now, the modern woman, up to this point, has been disposed, on the whole, to regard this as the part which she is to play in the drama of life. At least she has not materially deviated from it. Her progress has been simply in the



"Artist."



way of enabling her to play that part more intelligently and worthily, and not toward usurpation, excepting that she claims the right to earn her daily bread. Higher education in its various branches has been the most signal fruit of her struggle for enlightenment and liberty, and this is certainly in entire keeping with the eternal feminine, and to-day seems indispensable to her suitable development. By means of education similar to that lavished upon man she has been enabled, it is true, to obtain employment of various kinds hitherto withheld from her, but the positions of professor, teacher, nurse, artist, and clerk, are amplifications of her natural aptitudes rather than encroachments. She has, however, finally reached the stage where she will soon have to decide whether the hearth and the home or down-town is to be the principal theatre of her activity and influence. Is she or is she not to participate with man in the tangible, obvious management of the affairs of the world?

## II

THE mystic oracles of the women's clubs do not give a straightforward answer to this question. Yet there are mutterings, mouthings, and signs from them which tend to arouse masculine suspicions. To use a colloquialism, woman fancies herself very much at present, and she spends considerable time in studying the set of her mind in the looking-glass. And her serenity is justified. In spite of ridicule, baiting, and delay for several generations, she has demonstrated her ability and fitness to do a number of things which we had adjudged her incapable of doing. She can almost take care of herself in the street after dark. She has become a most valuable member of committees to ameliorate the condition of the poor, the sick, and the insane. She has become the president and professors of colleges founded in her behalf. The noble and numerous army of teachers, typewriters, salesladies, nurses, and women doctors (including Christian Scientists), stands as ample proof of her intention and capacity to

strike out for herself. No wonder, perhaps, that she is a little delirious and mounted in the head, and that she is tempted to exclaim, "Go to, I will do more than this. Why should I not practise law, and sell stocks, wheat, corn, and exchange, control the money markets of the world, administer trusts, manage corporations, sit in Congress, and be President of the United States?"



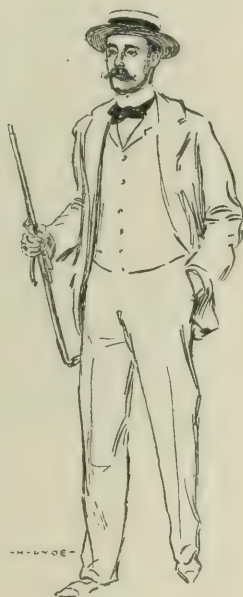
"Clerk."

The only things now done by man which the modern woman has not yet begun to cast sheep's eyes at are labor requiring much physical strength and endurance, and military service. She is prepared to admit that she can never expect to be so muscular and powerful in body as man. But this has become rather a solace than a source of perplexity to her. Indeed, the women's clubs are beginning to whisper under their breath, "Man is fitted to build and hew and cut and lift, and to do everything which demands brute force. We are not. We should like to think, plan, and execute. Let him do the heavy work. If he wishes to fight he may. Wars are wicked, and we shall vote against them and refuse to take part in them."



If woman is going in for this sort of thing, of course she needs the ballot. If she intends to manage corporations and do business generally, she ought to have a voice in the framing of the laws which manifest the policy of the state. But to earn one's living as a college professor, nurse, typewriter, saleslady, or clerk, or to sit on boards of charity, education, or hygiene, is a far remove from becoming bank presidents, merchants, judges, bankers, or members of Congress. The one affords the means by which single women can earn a decent and independent livelihood, or devote their energies to work useful to society; the other would necessitate an absolute revolution in the habits, tastes, interests, proclivities, and nature of woman. The noble army of teachers, typewriters, nurses, and salesladies are in the heels of their boots hoping to be married some day or other. They have merely thrown an anchor to windward and taken up a calling which will enable them to live reasonably happy if the right man does not appear, or passes by on the other side. Those who sit on boards, and who are more apt to be middle-aged, are but interpreting and fulfilling the true mission of the modern woman, which is to supplement and modify the point of view of man, and to extend the kind of influence which she exercises at home to the conduct of public interests of a certain class.

Now, some one must keep house. Some one must cook, wash, dust, sweep, darn, look after the children, and in general grease the wheels of domestic activity. If women are to become merchants, and manage corporations, who will bring up our families and manage the home? The majority of the noble army referred to are not able to escape from making their own beds and cook-



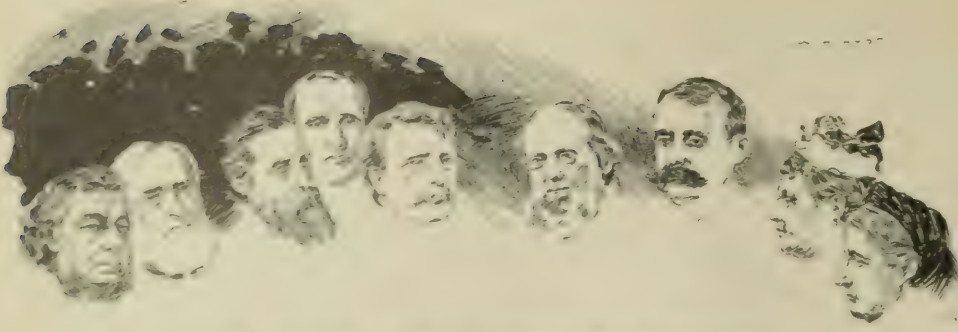
ing their own breakfasts. If they occupied other than comparatively subordinate positions, they would have to call Chinatown to the rescue; for the men would decline with thanks, relying on their brute force to protect them, and the other women would toss their heads and say "Make your own beds, you nasty things. We prefer to go to town too." In fact the emancipation of women, so far as it relates to usurpation of the work of man, does not mean much in actual practice yet, in spite of the brave show and bustle of the noble army. The salesladies get their meals somehow, and the domestic hearth is still presided over by the mistress of the house and her daughters. But this cannot continue to be the case if women are going to do everything which men do except lift weights and fight. For we all know that our mothers, wives, and sisters, according to their own affidavits, have all they can do already to fulfil the requirements of modern life as mothers, wives, and sisters in the conventional yet modern sense. Many of them tell us that they would not have time to vote, to say nothing of qualifying themselves to vote. Indisputably they cannot become men and yet remain women in the matter of their daily occupations, unless they discover some new panacea against nervous prostration. The professions are open; the laws will allow them to establish banks and control corporate interests; but what is to become of the eternal feminine in the pow-wow, bustle, and materializing rush and competition of active business life? Whatever a few individuals may do, there seems to be no immediate or probably eventual prospect of a throwing off by woman of domestic ties and duties. Her physical and moral nature alike are formidable barriers in the way.

Why, then, if women are not going to



"In the heels of their boots hoping to be married some day or other."





Those who sit in parlors are more apt to be middle-aged.

usurp or share to any great extent the occupations of men, and become familiar with the practical workings of professional, business, and public affairs, are they ever likely to be able to judge so intelligently as men as to the needs of the state? To hear many people discuss the subject, one would suppose that all the laws passed by legislative bodies were limited to questions of ethics and morality. If all political action were reduced to debates and ballots on the use of liquor, the social evil, and other moral or humanitarian topics, the claim that women ought to be allowed and encouraged to vote would be much stronger—that is, assuming that she herself preferred to use her influence directly instead of indirectly. But the advocates of female suffrage seem to forget that three-fifths of the laws passed relate to matters remotely if at all bearing upon ethics, and involve considerations of public policy from the point of view of what is best for the interests of the state and the various classes of individuals which compose it. We do not always remember in this age of afternoon teas and literary papers that the state is after all an artificial body, a form of compact under which human beings agree to live together for mutual benefit and protection. Before culture, aestheticism, or even ethics can be maintained there must be a readiness and ability to fight, if the necessity arises, and a capacity to do heavy work. Moreover, there must be ploughed fields and ship-yards and grain elevators and engines and manufactories, and all the diverse forms and phases of industrial and commercial endeavor and enterprise by which men earn their daily

bread. If woman is going to participate in the material activities of the community she will be fit to deal with the questions which relate thereto, but otherwise she must necessarily remain unable to form a satisfactory judgment as

to the merits of more than one-half the measures upon which she would be obliged to vote. Nor is it an argument in point that a large body of men is in the same predicament. Two evils do not make a benefit. There is a sufficient number of men conversant with every separate practical question which arises to insure an intelligent examination of it. The essential consideration is, what would the state gain, if woman suffrage were adopted, except an enlarged constituency of voters? What would woman, by means of the ballot, add to the better or smoother development of the social system under which we live?

Unless the eternal feminine is to be sacrificed or to suffer, it seems to me that her sole influence would be an ethical or moral one. There are certainly strong grounds for the assumption that she would point the way to, or at least champion, the cause of reforms which man has perpetually dilly-dallied with and failed to do battle for. To be sure, many of her most virtuous endeavors would be likely to be focussed on matters where indulgences and weaknesses chiefly masculine were concerned—such as the liquor problem; but an alliance between her vote and that of the minority of men would probably be a blessing to the world, even though she showed herself somewhat a tyrant or a fanatic. Her advocacy of measures calculated to relieve society of abuses and curses, which have continued to afflict it because men have been only moderately in earnest for a change, could scarcely fail to produce valuable results. Perhaps this is enough in itself to outweigh the ignorance which she would bring to bear on



matters which did not involve ethical or humanitarian principles ; and it is indisputably the most legitimate argument in favor of woman suffrage. The notion that women ought to vote simply because men do is childish and born of vanity. On the other hand, if the state is to be a gainer by her participation in the perplexities of voting, the case takes on a very different aspect.

I have been assuming that the influence of woman would be in behalf of ethics, but my wife Barbara assures me that I am thereby begging the question.



"The ball-room."

She informs me that I have too exalted an idea of woman and her aims. She has confided to me that, though there is a number of noble and forceful women in every community, the general average, though prolific of moral and religious advice to men by way of fulfilling a sort of traditional feminine duty, is at heart rather flighty and less deeply interested in social progress than my sex. This testimony, taken in connection with the reference of Julius Cæsar to the disillusioning effect of a crowd of women in a drygoods store, introduces a new element into the discussion. Frankly, my estimate of wom-

en has always been high, and possibly unduly exalted. It may be I have been deceived by the moral and religious advice offered into believing that women are more serious than they really are. Reflection certainly does cause one to recollect that comparatively few women like to dwell on or to discuss for more than a few minutes any serious subject which requires earnest thought. They prefer to skim from one thing to another like swallows and to avoid dry depths. Those in the van will doubtless answer that this is due to the unfortunate training which woman has been subjected to for so many generations. True, in a measure ; but ought she not, before she is allowed to vote, on the plea of bringing benefit to the state as an ethical adviser, to demonstrate by

more than words her ethical superiority?

We all know that women drink less intoxicating liquor than men, and are less addicted to fleshly excesses. Yet the whole mental temper and make-up of each sex ought to be taken into account in comparing them together ; and with all the predisposition of a gal-

lant and susceptible man to say the complimentary thing, I find myself asking the question whether the average woman does not prefer to jog along on a worsted-work-domestic-trusting-religious-advice-giving basis, rather than to grapple in a serious way with the formidable problems of living. At any rate I, for one, before the right of suffrage is bestowed upon her, would like to be convinced that she as a sex is really earnest-minded. If one stops to think, it is not easy to show that, excepting where liquor, other women, and rigid attendance at church are concerned, she has been wont to show any



very decided bent for, or interest in, the great reforms of civilization—that is, nothing to distinguish her from a well-equipped and thoughtful man. It is significant, too, that where women in

will eventually be amended so as to give women the same voice in the affairs of government as men. But taking all the factors of the case into consideration, there seems to be no pressing haste for action. Even admitting for the sake of argument that woman's apparent lack of seriousness is due to her past training, and that she is really the admirably earnest spirit which one is

lured into believing her until he reflects, there can assuredly be no question that the temper and proclivities of the very large mass of women are not calculated at present to convict man of a lack of purpose by virtue of shining superiority in persevering mental and moral aggressiveness. Not merely the drygoods counter and the milliner's store with their engaging seductions, but the ball-room, the fancy-work pattern, the sensational novel, nervous prostration, the school-

girl's giggle, the teapot without food, and a host of other tell-tale symptoms, suggest that there is a good deal of the old Eve left in the woman of to-day. And bless her sweet heart, Adam is in no haste to have it otherwise. Indeed, the eternal feminine seems to have staying qualities which bid fair to outlast the ages.



"The fancy-work pattern."

this country have been given the power to vote in local affairs, they have in several instances shown themselves to be more solicitous for the triumph of a religious creed or faction than to promote the public welfare.

It is extremely probable, if not certain, that the laws of all civilized states





# A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

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## HOME AGITATIONS AND FOREIGN PROBLEMS

PRESIDENT ARTHUR  
THE LAW OF SUCCESSION  
MAHONEISM  
KEARNEY AND THE SAND LOTTERS  
"THE CHINESE MUST GO"

THE JAMES BOYS  
THE YORKTOWN CELEBRATION  
STANLEY AND THE CONGO  
ENGLAND AND THE ISTHMUS  
THE MONROE DOCTRINE AGAIN

DURING Garfield's illness Mr. Arthur's predicament had been most delicate. The second article of the Constitution provides that "in case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to dis-



Chester A. Arthur.

charge the powers and duties of said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President." What is here meant by a President's "inability," and how or by whom such inability is in any case to be ascertained, had never been determined. Was the question of "inability" to be decided by the President himself, by the Vice-President, or by Congress? Could the Vice-President take up Presidential duties temporarily, giving way again to the President in case the latter recovered, or must he, having begun, serve through the remainder of the four years, the once disabled President being permanently out of office? These problems doubtless weighed heavily upon Mr. Arthur's mind while his chief lay languishing. They were everywhere discussed daily. A popular view was advocated by General Butler, to the effect that the Vice-President himself was charged with the duty of deciding when to take up the higher functions. As Garfield's was a clear case of "inability to discharge the powers and duties of the Presidency," Mr. Arthur may actually have felt it, from a technically legal point of view, incumbent upon him to assume these "powers and duties." In a cabinet meeting Mr. Blaine suggested that Mr. Arthur be summoned to do this, intimating that the chief direction



should certainly be devolved on Arthur should an extraordinary emergency in administration arise. It was fortunate that no such emergency occurred, and that Mr. Arthur did not feel, for any reason, called upon to grasp the reins of government.

Hardly had Garfield breathed his last, when, the same night, in the small morning hours of September 20, 1881, Mr. Arthur took oath as President. This occurred in his house in New York City, Judge Brady, of the New York State Supreme Court, officiating. The next day but one, the oath was again administered by Chief Justice Waite in the Senate Chamber at Washington. On this occasion Mr. Arthur delivered a brief inaugural address. He said: "The memory of the murdered President, his protracted sufferings, his unyielding fortitude, the example and achievements of his life and the pathos of his death, will forever illuminate the pages of our history. Men may die, but the fabrics of our free institutions remain unshaken. No higher or more assuring proof could exist of the strength and power of popular government than the fact that, though the chosen of the people be struck down, his constitutional successor is peacefully installed without shock or strain."

Responsibility brought out the new President's best qualities. He had little special preparation for his exalted office. Save among the New York Republicans, he was almost unknown till his nomination as Vice-President, and when he succeeded Garfield there was much misgiving. Yet his administration was distinguished as few have been for ability, fairness, elevation of tone, and freedom from mean partisanship. He was extremely diligent, circumspect, considerate, and firm. That he had nerve men saw when, in 1882, he resolutely vetoed a portentously large River and Harbor Bill. His public papers were in admirable spirit, thoroughly considered, and written in a

style finer than those of any preceding President since John Quincy Adams.



William Mahone.

#### THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION

THE country's ordeal in connection with Garfield's death led to an important piece of legislation. Few were then or are now aware by what a slender thread the orderly government of our country hung between the shooting of Garfield in July, 1881, and the second special session of the Senate of the Forty-seventh Congress the following October.

Had Mr. Arthur died at any moment during this period—and it is said that he was for a time in imminent danger of death—or had he become in any way unable to perform a President's duties, there could have been no constitutional succession to the Presidency. The law of March, 1792, declares that in case the Vice-President as well as the President dies, is removed, or is disqualified, "the President of the Senate *pro tempore*, or, if there is none, then the Speaker of the House of Representatives for the time being, shall act as President until the disability is removed or a President elected." But at the time of Garfield's assassination, neither a President *pro tempore* of the Senate nor a Speaker of the House existed. It had been customary for the Vice-President before the end of a session of the Senate to retire, and so require the appointment of a President *pro tempore* who should continue as such during the recess; but on this occasion the special session of the Senate in May had adjourned without electing any such presiding officer. On October 10th Senator Bayard was made President *pro tempore* of the Senate, followed on the 13th by Senator David Davis. Of course there could be no Speaker at this time, as the Forty-sixth Congress had ceased to exist in March, and the House of the Forty-seventh did not convene till December.

In his first annual message President Arthur commended to the "early and





President Arthur. S. B. French. Judge Brady. D. G. Rollins. Elihu Root.

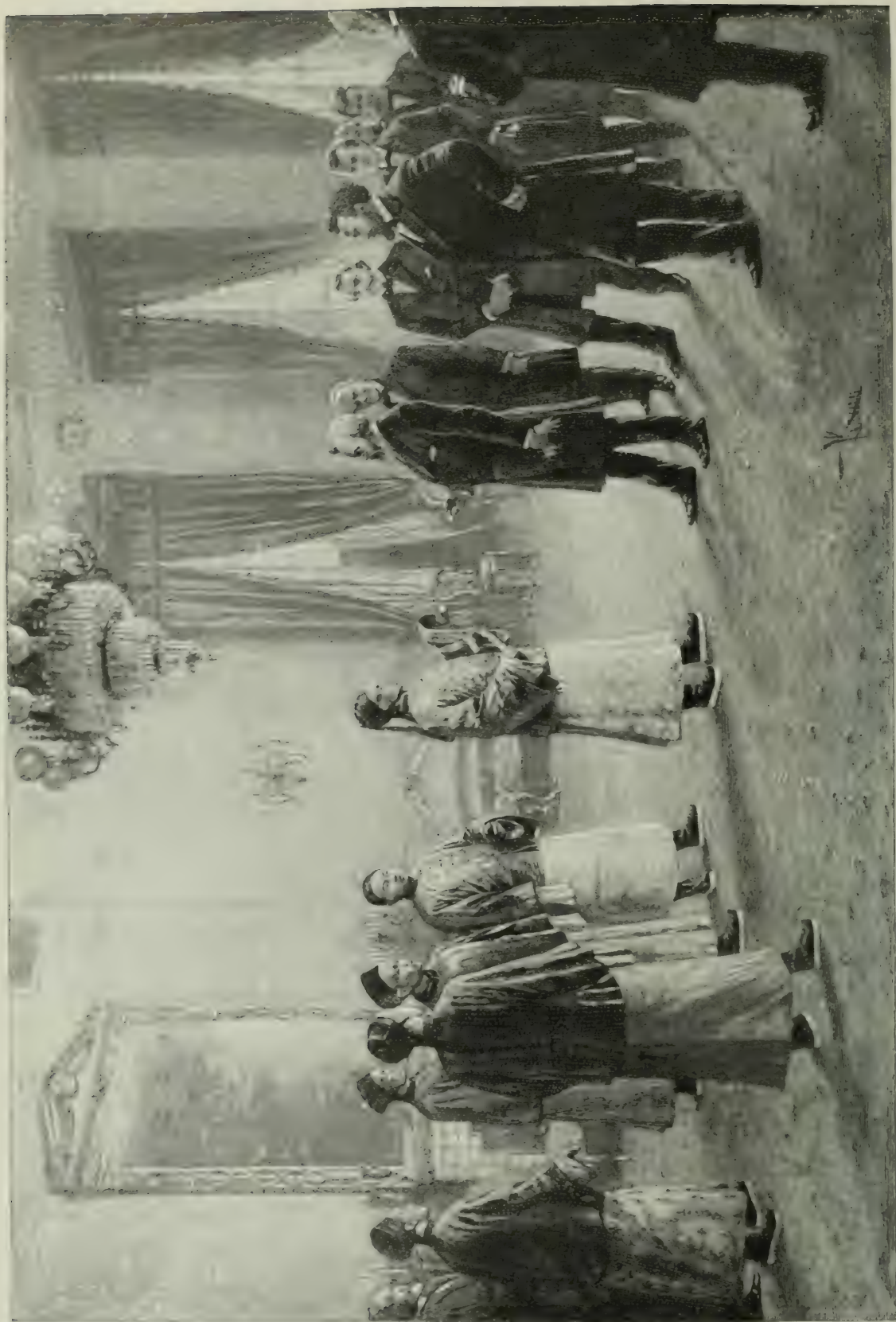
President Arthur taking the Inaugural Oath at his Lexington Avenue residence at two o'clock on the morning of September 20, 1881.

thoughtful consideration of Congress" the important questions touching the Presidential succession which had so vividly emerged in consequence of his predecessor's assassination. It had been a question whether the statute of 1792 was constitutional. The ground of the doubt was that, according to the doctrine agreed to when, in 1798, an attempt was made to impeach Senator Blount, of Tennessee, Speakers of the House and temporary Presidents of the Senate are not, technically, "officers of

the United States." Hence, were either a Speaker or a temporary head of the Senate to take a President's place, Presidential duties would be devolved on an official who could not be impeached for malfeasance.

On the second day of its first regular session the Senate of the Forty-seventh Congress ordered its Judiciary Committee to consider the question of the Presidential succession, inquire whether any, and if so what, further legislation was necessary in respect to the same,





"Unite the East and the West under an Enlightened and Progressive Civilization."  
President Hayes and his Cabinet receiving Chen Lan Pin and the First Resident Chinese Embassy to the United States, September 28, 1878.



and report by bill or otherwise. A bill to meet the case was soon introduced by Senator Garland, of Arkansas. The matter was briefly debated both then and at intervals for a number of years; but no legislation upon it occurred till January, 1886, when a law based on Garland's draft was passed. It provides that if the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency are both vacant the Presidency passes to the members of the Cabinet in the historical order of the establishment of their departments, beginning with the Secretary of State. If he dies, is impeached, or disabled, the Secretary of the Treasury becomes President, to be followed in like crisis by the Secretary of War, he by the Attorney-General, he by the Postmaster-General, he by the Secretary of the Navy, and he by the Secretary of the Interior.

We still have no legal or official criterion of a President's "inability to discharge the powers and duties of his office," nor has any tribunal been designated for the settlement of the question when it arises. We do not know whether, were another President so ill as Garfield was, it would be proper for the Cabinet to perform Presidential duties, as Garfield's did, or whether the Vice-President would be bound to assume those duties. Barring this chance for conflict, it is not easy to think of an emergency in which the chief magistracy can now fall vacant or the appropriate incumbent thereof be in doubt.

#### ARTHUR'S CABINET

THE only member of Garfield's Cabinet whom Arthur permanently retained was Robert T. Lincoln, Secretary of War. However, the old Cabinet did not dissolve at once. Not till December 15, 1881, did Mr. Blaine, who had practically been at the head of the Government from the President's assassination till his death, give up the office of Secretary of State. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, took his place. Ex Governor Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, had been nominated and confirmed as Secretary of the Treasury, but had declined on account of ill-health. Judge Charles J. Folger took the Treasury portfolio November 15, 1881. April 17,

1882, William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, and Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, were called to the Navy and Interior Departments respectively. January 5, 1882, Timothy O. Howe, of Wisconsin, was confirmed as Postmaster-General, but he died in March, 1883. Walter Q. Gresham succeeded him. The Attorney-generalship remained vacant till Benjamin H. Brewster, of Pennsylvania, took it in January, 1882. Secretary Folger died in 1884. Gresham was then transferred to the Treasury, Assistant Postmaster-General Frank Hatton being advanced to the head of the Post-office Department. Mr. Gresham soon resigned to accept a Circuit Judgeship on the Seventh Circuit. His place as Secretary of the Treasury was filled by Hugh McCulloch, who had administered most acceptably the same office from 1865 to 1869.



John A. Kasson, the Representative of the United States at the Berlin Conference.

In addressing Congress for the first time, President Arthur was able to represent the condition of the country as excellent. Colorado had been admitted to the Union in 1876. During the decade ending in 1880 our population had grown somewhat over twenty-five per cent.; that is, from thirty-eight millions to fifty millions. The net public debt, December 31, 1880, was a trifle less than \$1,900,000,000, a decrease in the face of the debt of \$600,000,000 in the ten years. December 31, 1881, the net debt stood at \$1,765,491,717. Agricultural production was found to have advanced one hundred per cent., while, according to the ninth census, the increase from 1870 to 1880 had been but twelve per cent. The tenth census corrected certain figures relating to our national area, making the country eight hundred square miles smaller than it had been supposed to be.

Americans thought it a serious mat-





"The Chinese Must Go!"

Denis Kearney addressing the workingmen on the night of October 29, on Nob Hill, San Francisco.

ter that for the year 1879 the foreign trade of Great Britain summed up more than \$3,000,000,000—two and a half times the amount of ours. It was also a source of solicitude that we were the only civilized country in the world whose ocean-carrying had absolutely decreased since 1856. In that year American ships bore seventy-five per cent. of all we exported and of all we imported. In 1878 American ships bore twenty-five per cent.; in 1882, fifteen per cent. Though foreign commerce had increased seventy per cent. in amount, the cargoes transported in

American ships were \$200,000,000 less valuable in 1878 than in 1857. Instead of our tonnage being, as in 1856, two and a half times as great as the foreign tonnage engaged in our commerce, the latter now amounted to four times our own. Instead of three and a half times that of Great Britain, we had less than a half.

#### MAHONE AND VIRGINIA

It was a significant feature of Mr. Arthur's first message that it made no allusion to the Southern question.





A Sand Lot Meeting in San Francisco. The Workingmen Passing a Resolution by Acclamation.

Composition of B. W. Clinedinst, with the assistance of photographs by Taber.



All felt, so well had Mr. Hayes's policy worked, that that section might now be safely left to itself. Meantime the "Readjuster" controversy in Virginia bade fair to be the entering wedge for a split in the solid South. The Readjusters were a Democratic faction taking name from their desire to "readjust" the State debt on a basis that meant partial repudiation. In 1879, by a fusion with the Republicans, the Readjusters controlled the State and elected their leader, William Mahone, to the United States Senate. Mahone had been a major-general in the Confederate Army, and his bravery greatly endeared him to the Southern heart. He it was who commanded the slender contingent of Confederates at Petersburg on July 30, 1864, when the mine on Burnside's front was exploded. He fought like a tiger, and made his dispositions with the utmost skill and coolness. To him almost alone was due the credit that day of keeping Petersburg from Union hands and of replacing the Confederate lines by sunset exactly where they were at sunrise. Had the Confederacy endured, he should have been one of its presidents for his meritorious services in this battle. The negro vote helped Mahone. He had always favored fair treatment for the black man. In his county the blacks had voted



A Typical Alley in "Chinatown."

After photographs by Taber.

freely and their votes had been counted as cast. Good provision for colored schools had also been made there.

The Virginian's entry into the Senate in 1881 was marked by a dramatic passage at arms. His personal appearance drew attention. He had been a striking figure in battle uniform, and he was hardly less so in citizen's attire. He wore a close-bodied suit of brown broadcloth, frilled cuffs extending beyond the sleeves. He had a small head and spindle legs. His hair and beard were long, his stature diminutive. One described him as "a spry midget, full of Irish fire, who enjoyed cutting a na-





A Characteristic "Mixed Family" in the Highbinders' Quarter, "Chinatown," San Francisco.

From a photograph by Taber.

tional figure." As elected, the Senate of the Forty-seventh Congress had a small Republican majority, but Garfield's Cabinet appointments, calling away the three Republican Senators—Blaine, Kirkwood, and Windom—left the two parties in the body equally divided. When the fight for organization came on there were thirty-seven sure Republicans and thirty-seven sure Democrats, not counting David Davis or Mahone, both of whom were expected to act more or less independently of party. Davis, favoring the *status quo* and evidently expecting Mahone to vote with the Democrats in organizing, declared himself resolved "to support the organization of the Senate as it stood." It had till now been Democratic. Had Mahone sided with him,

the committees as made up by the Democratic caucus would have been elected. But in spite of Democratic pleadings and denunciation, Mahone concluded to support the Republicans. This tied the Senate, even if Davis voted with the Democrats, and Vice-President Arthur could of course be counted on to turn the vote the Republican way. This he did in postponing indefinitely the motion to elect the Democratic committees and in electing the Republican list. When it came to choosing sergeant-at-arms and clerks, Davis, now favoring the new status as before he had the old, voted with the Republicans.

Mahone's course aroused great

wrath, especially among the Southern Senators. "Who is that man?" cried Senator Hill, of Georgia, amid laughter from the Republican side of the Chamber: "Who is that man so ambitious to do what no man in the history of this country has ever yet done—stand up in this high presence and proclaim from this proud eminence that he disgraces the commission he holds? Such a man is not worthy to be a Democrat. Is he worthy to be a Republican?" In rejoinder Mahone, while declaring himself a Democrat in principle, denied that he was indebted to the Democratic party for his place in the Senate. He concluded: "I want that gentleman to know henceforth and forever that here is a man who dares stand and defend his right against you and your caucus."



Senator Hill's query was forthwith answered. Mahone was welcomed by the Republicans with open arms. President Garfield sent a bouquet of flowers to his desk, and Federal patronage in Virginia was placed at his disposal.

#### THE CHINESE QUESTION

A STORM of indignation from the Pacific Coast fell upon President Arthur's head when, in 1882, he vetoed a bill for restricting Chinese immigration. To understand the reason of his act and of its unpopularity, a brief review is necessary.

What originally brought the Chinaman to our shores was the discovery of gold in California. At first he was not unwelcome. Said the *Alta California* of May 12, 1851: "Quite a large number of Celestials have arrived among us of late, enticed hither by the golden romance which has filled the world. Scarcely a ship arrives that does not bring an increase of this worthy integer of our population." The "worthy integer" was soon engaged in an exciting though not enviable part of the "golden romance," for the next year we read that gangs of miners were "running out" Chinese settlers. This race strife on the coast was incessant both during and after the war.

Meantime, Anson Burlingame, our Minister to China, who during an intercourse of some years had come to possess the confidence of the Chinese in an unusual degree, had been entrusted by them with a mission which at first seemed as though it might lead to new relations. On his return he bore credentials constituting him China's ambassador to the United States and to Europe. He proceeded to negotiate with this country a treaty of amity, which was signed on July 4, 1868. But anti-Chinese agitation did not cease. In 1871 occurred a riot in the streets of Los Angeles, when fifteen Chinamen were hanged and six others shot, Chinamen having murdered one police officer and wounded two others. In 1879 an anti-Chinese bill passed Congress, but was vetoed by President Hayes as repugnant to the Burlingame treaty. Rage against the Celestials, to which

all forces in the Pacific States had bent, being thus baffled at Washington, grew more clamorous than ever.

On September 28, 1878, a new Chinese embassy waited upon President Hayes. The ambassador, Chen Lan Pin, wore the regulation bowl-shaped hat, adorned with the scarlet button of the second order and with a depending peacock plume, caught by jewelled fastenings. His garments were of finest silk. He had on a blouse with blue satin collar, a skirt of darker stuff, sandal-shaped shoes, and leggings of the richest kid. His letter of credence was drawn by an attendant from a cylinder of bamboo embellished with gold. In this document the Emperor expressed the hope that the embassy would "eventually unite the East and the West under an enlightened and progressive civilization." The indirect issue of this embassage was a fresh treaty, ratified in March, 1881, amending the Burlingame compact.

That compact, recognizing as inalienable the right of every man to change his abode, had permitted the free immigration of Chinamen into the United States. The new treaty of 1881 so modified this feature that immigration might be regulated, limited, or suspended by us for no specified period should it threaten to affect the interests of the United States or to endanger their good order. A bill soon followed prohibiting Chinese immigration for a period of twenty years, on the ground that the presence of the Mongolians caused disorder in certain localities. This was the bill which President Arthur vetoed as contravening the treaty, he objecting, among much else, to the system of passports and registration which the bill would impose upon resident Chinese. But the advocates of the exclusion policy were in earnest, wrought up by the growing hordes of Celestials pressing hither.

Only sixty-three thousand Chinese had been in the country in 1870; in 1880 there were one hundred and five thousand. Another bill was at once introduced, substituting ten for twenty years as the term of suspension, and it became a law in 1882. China sent a protest, which availed naught.





Procession Wong Fong—the Most Representative Public Celebration Customary among the Chinese in San Francisco  
Painted by Thulstrup from photographs by Taber.



## KEARNEYISM

INTERWOVEN with the Chinese agitation, as well as with nearly all the national problems of that day and this, was the movement known as Kearneyism, which took form in California in 1877 and found expression in the State Constitution of 1879. Habits of mental unrest, engendered by speculation and the gold fever, had marked California society since 1849. A tendency existed to appeal to extra-legal measures for peace and justice. The golden dream had faded. Although wages were higher in California than in most parts of the country, working people there showed much discontent. In no State had land grants been more lavish or the immense size of landed estates more injurious. Farming their vast tracts by improved machinery, the proprietors each season hired great throngs of laborers, who, when work was over, betook themselves to the cities and swelled the ranks of the unemployed. Worse yet, California was in the hands of a railroad monopoly which by threats or blandishments controlled nearly every State official. Politics was corrupt, and political factions, with their selfish and distracting quarrels, were numerous. The politician was hated next to the "Nob" who owned him.

The immediate occasion of Kearneyism was the great railroad strike at the East in 1877. The California lines, having announced a reduction of wages, were threatened with a similar strike, but took alarm at the burning and fighting in Pittsburg and rescinded the notice. Nevertheless a mass-meeting was called to express sympathy with the Eastern strikers. It was held

on July 23d. The new-rich grandees trembled. Authorities took precautions, but at the meeting no disorder occurred. During this and the two following evenings a number of Chinese wash-houses were destroyed and some Chinamen killed. The violence was naturally ascribed to the workingmen.



Denis Kearney.



Isaac Kalloch, Elected Mayor of San Francisco by the Workingmen.

A Committee of Public Safety was organized under William T. Coleman, president of the Vigilance Committee of 1856. The laboring men denied their alleged complicity with the lawlessness, and a number enlisted in Mr. Coleman's "pick-handle brigade," which

patrolled the city for a few days. Among the pick-handle brigadiers was Denis Kearney, a man at once extreme in theories and language and singularly temperate in personal habits. Born in 1847, at Oakmount, Ireland, from eleven years of age to twenty-five he had followed the sea, but since 1872 had prospered as a drayman in San Francisco. He was short, well built, with a broad head, a light mustache, a quick but lowering blue eye, ready utterance, and a pleasant voice. He was of nervous temperament, and had the bluster and domineering way of a sailor, withal possessing remarkable shrewdness, enterprise, and initiative. For two years he had spent part of each Sunday at a lyceum for self-culture, where he had levelled denunciations at the laziness and extravagance of the working-classes, at the opponents of Chinese immigration, and at anti-capitalists in general.

For some reason, whether from a change of heart, or on account of unlucky dabbling in stocks, or because rebuffed by Senator Sargent, Kearney determined to turn about and agitate against all that he had held dear. On September 12, 1877, a company of the





Denis Kearney being drawn through the Streets of San Francisco after his release from the House of Correction.  
The procession passing the Lotta Fountain in Market Street

Painted by Howard Pyle from photographs by Taber and a description by Kearney himself.





R. C. Winthrop.



M. Glennan, the Virginia Commissioner of the Yorktown Centennial Celebration.

cisco assembled and organized "The Workingmen's Party of California." Its salient principles were the establishment of a State Bureau of Labor and Statistics and of a State Labor Commission, the legal regulation of the hours of labor, the abolition of poverty, along with all land and moneyed monopoly, and the ejection of the Chinese. Kearney, conspicuous among the extremists, was chosen president. His advanced ideas were incorporated into the party's creed, as follows:

"We propose to wrest the government from the hands of the rich and place it in those of the people. We propose to rid the country of cheap Chinese labor. We propose to destroy land monopoly in our State. We propose to destroy the great money power of the rich by a system of taxation that will make great wealth impossible. We propose to provide decently for the poor and unfortunate, the weak, the helpless, and especially the young, because the country is rich enough to do so, and religion, humanity, and patriotism demand that we should do so. We propose to elect none but competent workingmen and their friends to any office. The rich have ruled us till they have ruined us. We will now take our own affairs into our own hands. The republic must and shall be preserved, and only workingmen will do it. Our shoddy aristocrats want an emperor and a standing army to shoot down the people. When we have 10,000 members we shall have the sympathy and support

unemployed  
in San Fran-

of 20,000 other workingmen. The party will then wait upon all who employ Chinese and ask for their discharge, and it will mark as public enemies those who refuse to comply with their request. This party will exhaust all peaceable means of attaining its ends, but it will not be denied justice when it has power to enforce it. It will encourage no riot or outrage, but it will not volunteer to repress or put down or arrest or prosecute the hungry and impatient who manifest their hatred of the Chinamen by a crusade against John or those who employ him. Let those who raise the storm by their selfishness suppress it themselves. If they dare raise the devil, let them meet him face to face."

Soon began the memorable sand-lot meetings, made famous by the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which sent its best reporters to describe them. From his new eminence the agitator returned this favor by advising his hearers to boycott the *Morning Call* and subscribe for its rival, the *Chronicle*. His speeches were directed partly against the Chinese, but chiefly against the "thieving politicians" and "blood-sucking capitalists." At one gathering he suggested that every workingman should get a gun, and that some judicious hanging of aristocrats was needed. The sand-lot audiences were largely composed of foreigners, Irishmen being the most numerous, but even the Germans caught the infection. The orator could cater to their prejudices with effect, as he did in an address before the German Club in March, 1878: "Pixley said to me that the narrow-faced Yankees in California would clean us out, but I just wish they would try it. I would drive them into the sea or die." On the other hand, in the Kearneyites' Thanksgiving-day parade, appealing to the whole people, none but United States flags were carried and none but Union veterans carried them. The leader affected the integrity and stoicism of a Cato. As Cato concluded every oration of his with the impressive "*Carthago de-*





More than once, while himself breathing out threatenings and slaughter, he tactfully restrained his devotees from excesses. Shrewdly estimating the value of martyrdom, he once said: "If I don't get killed I will do more than any reformer in the world. But I hope I will be assassinated, for the success of the movement



The Nelson House at Yorktown at the Time of the Centennial—showing the hole in the brick wall made by a cannon-ball.

The Moore House, Cornwallis's Quarters at the Time of the Surrender—showing shot holes.

*lenda est,*" so Kearney introduced each of his harangues with "The Chinese must go!" The contest against the Chinese, he said, would not be given up till there was blood enough in Chinatown to float their bodies to the bay. Still, on one occasion a poor Chinaman at the mercy of hoodlums owed his rescue to the Kearneyites alone.

Much as Kearney delighted to scare the timid nabobs of San Francisco, he was careful to keep within the law.



The Memorial Monument—corner-stone laid Oct. 19, 1881.

The Centennial Celebration at Yorktown in 1881.





The Merchant Class—Types of Chinese Accountants.

After photograph by Taber.

depends upon that." The horns of this dilemma crossed, but each pointed in a hopeful direction. The leader's yearning for persecution was gratified. On October 29th about two thousand workmen collected at Nob Hill, where the railway magnates lived. Bonfires being lighted, Kearney launched his philippic. The "Nobs" heard the jeers at their expense, and looked out upon the lurid scene in alarm. They had Kearney and other leading spirits arrested on the charge of using incendiary language. The city government passed a sedition ordinance known as the Gibbs gag law, and the Legislature enacted a ridiculously stringent riot act.

The two laws were still-born and harmless. The only effect of the arrests and of the new legislation was to give Kearney additional power. On his release from jail he was hailed as a martyr, crowned with flowers and

drawn in triumph on his own dray. A Yorkshire shoemaker and evangelist named Wellock—"Parson Wellock" he was called—preached Kearneyism as a religion. He was tall, with a narrow head, high forehead, and a full, short beard. At each Sunday sand-lot assembly he used to read a text and expound its latter-day bearings. Speaking of the monopolists, he said: "These men who are perverting the ways of truth must be destroyed. In the Bible the Lord is called a consuming fire. When He commands we must obey. What are we to do with these people that are starving our poor and degrading our wives, daughters, and sisters? And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Take all the heads off the people and hang them up before the Lord.' This is what we are commanded by the Supreme Being to do with all that dare to tread down honesty, virtue, and truth."



Both parties began to court Kearney. Aspirants for office secretly visited him. Office-holders changed from hostility to servility. The railroad kings, if they failed to moderate his language, found ways to assuage his hatred. Hirelings of corporate interests joined the Kearneyites and assisted them to carry out their wishes. Even the better classes more and more attended his harangues, partly from curiosity, partly from sympathy, partly from disgust at the old parties. The enthusiastic compared him with Napoleon and Cæsar. The party of the sand lots, Kearney nominally its president, really its dictator, spread over and controlled the State. This result assured, "reform" needed only that a new State constitution should be adopted, properly safeguarding the people against monopolies and the Chinese. Agitation for a constitutional convention was at once begun and pushed till successful.

The very immensity of the new party's growth begot reaction. The monopolists intensely hated Kearney at

the very moment when they most sought to use him. His chief strength lay in the city populace. The Grangers sympathized and in many measures co-operated with him, yet maintained a becoming independence. In the city, too, there was a rival labor organization, set on foot at that first mass-meeting held to express sympathy for the Pittsburg strikers. Though Kearney's braggadocio "took" wonderfully with the people, this body let slip no chance for denouncing the man's extreme notions and assumption. Numerous and active enemies were made by Kearney's inability to brook aught of opposition or rivalry. By a motion of his hand he swept out of existence the Central Committee of his party. He liked best his most fulsome eulogists, and selected lieutenants whom he could fling aside the instant they hampered or crossed him. Many so treated beset him afterward like fleas. The Order of Caucasians, a species of anti-Mongolian Ku-Klux, with headquarters at Sacramento, was opposed to

Kearney. Many men of influence and apparent impartiality, notably Archbishop Alemany, criticised his incendiary speeches, alienating some of his supporters.

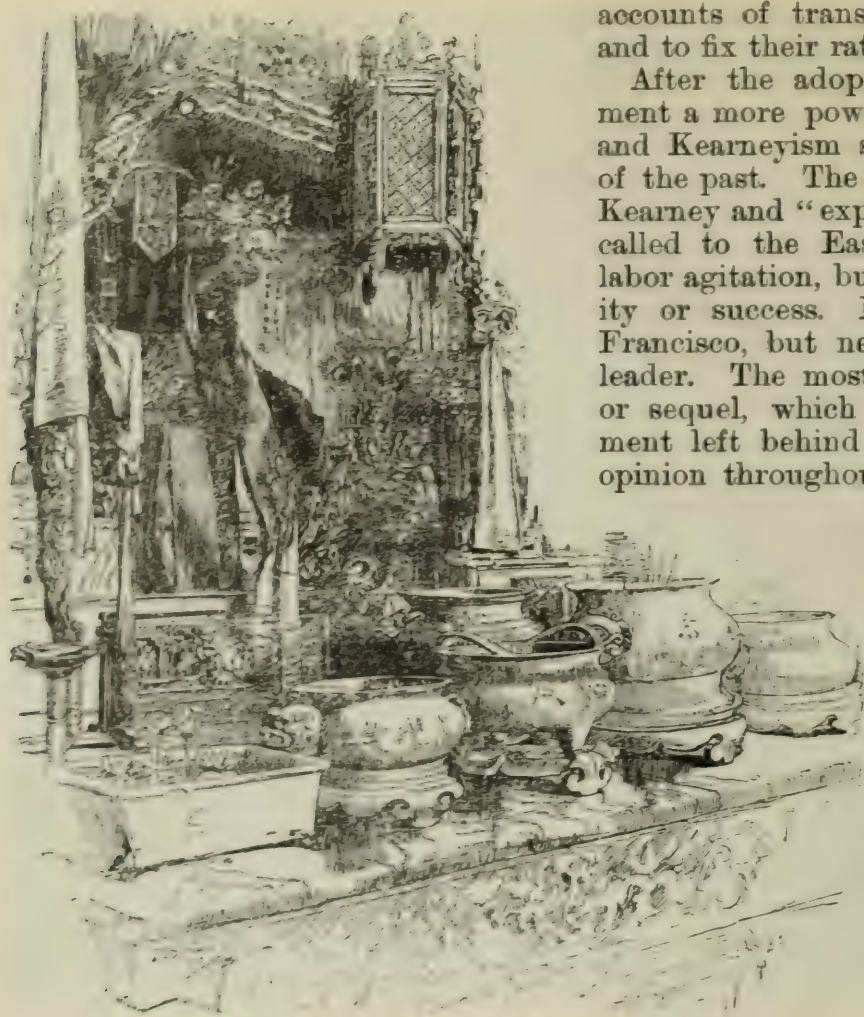
Democrats now felt that by "united action" the Constitutional Convention which the Kearneyites had succeeded in getting called might be saved from their control. Accordingly a non-partisan ticket was started, which, notwithstanding some grumbling from the old "wheel-horses" of the two parties, received pretty hearty support. Despite all, by coalescing with



Types of the Official Class. The Chinese Consulate in San Francisco.

After a photograph by Taber.





God in Joss Temple, "Chinatown," San Francisco.  
After a photograph by Taber.

the Grangers, the Kearneyites controlled the convention. The new California Constitution which resulted was an odd mixture of ignorance and good intentions. To hinder corruption in public office it reduced the power of the Legislature almost to a shadow, and made the bribery of a legislator felony. To lighten taxation, particularly where it bore unduly upon the poor, the Constitution set a limit to State and local debts, taxed uncultivated land equally with cultivated land, made mortgage debts taxable where the mortgaged property lay, and authorized an income tax. However, for the benefit of the school fund, a poll tax was laid on every male inhabitant. Corporations were dealt with in a special article, which restricted them in many ways. Among other things, it instituted a commission with extraordinary powers, enabling it to examine the books and

accounts of transportation companies and to fix their rates for carriage.

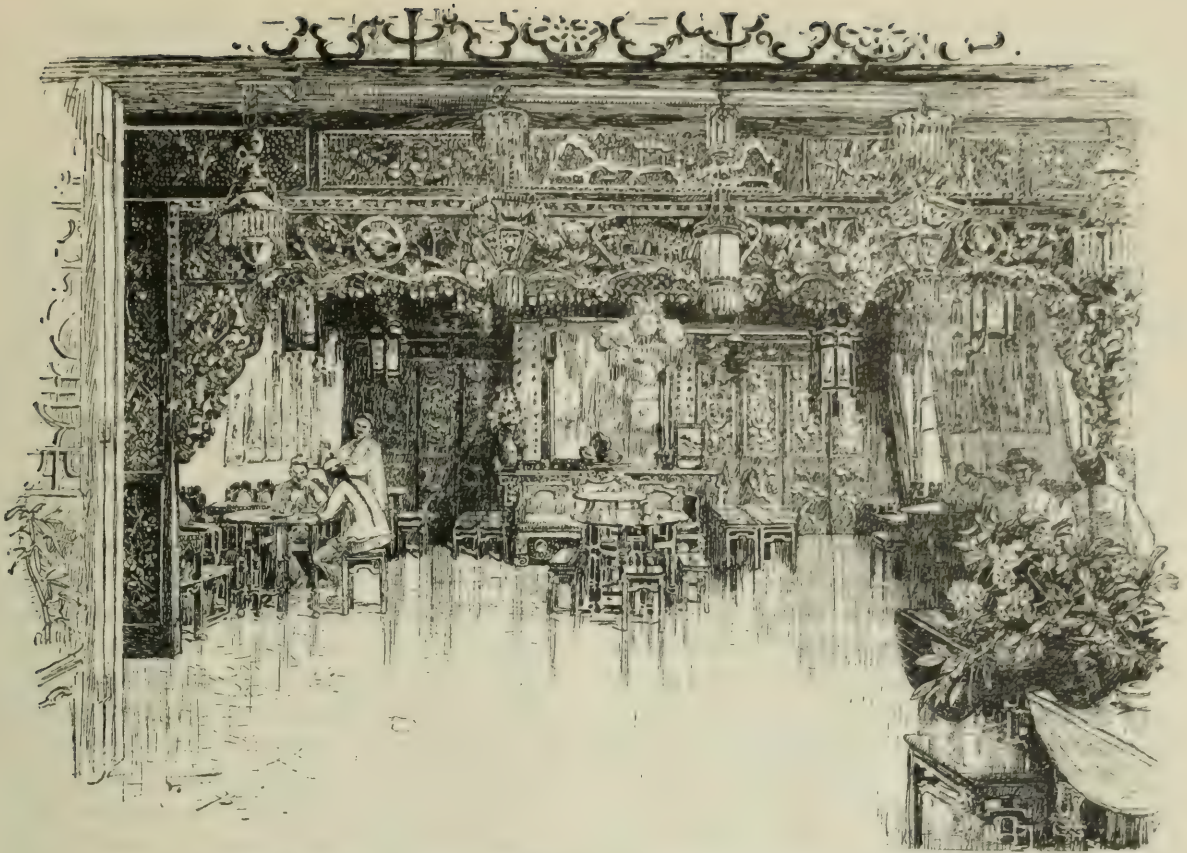
After the adoption of this instrument a more powerful reaction set in and Kearneyism soon became a thing of the past. The *Chronicle* abandoned Kearney and "exposed" him. He was called to the East in the interest of labor agitation, but had little popularity or success. He returned to San Francisco, but never again became a leader. The most pronounced result, or sequel, which the Kearney movement left behind was a fixed public opinion throughout California and all the Pacific States against any further immigration of the Chinese. The new California Constitution devotes to these people an entire article. In it they are cut off from employment by the State or by corporations doing business therein. "Asiatic coolieism" is prohibited as a form of human slavery. This sentiment toward the Celestials spread

eastward, and, in spite of all opposition by interested capitalists and by disinterested philanthropists, determined the subsequent course of Chinese legislation in Congress itself.

#### THE JAMES DESPERADOES

DURING the years under survey Missouri as well as the Pacific States had to contend with aggravated lawlessness. When hardly a week passed without a train being "held up" somewhere in the State, Governor Crittenden was driven to the terrible expedient of using crime itself as a police power. In the spring of 1882, Jesse James, the noted desperado, was assassinated by former members of his gang, who then surrendered to the authorities and were lodged in jail—none too soon, as an angry populace,





Dining Room of a Chinese Restaurant in Washington Street, San Francisco.

After photographs by Taber.

gathering in thousands, hotly beset the slayers. Slayers and slain had been Confederate guerillas in the war. On the return of peace they became train-robbers as easily as privateers turn pirates. James, at any rate, had not been inspired by lust of gain, for in spite of robberies amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars he died poor. He had been a church member, concerned for "his wayward brother" Frank's salvation. After his death his sect in Missouri repudiated him, while expressing strongest disapproval of the treachery used in his taking off. For nearly twenty years every effort to capture the fellow had proved futile. The nature of the country aided him, but not so much as the enthusiastic devotion of his neighbors.

This murderous chief, this ruthless man,  
This head of a rebellious clan,

had made himself a hero. The *Sedalia Democrat* said: "It was his country. The graves of his kindred were there. He refused to be banished from his

birthright, and when he was hunted he turned savagely about and hunted his hunters. Would to God he were alive to-day to make a righteous butchery of a few more of them."

By thus fighting fire with fire, Governor Crittenden succeeded in dispersing three other desperado bands. Upon being arraigned the men-killers pleaded guilty and were sentenced to be hanged, but they were at once pardoned. The Governor's policy, however, was most unpopular. Infinite hate and scorn were visited upon the betrayers. James's wife and mother cursed them bitterly; Dick Little, chief traitor, being the object of their uttermost loathing. "If Timberlake or Craig (the county sheriff and his deputy) had killed my poor boy," cried the mother, "I would not say one word; but, O God! the treachery of Dick Little and those boys! Craig and Timberlake are noble men, and they have done too much for me. My poor boy who now lies there dead told me if they killed him not to say one word." Craig and Timberlake were pall-bearers at James's funeral.



The Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad extended courtesies to the bereaved widow and mother, who were on all hands the heroines of the hour.

#### THE YORKTOWN CELEBRATION

OCCURRENCES more interesting than the Chinese imbroglio of 1882 now turned American eyes abroad.

Close after President Garfield's funeral followed an event which for some days attracted the world's attention—the centennial celebration of Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, Va. The hamlet of Yorktown is seated on a sandy river-bank among the vestiges of the two sieges it has sustained, that of 1781 and that of 1861, the Confederate works thrown up in the last-named year not having completely erased the defences erected by Cornwallis. The Confederate fortifications were to be seen in 1881, as also some of McClellan's approaches. The site of Washington's headquarters, still known as "Washington's Lodge," was pointed out two and a half miles back from the river. The buildings were burned during the civil war, but the house had been rebuilt. The old Nelson House, gray, ivy-grown, massive, was standing, while a mile away was the Moore House, Cornwallis's quarters at the time of his surrender. Its exterior was tricked out with red, yellow, and green paint, effects which, inside, "æsthetic" wall-paper and gaudy carpets strove to match.

Once redeemed from the British and once from Confederate rule, the village was now, for a few days, rescued from its own loneliness. There was some complaint that locality was not ignored and the anniversary celebrated where modern conveniences were at hand. Such were the dust and heat of Yorktown on the first day of the *fête* that pilgrims admired Cornwallis's good sense in surrendering as quickly as decency allowed, that he might go elsewhere. The second day was twenty degrees colder, and dusters gave way to ulsters. Truly vast preparations had been originally planned, but so obvious were the discomforts which

could not but attend a long sojourn at the place, that the programme was radically docked. The events that were left, however, amply repaid for their trouble all who saw them.

Arrangements had been making at Yorktown for a month, during which time the sandbanks all about were in a stir, such as neither Cornwallis nor Magruder's cannon-wheels had occasioned. When the day marking the anniversary of the Briton's surrender arrived, a score of great war-ships, with other craft of various sorts, lined the river up and down, while shanties and tents covered the landscape in all directions. Wagons, buggies, and carriages by hundreds came and went, frequent among them the two-wheeled family vehicle of the Virginia negro, attached by a rope harness to a scrawny "scalawag." Strains of martial music, the thunder of heavy guns, throngs of civilians and of soldiers, thieves and gamblers plying their art unmolested till a welcome detachment of Richmond police arrived—all conspired to waken the little place from the dead. To the credit of the Post-office Department, no hitch occurred when mails multiplied from three a week to two a day, and the daily delivery of letters mounted from fifty to five thousand.

The celebration began on October 18th, "Surrender Day." Troops had been pouring in all night and the influx increased at dawn. Some had marched far and swiftly. Captain Sinclair's battery of the Third Artillery had covered the distance from Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, to Yorktown, 470 miles, in twenty-one marching days. At ten o'clock the Tallapoosa, bearing the President and most of his Cabinet, came up the river, being saluted as she passed the batteries. At this notice "the yards of the ships of war were manned"—the account reads quaintly after the lapse of but fourteen years. For ten minutes smoke-clouds covered the river and the boom of ponderous cannon quenched all other sounds. Behind the Tallapoosa were vessels bringing the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of War, and General Sherman. Distinguished foreign guests came too, descendants



of de Grasse, de Rochambeau, de Lafayette, and von Steuben, the heroes who had shared with Washington the glory of humbling England's pride a hundred years before. Each dignitary being saluted according to his rank, the deafening cannonade was kept up for a number of hours.

Wednesday, October 19th, was devoted to the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Yorktown Centennial Monument. Commemorative exercises formed the feature of Thursday. President Arthur delivered an address, the Marquis de Rochambeau responding in French, Baron von Steuben in German, all three being loudly applauded. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop pronounced the oration of the day. The presence of Steuben and Rochambeau, of Generals Sherman and Wade Hampton, of Hancock, the favorite and hero of the festival, and Fitz Hugh Lee, hardly second to him in receipt of applause, naturally suggested the themes of concord and reunion. Among those who shook hands with President Arthur was the widow of President John Tyler. At the conclusion of these exercises all the troops passed in review before the President. It was the most brilliant military pageant seen since the war. Northern visitors noticed, with pleasure, that many of the Southern commands wore uniforms of blue. On Thursday evening fireworks were displayed. All the war vessels were illuminated. The flagship Franklin so disposed her lights as to bring out the outlines of her hull and rigging with charming effect. The celebration ended on Friday with a naval review, embracing all the men-of-war in the harbor. A graceful and handsome deed, acknowledged by the British press, was the salute paid by the entire fleet to the Union Jack hoisted at the foremast of each vessel.

In 1884 occurred an event presaging change in the time-honored foreign policy of the United States. Our diplomatic representatives took leading part in the Berlin Conference of that year, a conference which dealt with important questions touching the Dark Continent.

## STANLEY AND THE CONGO

IN September, 1876, Leopold II., King of the Belgians, had convened at his palace a conference of African travellers, to discuss the best means of opening equatorial Africa. Half a year later a Congress was convoked at the same place, where appeared delegates from Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, The Netherlands, Spain, Switzerland, and the United States. A committee of three, headed by the King, and including General Henry S. Sanford, of Florida, representing the English-speaking races, recommended the formation of an International African Association to found "hospitable and scientific" stations in Africa under the association's own flag. A chain of such stations was formed from Zanzibar to Lake Tanganyika.

The royal enterprise was advertised to the world mainly by the labors of Henry M. Stanley. Born in 1841, near Denbigh, Wales, where he was known as John Rowlands, from three years of age to thirteen the lad lived and was schooled inside St. Asaph Poor-house. He later ascribed all his success to the education here received. When sixteen he shipped for New Orleans, where he found a foster-father in a trader named Stanley, whose name he assumed and henceforth bore. At the outbreak of the civil war his energy took a military turn, and the man who was later revered by the Congo blacks as "Father and Mother of the Country," enlisted on the pro-slavery side, because, as he explained, he then knew no better. He was taken prisoner, escaped at night by swimming a river amid a storm of bullets, and made for Wales, but not to stay. Returning, he enlisted once more, this time in the Federal navy, acting presently as ensign on the flagship Ticonderoga. The young man is said to have once swam five hundred yards under fire, to attach a hawser to a Confederate steamer, which was thus made prize. Peace restored, the path of a newspaper correspondent in wild and distant lands attracted the bold fellow; and we find him by turns in Spain, Turkey, and Syria.



Stanley's fame was not sealed, however, till James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, despatched him to the Dark Continent to "find Livingstone." More explicit directions would have been impossible at the time, as well as needless and insufferable for Stanley. The new explorer found the old one, who refused to return to civilization before completing his explorations. Livingstone died in Africa, his work still incomplete, but it was taken up and astonishingly supplemented by his strong successor. The Queen sent Stanley a gold snuff-box set with diamonds. France decorated him with the cross of the Legion of Honor. Bismarck entertained him. Leopold II. treated him as if he had been a prince of the blood. The poor-house boy became the most famous man on earth.

After Stanley had discovered the Upper Congo in 1877, "The *Comité d'Etudes* of the Upper Congo," a branch, or perhaps a partner, of the International African Association, devoted its labors to that region. In 1884 General Sanford wrote: "This work has developed into extraordinary proportions and has had for practical result the opening up to civilizing influence and to the world's traffic this vast, populous, and fertile region, securing certain destruction to the slave-trade wherever its flag floats." The flag—blue, with a golden star in the centre—was as yet unrecognized. The United States, so prominent in the inception of the enterprise, was the first to recognize it. In his annual message for 1883, President Arthur calls attention to the work of the association, "of which a citizen of the United States is the chief executive officer."

The succeeding April the Secretary of State found himself authorized to proclaim "that in accordance with the traditional policy of the United States, which enjoins their careful attention to the commercial interests of American citizens, avoiding at the same time all interference in the controversies engaged in between other powers or the conclusion of alliances with foreign nations, the Government of the United States declares its sympathy with and approbation of the humane and noble

object of the International Association of the Congo, acting in the interest of the Free States established in that region, and commands all officers of the United States, either on land or sea, to recognize the flag of the International Association as that of a friendly government."

This step was much criticised abroad. The scramble for "a piece of Africa" had begun, and the association, which, unrecognized, might be a cat's-paw, once recognized became a rival. France and Portugal, each of whom had her claim (one very ancient, the other just hatched, but both much cackled about) to lands occupied by the association, were especially nettled. Had the claims mentioned been fully conceded the new State would have been left without sea-coast. The adjustment gave to the blue-flag nation a coast frontage of from thirty to forty miles north from the Congo estuary, as well as a vast empire of back country. More vital ends than these touching the African continent waited to be attained, appealing to "the commercial interests of American citizens," and to their "sympathy" and "approbation." Besides, Americans had founded Liberia, American missionaries were not few in Africa, a wealthy American journalist had furnished the means and a famous American explorer performed the task of rescuing Dr. Livingstone. All these facts aroused public interest here and led to our participation in the Berlin Conference.

This step was as fiercely criticised at home as our recognition of the blue flag had been abroad. The timid shrieked appeal to the Monroe doctrine. Our commercial interests in Africa, it was said, were small, even *in posse*. Considered as *disinterested*, the action was denounced as meddling. We should regret it, critics said, when the Nicaragua controversy reached an acute phase. The correspondent of the London *News* considered the conspicuous part taken by our delegates in the conference an intimation that this country was henceforth to be more active in foreign affairs.

The conference assembled on November 19, 1884. It was formally opened by Prince Bismarck, who stated its main objects to be: 1. To secure free naviga-



tion and trade on the River Congo. 2. To secure free navigation of the River Niger. 3. To determine the formalities to be in future observed for the valid annexation of territory on the African continent. The neutralization of the Congo and Niger, an American proposition, put forward by our delegate, Mr. Kasson, was attained in part, not perfectly, owing to the opposition of France. The motion to restrict the sale of liquor in the Congo basin, though introduced by Italy, was also of American origin. It was bitterly assailed by Germany and Holland, but was partly realized afterward. The United States, with England, joined the enlightened King of the Belgians in securing provisions for the preservation and amelioration of native races, the suppression of slavery and the slave-trade, and the encouragement of all religious, scientific, and charitable enterprises, with perfect religious liberty for white and black. Arrangements were made to include the neutralized strip in the Postal Union.

Subsequent events have justified Stanley's assertion that the course of the United States toward the new sovereignty was "well worthy of the great republic." The aborigines no longer dread the merciless Arab slave-raider, for his power is broken. Cannibals who in 1877 assailed Stanley with flights of poisoned arrows are now enlisted in the little standing army of the Free State. The sale of liquor, arms, and gunpowder has been restricted. Commerce has more than doubled the proportions it had when the conference rose. A railroad around Livingstone Falls has been begun and part of it is in operation.

#### ENGLAND AND CENTRAL AMERICA

WHILE the Congo episode was broadening American ideas of the Monroe doctrine, events in Central America led to the emphatic reassertion of that doctrine. M. de Lesseps's ill-starred attempt to ditch the Isthmus of Panama was begun in 1881. The prospect of its success raised anew questions of neutrality and control over land or water routes joining the oceans. During President Taylor's administration

the United States had requested Great Britain to withdraw her pretensions to the Mosquito Coast, that Nicaragua and ourselves might join to construct a canal from there to the Pacific. Great Britain declined, but signified her consent to a treaty admitting her to a share in the protection of the proposed canal. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty resulted, having in view, so far as the United States was concerned, the encouragement of a canal enterprise under the so-called "Hise" grant made us by Nicaragua. The treaty declared that neither government should "ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship-canal," or "occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America," the last provision, however, not to apply to the British settlement at Belize. The governments further agree to "facilitate the construction of the said canal by every means in their power," to protect it and to guarantee its neutrality. The eighth article of the treaty extends the agreement "to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus.

The projected canal was never begun, and interest in the subject subsided until after the war. It was revived by the attempt of France to join us, perhaps with other nations, in guaranteeing the neutrality of the new isthmus route which de Lesseps was designing. On March 8, 1880, in a special message, President Hayes said: "The United States cannot consent to the surrender of control (over an interoceanic canal) to any European power or to any combination of European powers." Hayes evidently assumed that the British guaranty mentioned in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty had relation solely to the schemes then in mind.

Secretary Blaine, under Garfield, maintained the same position. The United States, having guaranteed the neutrality of any route which might be opened across the isthmus, would brook no participation of European nations in this office. Mr. Blaine proposed certain modifications of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, made as it was under extraor-



dinary and exceptional conditions, and operating, as it would in case of war, to place the canal in the hands of England's navy. He said: "As England insists, by the might of her power, that her enemies in war shall strike her Indian possessions only by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, so the United States will equally insist that the canal shall be reserved for ourselves, while our enemies, if we shall ever be so unfortunate as to have any, shall be remanded to the voyage around Cape Horn." In declining Blaine's proposition to modify the treaty Lord Granville pointed out the great interest of his country and of the whole civilized world in an unobstructed passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He painted "the melancholy spectacle" of "competition among the nations in the construction of fortifications to obtain the command over the canal and its approaches," a consequence apprehended (in other words, threatened) by her Majesty's government, should the United States persist in demanding supreme authority over the canal.

Under Mr. Frelinghuysen, President Arthur's Secretary of State, the controversy assumed a tenor more legal and less journalistic. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty he thought certainly voidable at our option. It had applied only to interoceanic ways definitely contemplated or in prospect in 1850, especially to a canal under the grant of 1849 from Nicaragua, a grant which the United States, "poor in money and floating capital," was unable by herself to make effective. In consideration of the speedy construction of the canal and of Great Britain's withdrawal from adjoining soil, our Government had "consented to waive the exclusive and valuable rights which had been given to them; consented to agree with Great Britain that they would not occupy, fortify, colonize, or assume dominion over any part of Central America, and consented to admit her Majesty's government at some future day to a share in the protection which they have exercised over the Isthmus of Panama." But, through Great Britain's fault alone, the proposed canal had never been constructed, while the tolerated mahogany-cutting "set-

tlement at Belize" had been, in contravention of the treaty, erected into a veritable colony.

Under an international guarantee of neutrality, Mr. Frelinghuysen argued, a canal across the isthmus "would affect this republic in its trade and commerce; expose our western coast to attack; destroy our isolation; oblige us to improve our defences and increase our navy; and possibly compel us, contrary to our traditions, to take an active interest in the affairs of European nations." On the other hand, the political interest of this country as sole guarantor would not necessarily conflict with the material interest of other nations, to whose free use the canal would still be open. International agreements of the kind proposed by Lord Granville our Secretary declared in peace useless, in times of dissension unenforceable.

The discussion was, for the time, closed at the end of 1882, when the British Secretary announced England's conclusions, as follows: "The meaning and effect of Article viii." (as widening the scope of the treaty and establishing a general principle) "are not open to any doubt; the British Government have committed no act in relation to British Honduras or otherwise which can invalidate that treaty and justify the United States in denouncing it; and no necessity exists for removing any of the provisions of that treaty."

Many pronounced our opening of this question unwise, a foolish manifestation of a "jingo" policy. Mr. Blaine's spirited manner in the discussion was particularly reprehended. The criticism was unjust. The imbroglio was not of Mr. Blaine's creation, but came to him with the state portfolio from Secretary Evarts, upon whom it had been thrust by the action of Colombia, incited by France. Mr. Blaine's despatches upon the subject, perhaps less able than those of Evarts or those of Frelinghuysen, and almost dangerously bold in tone, yet take the only ground which a patriotic American Secretary of State could have assumed. Had Mr. Blaine been as reckless as many thought him, he would have moved to denounce the treaty forthwith and risk the consequences; but the time had not come for that.

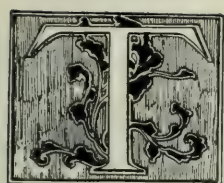




The Irreclaimable at Home. The English Pheasant.

## DOMESTICATED BIRDS

*By N. S. Shaler*



THE stages of advancing civilization are well marked by the successive steps which have been taken in the domestication of animals and plants. The first of these is found in the adoption of the dog, which appears to have served even the most primitive men as a companion and as a helpmate in the chase. In a higher state of culture, when men felt the need of more strength than their bodies afforded and a better support than they could win by hunting, they domesticated horses, bulls, and sheep, and, becoming the owners of flocks and herds, adopted the nomadic life, with its endless search for fresh fields and pastures new.

It is an interesting fact that about all the work of domestication which has

been done by man has been accomplished by the peoples of Asia and mainly by the Aryan race. The American Indians tamed a few species of native plants: even where their habits were prevailingly sedentary they domesticated no birds. It was left for Europeans to make use of the wild turkey. Our primitive people had the same chance to tame ducks and geese as the folk of the Old World. They appear, however, to have lacked all capacity for such endeavors. The same lack of disposition to capture and tame wild creatures is noticeable among the characteristic peoples of Africa, all of which serves to show that the domesticating art, at least as applied to animals, is peculiar to the higher-grade folk of the Old World.

Of all the birds which have been domesticated, our common barnyard fowl



has been by far the most useful to man. It has become in a way interwoven with his life to a degree found only in a few of our barnyard animals. Next after the pigeons and the pigs it has been most deeply impressed by the breeder's art. The wild species whence it sprang is a small creature, laying but few eggs and with but a slight tendency to accumulate fat. From this parent stock varieties have been bred which attain in some cases to eight or ten times the weight of the ancient form. They have, moreover, lost the fierce combative spirit which characterizes their ancestors and which by selection has been preserved and intensified in our breeds of game-cocks.

It is an interesting fact that our barnyard fowl is the only species of a large family of birds which has been truly domesticated. The kindred pheasants and grouse, though abounding in the Old World and the New, and much disposed to abide about the cultivated

fields, appear to be essentially untamable. However well cared for, the wilderness motive seems to be ineradicable. The domesticability of the cock, as is that of most other wild animals, is doubtless to be explained by the conditions of the life in which it has dwelt for ages before it was introduced to the society of man. In its wild state this bird had already to a great extent lost the power of flight, using its wings only for escaping from four-footed pursuers or to attain the branches of the trees in which it sought safety in the night-time. With this measure of loss of the flying power, the creature abandoned the habit of ranging over a wide field and thus was made more fit for domestication. Moreover, in their wilderness life these birds dwelt in more established communities than their kindred species. The most of these wild forms do not keep together through the year, but scatter after the young are able to shift for themselves. The Indian species of



Houdan.

Cochins.

Leghorns.

Game.



*Gallus* from which come our cocks and hens, however, have organized their life so that the individuals remain associated in a friendly way throughout the year.

A part of the fitness of this creature to cast in its lot with man arises from the fact that they have very sympathetic natures. This is shown by the way in which the cocks will fight for their hens, even against their dreaded enemies, the hawks, and by the manner in which the mother, overcoming her natural fears, will do battle for her brood. It is shown also in the curious mingling of gallantry and kindness with which the cock will call a hen to give her some choice bit of food which he has captured. As he grows older and becomes Philistinish we may note that, after the manner of unfeathered bipeds, he is often disposed to indulge his selfishness, calling his flock only to see him devour the morsel. Even in old age, however, the males of the varieties which are nearest the parent stock maintain their helpful motives and will struggle with their infirmity to beat off a bird of prey.

The sympathetic and affectionate quality of our barnyard fowl is perhaps best indicated by the singular variety and denotative value of their various calls and cries. Those who know these birds well will find no difficulty in recognizing

about a score of diverse sounds, each of which indicates a particular turn of their mind. Almost all of these different notes have slight variations of expression which fit particular situations. Thus the crow of these birds, which may seem to the unobservant a very unvaried sound, discloses to those who have lovingly studied them at least half a dozen distinct modifications. In the fledgling male who just begins to feel the spirit of his kind, and who goes through his performance in the adolescent way, it is a cheap and often pitiful call. From the open roost in the trees, where the birds are gradually aroused by the slow-coming day, we can often hear the note of the half-awakened cock, as full of the sense of slumber as the speech of a sleeping man. As the creature gradually awakens, his cry becomes more resonant until it has the true morning ring. Brave as is this note of the full day, it is not to be compared with the crowing of a game-cock, the most splendid braggart sound of all the animal world.

The really sympathetic notes of our fowls are uttered in their ordinary intercourse. Here the gradations of sounds have a range and fineness which, it seems to me, we can observe in no creature below the level of man. At-



Bantams.

Brahma.

Dorkings





The Original Wild Rock Dove (*Columba Livia*) and Some of Its Domestic Descendants.

tention, astonishment, fear, commonplace distress, exultation, and agony are all set forth with cries which we, in a way, recognize as appropriate. Although some of these sounds relate to the larger experiences of the creatures, the most instructive of them are uttered in their ordinary intercourse, where they clearly maintain a kind of consensus in the flock by unending small bits of emotional speech, the notes being shaded in a wonderful way. These fine variations of utterance can sometimes be observed to be related to slight differences of situation. Thus the cackle of a hen when she leaves her nest after laying an egg is quite different from that which is made by the same hen when, during the period of incubation, she quits her eggs in search of food and water.

So nice and well understood are the differences between the sounds which these birds give forth, and so well are their notes appreciated by their companions, that the creatures may well be said to have a language. Though it probably conveys only emotions and not discreet thoughts, it still must be regarded as a certain kind of speech. The modes of expression indicate that

in this creature, as in the other feathered forms, the intellectual life largely consists in the movements inspired by the emotions. On the rational side our fowls seem weaker than many other less interesting species. In their nesting and other habits there are no evidences of constructive ingenuity, and in all my observations of them I have never seen any evidence which showed either considerable powers of memory or a capacity to act in any complicated way, with reference to an end. It is evident, however, that they make a very good classification of the world about them. They have, for the limited field over which they roam, a keen topographic sense; they never become lost, and this, in connection with their sympathetic homing instinct, prevents them from wandering from their accustomed places to take up again with a wilderness life.

In their adhesion to domestication our common fowls differ in a remarkable way from all other of our captive animals except the dogs, and these birds are even more ineradicably attached to man than his older companion. While the dogs will sometimes become half wild, or, as we may phrase it, undomi-



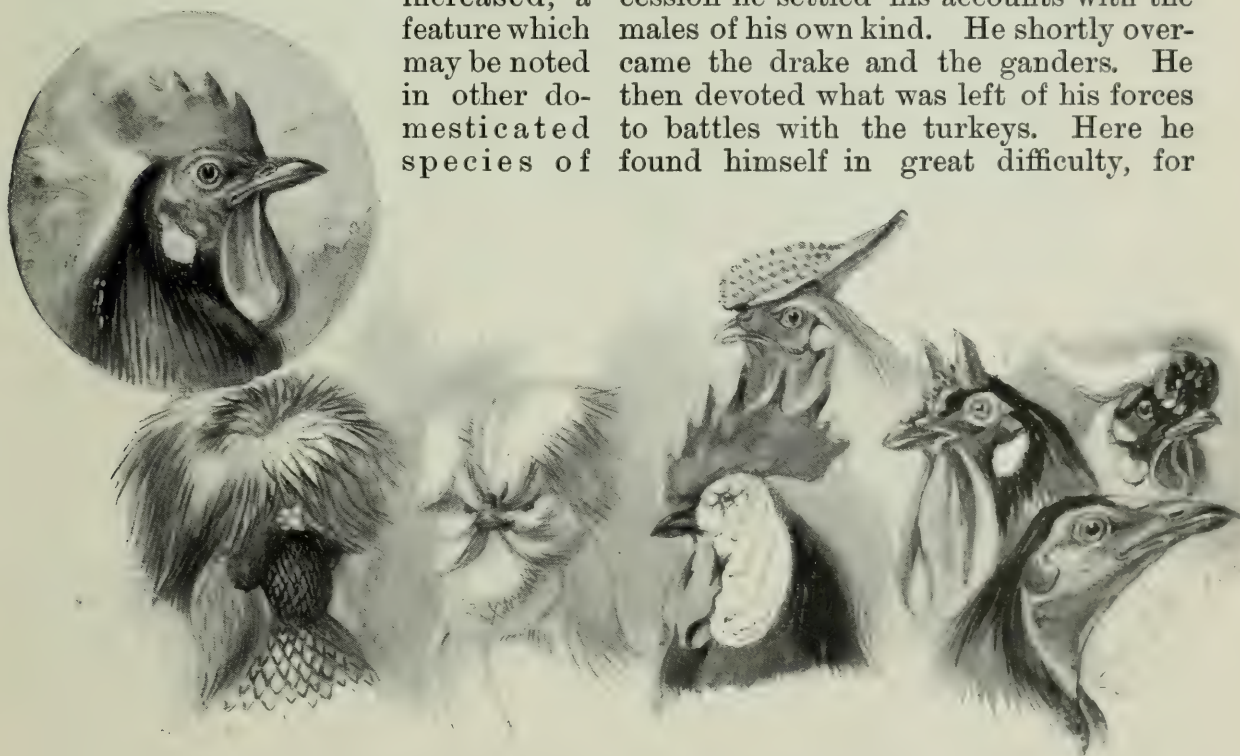
ciled, fowls seem incapable of maintaining themselves apart from human care. In much ranging of the wilderness I have never found one of these creatures more than a thousand feet away from a human habitation. When we consider how common must be the chances of their going astray and how easy it is in many parts of the country, as in our Southern States, for them to obtain in the wilderness food throughout the year, the fact that they never go wild is indeed remarkable. It can only be explained by the great development of the homing instinct which man has brought about in their sympathetic souls.

Although our unnatural process of breeding has done much to degrade the original beauty of the cocks and hens, destroying the delicate coloration of the feathers as well as the admirable blending and contrasts of their pristine hues, it seems likely that the effect on the physical and mental development as a whole has not been unfavorable. Though less courageous, they are stronger creatures than in their wild state; they are clearly more fecund, they are gentler natured, and so far as I have been able to compare the high-bred with the primitive forms their range of expression through the voice has been much

increased, a feature which may be noted in other domesticated species of

birds, as, for instance, in the canaries. The most remarkable alteration which has been brought about in the minds of these creatures consists in the very great diminution in the combative motive of the males. In the wild forms, as well as in the kindred variety, of the game-cock this impulse to battle attains a truly phenomenal development, the like of which is probably not to be found in any other creature. The male birds begin their warfare before they are more than half grown, and in their adult state will attack anything which they can conceive to be an enemy. They will, with slight provocation, assail any of the other domesticated species of birds, and even the lesser mammals, such as the dogs and cats. They will fight their own image in a looking-glass. I have had game-cocks attack my hand when it was held near the ground and given an up and down movement in imitation of their antagonist's head.

I once reared a game-cock by hand, keeping him secluded from his kind until he was adult. I then placed him in a large collection of barnyard fowl where there were half a dozen mongrel cocks, a drake of the muscovy variety, several ganders, and two turkey-gobblers. Immediately and in rapid succession he settled his accounts with the males of his own kind. He shortly overcame the drake and the ganders. He then devoted what was left of his forces to battles with the turkeys. Here he found himself in great difficulty, for



The Original Jungle Fowl (*Gallus bankiva*) and Some of His Domestic Descendants.



the reason that these great birds would seize him by the head and lift his body off the ground. However, he soon learned an ingenious trick, which protected him from this danger. When gathering breath in the intervals between his assaults he would hover himself between his antagonist's legs, keeping step with the awkward creature in its efforts to get away from him. In a few days he wore out these doughty foemen and remained the battered master of the field.

Although the indomitable valor of the game-cock may be in some measure due to the selection which the breeder has applied to the variety, there can be no question that it is essentially natural to the species and is the result of an age-long habit which in the native wilds of the creature did much to insure its safety. The antiquity of the state of mind may be judged by the perfection to which the spurs have attained and the remarkably skilful and definite way in which the creatures use them. The spur, which has arisen from the development of the scales and underlying bone of the bird's leg, is a singularly perfect structure, the finish of which cannot be judged in the degraded form in which it is found in our ordinary barnyard species. Although in its construction this weapon is admirably devised, it is placed in a position where only a remarkably well-addressed movement can give effect to its blow. Those who have watched game-cocks in combat have had a chance to see the vaults by which the creature, partly turning in the air, is able to throw the spur in such a manner that it shares the impulse of the body when it strikes the antagonist. This peculiar craft has been in good part lost among our common varieties. Their spiritless contests differ as much from those of the game birds as do the fist fights of untrained men from the combats of skilled pugilists.

Although to persons unaccustomed to the spectacle the combats between game birds may seem disgusting, almost everyone must admire the valor, grace, and address which such scenes exhibit. Except where the brutal custom of putting steel points on the spurs prevails

the birds rarely receive fatal wounds. The defeated cock is soon brought to confess his inferiority and takes himself away. At no other time in the life of these birds does their organic beauty appear to such advantage as when they are struggling with each other. Then alone do we perceive the singular efficiency of their bodies and the quick as well as appropriate action of their instincts. They set themselves against each other in attitudes as well chosen and as peculiar as those of a well-trained fencer. Before the assault they often go through a singular performance, which consists in picking up bits of twigs or pebbles. These they cast into the air, an unmeaning movement which may be compared to the like meaningless though similarly graceful salute with which swordsmen preface their contests. Then with their legs flexed, so that they may be ready for the spring, and with the rather stiff feathers about the neck erected so as to serve as a shield, they creep toward each other until they are separated by the distance appropriate for the spring. When fairly placed for battle they begin a system of fence which is intended to provoke the enemy to an untimely spring. The art of the game appears to consist in persuading the adversary to venture an attack where his force will be spent in the air, so that a blow can be given him before he has time to recover position. The issue depends much on the endurance of the birds. Their movements require so much energy that one of them is apt to become exhausted before the other is quite spent. In rare cases, only one of which has been seen by me, a weary bird will feign death for a minute or so and thus obtain new strength with which to renew the combat, profiting also by the confusion which he will bring upon his adversary by his sudden revival.

Although our barnyard fowl are the only ground birds which have ever been brought to a state of perfect domestication, there are several other species of the same group which have been taught in a measure to adhere to man. Of these perhaps the longest in domestication is the peafowl. This creature, though it has edible, indeed we may say savory, flesh, has retained its small place



in the attitudes of particular feathers which is unequalled, but for splendor none of them approach the peacock in his best estate.

The peacock is a native of southern Asia, a realm in fact in which the species of the group attain an uncommonly rich development. The creature appears to have been domesticated some thousands of years ago,

but has undergone no considerable changes in its experience with man. It has in truth not been completely tamed. It does not willingly remain near the dwellings of man, but prefers to



Contributions from Asia, Africa, and America.—Peacock, Guinea-fowl, and Turkey.

in civilization solely on account of its extraordinary beauty. For its size it is doubtless the most beautiful of animals, its plumage, especially the magnificent display of the tail, exceeding that of any other natural object. There are other birds of small size which vie with the peacock in the details of ornamentation. Those jewels among the feathered tribes, the humming-birds, have a more delicate beauty. The birds of paradise and the lyre-birds have a grace

abide apart, only resorting to the home when in need of food. It is very intolerant of the other barnyard creatures, and often becomes possessed of a kind of mania for slaying their young, not for food but from pure spirit of mischief.

Intellectually speaking the peacocks are much below the cocks and hens: although they flock together, their sympathies do not seem quick; their cries and calls do not number a fifth part of those which we hear from our chickens,



and their notes are prevailingly very discordant. Their cry of defiance answering to the crow of the cock is one of the rudest and least sympathetic sounds which is heard among the birds. Its only merit is that it can be heard very far. It is readily audible at the distance of a mile when it breaks the stillness of a summer night. At present the bird seems out of favor. At best it is a beautiful but annoying ornament to pleasure-grounds. It is likely, indeed, that it may in time become limited to its native wildernesses and to zoological gardens.

The last considerable addition to our barnyards has come to us in the form of the turkey. This species has the peculiar distinction of being the only animal form of definite use to man over a wide field which has been contributed from the life of the New World. Although the creature was much hunted by our North American Indians, and is of a type which lends itself to domestication, it does not appear to have become a companion of man until it was taken from the West India Islands to Europe shortly after the discovery of this country. Thence the domesticated form appears to have been returned to this country, where it has been a favorite in a measure unknown in the Old

World. Ornithologists deem the Cuban turkey, whence our tame form came, to be specifically distinct from those which are found on the mainland of this continent. Although these kinds are distinguishable by plumage, they are probably only varieties of a common species. This is indicated by the fact that our tame flocks readily intermingle with their wild kindred.

The ease with which the turkey becomes domesticated is remarkable. In this regard the creature may be compared to our cocks and hens. In both cases the tamableness is doubtless to be explained by the fact that the primitive forms dwelt in permanent association, the movements of which were in a way controlled by the adult males, and by the fact that the forms had abandoned the use of wings for wide-ranging flight. The change which has been brought about in the turkeys with their adoption into the human association has been slight. No distinct varieties of breeds have been originated, though here and there the observer may note slight local variations in the coloration of the plumage, which are probably due to varying admixtures with the wild forms of our forests. Thus in Kentucky and other parts of the South, where the opportunities for the inter-



THE DOMESTICATED TURKEY.



mingling of blood of the tame and wild forms are often, the domesticated creatures frequently resemble so nearly the wilderness forms that even the wary hunter may make mistakes as to whether the bird he sights be fair game or no. Unless carefully watched a drove of these creatures on the border of the wilderness is apt gradually to return to the wild state, the three or four centuries of life about the home of man not having been sufficient to do away with their ancient love of freedom.

Among the English folk of North America the turkeys found a large place as an element of the food supply. It has become curiously associated with the Puritan festival of Thanksgiving, an institution which has spread throughout the United States and which has in a way taken the place of the harvest-home festivities of the Old World and bygone ages. It is probable that the relation of these birds to our national festivities has done much to keep it in use in this country. It is a well-recognized fact that it is costly to keep, and that the eggs are not desirable for domestic use. The species requires a wide range. It does not do well in the confined conditions in which cocks and hens can readily be maintained. It therefore is not likely to be kept in any region where the agriculture is of a high grade. It is best suited to farms where there are considerable areas of half-wild pastures.

Although the turkey is a truly gregarious form its mental endowments are of a lower grade than those of most social birds. Their calls are few in number and have little of that conversational quality which we note in those of our ordinary barnyard fowls. Although the males contest the field with each other by personal combats, they are not very valiant, the creatures trusting for favor with the females rather to the parade of their plumage and the pomp of their carriage than to the wager of battle. In the matter of show they are, however, very effective, being only surpassed by the peacock in the splendor of their attire. In their domesticated state they lose much of the beauty which they have in the wilderness, as they do their pristine di-

mensions. Those who have hunted our wild species are likely to remember scenes where in some forest glade they have beheld a gobbler displaying his graces to an admiring harem. As he struts about with his tail feathers erect and his neck arched back, now and then pausing to utter an exultant gobble, the spectacle is one of the most amusing displays of animal pride which the naturalist has a chance to behold.

Recent experiments in ostrich farming seem to indicate that we are on the eve of introducing into our "happy family" the noblest remaining member of that group of great birds which characterized the life of the later geological periods. As yet the efforts in taming ostriches are too new for us to tell just what the effect of man's skill on the development of this creature will be. It is evident, however, that the creature can be won from its wilderness state at least to something like the imperfect companionship with man which has been attained by the guinea-fowls and turkeys. All we know of the variations in plumage of birds indicates that the breeder's art may bring about great variations in the highly decorative feathers for which this bird is to be reared. It is also probable that with the better food which domestic conditions imply this wanderer of the desert may be brought to attain a very much greater size than it wins in the hard life of its native land. If the form should prove as plastic as that of our ordinary barnyard species, we may indeed succeed in developing a variety approaching in dimensions the gigantic moa of New Zealand or the *apyornis* of Madagascar, those magnificent creatures which passed away just before their native lands were known to our race. The variations in size of the wild ostrich appear to indicate that this interesting result may be attainable.

Next after the cocks and hens, the most important birds of economic value have come from the water fowl. In this field there are great opportunities for domestication, only a few of which have been adequately used. The aquatic birds, save for the fact that they are in all cases inspired with a more or less strong migratory humor, lend them-



selves to the shaping hand of man more readily than most other forms. These creatures have the habit of association in a much more perfect way than our ground birds. They normally dwell in rather close order and in relations which are necessarily very sympathetic. Whoever has watched the flight of wild geese must have remarked the beautiful way in which they arrange at once for close companionship and for safety in the violent movements which impel their heavy bodies at high speed through the air. In the order of their flight the alignment is more perfect than in the march of trained soldiers. Each bird keeps as near to his neighbor as possible, but manages always to preserve the interval which will insure against a collision of the strong and swift moving wings, an accident which might well disable them for flight. I have repeatedly undertaken to confound their motion by firing a rifle-bullet at the head of the moving wedge. Although the sound of the projectile, if well directed, will disturb their processional order, it never brings confusion. The startled birds sink down or rise above the plane of the air in which their comrades are moving, but they never strike against them.

The sympathetic quality of our water-fowl, at least in that part of the emotion which leads them to be concerned with the afflictions of their species, appears to be more distinct than in the case of our ordinary barnyard fowl. Geese, as is well known, will make common cause against an intruder from whom harm to the flock may be expected. Their simultaneous din when anything occurs to arouse their enmity is commemorated in the ancient myth concerning the aid which they gave in the defence of the walls of Rome. There are anecdotes apparently well attested where water-fowl have borne away a wounded comrade which had fallen before the huntsman's fowling-piece. In Smiles's "Life of Edwards" there is an often-quoted story which appears to be trustworthy and sufficiently illustrates this point. A hunter having shot one of a flock of terns, which, wounded, fell into the water near the shore, he waded in to seize it. Suddenly two of

the terns came to their wounded companion, seized him by either wing and bore him toward the open sea. When these two helpers were weary the sufferer was lowered into the water, and, in turn, seized by two other birds which were fresh for the labor. Working in succession these birds carried their companion to a rock some distance from the shore. When the hunter endeavored to approach the rock, yet others of the species seized the cripple and bore him far beyond his reach.

As yet, from the great number of species of water-fowl, man has really domesticated but two characteristic groups, the species of geese and of ducks. Swans have been brought to a state where they tolerate the presence of man, though they rarely establish any really intimate relations with him. Some other species, as, for instance, the grebe, have been taught to dwell about the homes of men, accepting food from his hands. It is likely that more of these water-fowl would have come into human associations were it not for the fact that they are naturally migratory, and when, after a season of domestication, they join a passing flock, they never return to the place where they have been kept.

Although many of the free-flying birds of the land are or have been kept captive because of the pleasure which men have found from their songs, their grace, or their quaint ways, only one of these has really been gained to domestication. In the pigeon man has made what is on many accounts the most remarkable of all his conquests over the wild nature about him. Although the breeder's art has led many forms, some of them on several divergent lines, far away from their primitive estate, in no other field has it accomplished such surprising results as with the doves. The original wild form of this group is a native of Europe and Asia, where the species *Columba livia*, or rock pigeon, is still common, and whence it may be readily won anew to domestication. It is a small, plain-colored, rather invariable and inconspicuous bird about the size of our American dove. In its wild state it dwells in small flocks, nesting by preference in the crannies of the cliffs and exhibiting no striking qualities which



make it seem a desirable subject for domestication. We note, however, that even in this primitive condition the creature has certain physical and mental qualities which have been the basis of its adoption by man as well as of the wide changes which it has undergone at his hands.

It is a characteristic of all the doves that their young are born in a very immature state, and for some time after they come from the egg they have to be supplied with food which has been partly digested in the crop or upper part of the stomach of the parent. For the proper rearing of the brood there is required the assiduous care of both parents. Therefore quite naturally we find among these birds that the pairing habit is well developed, and as they rear several broods each season that the *mating* is for life. Although there are a number of birds in various orders which are accustomed to the monogamic habit, it happens that the pigeon is the only animal which man has ever won to true domestication in which the sexes can be thus permanently united. In the dove-cote, however many birds it may contain, the breeder can be always sure as to the parentage of the young which he is rearing. This affords an admirable basis for the practice of his art, which is still further favored by the fact that pigeons reproduce rapidly, and the progeny are ready to mate in a few months after they come into the world. Thus the species affords really ideal conditions for that process of selection on which the improvement of all domesticated animals intimately depends.

Selective breeding of pigeons began in India, as the records seem to show, more than two thousand years ago. Though other animals have been brought to domestication at much earlier times, this appears to have been the first of them to be subjected to deliberate efforts on the part of their masters, which were intended to bring about in a methodical way certain changes in their forms and habits. The most curious part of this great endeavor which has been applied to breeding pigeons is found in the fact that the ends sought have no utility, but afford satisfaction from the point of view of pure diver-

sion or the gratification of taste. We are well accustomed to the action of such motives upon our flowering plants of the garden, but the pigeon is the only animal where fancy has labored for thousands of years for its gratification. The breeders of pigeons, from remote antiquity to the present day, appear to have had no definite purpose in all their pains. They have taken the chance variations in form and habit and endeavored to extend these sports of nature by a careful system of mating those in which the singular features were most evident. Thus the fan-tail breed has been developed until the creatures display their unornamental tail feathers with all the dignity with which a peacock shows his marvellous decorations. The pouters have in some unaccountable way learned to take air into their crop, and the habit has been developed by selection until the bird destroys all trace of his original shapeliness, though he seems to take pride in his diseased appearance. The tumbler, probably derived from some ancestor afflicted with a disease of an epileptic character, manages to go through his convulsions in the air without serious consequences and apparently with some pleasure to himself. There are over two hundred less conspicuous varieties, of which only one deserves notice, and this for the reason that it has some possible utility to man and is now much attended to. This is known as the carrier pigeon.

In early time, before the invention of the railway and telegraph, some ingenious breeder of pigeons, observing the constant way in which these creatures returned to the place where they were bred, invented the plan of using them to convey information. This service was found convenient not only for ordinary correspondence, but was exceedingly valuable where a place was beleaguered by an enemy. In such cases carrier pigeons could often be used to convey information across the otherwise impassable lines. Even in modern times, as, for instance, during the last siege of Paris, these swift and sure flying birds proved of great use in keeping up communications between the people of the invested town and the French armies in the field. Letters in cipher, sometimes



photographed down until the characters were microscopically fine, were made into packages of small weight in order not to impede the flight of the bird, carefully affixed to its body, and thus sent away. Very generally these curious shipments came to the hands of those for whom they were destined. The birds can be trusted to fly at night; they retain for a long time the memory of their home and spare no pains to return to it.

It must be regarded as unfortunate that the experiments which have been made on pigeons have been limited to their features of form, color, and slight peculiarities in their habits. If the breeders had sought to modify the intellectual parts with anything like the insistence which they have given to the development of these bodily peculiarities, we might now have a most valuable store of knowledge as to the limitations of animal minds. The facts gained in the breeding of the carriers show clearly that certain of the instincts of these birds can be readily modified. There is every reason to suppose that their mental capacities in other directions have something of the same pliability.

Although some of the free-flying or tree birds have been kept for their beauty alone, the greater part of them have commended themselves to man because of their voices. It is hardly necessary to tell the reader that the birds of all animals are most provided with means of expression through the voice. There is hardly a species which has not a greater range of notes or calls than the most vocal of our wild mammals, and many varieties are impelled to tuneful expression in the measure in which no other creatures, not even man, exhibits. In most cases these utterances are pleasing to the human ear, for they have the quality which we term musical. Therefore it is not surprising that the most of our captive birds have been chosen for their song.

It seems clear that the song of birds, like their calls—the two shade indefinitely into each other—expressed a sympathetic emotional consciousness of the actions going on about them, particularly of the life of their kind. In gen-

eral these utterances are directed toward kindred of their own species. In many cases, however, as among the imitative birds, the sounds which they utter indicate a curiously keen interest in the actions of their masters or other human affairs. The mocking-birds and some other species will, with great assiduity, endeavor to copy any sound which they happen to hear. I well remember watching a mocking-bird which was listening with rapt attention to the noise produced by a man sharpening a saw with a file. The poor bird would hearken with great attention until he thought he had caught the note and then endeavor to reproduce it. As may be imagined, the measure of his success was small. He was fully conscious of his failure, and would beat himself about the cage in evident chagrin, returning again and again to try the hopeless task.

Wherever the vocal organs of caged birds permit them to imitate human speech they are apt to devote a large part of their labor to this task, paying little attention to other less meaningful sounds. It appears to me that they perceive in a way the sympathetic character of language and therefore take a peculiar pleasure in copying it. It is hardly to be believed that they ever get a sense of the connotative value of words, but it is not to be doubted that they sometimes attain to a certain appreciation of the denotation of simpler phrases. In this task they do not exhibit as much sagacity as the dog, a creature which learns to understand the purport of rather complicated sentences. Nevertheless their capacity for imitating speech is a fascinating peculiarity, one which has greatly endeared them to bird fanciers.

The remarkable way in which the art of hawking has disappeared from our civilization deserves more than a passing notice, though it appears to be inexplicable. It is evident that it was a tolerably ingrained habit, at least among the English-speaking people, for it has left a very deep impress upon the language. There are far more phrases derived from the custom than can be traced to any other of the sportsman's arts. At least, one of these collocations



equivalent to giving a person a strapping.

Whatever may have been the reason for abandoning this beautiful and in a way noble sport, its disuse must be deemed most unfortunate by all the students of animal intelligence, for it has deprived us of precious opportunities in the way of observations on the mental peculiarities which exist in a most interesting group of birds. In these days, when there is much humor for reviving the customs of our forefathers, it might be well for some persons of leisure to give their attention to restoring the arts of falconry. Enough of the practice and of the traditions is left to make it an easy task to reinstitute all the important parts of the custom. Moreover, those who essayed the matter would have access to

of words which has escaped from the minds of grown people still holds a place among the boys of this country. When two lads are fighting we often hear the bystanders say, by way of encouragement to one of the contestants, "Give him Jesse." The use of this curious phrase prevails in all parts of the United States, but after much inquiry I have failed to find a trace of it preserved in England. There seems to be little doubt that these words are due to a custom of beating a hawk which failed to do its duty with the thongs or jesses by which it was attached to the wrist of the falconer. Giving another jesse thus came to be

a much greater range of rapacious birds than our forefathers, who had to content themselves with the limited number of wild species which inhabit the continent of Europe. Especially on our Western plains, where game birds abound and the country lies wide open, sportsmen would find an admirable field in which to follow the bird they flew. Not only would the restoration of hawking give us a sport much more skilful and refined than the fox chase, but it would reintroduce the cultivation of the only creature which, having once been brought to the service of man, has been permitted to return to its ancestral wild life.



The Giant Crowned Pigeon of India. (The largest of the pigeons since the extinction of the Dodo.)



## MR. HUXLEY

*By George W. Smalley*

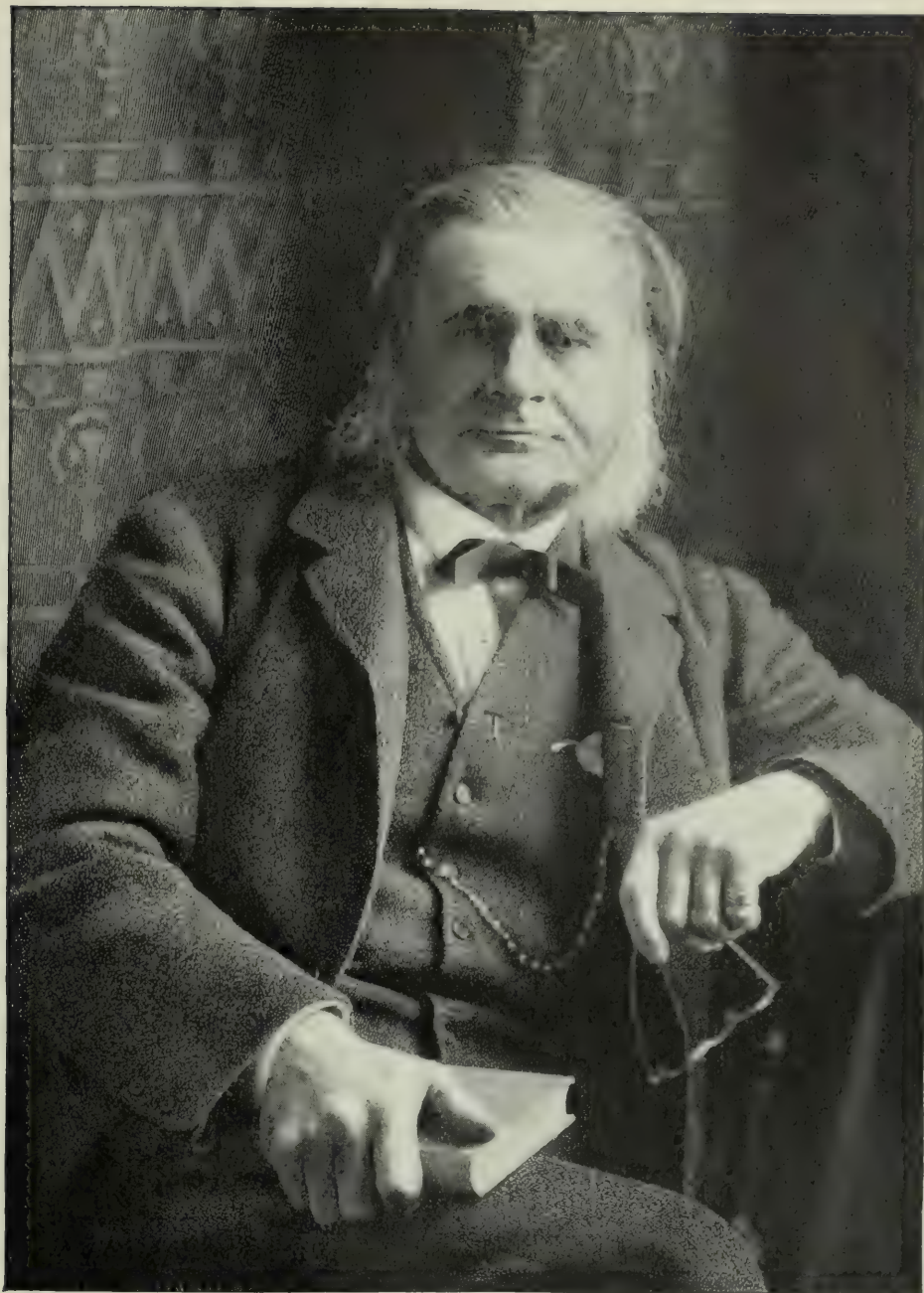
MY acquaintance with Mr. Huxley began in 1876. We were fellow-passengers on the White Star Steamship *Germanic* from Liverpool to New York. It was not, I think, our first meeting, but I date from that voyage our real acquaintance and the friendship which followed. The friendship, cemented by some common interests and by a long-continued and close relationship between his family and mine, lasted without a break to the day of his death; and lasts still. It was in some respects so intimate that to write anything at all about him seems almost a breach of the confidence he gave me. On the other hand, to write nothing is to be untrue to him and to his memory—to the memory of one of the truest men who ever lived, one of the manliest, and in all points one of the noblest. I believe I should say the same thing if I had never known him, or known him but slightly, for I have known also many of his friends and some of his enemies, and from no one of them did I ever hear a word questioning his loyalty or truthfulness of nature. What may have been said in controversy does not count. Most men will say strong things when hard pushed, and Mr. Huxley was all his life long in the thick of some conflict or other, and endured the usual hardships of conflicts very stoically.

These, or most of these, may nevertheless be passed over. The records of them are all in print. No doubt he will pass into history as a born fighter. The combative instinct was in him, but it was very far from being merely pugnacity. He fought for that which he thought to be true and right. On no other terms could you engage him in any conflict whatever. It is impossible to conceive of Huxley as a mercenary, as taking pay for anything in which his heart was not, as upholding an opinion in which he did not believe. His sincerity was often tested. He came into active life at a time when science was

very far from having achieved that position of independence which it has since won; and won in a very considerable degree by Huxley's help. You remember the fate which befell Colenso. That arithmetical bishop was persecuted because he could not accept as historical all that he found in the Pentateuch. Who accepts it all now? If you did not then believe in the Mosaic cosmogony, or in that theory of creation and of the ordering of the world to which Huxley, with great controversial adroitness, once gave the name *Miltonic*, you were anathema. When Darwin published the "*Origin of Species*" he was denounced from every orthodox pulpit in England as an infidel. That was in 1859, not two generations ago. Huxley, who had already made a name in science, took his stand at once by Darwin. He did not affirm—he was never much given to affirming anything except that two and two made four—that Darwin's hypothesis had been made out. It was enough for him that the theory of evolution or of natural selection, as it was first announced, had the probabilities on its side. It explained the hitherto unexplained origin of species more satisfactorily than any preceding theory. It gave, to say the least, a rational and not a merely mythological account of things, and for Huxley the use of the reason was the first condition of an approach to the truth. Until a more rational theory, better supported by facts, should be advanced he stood by this, and was content to work and that others should work on the lines Darwin had laid down. Darwin and Darwinism held the field. They hold it still. Twenty-one years later Huxley delivered, at the Royal Institution in London, a lecture on the coming of age of the Darwinian theory. He had very little to alter or modify.

It is because Huxley has been to such an extent identified with Darwinism that his achievements in original research have brought him less renown





Thomas Henry Huxley.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

than they should. He was its champion in the arena—ever ready to meet all comers. But all the time he was steadily pursuing his own scientific work. The records of it are to be found where the public never looks, in the journals of the Royal Society, in the transactions of the various scientific societies, which are published for the benefit of the world of science and not for newspaper readers in general. The Royal Society, of which he had long been the secretary, chose him its president and awarded him the Copley medal—the

blue ribbon of English science, and perhaps of European science also, for it was bestowed on Virchow, the German. The Royal Society, unlike the Royal Academy of Art, is a body which takes purely scientific views and awards its distinctions without regard to social qualifications. It scarcely recognizes even the merits of the immense work Huxley did in popularizing science. He might have gone on to the end lecturing in Jermyn Street, at the Royal School of Mines, and afterward in South Kensington, without eliciting much no-



tice from the Royal Society. It was his researches in physiology and biology which brought him the coveted rewards I have mentioned. Not that Huxley himself coveted them. He valued them when they came, but to covet was not in his nature.

Yet I imagine that when Huxley's place in the Victorian era comes to be finally assigned him, a hundred years hence or more, what he did in a field apart from pure science will be held one of his chief titles to permanent fame as a benefactor of the human race. What he did was to break down the ecclesiastical barrier between human reason and the exercise of it on some of those great questions which most nearly concern the human race. I do not mean that he alone did it, but that he was, on the whole, the foremost figure in that momentous struggle. The struggle is not yet over, but there is no longer much doubt on which side victory is to rest. And I would ask anybody who knows much of the intellectual history of this period, to ask himself what it would be with Huxley left out. We used to hear much of the so-called conflict between Science and Religion. It was the religionists who gave it that name. The conflict was never with religion, but with dogma, with the Church, perhaps, in so far as it made itself a champion of dogma; with orthodoxy in any one of its innumerable forms, and with the spirit of tradition and of authority. Huxley made no attack on religion, and religion none on him. But the Scribes and Pharisees encompassed him about. The self-constituted defenders of the old order of things assailed him. He claimed the right to think for himself on subjects as to which Rome and, following Rome, the Church of England as her spiritual or apostolic successor, had delivered to the world a final decree. That was offence enough. Call him an infidel at once, as Darwin had been called. The result was to engage Huxley in a series of discussions on the mixed and always debatable ground which the Church claims as its private domain, and upon which free thought had steadily encroached. I will not say that in such discussions he was at his

best, for scientific experts tell you that he was at his best in pure science, or in the exposition of pure science. But I will say he was better than anybody else. Whom will you put beside him? Who met and vanquished so many very eminent antagonists? Mr. Gladstone, Ward, Dr. Wall, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Frederic Harrison—these are but a few of the most distinguished men who attacked Huxley and were worsted. Ecclesiastical thunders rolled harmlessly about his head. Theology and biblical criticism, cried his opponents, are not Mr. Huxley's ground; why does he intrude on our pastures? The answer is to be found in the published volumes which contain the essays and discourses on these subjects. It is to be found not less clearly in the existing state of public opinion, due as it is so largely to these very encounters. The emancipation of thought—that is Huxley's legacy to his century—that was his continual lesson of intellectual honesty.

In truth he was a very expert metaphysician, with an extraordinary knowledge of the literature of metaphysics and philosophy. When he set forth in his trenchant way some of the absurdities of Auguste Comte, Mr. Frederic Harrison, one of the high priests of Positivism in England, replied that Mr. Huxley had evidently never read Comte. Huxley took the trouble to explain that he had early mastered the six volumes of the "*Philosophie Positive*," and had reread them for the purposes of that discussion, and much besides. I speak of Mr. Frederic Harrison as one of the high priests of Positivism. The sect in England consists almost exclusively of high priests, like the regiment which Artemus Ward proposed to recruit, entirely of brigadier-generals. But the Positivists are only a corporal's guard, not a regiment. Huxley was a student and more than a student of Descartes. He has written the best short book in existence on Hume. He was a pupil of Aristotle, and therefore not a Platonist. Hobbes taught him much; Berkeley was to him a great thinker; Locke, Butler, and the short list of really great names in English philosophy were all his familiars, while among



the great Germans there was, I think, none whom he did not know well—Kant, Hegel, Fichte, and all that illustrious line, not excepting Schopenhauer, long before he became the fashion among a little group of Englishmen and Englishwomen, who like playing with high subjects and dipping into books of which the depths are beyond their mental stature.

There was—perhaps there still is—in England a Metaphysical Club, of which Huxley and many other eminent persons were members. They met once a month to discourse of these high matters. Mr. Gladstone was one. There is no known subject on which the great Parliamentarian is not ready to enlarge with copious confidence. He did on metaphysics at the club and elsewhere. Mr. Huxley was once asked whether Mr. Gladstone was an expert metaphysician. “An expert in metaphysics? He does not know the meaning of the word,” was the rather startling answer. Between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Huxley no love, in truth, was ever lost. Their relations were never intimate, and though in private they met as men do in England, amicably and civilly, no matter how much they differ in public, there was and could be no cordiality. Mr. Gladstone is a hardened disputant with a tough skin, but even he must have winced under Mr. Huxley’s exposure of his controversial methods. On the point of orthodoxy, moreover, Mr. Gladstone is inflexible, or almost inflexible. If you are not a Churchman you are in outer darkness. He does not follow scientific movements very carefully, but he knew very well what tremendous inroads Mr. Huxley was making upon ecclesiasticism, and he could not forgive him. One of Mr. Gladstone’s most faithful henchmen once remarked that he thought it an act of presumption in a man who did not know Hebrew to discuss the Old Testament. What he really meant was that it was an act of presumption to crumple up Mr. Gladstone in a public debate.

Though no man, as I said, has done more to modernize the methods of thought of his own time, Huxley was nevertheless very far from despising the

teachings of elder days. With Lord Kenyon, but in better Latin, he would take his stand *supra antiquas vias*. He liked to refer the germ of those great discoveries and processes of which the nineteenth century is apt to consider itself the author to earlier times and men. He did full justice to Harvey. He acknowledged Aristotle as his master; in Aristotle, he considered, was to be found the idea which lies at the root of modern thought. In naturalists like Buffon, who is commonly spoken of as out of date, he found high merit. He would not join with the Germans in disparaging Bacon. The sentiment of justice was strong in him; these and others should have their due. So was the tie that knit him to men whom he considered his intellectual ancestors. He liked to think of himself as the heir of all the ages. He had come into a noble inheritance; it was his business, his discharge of the obligation these early benefactors had laid upon him, to make it nobler. When Burke summed up English claims to a share in all the improvements in science, in arts, and in literature which have illuminated and adorned the modern world, he assigned as one main cause of this improvement “our not despising the patrimony of knowledge which was left us by our forefathers.” Burke and Huxley were two very different men, but they may shake hands across the intervening century.

Mr. Huxley’s relations with his friends were of a kind which may be called affectionate. It was a pleasure to see him among them and among his own family. During many years while he lived in London, I saw him often in these agreeable circumstances. His house was in Marlborough Place, St. John’s Wood, a neighborhood which, though esteemed a little remote and well out of touch with the merely fashionable world, had attractions of its own. There is a St. John’s Wood “set” of artists, Mr. Alma Tadema then and now at the head of them. There is, or was, a literary set, of which the most distinguished figure was George Eliot. Then comes a very miscellaneous company of people who liked the district because it has air and space



and is not too dear. Mr. Huxley's house stood in its own grounds, of moderate size; the house itself roomy enough, well but plainly furnished. Here there used to be, every Sunday evening, a dinner, followed by a reception. You would be wrong if you supposed that these terms implied state or ceremony. There was none, though the number of people who sat down at dinner was often as many as sixteen or eighteen, sometimes more. Mr. and Mrs. Tyndall were among the most frequent. Tyndall and Huxley were as brothers. The public looked on them as rivals, and so perhaps in a sense they were, but the rivalry, if it existed consciously to either, never affected their relations to each other. They were comrades; coworkers in a great common cause, and they loved each other. Mr. Herbert Spencer came less often. His health has never been such as to allow of much dining out, even with intimate friends. When he came, there was almost always a discussion of high matters relating to science or philosophy, which commonly, or at least often, on Mr. Spencer's part, degenerated into argument. To that also his health was unequal, and a sleepless night was the penalty he paid. But there was in Mr. Spencer's loyalty to his convictions, and in his belief that in all circumstances the right opinion, which of course was his own, must be defended and the wrong combated, something pathetic. The gallantry of his struggle against physical weakness touched you. It touched Mr. Huxley, who never forgot that he was host. At his own table, he avoided arguments when he could. Others, or all others, did not. Mr. Huxley sat there with a serenity and patience which were admirable, joining in discussions in a way to mitigate their severity; he himself, too, of a nature averse to all compromise, but keeping under the purely intellectual view and reviving the social view, when too eager disputants seemed in danger of taking some other. Sir Henry Maine was often a guest; a man too little remembered, though his books have guided modern thought on some great questions. He was Mr. Huxley's ally, and he too knew how to put aside dif-

ficulties and cut short a controversy, and introduce a fresh and less dangerous topic. If I were to name all those who used to assemble in this easy way in the reception-rooms of the house in Marlborough Place, it would be a long catalogue. But I ought not to omit men like Lord Arthur Russell, who, not himself a man of science, was a man of accomplishments who liked all cultivated society, and when he could overcome his shyness, contributed much to the conversation. Lady Arthur came with him. Mr. Norman Lockyer was another; he had both science and social gifts—a combination perhaps not too common, but seen in its most perfect form in Huxley himself. Lord and Lady Reay were often of the company; sympathetic in all companies, and of a high intelligence.

The artists came; art and science found they had a common ground in Mr. and Mrs. Huxley's drawing-room—indeed, the whole house became a drawing-room and people wandered about as they liked, and paired off and formed groups at will. Mr. and Mrs. Tadema were among the most constant; between the two houses there was an intimate relation, and the guests of one were welcomed at the other. We all know Mr. Tadema as an artist; some of his best pictures are in America, and many Americans who have visited London know him a little personally. He is as interesting as are his pictures, and equally far removed from the commonplace. Sir Frederic Leighton came, a distinguished figure; Sir Edward Burne-Jones oftener still; the two alike remarkable for the wide range of their reading and accomplishments and admirable conversation—each in a different way. Lord Wolseley, then Sir Garnet, was there sometimes; always alert, energetic, copious, and sparkling. The shrewd benignity of the face of the late Master of Baliol was occasionally to be seen, and there were other churchmen who did not hold aloof from the great agnostic, but knew and valued him, whatever they might think of his views on ecclesiasticism. Nor did difference on politics banish politicians. Mr. Huxley was a Unionist, but Sir William Harcourt did not feel bound



to stay away on that account. Mr. Henry Stanley came, a man who fills every room he enters with his knowledge, energy, and force of character, yet so quiet in manner that you might overlook him if you did not notice the head, cast in a mould which would turn out cannon-balls, and with eyes that burnt their way through everything. It is pleasant to remember that on the same evenings came the young lady whom he was afterward to marry, Miss Tennant, with her mother, and with a sister, the brilliant girl of whom Sir John Millais painted a brilliant portrait, now Mrs. Frederick Myers. There were, of course, numerous notabilities of science, Mr. Spottiswoode, President of the Royal Society; Dr. Lauder Brunton, Lord Rayleigh, and Lord Kelvin. There was Mr. Justice Stephen, one of the most eminent of English judges, and I will name last of all Lady Stanley of Alderley, a venerable and admirable woman who died this year at eighty-seven years of age, a masterful personality to the end.

There were guests—no, not guests, but members of the family—who were never absent from these or any other domestic occasions. They were his three cats. Like all men of gentle mind, Mr. Huxley liked this gentle race; liked their coaxing ways, their intelligence, their unlikeness to that human kind with which they have nevertheless a sympathy so strong, when the human sympathy and intelligence are equal to theirs. Not to everyone is it given to understand these beautiful creatures or their true nature, or to live with them on terms of mutual respect and affection; the only terms on which they will accept you at all. Him they accepted as he accepted them, and their intimacy was charming to see. One or the other of them was always with him; sometimes more than one, for they were superior to feelings of mere jealousy. He was never too busy to give them the recognition they sought, and their friendship was one of the things he valued. On the terrace behind the house they walked up and down with him, as he strolled there in his favorite old soft black felt hat which no entreaties could induce

him to discard, or sat upon the wall or on chairs and gravely watched him as he moved, and then came tumbling about his legs, awaiting the caress which they knew he was waiting to give. I loved him the more because he loved them, and they him.

I may seem to have described these dinners as if they were devoted to dialectics, but that was not so at all. It was only now and then, and almost always after the ladies had left, that these debates were held. Then sometimes there was what Carlyle would call a tobacco Parliament, like old Friedrich's. Neither Tyndall nor Mr. Herbert Spencer smoked. Mr. Huxley liked his pipe, and would never admit that tobacco in moderation could hurt anybody. He rallied me when I gave it up, as if to abandon this consolation of life were to confess a defeat; and I suppose it was. But he was not a man to generalize about individuals. He was a physiologist, and a very great one, with, in that as in everything else, the infusion of common-sense which saved him from over-confidence. Each must judge for himself what suits him was his maxim.

In his own case he carried it very far. His life was almost ascetic. Tobacco was perhaps his one indulgence. A great part of the work by which the world knows him was done after dinner, and after a hard day's work in the lecture-room and laboratory. He never spared himself. Often and often have I known him leave the circle of family and friends, of which he was the life, very early in the evening and betake himself to his library; a room of which the only luxury was books. If remonstrated with, or appealed to for another half-hour, he would only shake his head. There was something to be done. And it would be midnight or one or two o'clock before it was done, and then he was up at seven in the morning. I sometimes thought he had no higher happiness than work; perhaps nobody has. He would dine on a little soup and a bit of fish; more than that was a clog on his mind. "The great secret," he said, "is to preserve the power of working continuously sixteen hours a day if need be. If you cannot do that you may be caught out any time."



An infinite capacity of taking pains—that, I think, he valued himself on. His literary work shows it in a degree not less than his scientific. He must be placed very high among contemporary writers. Contrast his style with that of the ordinary writer on science, who has no style, or with a very extraordinary man's, Darwin, who had a very bad style. Tyndall wrote admirably, with perhaps an exuberance of rhetoric, inevitable to an Irishman. But Huxley dealt in the simplest, most lucid, most effective manner with the most difficult subjects. You were never at a loss for his meaning; if you were, it was your fault, not his. He had a sobriety of ornament which was more to his taste and more to his readers' than the Corinthian style. He had vigor, and that imaginative use of language without which the full value of words is never brought out. He hated writing and forced himself to write, and also taught himself. Somewhere he tells how on his return, I think from the Rattlesnake voyage, he had all his material ready, which had cost him ten times more labor than the writing it out would require. But he could not bring himself to write. He early conquered that repugnance, though I doubt whether he ever wrote fluently or easily. I once asked him. "Oh, I can write fast enough if that is all," was his answer, "but if it is anything important I take as much time as I need." A letter of his had just appeared in *The Times*, an important one on a controverted topic. I asked how much trouble he had taken with it. "Why, I wrote that over three times." The quality he valued most in style was, perhaps, precision. That and perfect clearness and perfect sincerity. About style as a separate quality of his writing he thought little. Subject and style were interfused. He had a certain declaration to make, a certain argument to conduct, a certain account to give of some matter which he thought important. Into the doing of this he put his whole soul. It was not enough to be accurate, he felt it his duty to say what had to be said in the way best calculated to appeal to the minds of his readers. He would not deliver his message, whatever it might be, in a

halting or slipshod way. The impulse of sincerity, coupled with an instinct for diction, and with long practice and unwearied effort, made him the admirable writer he was.

On the platform Mr. Huxley was a commanding figure. He had in him the gift of oratory, had he cared to cultivate it. Of course he was at home in the lecture-room; he had spent half his life in it. Some of his appearances there will be forever memorable. There have been few evenings in the well-like auditorium of the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street comparable to that when Huxley delivered his discourse on the Coming of Age of Darwinism. Many a brilliant audience has that hall seen—it is the meeting-ground of Science and Society—perhaps never one which surpassed this. It was known that he had chosen this subject; it was inferred that he would review the controversy in which he had been a foremost champion, and there was an expectation, not to be disappointed, that he would fight some of his many battles o'er again. So Society, ever on the alert for a fresh sensation, thronged to the scene.

I used always to admire the simple and business-like way in which Huxley made his entry on great occasions. He hated anything like display, and would have none of it. At the Royal Institution, more than almost anywhere else, the lecturer, on whom the concentric circles of spectators in their steep amphitheatre look down, focuses the gaze. Huxley never seemed aware that anybody was looking at him. From self-consciousness he was, here as elsewhere, singularly free, as from self-assertion. He walked in through the door on the left, as if he were entering his own laboratory. In these days he bore scarcely a mark of age. He was in the full vigor of mature manhood and looked the man he was. Faultlessly dressed—the rule in the Royal Institution is evening costume—with a firm step and easy-bearing, he took his place apparently without a thought of the people who were cheering him. To him it was an anniversary. He looked, and he probably was, the master. Surrounded as he was by the celebrities of



science and the ornaments of London drawing-rooms, there was none who had quite the same kind of intellectual ascendancy which belonged to him. The square forehead, the square jaw, the tense lines of the mouth, the deep flashing dark eyes, the impression of something more than strength he gave you, an impression of sincerity, of solid force, of immovability, yet of the gentleness arising from the serene consciousness of his strength—all this belonged to Huxley and to him alone. The first glance magnetized his audience. The eyes were those of one accustomed to command, of one having authority, and not fearing on occasion to use it. The hair swept carelessly away from the broad forehead and grew rather long behind, yet the length did not suggest, as it often does, effeminacy. He was masculine in everything—look, gesture, speech. Sparing of gesture, sparing of emphasis, careless of mere rhetorical or oratorical art, he had nevertheless the secret of the highest art of all, whether in oratory or whatever else—he had simplicity. The force was in the thought and the diction, and he needed no other. The voice was rather deep, low, but quite audible, at times sonorous, and always full. He used the chest-notes. His manner here, in the presence of this select and rather limited audience—for the theatre of the Royal Institution holds, I think, less than a thousand people—was exactly the same as before a great company whom he addressed at Bristol, as President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. I remember going late to that, and having to sit far back, yet hearing every word easily; and there too the feeling was the same, that he had mastered his audience, taken possession of them, and held them to the end in an unrelaxing grip, as a great actor at his best does. There was nothing of the actor about him, except that he knew how to stand still, but masterful he ever was.

Unlike so many men whose lives are given mostly to science, Mr. Huxley cared for other things, for education in the broad sense, and for literature in its broadest sense. He gave his eldest son

a double university education, first at St. Andrew's and then at Baliol College, Oxford, of which Dr. Jowett was at that time, and until his death, Master. The eldest son graduated with the highest honors in classics. The great biologist was himself a scholar, a linguist, and widely read. Latin, German, and French he read fluently, and had some Greek, much history and general learning. I do not know why I mention it in such a connection—unless it be for the reason which the incomparable Colonel Newcome was always giving, which is a good reason—but he had humor in the highest degree and in the highest sense. It comes out in his writings. It came out still more freely in his daily life, and was one of his most delightful qualities. You could not be long with him without seeing the gleam of it in his eyes. It irradiated his face and his life; lighted up every subject he touched; added kindness and toleration to his judgments, otherwise always kindly and tolerant; and his strong dark face grew beautiful in the soft brilliancy of this humorous expression. It came out in every circumstance. There was once a question of no real consequence between some of his family and one of his and their friends. He was told of it. "It is not worth considering," was his characteristic answer, "but if it has to be considered you know my motto must be, my country, right or wrong." The misunderstanding melted away at once beneath that sunshine.

Mr. Huxley stood on the deck of the *Germanic* as she steamed up the harbor of New York, and he enjoyed to the full that marvellous panorama. At all times he was on intimate terms with Nature and also with the joint work of Nature and Man; Man's place in Nature being to him interesting from more points of view than one. As we drew near the city—this was in 1876, you will remember—he asked what were the tall tower and tall building with a cupola, then the two most conspicuous objects. I told him the Tribune and the Western Union Telegraph buildings. "Ah," he said, "that is interesting; that is American. In the Old World the first things



you see as you approach a great city are steeples ; here you see, first, centres of intelligence." Next to those the tug-boats seemed to attract him as they tore fiercely up and down and across the bay. He looked long at them and finally said, "If I were not a man I think I should like to be a tug." They seemed to him the condensation and complete expression of the energy and force in which he delighted.

I quoted some years ago what "the most accomplished of the Queen's daughters" said of him : "I like to talk with Mr. Huxley because he talks to me exactly as he would to any other woman." I see no reason why I may not now say that this lady was the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. Such a testimony is rare, and in London would be thought much more remarkable than here, for it is in London more than anywhere else that conversation takes on a different tone in the presence of royalty, often a tone of constraint. Mr. Huxley, it may be said, was exactly the same in all companies. His position brought him a good deal into contact with royalties and with other people of high degree. But he said : "I am a plebeian, and I stand by my order." That remark, which is very characteristic of him, was made in connection with a different subject, but it denotes his attitude in society and everywhere else. You hear the trumpet-note in it and a certain proud humility which was a part of his nature. He was not humble in the presence of men or women ; but in the presence of nature, of science, of whatever is noble and honorable in the abstract. He was anybody's equal, and his perfect simplicity of manner showed that he was, and that he knew it. Of pretence there was never a trace, nor of self-assertion. He had no occasion to assert himself. I saw him unveil the statue of Darwin, in the South Kensington Museum, the Prince of Wales and the Archbishop of Canterbury assisting at the ceremony. It was the homage of royalty to Darwin, which had never thought of him in life, nor attended his funeral in Westminster Abbey, and of the Church in the person of its episcopal head, which, during Darwin's life, had heaped anathemas upon him. Mr. Hux-

ley was intensely conscious of the meaning of all this, but he never betrayed it. He felt himself, as it were, the host, and the courtesy of the host to his guests was his. You might meet him wandering about the lawns of Marlborough House at a garden-party, where he was a guest. Again his bearing was the same. He had admirable manners. He was an accomplished man of the world as well as of science, and he was always himself.

If I were to attempt to give a complete account of Mr. Huxley as a talker I should soon exhaust my space. It may be enough to say that he ranked with the best. If he had a fault from the social point of view it was perhaps his readiness to accept a challenge and enter upon an argument at a time when lighter matters were in season. Even this he did rarely, and his chivalry to an opponent was such that there was never much danger of superheating the atmosphere. Once in company with the late Mr. John Bright at dinner the talk turned on India ; on which Mr. Huxley expressed a pretty strong opinion, from the Imperialist point of view, that India had been won by the sword and was to be kept by the sword. Mr. Bright turned on him with that warlike energy which he always showed in behalf of peace, contradicted him, and for two or three minutes poured out a passionate and eloquent protest against empire and conquest, and the whole policy which has made England what she is. The great orator was in one of his apostolic moods—they were frequent with him. His soul blazed out ; he spoke as one having authority and inspiration. When he ended, Mr. Huxley, impressed like the rest of us with Bright's sincerity, and not caring for an argument on a question where he had nothing in common with his opponent, sat silent. Somebody turned the conversation and the incident ended. As we went upstairs I said to Mr. Huxley that I thought Mr. Bright had gone rather far. He stopped, turned round, leaned against the hand-rail, the quaint humorous look so frequent with him came into his face, and he said : "Well, I never before understood how thoroughly a man might enjoy being told that he was a fool."



I will give you a different example. When Mr. Roscoe Conkling was in London Mr. Huxley met him at dinner, and the two talked much together. After a while, whether because he knew or did not know Mr. Conkling's views, expressed long before him by Marcy in the familiar phrase that the spoils belong to the victor, he asked the eminent senator from New York what he thought of Civil Service Reform. The question was powder to the nostrils of that fiery war-horse. Mr. Conkling started off with a denunciation of Civil Service Reform as all cant and humbug, a thing impracticable, undesirable, totally unfitted to the political condition of things in America, the crotchet of men who did not understand affairs, winding up with an elaborate vindication of the existing system. He took possession of the table and talked long ; it was almost an oration, and would have done no discredit, as a rhetorical effort, to the Senate chamber itself. Mr. Huxley was asked what he thought of this performance. "I think it," he answered, "the most brilliant defence I ever heard of a perfectly indefensible thing." And then also there was peace.

When Mr. Huxley retired from the public service, he retired, like other civil servants, with a pension. The champions of orthodoxy thought they saw a chance, and some of the men who held half-a-dozen deaneries, canonries, and other agreeable church livings, cried out against him as a scientific pluralist. It was quite true that although obliged to elect between salaries which came from the Treasury, of which he retained only one, he had other appointments and emoluments. I remember making a calculation at the time of the clamor—there really was not much clamor—and finding the total, on which anybody had a right to comment, about seven thousand five hundred dollars. There was no cause for criticism from any point of view. Mr. Huxley, of course, took no notice of what was said, but his friends resented, naturally and rightly, so shabby an attempt to discredit him. His reward for a long life passed in the public service was ludicrously moderate.

There is in England a great deal of

genuine public spirit, which leads men, both rich and poor, to give much of their time to public duties without pay. Mr. Huxley, who could ill afford it, gave much ; serving on fishery commissions and others involving no little labor and much expenditure of what he prized most, time. The Government paid travelling expenses and required a detailed account to be sent in. The Treasury audited these accounts, and the Treasury is a notorious screw. One of these accounts was returned to Mr. Huxley with the remark that a charge of one pound for hotel lodgings (\$5) seemed irregular because, as far as they could make out, he had been travelling that night by train. As, however, there might be a doubt on the point, "My Lords" were willing to give him the benefit of it and made no deduction. Forthwith Mr. Huxley sat down and wrote "My Lords" a letter—with his best ink—of which I heard him say he much regretted that he kept no copy—first explaining that his original charge was strictly correct, and represented cash out of pocket ; second, entirely declining to avail himself of the lenity they were disposed to show ; and thirdly, inclosing a check for the sum they had queried. For a long time he heard no more. Many months later he received a letter from the Treasury, saying in the official manner that they had made every effort to discover some person who was authorized to receive the sum for which Mr. Huxley had drawn his check, but in vain. No official, no department, had power to accept the money, and the check was therefore returned. It was covered all over, said Mr. Huxley, face and back, with indorsements, names, memoranda of every kind by all the people through whose hands it had passed. "I shall frame it," he said, "and keep it, and hand it down to my descendants in memory of the liberality of the Treasury to an unpaid public servant."

It was the condition of Mr. Huxley's health which drove him to resign his various appointments and obliged him to leave London. This was in 1885, and he went to Eastbourne, that city by the sea which less than a generation ago was a village. The Duke of Devon-



shire created it, and to him primarily its prosperity is due. Mr. Huxley established himself there in a villa which he built, by the road to the splendid cliff which towers above the English Channel, and is known as Beachy Head. The grounds in which it stood were a bare expanse of untilled soil when he settled there. It was his delight to cultivate them. He turned it all into lawn and garden, and the later years of his life were spent in great part among shrubs and flowers. Never had he been happier, he said, than in going back to Adam's occupation. His Eden was christened Hoddeslea, a local name which he always insisted was the early and true form of Huxley. It was one of the griefs of these later years that the borders of box which he transplanted and set out along his avenues were killed by the Eastbourne frosts. He would not be consoled. But his pride in his horticultural successes was as outspoken as his lament over this one failure.

There was some surprise when it was known that Mr. Huxley had accepted an offer to be sworn of the Privy Council, carrying with it the title Right Honorable. It was on Lord Salisbury's advice that the Queen called the man of science to her Council. If any dignity was to be conferred this was the one to which least exception could be taken. Privy counsellorships are not flung to the first comer, as some other decorative distinctions are. They are given rather seldom and with careful discrimination. For this reason they

are among the most coveted honors. They are still a mark of the personal confidence of the Sovereign, and the Sovereign is still in the English view the fountain of honor. It need not be thought that Mr. Huxley derogated in accepting it, whatever incongruity there might seem to be between his proud plebeianship and the title of Right Honorable by which henceforth he was to be called. It was a recognition of the claims of science as well as of his own claims. He bore it, of course, with the modesty which always characterized him. In the minds of the multitude it emphasized his position, and, as we have seen, the tributes or recognitions from royalty to science were never numerous. It will very likely be forgotten with time. He will be remembered as the great physiologist, the great student, the great controversialist, the great thinker and writer, not as the privy councillor. That he will be remembered need not be doubted. The world, it may still be said, does not willingly let die the memory of those who have made it a better world to live in, whose lives as well as whose teachings have been lessons of devotion, of high aims, of wide accomplishments, of honorable purpose; whose achievements are written imperishably in the annals of their own time. Huxley was one of these, and his monument is his life's endeavor. There will be no need to inscribe Right Honorable upon his tomb. The name he bore through life will serve both for epitaph and eulogy.





## AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS—WILLIAM MILLER

WILLIAM MILLER was born in New York but educated in Germany, where he early began the study of drawing and painting. His first work as an engraver was done for the old house of Frank Leslie, where he was fortunate enough to work at the same bench with that prince of American engravers, Frederick Juengling. Later, when Juengling had established himself in a general business of engraving and printing, Miller became his associate and partner.

Early in his career he was strongly influenced by Pisan, but to Linton, the inspirer of so many of the younger generation of engravers, he acknowledges a just debt of gratitude, both for his kindly encouragement and his practical instruction. It was from Juengling, though, that he derived his most constant stimulus and dominant tendency. The master was ever an innovator and an experimenter, and while he could by the native force and brilliancy of his genius attempt the unusual and overstep the ordinary methods, his influence tended to destroy a student's care for a patient mastery of the technical elements of his work. There was no evasion of Juengling's influence, his splendid confidence and daring, and unbounded enthusiasm, compelled those in contact with him to work as he did, and to feel the high purposes that governed all he did. Almost unconsciously, Miller says, he was diverted from a natural tendency toward simplicity and directness into the more elaborate, and sometimes even eccentric, methods of his leader.

Miller's best work has been accomplished in the reproduction of landscapes, and he has succeeded admirably with the paintings of such men as Inness, Winslow Homer, Swain Gifford, and Dupré.

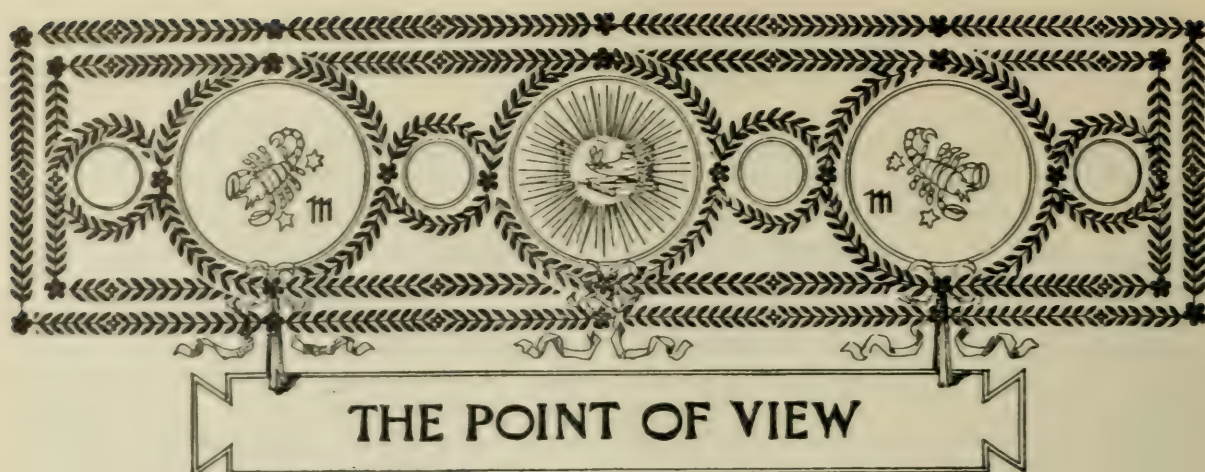
Of late years he has found his truest expression and arrived at his most satisfactory results by avoiding any undue efforts toward fineness, and by treating his subjects in the broadest and most direct way possible. The fron-

tispiece to this number is a beautiful example of what may be accomplished by this very directness in reproducing the effect and suggesting the feeling of a very difficult original.

Miller's line has a great deal of the quality of etching. He says, as do all careful students of the art he represents, that the great advances made by the "new school" of engravers were made possible by the adaptations of photography and the perfecting of the tools and materials used. The essential qualities of all modern work may be found in that of the older engravers. The limitations imposed by having to work from a drawing on the block were fatal to the freedom and artistic originality that permit the engraver today to become almost a joint creator in the reproduction of an original. Miller thinks that the engraver oversteps his province, narrows his outlook, and destroys his best opportunity by a too great care in attempts to preserve minute and unessential details. While some of the wonderful delicacy and softness of texture of our American engravers has been the marvel and admiration of the art world, there has been at times a positive loss in this direction of vigor and individuality.

Miller, like Kingsley, has had to contend in his work with the restraints imposed by his being very near sighted, and this has led him to make a careful study of the contrasting qualities of technique, line, color, texture, etc., in the work of his contemporaries. His conclusion is that these matters are largely due to the variations in the eyes of the engravers and their ability to modify natural conditions by the use of certain glasses. Peculiarities of technique, those almost imperceptible qualities that give a man's work a style of its own are, in his estimation, largely due to these eye differences; of course always allowing for those subjective elements of character that permeate and touch all art with an individual essence and personal savor.





THE discussions relative to M. Paul Bourget's "Outre-Mer" that have everywhere arisen have brought into new prominence, and sometimes into amusing prominence, a fact which, forever standing between foreign observers and ourselves, prevents us from coming to a satisfactory understanding of each other. Of course the usual differences of race, point of view, temperament, are factors in the misunderstanding; but greater than these is, on the one side, the persistence with which the cultivated European of delicate perceptions (I speak here of no other class of our foreign critics) seeks in us for new psychological qualities engendered by our new material conditions, and, on the other, the affronted brusquerie with which many of us repel the assumption that we have developed, or should have developed, anything akin to a psychosis of our own—much as we might repel a hypothesis that latter-day democratic institutions, as they are to be seen over here, give rise to queer physiological departures, such as humps or caudal appendages. We have no consciousness that ours is anything but an every-day soul, like all other souls of people of good manners everywhere; and we do not wish it catalogued as a "variety." We are more than willing to show our foreign travellers and observers everything else modern: bathtubs, hotels, elevators, ice-chests, and electric motors; but when we find that they are less interested in our material improvements than in the new abstract idea that may be lurking, shadowy and impalpable, behind the same, then we are annoyed. We say that it is an intrusion,

and that they can't understand us, anyway.

And that is very possible. Yet, whether we ourselves be commonly aware of it or not, we have new psychological qualities; and our more earnest foreign critics are right in anxiously striving to grasp and analyze the constituents thereof, and in preferring the study of these elusive entities to that of some other, more obvious, things that we have to show. Perhaps we might say that we have one new psychological quality, for in it all others are contained. The American has come to be known in the world for the large hope that is in him; for the easy confidence in the face of the strange and the unfamiliar born of that hope; for his lack of fear of what has not been experienced, lived through, before. To show at last that this lack of fear was possible—terror of the thing unknown being the emotion that has beset the sentient animal since the beginning of consciousness—seems to have been our deepest national mission. All this has been pointed out by President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard; and that we have overcome the terror pronounced by him one of the reasons why this republic should endure. In a short paper also, written by Mr. Henry James a while ago in memory of Wolcott Balestier, there are passages that are not to be forgotten in which stress is laid upon the rare, buoyant faculty that this young man possessed of being able, at once and fully, to establish an ease of relationship with the whole big earth, and any of its varied orders of citizens. In this faculty Mr. James saw the significance of Wolcott Balestier's



whole life—a life that left an impress on the imagination of those best able to judge of it so seemingly disproportionate to the measure of its actual achievement. It was, in the perfection in which he owned it, a prophetic faculty; speaking of the time when it should be universal, when all human beings will approach new circumstances, the untried atmosphere, and one another with a serene assurance, and without those shocks of readjustment that now tear so many sensitive fibres in each one of us.

This, then, is the great psychological quality that we have evolved for ourselves. It is the spirit that some of the serious writers and thinkers of France—I don't speak particularly of M. Bourget in this connection—are tentatively following the scent of, gropingly trying to lay hold of, as they seize on one or another of its manifestations.

If our foreign critics could come fully to comprehend this spirit in its depth and its breadth, they would at last possess the true key to our national character. They would touch with the finger that which makes American life best worth living, makes it, in one sense, like no other life anywhere; and that is the helpfulness that pervades it, that feeling that is in its air, which says to the man on whom circumstance presses heavily that he need not despair, that he can find friends and opportunity. They would also hold the explanation of much of that absence of picturesqueness, of what may be termed the lyrical quality, in our life, that vexes them so sorely (and not only them, but us, on occasion). For it is not to be controverted that with the loss of fear before the unknown we lose some of the most intimately, poignantly poetic human emotions, as well as some of the most pusillanimous, egotistic, and retarding. The lack of fear makes us free, but it takes that mystery from the unfamiliar which is the most powerful of all incentives to the imagination. From the ignorant peasant's suspicious horror of all that lies beyond his narrow horizon springs the passionate love of the soil that translates itself in the rich and profoundly touching poetry of the people, that gives the ache and the throb to the accents in

which the German expresses his *Heimweh*, the Swiss his *mal du pays*. It is this that wails in the wild banshee of the Irish. It is, too, the nervous shrinking from contact with aliens, aliens whose feelings, manners, and associations may jar upon their own, that causes the most typical of the civilized classes in the older societies to fold themselves in upon themselves, elaborating complexities of sentiment and sensibility that to us, very often, seem fine-drawn to utility. Delicacies and half-shades concern us less.

If we forfeit something in interest thereby, and we certainly do, it is that our new psychological quality is a medal with the reverse side of all medals. The chief trouble is, perhaps, not that our foreign critics dwell more on the reverse than on the obverse, but that we are inclined to do the same ourselves; or, rather, to insist that the reverse is as good as the obverse—when we do not, indeed, deny that there is an obverse at all.

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THAT discreet woman, who is the wife of Colonel Ned Maltby and the mother of his son, has interposed several times to save him from what he is proud to call his commercial imagination. Ordinary business does not tempt Colonel Ned, but he scents the fields of scientific adventure like a bee the clover. Recently, after reading some experiments made by German scientists, he proposed selling certain properties in order to go into bacteria-farming.

Mrs. Ned, who had just come through some experiments conducted by the family doctor with antitoxine and the boy, threw up her hands at the word bacteria, and expressed her opinion of so inhuman a proposition.

"My dear, this is an age of discrimination, not of generalization," replied the Colonel, mildly. "The bacillus of diphtheria, like the comma bacillus, of which we heard so much during the cholera invasion, is not a fair representative of the large family of bacteria, many of which are hard-working and responsible members of the community. Do you realize how you depend on them in your breadmaking; that they are essential to the vinegar industry, and I may mention also the wine



and brewing interests? What I was considering were the butter and cheese trades, in which the most important developments are making. You perhaps do not know, my dear, that the preparatory work in buttermaking, after the cow has done her part, is performed by bacteria. Hitherto this has been done in a desultory and disorganized manner. We have often observed that butter has not always the same flavor; that it commends itself, or the reverse. We have blamed the butter man and he has blamed the cow. Now the scientific men exonerate the cow. As she dispenses the milk it is all right. But immediately it is possessed by bacteria of all sorts. There are circles in bacteriadam as elsewhere. These struggle and contend for supremacy. As this or that downs the other, it gives social stamp, as it were, to the butter.

"Now some German scientists have taken butter of different flavors and have succeeded in isolating the various bacilli that have produced them. The bacillus that produces the very best butter is now known and recognized. The intention is to cultivate this species with a view to butter-making. There will be bacteria farms where this bacillus will be nourished and kept in prime working condition for the purpose of letting it out to creameries and dairies. The milk will not be left to sour, as we have ignorantly expressed it; but the bacteria will be immediately set to work at the fresh milk. I myself fully believe that when this scheme of butter-making by means of the intelligent employment of bacteria is under way that there will be no excuse for the presence of anything but the best butter on any table, and a vast source of complaint and ill-nature will be removed from the world. It is

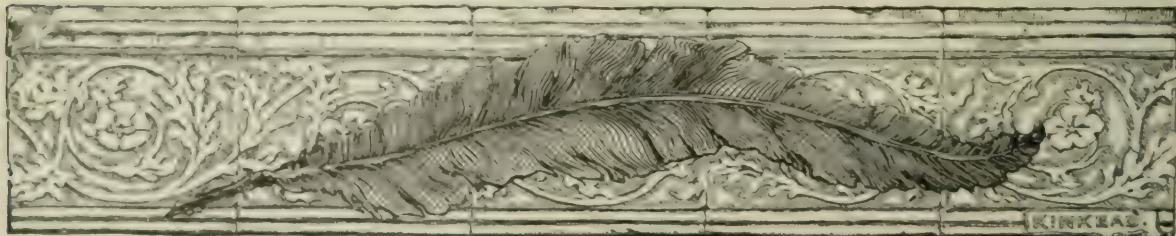
by such steps we march toward the millennium, my dear.

"The bacteria that induce the proper ripening of cheese have not yet been identified. There is no doubt, however, that they will be. They are much more important to cheese than to butter. The process is slow, extending over months, and is peculiarly subtle. The bacilli enclosed in the cheese feed on it, multiply in it, and make a composite sort of ferment that gives to cheese its aroma and flavor. Different sorts of bacteria, it is inferred, will be required for different sorts of cheeses. Roquefort cheese is ripened in caves which a certain bacterium finds conducive to its health. It is this that gives Roquefort its flavor. Thus with Camembert, Brie, and other varieties.

"The Secretary of Agriculture is authority for the statement," Colonel Ned went on, with brightening eye, "that it requires from 25,000,000 to 165,000,000 bacilli to ripen an ounce of cheese. These figures will give some idea of the extent of the new industry of raising bacteria to hire out when it is once established. I wonder what it would cost to start a bacteria farm?"

"You could readily raise the money, Colonel, by selling or mortgaging the Maltby block," said Mrs. Ned, with apparently prompt sympathy in the venture, "only it would be a pity if our boy didn't happen to inherit your business ability."

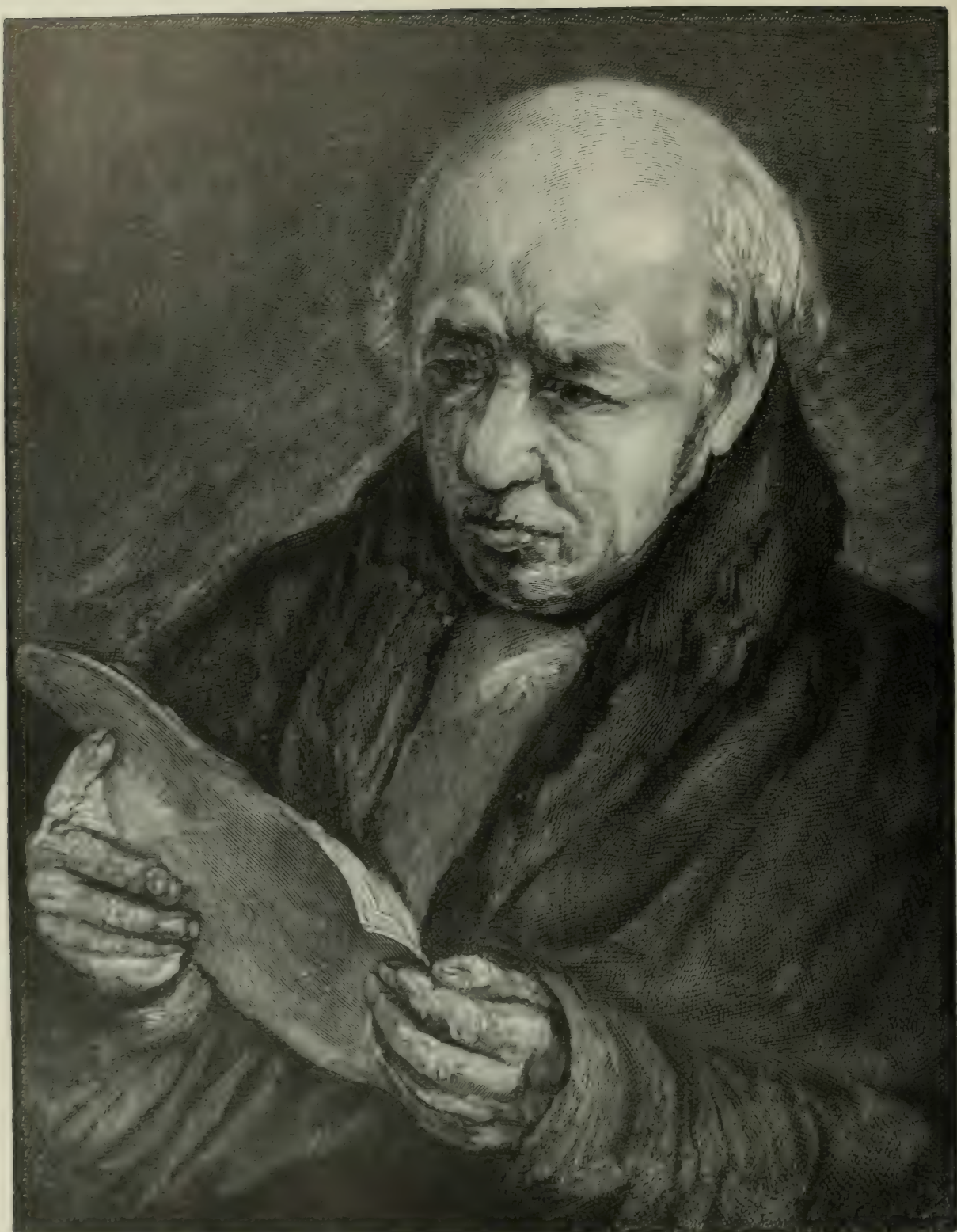
"You are right, as always, my dear. Perhaps I'd better wait until Weissmann and Spencer settle that disputed question of heredity. How with our widening opportunities have our responsibilities to our offspring increased!" and Colonel Ned, with a sigh, took up a German polysyllabic treatise on molecular emotion.











WALTER SCOTT

ENGRAVED BY FLORIAN

From a hitherto unpublished painting by W. M. Ke.



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## LANDMARKS OF MANHATTAN

*By Royal Cortissoz*

WHEN Baron Haussmann wreaked himself upon old Paris there were not lacking critics to condemn his taste. Followers of those critics are still active in protesting that the creations and renovations of the Second Empire were unworthy of the grandiose measure set by the First. Yet it was just in the grandeur of his conceptions that Haussmann showed his profound appreciation of the truly Imperial idea. His sense of scale was heroic. It was no small thing to have modelled the Paris which is, broadly speaking, the Paris of to-day; to have given us the boulevards and bridges, the new squares and buildings which leave the French capital, as we know it now, the stateliest city of modern Europe. Haussmann may have lacked reverence, may have lacked a sense of poetic justice, may have lacked the romantic instinct for color and picturesqueness which animates so many of his detractors. He had in default of these things the constructive imagination of a great administrator which gave him, in the circumstances, something of the power of a great designer; and the scope of his effort, moreover, was not bounded by the limits of a palace or a church, it stretched from one wall to another of a mighty city. He had the cleverness to perceive and the authority to evoke a superb ensemble where artists of greater gifts but less colossal ambition would have flung detached monuments of beauty. It is the fundamental virtue of this ensemble which preserves the Baron's name from

oblivion. It is the charm of similar ensembles which arrests the attention of the traveller in Europe and leads to the substance of this paper.

An effect such as Paris produces in its architectural vistas is achieved in one of two ways. The modernity and geometric balance of the Place de l'Opéra could only have sprung from concerted action or from the more or less contemporaneous rise of the various buildings in the group at that spot. The picture which you get, on the other hand, from the Pantheon and the Bibliothèque de Saint-Geneviève, with the quaint church of St. Étienne du Mont between them, is obviously one of those compositions which time alone could have put together in such curious and delightful unity. The symmetry of the Place de la Concorde has the sophistication of the Academy. The homogeneous beauty of the Île de la Cité, with the towers of Notre Dame soaring above the divided Seine, is artless in the broad, noble manner of nature herself. In other words, the great architectural episodes of the world have been focussed sometimes with the spontaneity of a masterly improvisation, sometimes through the cumulative action of years. They have grown and they have been made. Often the responsibility for a group of buildings is divisible between time and the designer of that nucleus which is left to the good offices of posterity. What is begun in one century, if properly begun, is tolerably certain to turn out a successful





Exchange Place.

and Renaissance styles. Take the colonnaded approach to St. Peter's, or the noble centre of Florentine architecture and life a stone's-throw from the Arno. In every instance time and generations of builders have wrought to attain the effect we see to-day; but a logical beauty hangs over the whole.

It is a question of preparing the way for time intelligently, and of giving the first builders something, not all, of the chance which fell to Haussmann. Both examples are fruitful in inspiration for America—the old and the modern. We have the virgin soil and we have the men to lay the right foundation. It is doubtful if we ever emulate either the thoroughgoing officialism of Paris or the large patience of the early Italian republics. We are too eclectic to evolve an Academic scheme like the Place de la Concorde, and we are too evilly circumstanced by the rapid development of our cities and the high value of land to lay out in leisurely extravagance the groundwork for a stupendous square like that of San Marco. But we have the basis for as interesting a future as either line of departure could promise. We have demonstrated this in Boston, where the classic Public Library and the Romanesque Trinity Church face one another amicably across the irregular space of Copley

natural growth in the next, drawing just the right accretions to itself as the years proceed. It is a proof of the spirit of harmony that presided over the first stages of their evolution that, no matter how many centuries or talents have gone to their erection, the famous squares of the Continent have each a perfect integrity. Take the great Piazza of San Marco at Venice, with its mixture of Byzantine

Square, and produce through their common possession of elements of scale and dignity the effect of one magnificent design. It will be the same in New York at that point of the city where the new Cathedral of Saint John the Divine will soon break the horizon in close company with Saint Luke's Hospital and the buildings of Columbia College. We know how to work in the spirit of monumental art, and that means everything.

The great architectural metamorphosis of upper New York in the neighborhood of Morningside Park, from say 110th Street to 120th Street, promises to be the more interesting because it will be one of those gradual changes, begun with malice aforethought, which have been touched upon in the foregoing remarks. It will be the outcome of an extensive enterprise in mere building, and of a steady movement in the life of the metropolis. This second force is one which has been especially potent in New York. Its influence is recorded in some of the conspicuous facts of the city. To the concentration of mercantile interests down-town we owe the massive eyries of lower Broadway, the tall bank buildings of Wall Street, the great piles of stone and brick and iron which are everywhere below Madison Square making the city one of commercial fortresses. Future ages will read our character as a race of business men in these immense structures. They will read a strange passage of history into that fantastic overshadowing of our municipal dignity (if the City Hall is left at the time) by the enormous office-buildings which crowd around it. They will find the gregarious habit of the merchants and bankers and their kin natural enough, too, just as we accept the foregathering of London booksellers, for which we provide a parallel in Fifth Avenue, from Fourteenth Street to Madison Square. It has always been this way in the life of cities. It always will be, and in New York, as elsewhere, we have to reckon with the steady action of social and business development upon topography and architecture. What makes it peculiarly suggestive here is the rapidity with which great changes



have been accomplished. St. Paul's never surprises the foreigner who finds it down in the heart of busy London, the roots of the past go so deep all over that neighborhood ; yet it is doubtful if many Americans can ever quite apprehend the survival of old Trinity at the head of Wall Street, in the midst of immense buildings that have sprung up like mushrooms, without thinking, if they think at all, of the utter and amazing incongruity of the church. Our beautiful City Hall is similarly one of the most eloquent souvenirs of our earlier history, which the mutability of things in a commercial city could ever have left behind. It is intrinsically fine. It further shines by contrast with its aerial neighbors. It is the simple dignity of our forefathers touching hands with the arrogant bustle of their descendants. It protests gently against the commercialism frankly proclaimed on every side. For definiteness of character is one striking element in the Metropolitan panorama ; the tone, the style, is unmistakable wherever you go. Thus the architectural rejuvenescence of Fourth Avenue from Union Square up to the Academy of Design, has been substituting for the old domestic aspect of the thoroughfare a distinct air, miscellaneous as to its constituents, yet quite positive as to the sum total of its effect, which dedicates the avenue beyond a doubt to the affairs of business. The Academy of Design lags doubtfully on the scene. With the new Bank for Savings and the Charities and Correction Building near by, with the Madison Square Garden stretching into Fourth Avenue only a few blocks above, with new structures of giant size rising all about it, you would feel sure the old artistic institution were soon to be demolished, even if you did not know that its owners had actually sold the property. The dwellings and the minor shops are all on the decline in this neighborhood. In a few years we can expect the complete transformation of Fourth Avenue, which its lordly western parallel has undergone during the past few years between the same northern and southern boundaries. And business will

predominate. Will it ever rule Madison Square? With the new Metropolitan Life Insurance Building among its façades this seems not unlikely, yet the historic outlines of the Fifth Avenue Hotel still stand as symbolical of the interest with which the Square has for years been chiefly identified. Madison Square remains a centre of hotel life in spite of all encroachments, and with the lights of the Garden Tower sparkling over the northeast angle, with the color and gleam and movement of Broadway and Fifth Avenue hurrying on enticingly just beyond its upper entrances, the Square seems always the same place of pleasure and idleness, always the same source of gayety and luxury and rest. It marks the first belt, so to speak, in that urban wilderness compacted of dwellings and shops, theatres and hotels, which goes on up to the Park, and culminates, so far as our present possessions are concerned, in the imposing masses of the Plaza. It is quite justifiable, I think, to apply a flattering adjective to the Plaza, doubtful as some of its architectural details may be.

It is not the purpose of this survey to pause upon architectural details, but to glance at some of the broad groupings, which both architecture and social growth have brought about within our gates, and one of the most interesting, most imposing, and most admirable of these groups is that at the southeastern corner of Central Park. Consider it generally, and in a spirit of moderate criticism, and it is not unworthy of the city. Certainly it is not mean, not insignificant. Size often does much to supply deficiencies of design, and however the various hotels may be criticised—the Savoy, the Plaza, and the Netherland—whatever there may be lacking in the Vanderbilt mansion, all of these bulky edi-



Corner of Nassau and Wall Streets.





St. Luke's Hospital.

The Library of Columbia College.

THE NEW GROUP OF BUILD.





St. Luke's Hospital.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

INGS NEAR MORNINGSIDE PARK.



fices have at least their bulk to lend impressiveness to the scene; and the Gerry house, with the fine Metropolitan Club, completes a group which the sylvan beauty of the Park sets off and heightens in effect. Here the triviality of the shops disappears, and only the repose, the solidity, and the opulence of the public inns and private palaces are left. It is, taken all in all, one of the most expressive records of New York life that we have. The wealth, the luxury, the material prosperity of the town are writ large across that spacious meeting of the ways. It provides in perfection the atmosphere typical of "up-town," just as Broadway south of Chambers Street sums up what is most representative of "down-town," and Fourth Avenue or Fifth Avenue near Madison Square gives the tone of the region neither up nor down.

It will be seen that at none of these points is the air purged of material elements. For a serener and purer sphere the searcher might traverse the city in vain from end to end and find only a promise of it among the buildings of Columbia College on the east, or among those of the Theological Seminary just below Twenty-third Street on the west, in "Old Chelsea." Beyond these only partially adequate retreats it would be useless to look for even the pretence to "scholastic shades," and nowhere on Manhattan Island has the ecclesiastical tradition been made manifest at all in any large architectural or topographical sense. It is for the importation of these necessary blessings into the entourage of New York that we look to the immense undertakings inaugurated at Morningside Park. It is a long jump up there from Fifty-ninth Street and the Plaza, but it is over a tract of land that is already thickly covered, in a large proportion of its area, by hotels and houses, and it will not be long before the tide of improvement carries the great mass of population up to the very doors of the new cathedral. It is being reared on a commanding site. The whole region is lifted far above the familiar levels of the city, and our most magnificent church, with one of our greatest hospitals, and the finest gathering of

academic buildings upon which any American college has thus far been able to congratulate itself, will crown New York in every sense of the word. No dreaming lover of the city could devise a more encouraging vision than that which is presently to be made concrete above the slopes and hollows of Yorkville, the vision which it is attempted to foreshadow in the words and illustrations here set forth. In the conditions of things now existing there is little to prefigure the actual appearance of those things which are to come. St. Luke's Hospital has alone arrived at any advanced stage of completion, and even that has still to be carried much farther. But it is possible now to estimate the value of the natural setting which has been secured for this monument and its companions, and to construct something of the pageant which they will offer to the eye.

Starting from the neighborhood of 110th Street, the land which the elevated railroad overlooks on its great curve above Central Park rises in rugged, uneven strata. From the cars one obtains a striking view of its bold contours and surfaces, the stone staircases, terraces, and embankments of Morningside Park giving the scene unusual vigor and strength of character. On the first stage of the ascent, from 110th Street to 113th Street, the cathedral will be built, facing the west, of course, so that its main portals give upon Amsterdam Avenue. The land falls away from its rear façade across Morningside Drive, and almost precipitously, to the lowest levels of Morningside Park. As the park goes north the land on its west rises higher and higher. St. Luke's Hospital, therefore, which occupies the land from 113th to 114th Streets, between the Drive and Amsterdam Avenue, faces the north side of the cathedral from a slightly elevated point. Across Amsterdam Avenue, and arranged between that thoroughfare, the Boulevard, 116th and 120th Streets, the buildings of Columbia College command both hospital and cathedral. West of the Boulevard the plateau shelves almost abruptly to the level of Riverside Drive, when it falls still farther and meets the river one hundred





The Dome of the  
World Building.  
The City Hall.

The Tribune Building.

The American Tract  
Society Building.  
The Times Building.

VIEW IN CITY HALL PARK.





West Street

the surroundings far and near. It is itself an unkempt, semi-civilized section, with the neat turf and shrubbery of Morningside Park showing in odd contrast to its sordid environment on a summer's day. To the east and northeast lies Harlem, shabby, huddled, spoiled with the ungainly lines of the elevated railroad in the foreground, and offering no features more salient than the glaring white sides of innumerable tenements. There is no lack of the latter to the south. In fact, they are visible whichever way you turn. Yet these can never give the dominating color to the scene, which, in many ways, is beautiful. I do not know when it is most attractive. I have rambled over the rocks and roads in all seasons of the year and have found it equally lovely under the dull, gray skies of winter with the snow spread everywhere, bathed in the summer sun, or with the young greens of spring pushing themselves to the surface in all the unpaved, unbuilt spaces. If there is any time at which the region touches the imagination perhaps more deeply than at others, it is in the autumn, when the eye can pierce

and fifty feet below the college grounds. It will be gathered from this that the three properties are thrown in irregular succession along a space extending from 110th to 120th Streets, the college buildings lying northwest of the hospital, which lies directly north of the cathedral. This large plot of ground, crossed by several streets and avenues, covered already, here and there, with apartment houses and other structures, forms roughly a height which at every point of the compass permits the eye to sweep

through the bare trees, can travel round the sharply defined horizon, and comprehend not only the conformation of the land, but see its close relation to both the rivers and to the Jersey shore. Then the countless roofs of the city are swathed in a pale violet light which you would call a haze if there were not somehow a wonderful clearness in the air, revealing the tall spires of St. Patrick's, showing you the bulk of the Paulist Fathers, and lessening the distance between you and a hundred landmarks south and east. Before you stands the city. Over your left shoulder you catch the silvery shimmer of the Harlem, and, if you mount high enough, you can find the East River easily, with intimations of Brooklyn beyond. On your left is the Hudson, with the shipping and the hum of its banks near the bay realized at one end, and its placid beauty near Fort Lee at the other. Over the gray and tawny Palisades, looking drear and dun and ragged in the chill autumn air, the sun goes down with a gorgeousness that can be appreciated at few other points so well as at that whereon the cornerstone of the cathedral has been laid.

Climbing the cathedral towers, or standing on the staircase at their base, studying the view from the lowest or the highest point of vantage which Columbia's home will grant, the breadth and beauty and variety of the scene must be ever the same. Nature has, with her usual foresight, placed the city and its richest outlooks at the gates of what will form our most important gathering of humanizing institutions. They will see the city slumbering at their feet and they will watch at its fairest the natural panorama that girdles New York. When the gaze of the spectator is turned back upon these institutions themselves what will he see? That is difficult but not at all impossible to answer, since the designs of all the buildings are known and a slight use of the imagination will provide what the pictures may lack. In the foreground, the great Gothic pile of the cathedral, with towers flanking its vast arched entrance and a spire of still more soaring lines cleaving the air above the dome, a church of digni-





Fifth Avenue at Madison Square.



Madison Cottage, an Inn Standing in 1857 on the Site of the Present Fifth Avenue Hotel.

fied masses and picturesque outlines. Seen just across the broad flight of steps up which the doors are gained is the extensive hospital, simply, even severely, academic in style, and presenting a cool contrast to the rich character of the majestic edifice with which it is associated by the exigencies of





Bank for Savings.

National Academy of Design.

Corner of the Church Missions  
House.  
Calvary P. E. Church.

Tower of the Madison Square Garden.  
Fourth Ave. Presbyterian Church.

FOURTH AVENUE, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE SOUTHEAST CORNER OF TWENTY-FIRST STREET.



site. And now, with a changing of the angle, a look aslant up Amsterdam Avenue will discover the numerous buildings of Columbia, classic in design, with their austerity lightened by touches of Renaissance style, and the entire assemblage of dormitories, lecture-halls, and so on, dominated by a noble library of Grecian simplicity. This library is to stand in the centre of a quadrangle formed by the other buildings of the college; the dome that surmounts it will be raised to such a height as to overlook them all and share with the towers of the cathedral the pre-eminence among the lofty objects in the northern part of the city. It is not intended to describe here either the cathedral or the library in detail, nor, indeed, is there much to be said at this time in elaborate celebration of any buildings in a series which has yet to be passed from paper into stone. What it is assuredly expedient to touch upon is the ensemble to which reference was made at the outset.

I began these desultory comments with a reference to Baron Haussmann's faculty for remodelling a city with consideration for the general effect which this or that passage in the scheme might have. I would return, in discussing the new buildings, to a similar phase of this point. Interesting by itself, each one of the great constructions uptown will be the more imposing for its relation to an effect which they will produce together. As a rule no one of them will be apprehended in isolation. Save when regarded from some especially sought point of view, the cathedral will share the horizon with the hospital, and *vice versa*. The Columbia College buildings will be visible by themselves when the spectator has turned his back on the two structures to the south, and, as will presently appear, they are likely to have a peculiarly fascinating atmosphere that will be all their own. Yet the Columbia buildings also will just as often be seen in a glance that will begin at the church and move on to the dome of the library, taking in the hospital on the way. It is apparent, in short, that the buildings will combine, from 110th to 120th Street, to establish a special and monumental standard for that part

of New York. Throughout it will be reposeful and elevated, the tone religiously meditative near the church, imbued with the equability of learning near the college, silent with the silence of a place of healing, between the two. Other buildings may rise, other buildings have risen, within the shadow of these stately walls. The neighborhood is being settled with more and more energy every year, and is destined to be more thickly built up as time goes on. Yet the essential character of the streets west of Morningside Park is bound to be fixed by the presence of such monuments as are now under consideration. All sorts of influences will converge there. It is necessary to count on utilitarian, architectural, social, and geographical elements in the general result which will meet the scrutiny. But two forces will master all these things. In the first place, the mere friction of daily life will do its part in moulding the new quarter, in smoothing off the roughnesses and vulgarities and replacing them with the suave characteristics of a spot susceptible to the gentle offices of culture. The cathedral will draw not only worshippers in great and continuous numbers, but will become the greatest centre of evangelistic and humanitarian activity which our city can hope to know. On one side the street will be the sanctuary of the church, on the other the merciful shelter of St. Luke's, and from both these sources of beneficence there will flow an endless stream of laborers whose work and hours of rest will both be identified with the neighborhood, no matter how far afield their er-



Broadway, near Wall Street.



roads of peace may carry them. In the vicinity of the cathedral charitable institutions, homes for various religious bodies, and the numerous interests involved in the executive administration of the parish and its ramifications will naturally arise. Near the hospital are sure to be assembled, in time, the dwellings of its great corps of officials, and the special institutions of medical learning and practice, libraries, and the like, which fall inevitably into line with such an head-quarters.

And within sight of these the accretions of Columbia College, in buildings devoted to art and letters, in the houses of scholars and their pupils, are destined to be perhaps the most numerous and most influential of all in the formation of that spirit which is expected to rest upon the entire district. Indeed the college has the opportunity to create a tone for which it would be unfair, perhaps, to go to Oxford or Cambridge in the search for parallels, but which can easily rival Harvard in spite of the comparative limits as to space. It is not merely that the impetus it would give to the life around it would always be along serious and thoughtful lines. It will owe much to the architectural merits, which, as has been hinted above, the college scheme has been assured. Bringing to the broad outlines of their plan the same order and refinement, the same simplicity and distinction which their fastidious taste would maintain in all the minute particulars of their work, the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, have conceived an architectural unit in their group of buildings for Columbia which by itself would revive in New York the memory of such continental masterpieces as I have already mentioned. The grand approach to the library is the approach of the college in general. The steps leading to its pillared entrance are the steps which begin at 116th Street, and bring the pedestrian straight into the quadrangle. West of the library will be an assembly hall, east of it the chapel, north, the dining-room hall, with a theatre and gymnasium behind. The remaining buildings will be disposed with mathematical regularity in the four angles of the quad, three of

them filling each angle. Just how every one of the eighteen structures will be designed is not now to be very definitely stated. The color, the individuality of the various buildings will be appreciated better at a later date. But it can be seen now that the work throughout will adhere to one ideal, that it will be full of dignified charm, abounding in elegance, in grace, and in purity of style. The style will be classic, loosely speaking, but antique precedents will be more rigidly remembered in the library than in the rest of the buildings. The tone of the latter will be classic, but with all the lightness and racy loveliness of the Renaissance added. American eclecticism will here have its share in the evocation of a brilliant ensemble. I can recall few architectural schemes in Europe so unique, so full of character, so completely monumental as this promises to be when it is completed. Through its great scale and scope it naturally looms somewhat larger in the mind than either St. Luke's Hospital or the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, yet it is felt on turning to those that Mr. Flagg in the first, and Messrs. Heins & Lafarge in the second, aimed at projecting their work on lines of kindred stateliness and have achieved their aim. It is hard to avoid coming back to this, to the sense of mass, of largeness, which seems to have governed all the architects implicated in the Morningside changes. Details are always interesting and suggestive. Future critics will find much to employ their pens in the lavish ornamentation of the cathedral, inside and out: in the commendable reticence which Mr. Flagg has shown in treating his hospital in a far less decorative mood. What it is intended to point out upon this occasion is the fortunate gathering together in New York of such a number of architectural erections as must shed a new and peculiar lustre upon the city. Modifying slowly but surely all the characteristics of the vicinity, the buildings at Morningside Park will do more than anything we have yet brought forth to place the Metropolis on a level with the capital cities of the Old World. In one way we shall surpass Haussmann, though at times we may suffer from the





The Plaza  
Hotel.

The Metropolitan Club.

The Netherland Hotel.

The Savoy  
Hotel.

THE PLAZA AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.



absence of that power to pull down as well as to build up, which was one of the chief sources of his success. We shall have the knowledge that while our picturesque Renaissance up-town is largely a matter of topography, of architecture, it springs first and last from the deep inner growth of the people.

## TO OMAR'S FRIENDS AT BURFORD BRIDGE \*

(WRITTEN FOR A MEETING OF THE OMAR KHAYYÁM CLUB)

*By Andrew Lang*

Not mid the London dust and glare,  
The wheels that rattle, the lamps that flare,  
But down in the deep green Surrey dingle,  
You drink to Omar in fragrant air.

He who sleeps on the Vaea crest  
Came to your tavern for work or rest,  
There he lingered, and there, he told us,  
Was by the Shade of a Sound possessed!

Men in the darkling inn that meet,  
Heard the sound of a horse's feet,  
Hooves that scatter the flying pebbles,  
And a warning whip on the casement beat.

*Boot and saddle!* was then the cry,  
*Mount and ride, for the foe is nigh!*  
Over the water, or high in the heather,  
Thither the friends of the king must fly.

Such was the sound that Louis heard,  
Out of the silence a single word,  
Out of the dust of the withered ages,  
Something that wakened, and beat, and stirred!

Here, he said, was a tale to tell  
Of Burford Bridge in the lonely dell,  
A tale of the friends of the leal White Roses,  
But he told it not, who had told it well.

\* Mr. Stevenson tells in one of his Essays how, at Burford Bridge, he was haunted by the notion of a man riding past in the dark, beating with his whip on the shutters, for a warning to those met within. He was thinking of a story on this subject, and in one of my last letters I told him that such an incident had actually occurred, probably about 1750, when "Jimmy Dawkins," in a Jacobite meeting at Burford Bridge, got sudden warning to rise and ride. This information (traditional) I have not yet verified. Mr. Dawkins was a West Indian landowner, and agent between Prince Charles and Frederick the Great. — ANDREW LANG.

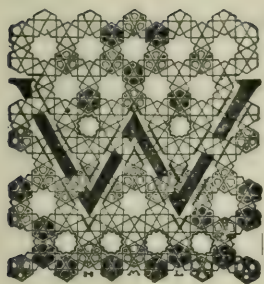


Drink to him then, e'er the night be sped!  
 Drink to his name while the wine is red!  
 To Tearlach drink, and Tusitala,  
 The King that is gone, and the friend that's dead!

Out of the silence if men may hear,  
 Into the silence faint and clear,  
 The voice may pierce of loving kindness,  
 And leal remembrance may yet be dear.

## THE LATE WAR IN EUROPE

*By Harry Perry Robinson*



ELL," said Branty, "why don't you make it?"

"Make what?" asked the millionaire.

"Why, war."

They were sitting in James Gollerson's

private office, their chairs drawn up close to the large window, the broad plate-glass of which reached nearly to the floor. Outside was the murk and swirl of a Chicago afternoon in February. If either of the men had stood up he could have seen dimly down to the street below, where the roadway was blocked with an almost constant entanglement of cable-cars and heavy drays, while on the sidewalk (it was only possible from this altitude to see the one on the farther side of the street) two streams of squat black figures flowed unceasingly in either direction. Opposite, some eighty feet away, rose the smooth face of another huge office building, towering up until, even from here on the sixth floor, it was impossible to squeeze one's self near enough to the window to see so much as a strip of the sky overhead. James Gollerson had tried the experiment more than once and, failing, had gone so far as to seriously consider moving the offices of the Great Western Provision Company, of which he was the president, a few

floors higher up—not that he attached much importance to the sky as such, but because it provoked him to know that he could not see it when he wished to.

He was a large man, with the ponderous physique and heavy voice which are possessed by so many of our wealthy self-made men of this generation, as almost to justify the belief that they are themselves in some way no unimportant factors in the achieving of worldly success. That James Gollerson was such a success there could be no question. He had been a millionaire any time these last fifteen years; but unlike many of his kind, he was not content to be only a millionaire. Probably he would have been puzzled if called upon to state what other rôle in life he either cared for or was qualified to fill. But, as the months and years rolled by, and as the last day of each month and each year saw him at his desk from eight o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the evening, just as the first day of the month and the year had done, there had somehow been borne in upon him the conviction that this was not all that there ought to be in life.

There had been others—his acquaintances, his colleagues, and his competitors—who had led the same life, and one by one they had dropped away. Some there were, men older than himself, who still worked as he was work-



ing. Their time could not be far off. And, rather undefinedly, it terrified him to think that some day, one by one, these would go as the others had gone; and then, in a few years more, that he would go. His going would be no more important to the world at large than theirs; and it seemed to him that he would like to do something else with his life before it was taken from him than they had done, something else besides work, even if it was no more than to stop working for a while. What he would do when he stopped working he had never very clearly considered, or whether he would be able to support the burden of endless idleness. Only, he did not wish to die as they had done, at the desk.

So, some years before this, he had set a mark at the time when he would stop work, and the mark which he had set was not unnaturally a dollar mark. When his fortune, he had said to himself, reached a certain point, when—apart from what he had invested in his immediate business, he had accumulated and set aside as much, in undeniable cash assets, as could be converted at whatever time that he might will it, making allowance for all reasonable fluctuations in values, into so much money—at that time he would leave his office forever.

Year by year the mark which he had set had come nearer; and year by year the desire grew upon him to reach that point and be done with it all. At first the goal had been but idly fixed and only occasionally thought of. By degrees it had come to be constantly in his mind's eye; and the vague wish to arrive at it had crystallized into a definite and ever-present longing, a haunting and persistent craving, that never left him by day and often kept him awake at night.

For more than half a decade he had made up his mind exactly in what month of what year he ought to be able to reach that place. Occasionally some unexpected perversity of the markets would compel a readjustment of his expectations, but a few weeks or a few months later the lost ground would be made up again, and when the spring of 1893 came the date which he had first

set was still the date on which his eyes were fixed. Only it was but two years away now.

Then came the panic.

There had never been danger of his failing or of the Great Western Provision Company becoming insolvent. That he knew. None the less there were nights when he awoke again and again from his uneasy slumber, haunted by dreams of bankruptcy, until he had been constrained to walk the floor till morning in very dread of the thoughts which came to him if he lay down. These were nights which followed days of horror—days in which his best friends, men whom he had believed to be as unassailable as himself, had gone down helplessly—days in which those to whom he had been indebted for help in his youth came to him and begged and prayed to be saved, going down on their knees before him in his office—days in which the news was brought to him of how this one of his old acquaintances had killed himself and this one had gone mad.

And through it all he saw that mark which he had set drawing farther and farther away.

His shrewdness had saved him from any large individual losses, but the mere universal shrinkage in values had contracted his fortune to four-fifths of its former dimensions. Things would right themselves some day, undoubtedly; but when? The months dragged slowly, and when the spring of 1895 came he saw, not two years more of work ahead of him, but five or eight, or it might be ten.

And the longing for rest became almost intolerable.

Through these times, as for many years before, his one close personal confidant among his business acquaintances had been Arthur Branty. To him he had poured out his hopes and his longings unreservedly. During their acquaintance the two had been together in many ventures, and to the other's acuteness the millionaire packer had been indebted for not a few of his most successful strokes. On the other hand, whenever Branty made a hundred thousand dollars for his friend he picked up ten thousand for himself, which he



could not have made without the other's backing.

On this afternoon, Gollerson had been going over once again the story of what the effect of the panic had been on his affairs, and of the deferment of his hopes which it had caused.

"If only something would happen," he had said, "to give a man a chance! It is this cursed waiting for things to begin moving again that is killing. If there was only a market or a demand of some kind! But there is no knowing when the dead, hopeless level is going to end. I wish that war would break out in Europe. The China-Japanese affair was no good. Why do not Germany and France get at it again?"

He thrust his hands deeper into his pockets, tipped his chair back on its hind legs, and relapsed into silence.

Then it was that Branty asked the question which we have already quoted:

"Well, why don't you make it?"

"Make what?"

"Why, war."

Gollerson smiled and continued to gaze out of the window. There was half a minute of silence before he spoke.

"I guess," he said, "it's because I don't happen to be the President of the French Republic and the Emperor of Germany rolled into one. George!" he added, meditatively, "What chances those fellows have if they only knew how to use them!"

"I don't see that their chance is very much better than yours," remarked Branty. "The temptation may be greater, because the thing is nearer to hand, as it were, and more obvious. On the other hand, their risk would be much bigger. You would have to go farther round, perhaps, to bring it off; but you wouldn't have to take one-half their chances. I was in earnest when I spoke, and have often thought of it before. Why don't you make them go to war if you want them to?"

"How?"

"How! Have you ever found any particular difficulty in handling an American legislature? If you set yourself about it, don't you think you could work up the American people to pretty well anything in the way of a scare, for

a few hundred thousand dollars? Well, and don't you suppose that those fellows over there would be ten times easier to work than we are over here? They are both of them hunting for an excuse for a fight half the time, and it wouldn't take a month to set France in a blaze from one end to the other. You just give me a commission to go ahead, and let me set Brane at work. Inside of two or three weeks you shall have the prettiest war scare you ever saw."

"The game is a little too big, I guess," said Gollerson, smiling. "Making war as a business is a good deal like any other business, I expect. A man would have to give some time to it and be inside the ropes before he would make much of a success."

"I don't see why. It looks to me like the easiest thing in the world. Big? Of course the game is big. So are the profits."

"I don't believe we'd better tackle it, however. Let's think up something nearer home."

"All right. You're the doctor; but I should like to try it just once. You think it over, any way."

The packer did not reply and Branty got up and stretched himself.

"I'll see Wilkins about that other matter first thing in the morning," he said. "I guess it will be all right."

He left the room, and the packer still sat with his chair tilted back gazing at the windows opposite, in which the lights were being turned on, showing the clerks at their desks and stenographers playing in pantomime on the keys of typewriters, and office-boys working at the copying presses, and all the internal mechanism of the stupendous engine of modern commerce at work.

When the millionaire was alone a clerk entered and turned on the electric light. He carried in his hand a dozen or so of letters and as many telegrams, which he laid upon the table.

"Mr. Bartlett is waiting to see you, sir," he said.

"Tell him I am very busy and ask him to come again."

The clerk withdrew, and Mr. Gollerson resumed the business in which he



was too deeply engaged to see Mr. Bartlett, and which seemed to be that of seeing how far he could tilt his chair back without upsetting. It was many minutes before he turned to the table to see what the clerk had left him. He ran his eye over the telegrams and pushed them to one side. Less rapidly he read the other documents, affixing a signature here and there. Then he thrust them aside also and touched an electric button. The clerk came into the room and removed the letters and telegrams without a word. The millionaire took a pencil and began making figures on a slip of paper; and they were big figures. Whether the conclusions which he drew from them were satisfactory or not it would have been hard to say; but they were evidently interesting, and even disturbing. He arose and paced the room, stopping once in a while to gaze out of the window, from which, however, nothing now was to be seen under the fast falling blackness, and again returning to his seat to make more figures.

In the days which followed, Arthur Branty spent even more time than usual with the president of the Great Western Provision Company. They were closeted together for hours, and on most days took their lunch in company. One morning, when Branty arrived, he was accompanied by Brane, the head of the detective agency which bears his name. It was at two o'clock in the afternoon that they arrived, and it was after five before the conference broke up. When Brane had withdrawn the other two stood in silence a while.

"I think," said Branty at last, "that we'd better begin buying at once. It will take six or eight weeks any way to set anything going, but we shall need all that if we are going to get a good grip without putting the markets up."

"We shall need all of it," assented the other.

"I've got those figures that I spoke of over in my office," said Branty, "and I'll bring them up to-morrow and see how they gibe with yours. Shall you touch wheat at all?"

"I think not," said the packer, whose eyes were fixed on that mark that was

set up. "We can do all any man could want without that."

"I guess that's so. Supposing the thing goes, it is only a question of where we choose to stop. I tell you, Gollerson, I believe that everything that has ever been done is going to be just child's play compared to this."

But the packer was standing, gazing out of the window, and made no response.

It would have been ridiculous in any country but France that what was really no more than a personal difference of opinion on a point of art criticism between the head of the government in his private capacity and a disappointed and embittered candidate for the Academy, should have developed into a national issue and precipitated a cabinet crisis.

There are certain constitutional maladies which so permeate and, as it were, take grip of every part of the system, that whenever the person who is infected with one of them, even though it may have lain dormant for years, suffers any sudden shock or lesion, that shock or lesion will immediately and—seemingly most illogically—tend to develop the symptoms of this deep-seated disease. An inherited taint of scrofula, unsuspected from birth, may be brought to the surface in a man by the breaking of a finger. A sudden chill will reawaken the germs of tuberculosis which have slumbered for twenty years.

So in the body of the French people even the slightest untoward influence tends to provoke or "runs to" *Revanche*.

It was not, therefore, remarkable that as soon as the cabinet crisis occurred—however absurd and remote the causes of it may have been—all tongues in Paris should have begun talking of Berlin. That had happened before. And up to this point the course of events was the result of accident and not designed of any man; it only made it perhaps a little easier for man to intervene, and increased the readiness of France to catch the first rumors of trouble on the frontier.

The famous "Plançon incident" was in itself trivial, and it is difficult to blame the German authorities. Eugène



Plançon was without doubt a Frenchman. When arrested he was, equally without doubt, engaged in making sketches of fortifications which he had no right to sketch. Also he at first undeniably refused to give any satisfactory account of himself. Afterward, when he proclaimed the fact of his American citizenship and consented to produce his papers, which were in regular form, it was not surprising that the German Government should have complained of his contumacy in withholding the facts for so long. Even Branty, in Chicago, said that he "came near giving the whole snap away" by overdoing it.

The incident, such as it was, excited some international irritation; and, as is always the case, incidents of the most trifling character began to assume exaggerated importance.

The case of the German Halle, in Paris, was almost as frivolous, but it contributed something to the irritation.

Then came the "*Sedan Affiches*," which sprang up no one knew whence or by whose hands. They were not in truth *affiches* at all; for as a rule the brief messages were not conveyed on paper, but roughly scrawled by hand in red or blue crayon. Though they were numerous enough in Paris, it was throughout rural France that they appeared in their tens and hundreds of thousands—yes, in their millions. On every blank wall, at each cross-roads, on gate-posts, and on the trunks of the poplar-trees, there was not a villager or wayfarer in France who did not find that short sentence confronting him a dozen times a day. The very rudeness and clumsiness of the writing, as if it were the work of a rustic and unaccustomed hand, commended it; and the shortness of the legend—always the same five words asking France if she had forgotten the First of September—was in its favor.

The First of September was the anniversary of Sedan. The dull-witted countryman had to think a minute before he remembered that; and the thinking impressed it on his memory.

And with the sudden reawakening of memory came a revivification of the old hatred.

If the *affiches* were intended, as of

course they were, to arouse public sentiment, they were a success; and, looking back now, it is not difficult to see other traces of the deliberate ingenuity with which the strings were pulled from behind the scenes.

It could scarcely have been without preconcerted arrangement that on the same day crude anti-German demonstrations should have been held at nearly half a dozen points in the little department of Belfort—the "almost lost Belfort"—a corner of the Republic which the French people have regarded with particular jealousy since, in 1871, it so narrowly escaped becoming a portion of the German empire. The demonstrations were in themselves insignificant, even ridiculous; but in Paris there were people enough anxious to see an overturning of the existing order to insure their being made the most of both in the press and on the boulevards.

This was on August 2d, the anniversary (perhaps only by coincidence) of the first collision between the French and Prussian troops at Saarbrück. On the days immediately following it seemed as if the war spirit was running through the frontier provinces as a fire sweeps over the prairie before a wind, running low over the bare places and bursting into flames wherever a clump of weeds or a tuft of taller grass gives it fuel.

All of these things were advertised in the press of Paris, and abstracts of the reports, losing nothing of coloring in the process of condensation, were cabled to the United States. Each morning a messenger left at the office of the Great Western Provision Company an envelope addressed to "Mr. James Gollerson, Personal," in the handwriting of Mr. Brane himself. In these envelopes were the clippings from the local papers of the morning on the situation in Europe.

"What infernal names they give their places over there, anyway," remarked Mr. Gollerson to his friend one morning, as he took the clippings out of the envelope and ran his eye over them. "Just look at this C-h-â-t-e-a-u G-o-n-t-i-e-r: Sounds more like a wine than a town, don't it? Where are all these places? In France?"



"You bet," said Branty, "and just where they will do the most good too, away up on the borders of Alsace-Lorraine; close to Germany, you know."

"Hasn't started the thing going in Germany yet, has he?"

"Well, I guess the Germans take a little longer getting started than the other fellows. They aren't so eternally anxious to have another go. They won the first throw and don't so much care about making it two out of three. Brane knows his business."

Meanwhile the prairie fire travelled fast, until from Nord to Herault it seemed that all France was in flame.

In Paris the political confusion grew deeper. Three ineffectual attempts had been made to form a ministry, and the temper of the populace was rising.

On August 17th, a fourth attempt was more successful, and a new ministry was announced under M. Garcet. No one believed that it could last, and the premier himself seemed scarcely the man to lead France through the stormy times which lay ahead. On the 19th the Chamber of Deputies saw one of the wildest scenes that have disgraced that hall of many disgraces.

There had been several more or less heated passages during the day, and the air of the chamber was thunderous. The matter before the house was a bill for the readjustment of the electoral basis making the unit of representation in the more populous districts 150,000 instead of 100,000 as before. The result, of course, would be to reduce the influence of the cities as compared with the rural districts. When M. de Ceret, the royalist deputy from Perpignan, arose to speak the chamber was prepared for a sensation, and it came.

M. de Ceret was in favor of the bill. The cities, he said, with their overshadowing political power, were the curse of France, and under the present organization the voice of that chamber was no longer the voice of the French people. "Hearken," he cried, dramatically, when the hubbub which followed this last declaration had subsided; "Hearken now and you can hear the voice of France! It has been speaking for two weeks past in words and tones which cannot be misunderstood. It has been calling

on us, from every commune from Belfort to Bordeaux, to lay aside our quarrels here and to remember that we have other enemies than each other, the enemies of France. It has been calling on us to wipe out the stain of a quarter of a century ago. It has been crying on us to give it a leader against its foes, and if we do not give one be sure that France will find one for herself, one who is no child of the factories" (M. Garcet, the new premier, was a member of the family that owned the great steel works that bear that name), "but one who comes from far away from any city—one who is not even permitted to breathe the air of France."

"I warn you," he continued as soon as he could make himself heard, "that France to-day is not to be trifled with. The time has come—the time for which we have waited for twenty-five years, and while you here are wrangling as to which offspring of the city slum and the furnace smoke shall be our leader, France herself—France of the vineyard and the farm and the sunshine, is calling only for a man—a man to lead her to that city from the possession of which only your cowardice can hold her."

The above is from the cabled report of the speech as it appeared in the American newspapers at the time. Not content, the report continues, with insulting the members of the chamber in the mass and the new premier in particular, the speaker, whenever he could make himself heard, continued to throw personal abuse at various well-known members of the right and centre, until the uproar became intolerable. Several personal scimmages occurred between deputies during the excitement, and M. de Ceret himself left the chamber with not less than a score of challenges on his hands.

"He must be a fighter, this fellow," remarked Mr. Gollerson on the following morning. "Pretty bright chap, too."

"Got a brother living here in Chicago," said Branty.

"Who has?"

"This deputy, De Ceret. He was out here himself at the World's Fair. That's how Brane got hold of him."



"What! Do you mean that——?"

And Mr. Branty nodded.

While the speech of the deputy from Perpignan was of itself of no conspicuous merit, it undoubtedly made history. It forced upon the government the necessity of paying some attention to the clamor of the provinces, which they had hitherto ignored. But whether they sympathized with it or not, this at least was no longer possible. What course the government would have taken it is impossible to say, had their decision not been hastened by an utterance from another quarter.

The German Emperor had been laying the corner-stone of the new military hospital in Berlin, and at the banquet with which the ceremonies concluded he made one of his characteristic speeches. To what extent he intended his remarks to apply to the immediate situation in France, it is impossible to say. There is always a large margin for conjecture as to how much of the meaning of any given speech of the present Emperor is deliberate, and how much fortuitous. By the world at large, however, his words were universally held to be profoundly significant. He spoke briefly, and he had said the same thing several times before. He had not, he knew, so he said, the wisdom of his august grandfather, but he was thankful to be able to believe that he had councillors as far-seeing and soldiers as brave. "I have, moreover," he said, "what My August Grandfather had not in the year 1870—a united Germany behind me. I command your obedience, and with that, under God, I propose that the Empire shall remain in my hands intact, or at least not diminished from the boundaries which My August Grandfather gave to it."

"Has Brane ever seen *him*, do you know?" asked the packer next day.

"Who? The Emperor? Oh, I guess not. That way of talking is just the German of him—and the William," said Branty.

"Well, its damned good, any way."

"From our point of view it is."

And it was. The speech threw Paris into a frenzy, and in the face of the popular indignation the government

could take but one course. The remarks of the minister of war in the chamber on the following day were full of dignity and carefully worded, but they breathed defiance in every syllable, and it was conceded on all hands that the gravity of the situation now could not be over-estimated.

And in corners of the world where the dogs of war lie kennelled they began to stir uneasily. There were weighty ministerial utterances in the British House of Commons, in which the government declared its desire to see the peace of Europe maintained, but expressing its determination to be prepared for all eventualities, that the interests and the prestige of England might be properly upheld. There was a rumble as of distant thunder from the Balkans. On the northern frontier of Afghanistan it was reported that collisions had occurred between soldiers of the Ameer and a Russian outpost.

Meanwhile, from her isolation, America looked on; her paragraphers made fun of all the great powers impartially, and—above all—her markets began to boom.

The price of wheat went up until speculators said that it was "like old times again," and Mr. Branty began to regret the moderation which had impelled the president of the Great Western Provision Company to "stay out of" that particular commodity. The increase in prices, however, was not confined to wheat, but was communicated to all the markets. Soon it came to be whispered around, though no one knew where the story originated, that a strong syndicate, formed some months ago, was in complete control of the situation in the two articles known, in the cheerful phraseology of the floor, as "pork" and "ribs." Who constituted the syndicate none could say. Reporters questioned Mr. Gollerson, but he only smiled upon them. They went to others of the great speculative powers, and these smiled also. They smiled to protect their reputations and their credit, but Mr. Gollerson smiled because he knew that he was, through his various agents, in possession of promises to deliver to him, within a very



brief period of time, rather more than twice as much of those two particular articles as was in existence in the United States, or as could possibly be manufactured and put upon the market during the next sixty days.

The reporters, finding that all the great powers whom they called upon were equally smiling and cheerful, sagely concluded that all were upon the same side. The syndicate was indeed a strong one, they told the world next day; never before had there been organized one quite its equal. Learning which the public, always waiting until it is just too late before doing the proper thing, rushed in haste to be on the same side as the great ones, with the result that prices rose more fiercely than before.

But one day Branty, entering his friend's office, found the other in a curious mood. For some days it had seemed to the former that the president of the Great Western Provision Company had scarcely shown the gaiety which would have been becoming in a man who had within his grasp the greatest financial coup that the world had ever seen. And Branty, feeling that to him the credit of the coup was due, saw in the other's lack of jubilation something of ingratitude. But if Gollerson on former days had been sober, on this particular morning he was positively gloomy; and Branty, in a tone which betrayed some irritation, asked for an explanation.

"I've been thinking a good deal lately," said the packer, moodily, "and do you suppose it would be possible now to call this thing off?"

"To call what thing off?" asked Branty, in astonishment.

"The war."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Do you remember our war at all?" the other questioned, in reply.

"I ought to. A man doesn't forget a day like Gettysburg very easily, when he happens to have been in it where I was."

"I wasn't in the war myself. I was at home in New Hampshire, but I saw enough of it even there. It's a horrible thing."

"Of course it is — horrible; but I

guess we knew that all along, didn't we?"

"In one way we did, I suppose. Yet somehow I never realized it. I never thought of the fellows who would do the fighting, until these last few days."

"And what started you on it now?"

"I don't know—just all the talk in the papers, I guess. I wish we could call it off."

"And let the markets go back before we had pulled it off?"

"Well, we couldn't help making enough any way; but don't you suppose that Brane could do it?"

"What? Go over and tell them that it was all a mistake? Hardly."

Gollerson did not pursue the subject, but it was evident that he had not ceased to think of it.

At last the First of September came. Then it was that the Parisian mob stormed the German embassy in Paris; and before nightfall the people of Berlin had returned the compliment. Each government demanded satisfaction, and meanwhile both ambassadors were withdrawn from the respective capitals. Now indeed it seemed that war was inevitable.

As Branty entered the Provision Company's office the next morning, the president handed him a cablegram to read. It was not a very important-looking message, for all that it said was:

*"Caracas twelve babies thirty glory mates. Pauper. Vulture post."*

Branty smiled as he read it; for what it meant was that the French Government desired to place with the Great Western Provision Company (who were the only people in the world at that moment who could fill it) an order, the profit on which alone, at the prices quoted, would make a handsome fortune, and proposed to make payment by depositing the necessary funds in London, to be turned over as the goods were delivered.

"Well, it was bound to come," remarked Branty; "and they save money by not putting it off any longer."

"I think I'd better go to New York," Gollerson said. "There will be a lot to do that can be done a good deal easier from there than here."



"I don't know but you're right. And I guess there is no reason why you should stay here."

Gollerson took a turn about the room. Stopping suddenly, with his face to the window, he blurted out,

"I wish to God the thing could be stopped. I can't sleep at nights now, and what do you suppose it is going to be when they get to work over there? Don't you ever think of it at all?"

Branty shrugged his shoulders.

"We knew what it meant before we went into it."

"In a general way, yes; but it is only within the last week or so that the thing has really come home to me. I don't think that I actually believed we could ever do more than create a scare, but now—Great Heavens, man! it means killing men, and starvation and poverty, and misery and ruin!"

Branty remained silent. He had always had a secret contempt for this man who, successful though he had been, and useful though he was to Arthur Branty, showed none the less at times a softness of heart, an almost womanishness, which, according to Branty's theories, were out of place in a business man.

It was fear of this weakness that made him not unwilling that Gollerson should go to New York. In the times that were coming, if the fullest advantage was to be taken of the situation, there must be no faltering and no pity. Among those who were in his hands, or would be in a few days, were two or three men against whom Branty had a long-standing enmity, which he proposed now to satisfy. Gollerson, he feared, might weaken, and he was glad to be left in full control.

It happened that Mrs. Gollerson was about planning an Eastern trip with her daughter. When Mr. Gollerson, therefore, left Chicago two days later, it was in a private car, which was attached to the rear of one of the fast trains to New York. Branty was at the station for a last word with his friend on business matters, and to pay his respects to Mrs. Gollerson. The president of the Great Western Provision Company was not in high spirits.

Signs of lack of sleep and nervousness showed themselves in his face and manner. Calling Branty to him he left the women in the car, and paced uneasily up and down the platform until the conductor called "all aboard."

"I hope I shall sleep better on the car than I have been doing these last two or three nights at home," he said at the last moment, "but it haunts me. It haunts me and, honestly, I wish we had never gone into it."

"Oh, your liver is out of order or something," said the other. "You have been working too hard, probably. Now you can take a rest."

Yes, it was true; he could take a rest now—the rest for which he had yearned so night and day for the last seven years. The mark which only two months before had seemed far away, was within arm's reach. Apart from the "legitimate profits," as he called them—the profit, that is to say, on the foreign orders—the winnings on the markets which would be cleared up before his return would be enough to land him well on the farther side of the goal. Success had been so rapid in this last manœuvre and so complete, that he might have foregone a million or so of the profits which were assured to him in the next few weeks and yet have more than the limit which he had set to his desires.

He thought of all this as he stood on the rear platform of the car as it moved out of the station, and waved his hand to Branty, who was bowing effusively to the ladies who stood up to smile their adieux through the wide observation windows. He thought of it all; but it brought him no comfort, but rather added bitterness. Why, he asked himself, could he not as well have waited? Why would not some less extreme measure of smaller profit have sufficed? There would not then have been this constant terror of the dead and dying before his eyes.

"I wish that I could like that man, James!" remarked Mrs. Gollerson, as her husband re-entered the car. She was a meek and somewhat colorless woman, and spoke penitently of her lack of affection for Mr. Branty, as if it afflicted her.



"Like him!" exclaimed her daughter, in a different voice. "He gives me the horrors."

"But so many people do that, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Gollerson.

Miss Gollerson felt the justice of the protest. As a matter of fact, there were very few of her father's more elderly business acquaintances who, according to her own declaration, did not have this same effect upon her. She contented herself now with throwing herself back in her seat and remarking, discontentedly:

"Well, I hate Mr. Branty anyway."

Mr. Gollerson made no comments on the conversation. He was not in a sociable mood; and for the occupants of the car the afternoon and evening passed slowly, and for the most part in silence. On retiring to bed the packer soon discovered that his hopes of better rest upon the car were not to be realized. The atmosphere was close. The bed-clothes were perverse. The pillow was uncompromising. Through the long hours he lay awake and listened to the "toot-toot-tut-tut" of the engine as it dashed over road crossings, and the almost constant clangor of the warning bell. Was the road all crossings, he wondered? and did a train ever run so recklessly?—plunging from the muffled roar of a cut to strike crashing on to a bridge, only to swing off to a curve which the engineer struck with a shock that made the car rock like a rowboat in a steamer's wash. And underneath him the trucks, the whole night long, were pounding out the story of the war; and visions of bloody fields and blasted homes rose out of the darkness to thrust themselves upon him.

Once during the night he arose and paced up and down the car and strove to smoke a cigar. He stayed up until, warm though the car was, the night-air chilled him and he crawled to his bed again, hoping that somehow sleep would come to him. But it did not. Through the cracks at the edge of the window shades he saw the air without grow lighter; and still the train swung on—running, as it seemed to him, more recklessly than ever. Again it became intolerable, and he arose once more and

went out into the body of the car. It was almost full daylight now, and, thinking that perhaps the fresh air might do him good, he stepped out on the rear platform, in his night clothes as he was, and filled his lungs with long draughts of the cold air.

The train was swinging round a curve with banks rising on either side, and he had to hold by the hand-rail to steady himself.

"Toot-toot-tut-tut!" called the engine, telling of another crossing ahead. Then suddenly "tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-toot-toot-too-oo-oo-oot," and, almost before the passenger standing on the rear platform of the private car could wonder what the signal might mean, the crash came.

How long before he came to himself he did not know or stop to think. He was lying alone in the ditch between the side of the track and the bank of the cutting. The rear end of the train—his car—was some fifty yards away; but it was not on the track, but thrown from its trucks and lying on its side diagonally across the rails. He could see that it was somewhat shattered, for splinters of wood thrust up into the air. A wheel and part of an axle protruded, apparently, from the centre of the side of the car, and at one of the broken windows was something white.

Beyond he could see dimly in the early light an indistinguishable mass of broken woodwork and parts of bodies of other cars; until in the distance the dense column of rising steam told where the engine lay. The roar of the escaping steam so filled his ears that at first he scarcely recognized the other sounds which mingled with it. It was not until he had struggled to his feet and had almost reached his car that he realized that, mixed with the deafening rush of steam were the shrieks of men and women in agony.

Then, for the first time, did he begin to be seriously alarmed for the safety of his own wife and daughter. Clambering over the first of the wreckage he began to make his way to where the white thing protruded from the window. By stepping on some broken timbers he succeeded in gaining the upper side of the overturned vehicle



and walked along it as a brakeman walks along the top of a freight-car. He took hold of the white thing and found that it was a pillow. But below was something else—also white. He reached his hand to that, and it was warm.

"Sarah!" he called in terror, "Mary! Sarah! Mary!"

It was a woman's arm that he had touched. Kneeling now by the broken window he pulled at the form within until at last the face came to view, and it was the face of his wife.

"Sarah! Sarah!" he called; but there was no answer. He broke the hole in the window larger with his fists, striking fiercely and cutting his hands and wrists as he did so, and tried to pull his wife out; but she was held fast somewhere below, and he pulled in vain. Standing up, he looked around for help. Coming toward him from the forward part of the train were two or three figures of men clambering over the cars.

"Help! help!" he called to them, and waved his arms. His voice was drowned in the roar of steam, but they saw his signals and hurried to join him. One carried an axe, and with it was soon at work chopping the wood-work of the car. When the figure was uncovered the feet were found to be held down by a heavy piece of the framework of the berth, and that too had to be cut away. At length she was free and the husband raised her in his arms. But already the cheeks were growing cold.

Other volunteers arrived and took up the work of rescuing those who were still imprisoned in the car. The colored cook and the porter succeeded in extricating themselves by breaking their way out of one of the windows, and soon afterward Mrs. Gollerson's maid was lifted out insensible, but unhurt.

To those looking on it seemed as if the millionaire hardly understood what passed around him. He stood by his wife's body, gazing now down at her and then wonderingly in the faces of those around, muttering the while to himself below his breath.

Even when the body of his daughter

was laid beside that of his wife he made no sign that he comprehended.

One of the car servants brought him some clothes—a pair of trousers and an overcoat—which he submitted to having put upon him without either protest or comment.

"We had better take 'em forward to where the others are," said one of the party.

By the shoulders and the knees they raised the bodies from the ground and started to carry them forward along the track, and the packer followed without a word. By this time a crowd of people had collected, sprung seemingly from the woods and the fields, and as the procession made its slow way over the broken cars a whisper of the identity of the dead ran ahead, and all stood to look at the two white-robed figures and the heavy black-browed man who walked behind. The shrieks and the roar of the steam had ceased. If any persons yet remained imprisoned among the cars they made no sound. The surrounding people spoke only in whispers, and in place of the terrible roar and clamor of a few minutes before the silence was broken only by the occasional sound of an axe cutting into the timbers or the groan of some injured man who sat by the roadside.

Beside the engine the cut widened out, and here, on a level stretch by the track the dead were laid. It was a melancholy tale, even before the forms of the mother and daughter had been placed at one end of the row. They were laid upon blankets, and other blankets were thrown over them, and all the while the husband and father said not a word.

To the curious crowd gathered in a circle around him he paid no attention, but looked first at the white faces at his feet and then over the heads of the bystanders at the sky and the horizon.

At length an old man, a farmer apparently, long-bearded and clad in loose, rusty clothes, standing beside the packer, spoke to him.

"I hain't seen a sight like this," he said, "not since the war; and I hoped I never would."

Something in his words or his voice



seemed to awaken the senses of the stricken man. He looked at the old man keenly from under his deep brows and his lips moved, at first in words that were unintelligible. Then:

"War!" he whispered, hoarsely, clutching the old man by the sleeve. "War! Yes, I know, and it was my fault. I did it. I made them fight—I and Branty. We got Brane to help us, and he went over and spoke to the Emperor. But he would not tell him afterward that it was a mistake, and then came blood—blood—blood."

Letting go of the farmer's coat he dropped on his knees beside his wife, and for some seconds remained as if in prayer, mumbling to himself inaudibly. Jumping to his feet again, he seized the man who was nearest to him, and who chanced to be a surgeon come to give what help he could. Gripping him with a hand on either shoulder, and speaking in a voice that was harsh and cracked, he poured out his words.

"Did you see it? There were the cornfields all laid waste and the homes in ruins—just piles of smoking rafters, and the woman sat among the embers and sobbed, and the starving children pulled at her dress and cried for food, which she could not give them. And all the while, out there on the battlefields the dead men lie and rot. Have you seen it as I have?—At night when you could not sleep, and it has all come up out of the darkness and you knew

you were to blame for it. You caused it all. It was you who killed those men and burnt those homes and left those little children there to starve and die. And what was the use of the money? What could I do with it when I had it? Hadn't I enough? Couldn't I have waited?"

He loosed his hold of the surgeon's coat and gazed into the faces around him, and those who met his eyes saw that they were not the eyes of the sane.

The surgeon laid his hand soothingly on the other's arm.

"That's all right," he said, "I know it's sad; but that will pass. It will soon be well again."

But Gollerson was muttering to himself and did not hear. Again and again the surgeon spoke, but it was useless. He took him by the arm to lead him away, to see if he had enough knowledge of his surroundings to know who they were who lay dead at his feet. And he let himself be led unresistingly, as a little child.

How the war cloud, when even on the point of bursting, passed away is matter of history. To the Emperor of Austria and the Czar, for their friendly intervention, the credit of the maintenance of peace has always been given, especially to the Czar. And probably the historians are right. I have never heard Mr. Brane express an opinion on the subject.

## THE PLOUGHMAN

*By Ethelwyn Wetherald*

I HEARD the ploughman sing in the wind,  
And sing right merrily,  
As down in the cold of the sunless mould  
The grasses buried lie.

And now the grasses sing in the wind,  
Merrily do they sing;  
And down in the cold of the sunless mould  
Is the ploughman slumbering.



SOME  
THANKSGIVING-TIME  
FANCIES

BY

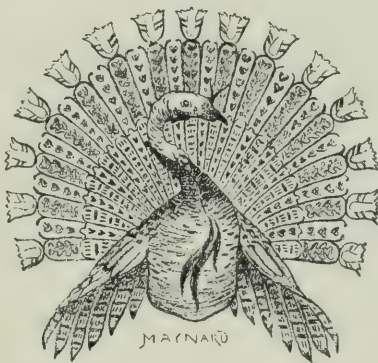
PYLE

CLINEDINST

M<sup>c</sup>CARTER, GLEESON

AND

LEIGH







NOVEMBER 1776







❁ THE ENEMY AT THE DOOR ❁

*Drawn by H. Pyle.*





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EXILED AMERICANS



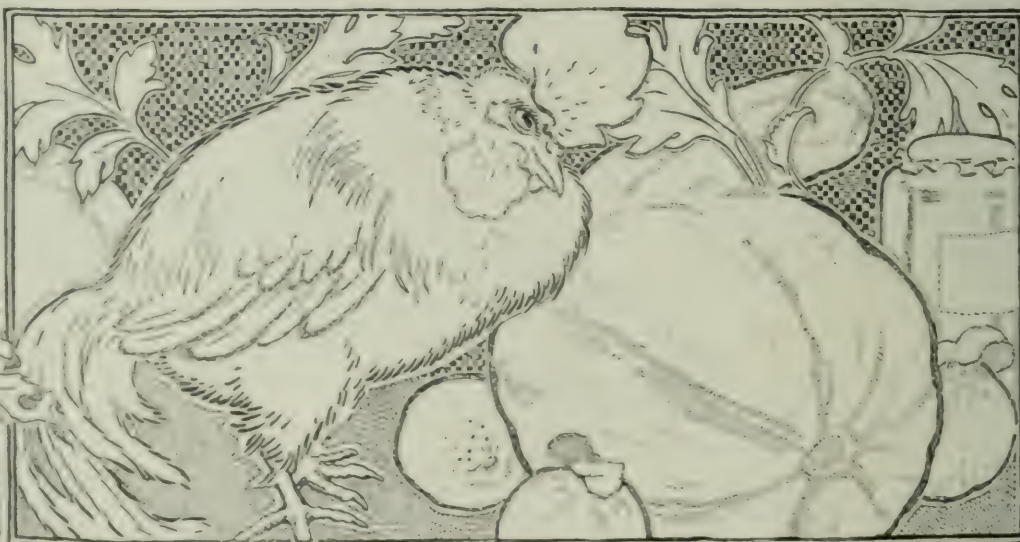
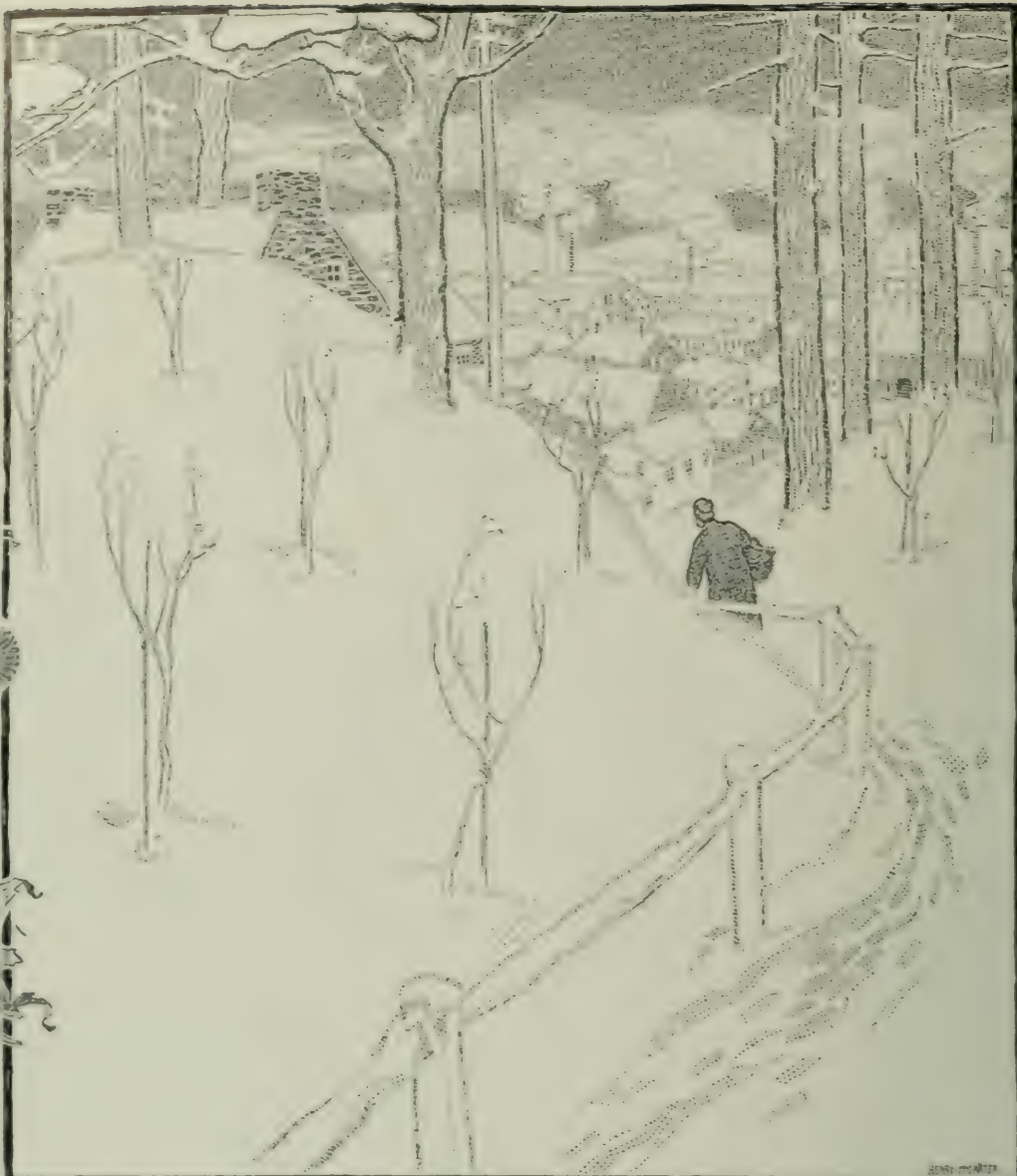


## THANKSGIVING ABROAD



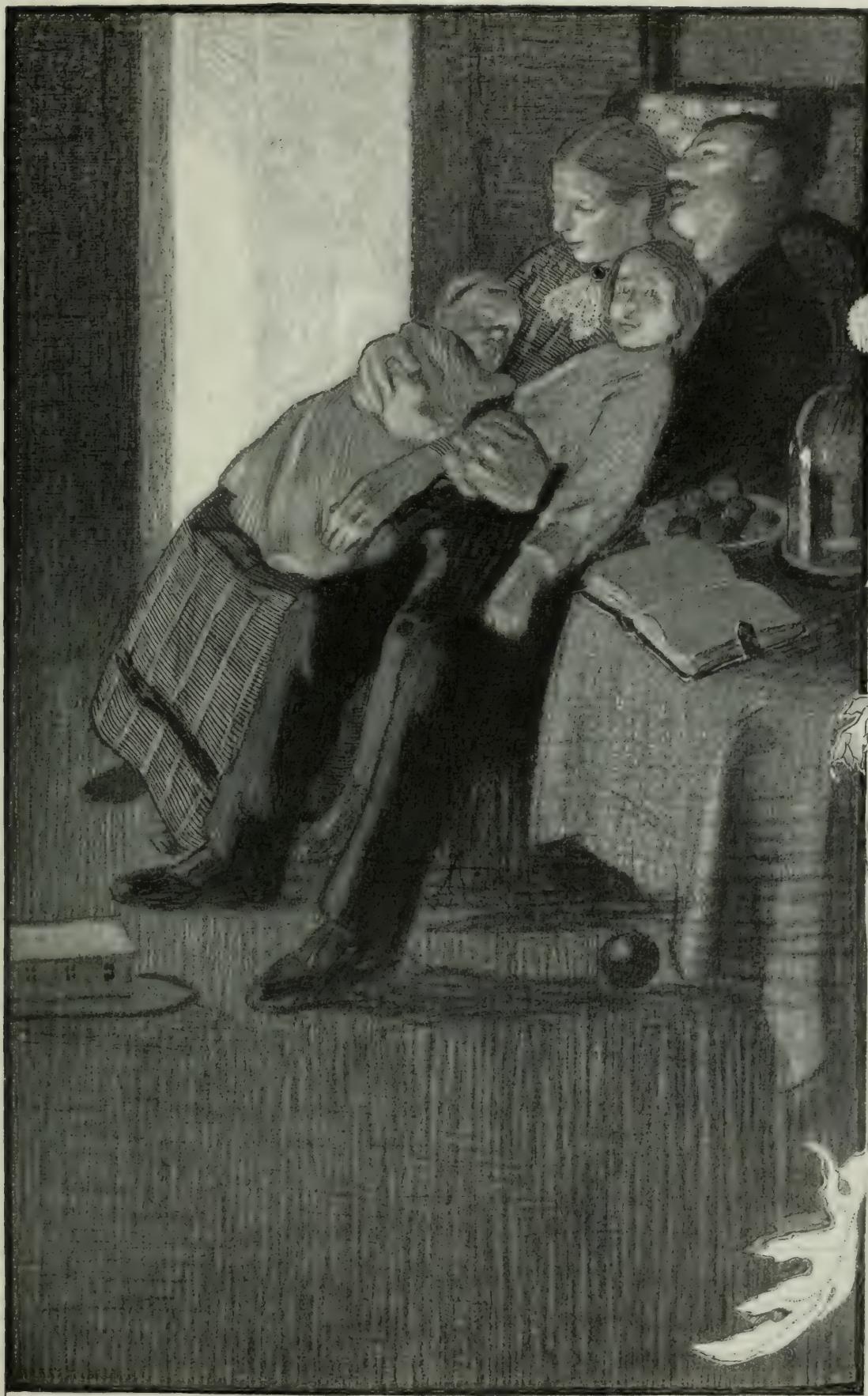
*Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.*





● THANKSGIVING IN





## THE MILL TOWN



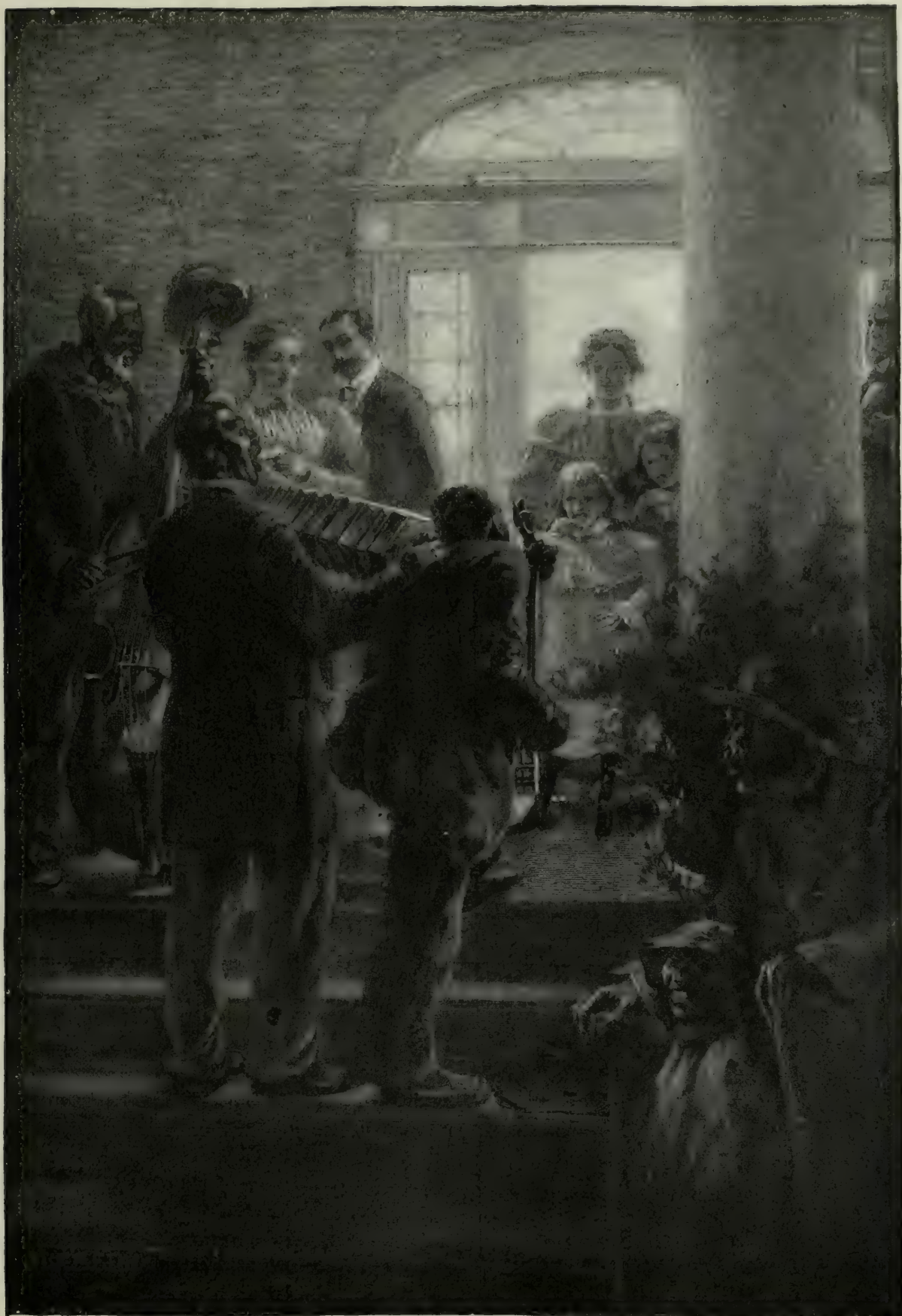
*Drawn by Henry Mac Carter.*











IN THE SOUTH



*Drawn by J. M. Gleeson.*





A FAMILY REUNION



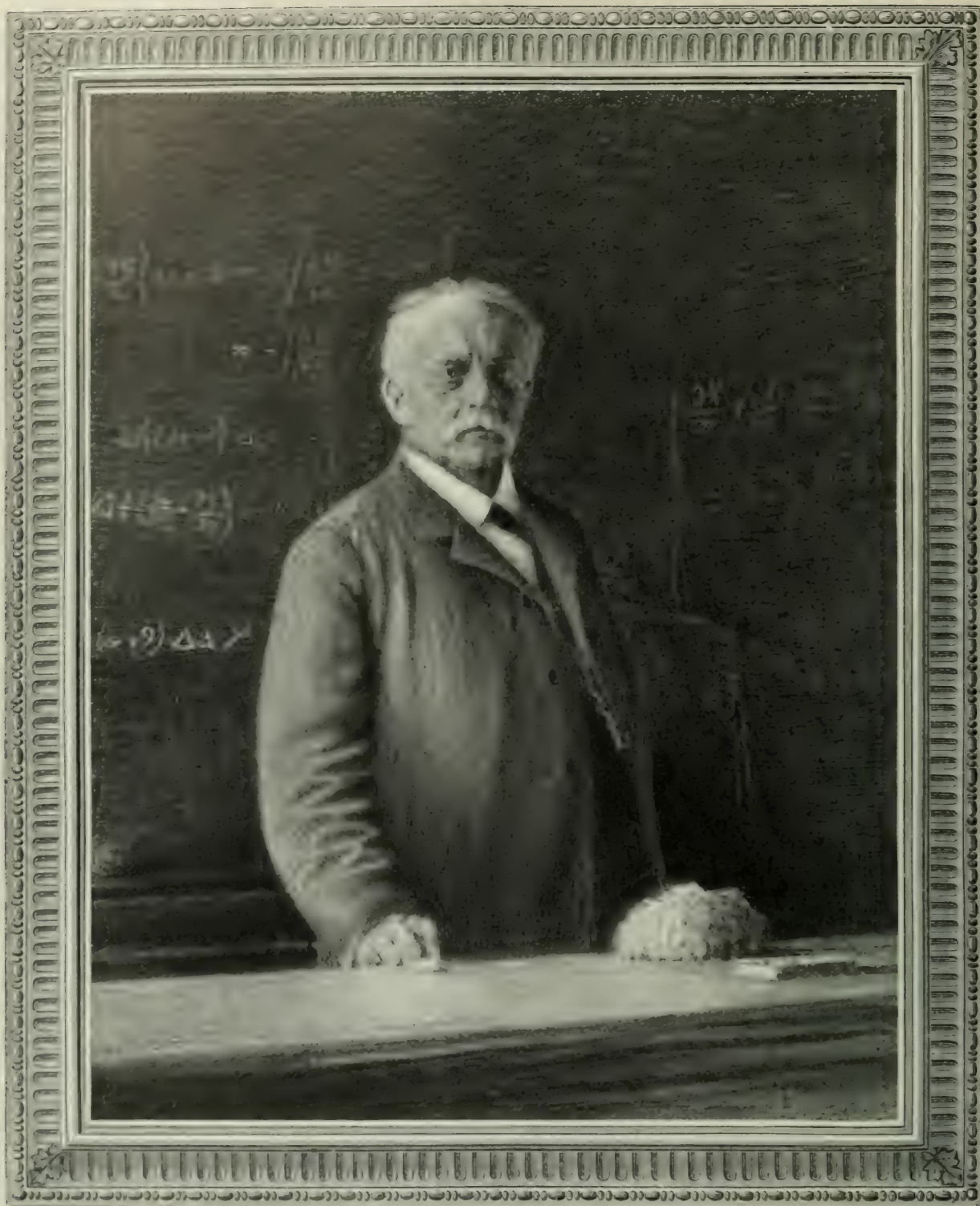


IN VIRGINIA



*Drawn by W. R. Leigh.*





## PROFESSOR VON HELMHOLTZ

*By C. Riborg Mann*

**A**LL students of science who have had the good fortune to attend the lectures of the late Professor von Helmholtz will recognize the portrait printed herewith as a striking likeness of their distinguished teacher.

At the close of his lecture on Saturday, July 7, 1894, Professor von Helmholtz, at my earnest request, remained a few minutes in the class-room and al-




lowed me to photograph him. He stands as he was accustomed to appear before his students, the formulæ as he had just written them remaining on the blackboard as a suitable background.

By a strange working of fate, that was the last day on which he lectured, excepting one, when he gave some matter supplementary to this occasion; and this is his last photograph.

Professor von Helmholtz was always fond of students from this country, appreciating as he did to its full extent the practical turn that is so marked a feature of American thought.

Those of us who had the privilege of coming into a personal acquaintance with him at his lectures, will value this likeness as a characteristic representation of their great and genial master.

HEN one studies the progress which natural science has made during the last fifty years, he cannot fail to notice the unchallenged supremacy of the rôle which Hermann von Helmholtz has been playing. Had his first important discovery been his last, we should yet have been compelled to place him among the leading scientists of his age. It is this first great work of his which stands as the foundation-stone of all science. It is this formulation by him of the principle of the conservation of energy which, with one blow, brought all branches of scientific investigation under one and the same law. That he was thus able to state a law so general as at once to embrace all natural phenomena, is a first proof of the comprehensiveness of his mind.

To appreciate his many-sidedness, we have but to follow the development of his life. While his first work was mainly mathematical, his second was in quite a different field. It consisted in the measurement of the velocity of propagation of sensation by the nerves. To accomplish this he must needs have been an anatomist too.

His labors in the line of psychological optics show that he was also a master of psychology.

But perhaps it is by his achievements in the realms of music that he is best known and most celebrated. In his book, "The Sensations of Tone," he solved completely that riddle of nature which had puzzled the world since the time of Pythagoras. Thus to give a rational numerical explanation of the intricacies of harmony and their effect on the ear, there was need not only of a mathematician, an anatomist,

a physicist, and a psychologist, but also of a musician, all united in one man. Helmholtz was all this, and even more.

Few can as yet rightly value his last great work on vortex motion. In that work may lie hidden the seeds of wonderful discoveries in the future. Lord Kelvin has already shown that it contains a theory of atoms which explains the nature of matter mathematically, but gives no physical conceptions thereof. Just as his explanations of harmonics in sound have been of infinite value to students in branches of electricity unthought of at the time of the publication of his work, so this last essay of his may yet prove to be epoch-making in the solution of some of the most vital problems of the physical universe. The most striking characteristics of his writings are clearness, perfect logic, and comprehensiveness. His style is a literary one, and shows that he was familiar with the classics of literature. According to German critics, better German was never written. He could also speak English fairly well, as Americans had a chance to know when he visited Chicago in 1892.

For a man of such genius and attainments he was the most modest person I ever knew. For example, when he discovered the ophthalmoscope, by means of which it was possible to look into the inside of the eye, a discovery of the greatest value and benefit, he is said to have written to his father that he had used in its construction only that knowledge which he had obtained in school, and he wondered that somebody else had not invented it before.

The first thing that impressed one on meeting him was his repose. To



look into his eyes was to gaze into unfathomed depths of peace. And yet you could not but feel that he was penetrating your mind when he returned your glance.

Many thought him cold. It is true that he thought more of things than people. His memory for faces and names was poor, and many an offended feeling has been the result. But those who knew him, knew his generous nature, knew that he would put himself out a great deal rather than hurt or even inconvenience anyone. Those who heard him as he spoke at the funeral of his friend and colleague, Professor Kundt, will never for an instant admit that he was cold or unsympathetic.

Besides his scientific bent, he was also possessed of marked æsthetic tastes. He was very much of a con-

noisseur in art and literature and often regretted that his colleagues did not more often avail themselves of the enjoyment afforded by an acquaintance with the classics of prose and poetry.

He was never happier than when roaming about in the woods and country.

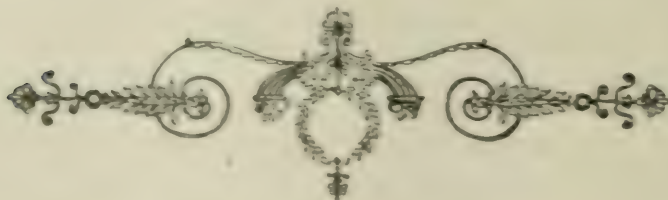
Great has been the direct influence of his own investigations. But who can estimate the greatness of the influence which his personality as a teacher has wrought? Most of the leading physicists of to-day have been his pupils. Many an idea which has been given to the world under a different name was originally his. For all time will he through his pupils and his works, stand as authority on many of the fundamental questions of natural science.



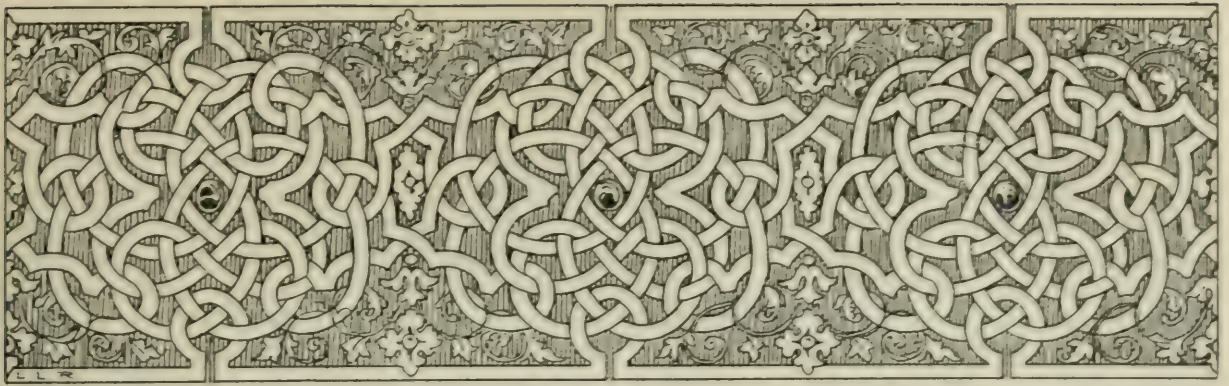
## THE RUIN OF THE YEAR

*By Archibald Lampman*

ALONG the hills and by the sleeping stream  
A warning falls, and all the glorious trees—  
Vestures of gold and grand embroideries—  
Stand mute as in a sad and beautiful dream,  
Brooding on death and nature's vast undoing;  
And spring that came an age ago and fled,  
On summer's glory long since drawn to read,  
And now the fall and all the slow soft ruin,  
And soon, some day, sweeps by the pillaging wind,  
The winter's wild outrider, with harsh roar,  
And leaves the meadows sacked and waste and thinned,  
And strips the forest of its golden store,  
Till the grim tyrant comes, and then they sow  
The silent wreckage, not with salt, but snow.







## THE LOGIC OF MENTAL TELEGRAPHY

*By Joseph Jastrow*



WHAT will be pronounced strange and curious is largely determined by the make-up of that common body of knowledge to whose laws and uniformities the phenomena in question apparently fail to conform. What is passing strange to one individual or to one generation may find a natural explanation in the next. We all have eyes that see not for all, but a limited range of facts and views, and unconsciously fill out the blind spots of our mental vision according to the habits and acquisitions of the surrounding area. We observe and record what interests us; and this interest is the outcome of a greater or lesser degree of knowledge and training. A new observation usually implies not the existence of a new sense-organ or of an additional faculty, but an insight into the significance of quite lowly and frequent things. The appearances of the earth's crust, which the modern geologist so minutely describes, were just as patent centuries ago as now; what we have added is the body of knowledge that makes men look for such facts and gives them a meaning. And although "the heir of all the ages," we can hardly presume to have investigated more than a small portion of the domain of fact and law; future generations will doubtless acquire interests and points of view by which to fill out the many gaps in our knowledge and

reduce to order and consistency what to us seems strange and curious.

The possibility of the transference of thought, apart from the recognized channels of sensation, has been too frequently discussed with the suppressed or unconscious assumption that our knowledge of the means by which we ordinarily and normally convey to others some notion of what is passing in our own minds, is comprehensive and exhaustive. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Whenever a fact of sensation, no matter how limited or apparently trivial, has been thoroughly investigated, there have been discovered, or at least suggested, unrecognized possibilities of its use and development. And no result of experimental inquiry is more constantly illustrated than the extent to which inferences from sensations and the exercise of faculties may proceed without arousing consciousness of their existence. The fact that a portion of every one's retina is as blind as his finger-tip escaped observation until not much more than a century ago, because the normal use of our eyes does not present the conditions of its easy detection, and for a like reason we persistently refuse to see the double images that are constantly formed upon the retina. With the same unconsciousness that we receive sensations and draw inferences from them, do we give to others indications of what is going on in our minds, and read between their words and under their expressions what "half reveals and half conceals



the thoughts that lie within." It is necessary to emphasize the great limitations as yet surrounding our knowledge of the normal modes of sensation and the corresponding hesitancy with which we should regard any series of facts, no matter how apparently inexplicable, as evidence of a supernormal kind of mental telegraphy.

Another principle important in this connection, and one which is likewise borne out by experimental inquiry, is the great similarity of our mental machinery in matters great and small, and the resulting frequency with which the same conclusions must be reached by different persons, as the outcome of similar but independent brain-functioning. We all have a tendency to exaggerate the individuality of our own ways of thought and expression; and yet but little reflection is necessary to suggest how easily this fond belief may be at least partially delusive. In certain lines of thought we should regard it as strange if two thinkers, starting with the premises suggested by the problem in hand, should not reach the same conclusion; in others we seem to observe the preponderance of evidence in one direction and yet can appreciate the grounds of a contrary opinion; and while in still other cases we regard the verdict as a matter of taste or individual preference, it may be questioned whether this is so unmotivated or lawless a process as we are apt to think. While we properly expect more mental community in certain lines than in others, we have good grounds for believing that it exists everywhere, and is only awaiting the proper modes of investigation to reveal it in its full extent and significance. With the marvellously increased facilities for the dissemination and transportation of thought, the range of such mental community is correspondingly extended. Coincidences arising from the bringing together of widely separated and apparently unrelated happenings are sure to multiply when the means of bringing them together are so vastly increased. Each man's world is enlarged by the enlargement of the whole; it becomes possible for him to come into relation with infinitely more

persons and things, and the resulting coincidences are much surer to be noticed and recorded.

If we consider the logical ease with which the successful solution of a certain portion of a problem suggests the next step: how imperceptibly and yet effectively points of view and what we term the spirit of the age are disseminated; how many persons there are in this busily reflective era occupied with similar thoughts and schemes, and how readily they can come into communication; how all are anxiously studying the popular taste and demand to determine what literary venture or mechanical invention is likely to be timely and successful; how the possession of a common inheritance, patriotic interests, education, literature, political arena, labor-saving devices, and household conveniences all contribute to our common life, shall we wonder that some two or half a dozen intellects should give expression to similar thoughts at nearly the same time? Would it not be infinitely more wonderful if such coincidences did not occur?

In the more original contributions to literature, science, and inventions, such thought correspondences should be rarer; and certainly this is true. Contrast the number of striking similarities in the higher walks of literature and science with those that occur in small inventions. Hardly a day passes without two persons thinking of so essentially similar a device for accomplishing the same purposes that patents could not be given to both. It is certainly not difficult to understand why several type-writing machines should appear nearly simultaneously, and it would not be altogether mysterious if at the first two inventors had independently devised writing machines at nearly the same time. The experience of offering an article to an editor and receiving a reply to the effect that another article dealing with a similar topic in a similar way was already awaiting the compositor, is not unusual. It is true that these coincidences are of a minor order, but it seems desirable to emphasize the frequency of these minor forms in order to suggest the law-abiding character of



the rarer forms ; for this is just what the normal distribution of such phenomena would lead us to expect.

It would be pleasant to believe that the application of the doctrine of chances to problems of this character is quite generally recognized ; but this recognition is so often accompanied by the feeling that the law very clearly applies to all cases but the one which we happen to be discussing, that I fear, the belief is unwarranted. Moreover, the notion seems to prevail that these coincidences should occur with equal frequency to all persons ; while in fact the law of probability distinctly provides for the most various distribution among individuals. However, this objective form of viewing the topic is not at present the most important.

One of the most deplorable attitudes regarding the borderland phenomena now under consideration is that which insists upon an exact and detailed explanation of concrete personal experiences, and regards these experiences as so essentially peculiar that it refuses to consider the many other instances of the same class without reference to which a rational explanation is practically impossible. Nothing is more important than to recognize the statistical nature of the inquiry. We should certainly be sufficiently familiar in this statistic-filled age with the law-abiding character of individual facts, when statistically considered. So many types of facts depending upon apparently individual motives shoot together and form curves and averages of surprising regularity. The number of marriages, or of misdirected letters, the falsification of ages, or the distribution of heights of individuals, and countless other items that in individual cases seem accidental, or capricious, or due to a host of minute and unaccountable factors, none the less present a striking statistical regularity. The owners of a gaming-table, counting upon the statistical regularity of the accidental, are assured of a steady income ; they are interested long enough to obtain an extensive view of the fluctuations and see the law that guides the whole. Not so the individual player ; he is interested only in that particular portion of

the game in which his money is at stake. He detects mysterious laws of fortune and freaks of luck ; sees in a series of coincidences or momentary successes the proof of his pet schemes, and utterly refuses to believe the general doctrine of chances, because it is not obviously applicable to his particular case. This influences the losers as well as the winners ; both are absorbed in their own minute portion of the game, and forget that the law makes distinct provision for temporary losses and gains, great and small, but is as indifferent to the times and order of such occurrences as to the personality of those affected. The tendency of insisting that the laws of science shall be strictly and in detail applicable to individual cases possessing a personal interest for us, has led to many a serious error. Superstitions have arisen from it, and many phases of pseudo-science. A further illustration of the point under discussion may be found in the much-discussed question of the differences in brain characteristics of men and women. The claimants for woman's equality point to the acknowledged inability of an expert anatomist to determine whether a particular brain belonged to a man or a woman, and regard this evidence as conclusive. A sounder logic would insure greater caution. The differences between men's and women's brains may be certainly established and typical, and yet depend upon statistical, not upon individual, facts. Give the anatomist a goodly number of fairly selected brains and tell him that all the women's brains are in one group and all the men's brains in another, and he will tell you which group is masculine, which feminine ; and this more than offsets his failure in the former test. It establishes a statistical regularity. Individually we may argue that many women of our acquaintance have larger heads than the men ; that the English are not taller than the French, because the Frenchmen we have met are among the tallest, and the Englishmen among the shortest, men we have ever seen ; that the laws of chance do not apply to gaming, because on that basis we should have come out even and not as losers, and



that coincidences cannot explain our strange mental experiences, because they are too peculiar and too frequent. It is only in the most complete and final stage that knowledge becomes accurately applicable to individual cases; for the present, it is well if in these abstruse matters we can glimpse the statistical regularity of the entire group of phenomena, trace here and there the possible or probable application of general principles, and refuse to allow our opinions to be disarranged by rather startling individual cases. These, however interesting to ourselves or entertaining to others, are not the test of our knowledge of the matter.

I pick up an odd stone and with a peculiar turn of the hand throw it from me; probably no student of mechanics can exactly calculate the course of that projectile, and if he could it would not be worth while. What he can do is to show what laws are obeyed by ideal projectiles, ideally thrown under ideal conditions, and how far the more important practical cases tend to agree with or diverge from these laws. It is unfair to test his science by its minute applicability to our particular problem.

When the problems involved in thought-transference come to be generally viewed under the guidance of a sound logic, the outlook will be hopeful that the whole domain will gradually acquire definite order, and that its devotees, after appreciating the statistical regularity of the phenomena, will admit that much of the energy and capacity now expended in this direction is on the whole unprofitable. With an infinite time and an infinite capacity, it would be profitable to study all things; but at present mental sanity consists in the maintenance of a proper perspective of the relative importance of the affairs of life. It may be that the man who puzzles day and night over some trivial mystery expends as much brain energy as a great intellectual benefactor of mankind; but the world does not equally cherish the two.

It is well to emphasize the great opportunity, in the description of coincidences, for error, for defective observation, for neglect of details, for exaggeration of the degree of correspondence;

and equally demonstrable is the slight amount of such error or mal-observation that is all sufficient to convert a plain fact into a mystery. Consider the disfigurement that a simple tale undergoes as it passes from mouth to mouth: the forgetfulness of important details and unconscious introduction of imaginary ones exhibited upon the witnessstand; the almost universal tendency to substitute inferences for sensations and occurrences for the observed facts; and add to these the striking results of experimental inquiry in this direction—for example, the divergences between the accounts of sleight-of-hand performances or spiritualistic *séances* and what really occurred. These considerations help to explain why we so often fail to apply general principles to individual cases. The narrator may be confident that the points of the story are correctly observed, that all the details are given, and so on, and yet this feeling of confidence is not wholly to be trusted. It is quite likely that the points that would shed most light upon the matter were too trivial to attract attention. After the explanation is given we often wonder how we could have failed to detect it; but before we know what to observe and what to record the possibility of error is extremely great, and the strict refutation of a proposed explanation correspondingly difficult.

I turn to another point—in some respects the most important of all; I refer to the readiness with which we interpret as the remarkable frequency of coincidences what is due to a strong interest in a certain direction. Inasmuch as we observe what interests us, a new interest will lead to new observations, that is, new to us, however familiar they may be to others. Take up the study of almost any topic whatever, and it takes no prophet to predict that within a short time some portion of your reading or your conversation, or some accidental information will come to hand bearing precisely on the subject of your study; but surely this does not mean that all the world has become telepathically aware of your needs and proceeded to attend to them. Some years ago I was very strongly interested in centenarianism,



and for some months every conversation seemed to lead to this topic, and every magazine and newspaper offered some new item about old people. Nowadays my interest is transferred to other themes, but the paragrapher continues to meet my present wants, and the centenarians have vanished. As if to reinforce my point a coincidence has occurred while I am writing. I was reading very carefully for the second time the article by Mark Twain in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* for December, 1891, which suggested the present paper. I was occupied with what is there described as the most wonderful coincidence of all—the nearly simultaneous occurrence to the author and to a Mr. William H. Wright, of a similar literary venture—when I happened to take my eyes from the page and saw on my desk a visiting-card bearing the name “W. H. Wright.” It was not the same W. H. Wright, but a gentleman whom I had met for the first time a few hours before. Had I not been especially interested in this particular article and topic the identity of the names would certainly have escaped my attention.

It is only necessary to become deeply interested in these coincidences to discover them on all sides; resolve to record all that come to hand, and they seem to multiply until you can regard yourself as providentially favored in this direction. If your calling develops a taste for matters of this kind; for example, if you are a writer, with a keen sense for the literary possibilities and dramatic effects of such coincidences, is it strange that you should meet with more of them than your prosaic neighbor, to whom they would be trivial and dull? If you cultivate the habit of having presentiments, and of regarding them as significant, is it strange that they should become more and more frequent, and that among the many some should be vaguely suggestive, or even directly corroborative, of actual occurrences? I know of persons who detected the gradual growth of such habits in themselves, and wisely decided to check the tendency before it became pernicious; they began to neglect them or act in the teeth of them,

and I am unable to discover that they have fared any worse than those who religiously honor and obey these premonitions.

We may derive corroborations of these views from the nature and subject-matter of the more frequent coincidences and presentiments. We should expect them to relate to those persons and things that are most frequently in our thoughts, and that simultaneities of thought or predictions based upon them should occur among persons intimately acquainted with one another's thought-habits, at least as regards that line of thought to which the coincidence relates; and this expectation is fully borne out by the facts. Is it not a commonplace observation that presentiments relate to those who are dear to us, or in whom we have a momentarily strong interest, that they deal with events which we have anxiously dreaded or desired, or with matters over which we have puzzled and worried? In brief, they deal with what is frequently in our minds, and thus a fair share of them have a chance of being realized. I need hardly add that it is the successful ones that we remember and record, and the others that are quickly forgotten; moreover, so large a share of our mental operations takes place in the region of the unconscious, that our recollection of what has occupied our thoughts is by no means a final authority. And are not very many of those who open their lips to give utterance to the same thoughts, or finish one another's sentences, intimate companions in the walks of life? Is it strange that in their daily intercourse with a congenial spirit they should have learned enough of one another's mental processes to predict now and then a step in their association of ideas?

Again, there are quite a number of events which sooner or later are very likely or quite certain to happen, and these figure largely in coincidences and predictions; the crossing of letters is easily the best illustration of this type of occurrences. It is so easy to get into the habit of delaying all delayable matters as long as possible, that it must frequently happen that your own sense of duty is aroused, and your correspond-



ent's patience exhausted at nearly the same time. If *A* is to hear from *B*, or *B* from *A* within a period not absolutely definite, but still reasonably limited, every day's delay makes it more and more probable that their letters will cross. The same train of thought applies to other affairs of daily life; we delay a matter of business, and are just about to attend to it when the other party concerned comes to us; or we delay offering some social attention until just as we are ready to do so, it is asked of us, and so on. In brief, we find that the complicated interests of a life of civilization give endless room for coincidences, and that their frequency is clearly related to the commonness of the event, and its familiarity and close relation to our habit of thought.

I have not taken into account in these considerations the processes of those who professionally predict the future, or mysteriously exhibit acquaintance with private affairs, for they involve too much technical detail, and the evidence upon which their remarkable character is based is too uncertain and treacherous. I have also avoided specific reference to the countless tales, tending to establish the precise simultaneity of presentiment and event, or the attempted experimental tests of thought-transference. These may be worthy of most detailed investigation, but the belief in the possibilities of mental telegraphy seems more particularly connected in the popular mind with such normal types of coincidences as have been considered above. With a clear understanding of these more typical cases, and with the resulting appreciation of the marvellous complexity and unfathomable subtlety of mental operations, we shall be better prepared to consider the more abstruse and difficult aspects of the problem.

It is certainly the policy of science to allow the utmost latitude of opinion and theory, and to interpret the possible in an unprejudiced and liberal spirit; but it is equally the policy of science to demand of all claimants for recognition authentic credentials framed according to the laws of logic and the principles of evidence and probability.

ADDENDUM.—As appears above, this article was written just after the appearance in *Harper's Magazine* of Mark Twain's first article, entitled "Mental Telegraphy." Now [September, 1895] he adds three or four instances of coincidences (?) similar to those mentioned in his previous article. It is not my purpose to attempt any specific explanation of these or the former instances, for, as I have urged above, a specific explanation is rarely forthcoming and almost never warranted. Two of the four instances—that of receiving a proposal for a series of "antipodean" lectures, and an honorary membership in a club—seem not unlikely to have emanated from the accounts of the author's personal affairs which the papers have recently contained. A coincidence of the same type (although a more obvious one) I can record with reference to the present topic. Being off on a cycling tour, I stopped at a library, some evenings ago, in a New Hampshire town, to consult an atlas of the roads. Not finding it I went to the periodical files and took up the current number of *Harper's*, scanned the table of contents, and naturally read Mark Twain's article. I decided at once to write to the editor of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE and inquire whether this would not be an opportune moment to publish my paper, and whether he would like to have me add a paragraph referring to the recent article. To-day, arriving at Boston and intending to write my letter of inquiry at once, I found a letter from the editor containing the very same thoughts. Surely there is nothing demanding an explanation in this; and fortunately telepathy has no claim here, because the letter (repeatedly forwarded) was written ten days ago. I am also tempted to add my regrets that I have not emphasized more strongly the falsity of the position that because certain facts seem inexplicable by ordinary methods, therefore they go to prove the truth of so essentially unphysiological an hypothesis as that of thought-transference. It is quite possible to invent half a dozen hypotheses which would equally well explain the facts. But perhaps this is clear without specific statement.





### THE OLD AGE OF CUPID.

BY INIGO R. DE R. DEANE.

ONCE CUPID ROVED A NAKED, ROSY BOY,  
A RATTLING QUIVER O'ER THE SHOULDER SLUNG,  
A BOW AND—AH! FOR CUPID THEN WAS YOUNG—  
NAUGHT ELSE HE CARRIED, BUT THE WIDE WORLD'S JOY,  
(IF CHRONICLERS TELL TRUE) IN THOSE OLD DAYS  
THE LAD WAS; FOR WHEREVER EYES WERE BRIGHT  
OR SOFT CHEEKS BLOOMY, SHOT HE LEFT AND RIGHT,  
AND LAUGHED AT BLAME AND LIGHTLY DEEMED OF PRAISE.

BUT CUPID NOW'S GROWN OLD AND WORLDLY WISE,  
UNDER THE MYRTLES THERE IN ARCADY  
HIS BOW UNSTRUNG, HIS EMPTY QUIVER LIES;  
A WALLET BEARS HE, AND UNERRINGLY  
FLINGS, WHERE A HONEYED SHAFT HE'D SHOOT OF OLD,  
A CIRCLET, NOW A PIECE OF MINTED GOLD.





Engraved by Florian from a drawing by Albert Besnard.

## WOOD-ENGRAVERS—FLORIAN

FLORIAN'S father, a notary in a small village of French Switzerland, and blessed with a family of seven children, thought that since his eldest boy evinced so great an interest in the hieroglyphics of art—those singularly stiff and crude illustrations in the provincial almanacs, histories, and school-books—he could do little better than to apprentice him to one of the prosperous neighboring artisans who engrave the traditional inscriptions on watch-cases, and occasionally also decorate them with finely chiselled ara-

besques. And so the boy began at the bottom of the ladder, achieving rapidly what in local circles was considered a great success. However, his first sensation of delight at being able to do as well as his master soon passed away; he grew restless and worried at the idea of doing this and nothing else his whole life long, and all the more lovingly did he look at those school-books and almanacs, wondering how such beautiful images could be produced by simple lines cut into the wood.

In due time he met a fellow-countryman, just returned from Paris, who knew something about wood-engraving and was willing to impart his information, and soon a first block was bought, upon which the boy attempted to copy a picture from one of his books. He made some more trials, and succeeded in disposing of several of his blocks. Finally a bookseller, in search of a man to execute the engravings of a popular book on Natural History, offered him the work—a commission which young Florian, of course, joyfully accepted. He found it hard to convince his parents, who were quiet, conservative, country folk, that, in order to do justice to so important an order, he should go to Paris; but at last, with their consent, he started for his Mecca. He lived there in a little room of the house he now



Engraved by Florian.



occupies, and for the first few months had no one with whom he could exchange a word about his work. With no professional knowledge and no training, the engraving proceeded so slowly that his publisher asked him to give some of the illustrations to another engraver, trusting to him for the selection of a competent man. It was characteristic of this little country boy that, in looking over the illustrated papers, he should have been attracted by what was best, and therefore should have carried the publisher's message to Lepère, the best engraver in Paris. Lepère, in return, gave him some little work from time to time, and, as the former had a studio full of engravers working under his directions, Florian, while looking about him during his visits, tried to seize upon some of the processes—the secrets, as he thought, of that art which still appeared to him mysterious and infinitely complicated.

The Swiss book finished he wandered about seeking work—embarrassed, diffident, and afraid to confess to anyone that he did not know his business. Thus came to him the customary period of enforced Bohemianism, too frequent, alas! in artistic *débuts*.

After passing through the usual banal experiences which Murger has glorified and misrepresented in his "*Vie de Bohème*," Florian ended by making a name for himself among the craftsmen, and having gathered around him a number of them who followed his direction, the group produced collectively the large full-page engravings of the weekly *Monde Illustré*, each bearing the signature of the leader—Florian.

By incessant production—engraving all kinds of subjects and working hard

and earnestly—Florian gained the freshness and versatility of technical expression, and the largeness of interpretation which are his most striking characteristics. He said once to the writer:

"There has been nothing striking in my life. I have always worked from morning till night and sometimes from night till morning. There has been place for nothing else."

That is the secret of his success; he has given his whole life to his art. A quiet, earnest, essentially sane man is he, of fine tastes, quick artistic perceptions, and with a keen sense of the beautiful and the picturesque, joined to such a love for his work that he has constantly found pleasure in what others would loathe as drudgery. From the first he met every opportunity in the same modest and manly way; always doing his best and striving to do better; unconcerned about worldly success but ever anxious to accomplish finer and more worthy results.

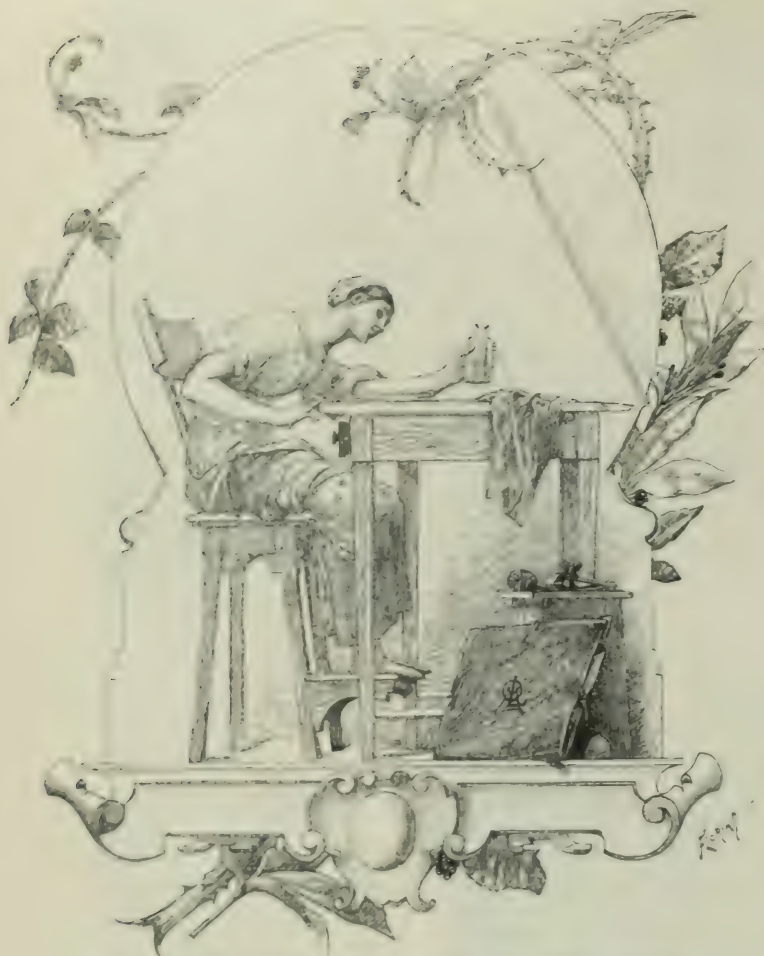
No wonder that this self-taught Swiss lad should have become a leader!

It was at the founding of the *Revue Illustrée* that Florian was called upon (by way of an experiment, for the publishers had decided to use exclusively the new mechanical processes of reproductions) to produce some wood-engraving which should have a thoroughly novel and original character. He chanced to reproduce drawings which until then had been considered unfit for translation in the medium—drawings such as the one by Albert Besnard which appears at the head of this article. What he succeeded in doing not only gave a unique character to the *Revue*, and contributed largely to its success, but also



Engraved by Florian from the portrait of Coquelin by Emile Friant (fragment).





Engraved by Florian from a drawing by Luc Olivier Merson.

gave to the art a new direction and impetus, which has since been generally followed. Till then artists planned their drawings with a view to the reproduction on wood, adapting their work to the exigencies of the engraver, but Florian made it possible for the personality of the artist to express itself freely and unconventionally, and by thus leaving the artist quite untrammelled he

necessarily obtained new and unexpected results.

Without entering into an analysis of Florian's style, it is worth noting that what dominates and animates it is above all the freshest and most sympathetic of interpretations.

It was a remarkable piece of good fortune for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE that such a rare subject as an hitherto unpublished portrait of Sir Walter Scott could be selected as Florian's contribution to the series of engravers' frontispieces current therein through 1895. The picture was bought at the sale of the celebrated Van Pratt collection, of Brussels, and is now owned in America; but in order to insure as perfect a reproduction as possible, it was left for months in the engraver's hands before crossing the water. Wilkie evidently painted it from life, and it may be either the study made by him in November, 1824, for his great picture of the Reception of George IV. at Holyrood, or the portrait known by the name of its purchaser, Sir

William Knighton, and finished in 1828, or possibly a still later portrait, referred to in a letter from Scott to Wilkie, which is dated February 1, 1830:

"I am extremely gratified by the sketch you did of my unworthy person——"

At any rate, it is a powerful piece of realistic portraiture; most expressive of character and individuality.



Engraved by Florian from a painting by Anker (fragment).



# THE ART OF LIVING

## THE CONDUCT OF LIFE

*By Robert Grant*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. H. HYDE

### I

Now that more than a century has elapsed since our independence as a nation was accomplished, and we are sixty million strong, what do we stand for in the world? What is meant by the word American, and what are our salient qualities as a people? What is the contribution which we have made or are making to the progress of society and the advancement of civilization?

There certainly used to be, and probably there is, no such egregiously patriotic individual in the world as an indiscriminately patriotic American, and there is no more familiar bit of rhetoric extant than that this is the greatest nation on earth. The type of citizen who gave obtrusive vent to this sentiment, both at home and abroad, is less common than formerly; nevertheless his clarion tones are still invariably to be heard in legislative assemblies when any opportunity is afforded to draw a comparison between ourselves and other nations. His extravagant and highfalutin boastings have undoubtedly been the occasion of a certain amount of seemingly lukewarm patriotism on the part of the educated and more intelligent portion of the American public, an attitude which has given foreigners the opportunity to declare that the best Americans are ashamed of their own institutions. But that apparent disposition to apologize already belongs to a past time. No American, unless a fool, denies to-day the force of the national character, whatever he or she may think of the behavior of individuals; and on the other hand, is it not true that every State in the Union has a rising population of young and middle-aged people who have discovered,

Congress and the public schools to the contrary notwithstanding, that we do not know everything, and that the pathway of national progress is more full of perplexities than our forests were of trees when Daniel Boone built his log cabin in the wilds of Kentucky? In short, the period of unintelligent jubilation on one side, and carping cynicism on the other, have given place to a soberer self-satisfaction. We cannot—why should we?—forget that our territory is enormous, and that we soon shall be, if we are not already, the richest nation on earth; that the United States is the professed asylum and Mecca of hope for the despondent and oppressed of other countries; and that we are the cynosure of the universe, as being the most important exemplification of popular government which the world has ever seen. At the same time, the claims put forth by our progenitors, that American society is vastly superior to any other, and that the effete world of Europe is put to the blush by the civic virtues of the land of the free and the home of the brave, are no longer urged except for the purposes of rodomontade. The average American of fifty years ago—especially the frontiersman and pioneer, who swung his axe to clear a homestead, and squirted tobacco-juice while he tilled the prairie—really believed that our customs, opinions, and manner of living, whether viewed from the moral, artistic, or intellectual standpoint, were a vast improvement on those of any other nation.

But though most of us to-day recognize the absurdity of such a view, we are most of us at the same time conscious of the belief that there is a difference between us and the European which is not imaginary, and which is





"This is the greatest nation on earth."

the secret of our national force and originality. International intercourse has served to open our eyes until they have become as wide as saucers, with the consequence that, in hundreds of branches of industry and art, we are studying Old World methods; moreover, the pioneer strain of blood has been diluted by hordes of immigrants of the scum of the earth. In spite of both these circumstances, our faith in our originality and in the value of it remains unshaken, and we are no less sure at heart that our salient traits are noble ones, than the American of fifty years ago was sure that we had the monopoly of all the virtues and all the arts. He really meant only what we mean, but he had an unfortunate way of expressing himself. We have learned better taste, and we do not hesitate nowadays to devote our native humor to hitting hard the head of bunkum, which used to be as sacred as a Hindoo god, and as rife as apple blossoms in this our beloved country.

What is the recipe for Americanism — that condition of the system and

blood, as it were, which even the immigrant without an ideal to his own soul, seems often to acquire to some extent as soon as he breathes the air of Castle Garden? It is difficult to define it in set speech, for it seems almost an illusive and intangible quality of being when fingered and held up to the light.



"The despondent and oppressed of other countries."

It seems to me to be, first of all, a consciousness of unfettered individuality coupled with a determination to make the most of self. One great force of the American character is its naturalness, which proceeds from a total lack of traditional or inherited disposition to crook the knee to anyone. It never occurs to a good American to be obse-



quious. In vulgar or ignorant personalities this point of view has sometimes manifested itself, and continues to manifest itself, in swagger or insolence, but in the finer form of nature appears as simplicity of an unassertive yet dignified type. Gracious politeness, without condescension on the one hand, or fawning on the other, is noticeably a trait of the best element of American society, both among men and women. Indeed, so valuable to character and ennobling is this native freedom from servility, that it has in many cases in the past

made odd and unconventional manner and behavior seem attractive rather than a blemish. Unconventionality is getting to be a thing of the past in this country, and the representative American is at a disadvantage now, both at home and abroad, if he lacks the ways of the best social world; he can no longer afford to ignore cosmopolitan usages, and to rely solely on a forceful or imposing personality; the world of London and Paris, of New York and Washington and Chicago, has ceased to thrill, and is scarcely amused, if he shows himself merely in the guise of a splendid intellectual buffalo. But the best Americanism of to-day reveals itself no less distinctly and unequivocally in simplicity bred of a lack of self-consciousness and a lack of servility of mind. It seems to carry with it a birthright of self-respect, which, if fitly worn, ennobles the humblest citizen.

This national quality of self-respect is apt to be associated with the desire for self-improvement or success. Indeed, it must engender it, for it provides hope, and hope is the touchstone of energy. The great energy of Americans is ascribed by some to the climate, and it is probably true that the nervous temperaments of our people are stimulated by the atmospheric conditions which surround us; but is it not much more true that, just as it never occurs to the good American to be ser-

vile, so he feels that his outlook upon the possibilities of life is not limited or qualified, and that the world is really

his oyster? To be sure, this faith has been fostered by the almost Aladdin-like opportunities which this great and rich new country of ours has afforded. But whatever the reason for our native energy and self-reliance, it indisputably exists, and is signally typical of the American character. We are distinctly an ambitious, earnest people, eager to make the most of ourselves individually, and we have attracted the attention of

the world by force of our independent activity of thought and action. The extraordinary personality of Abraham Lincoln is undoubtedly the best apotheosis yet presented of unadulterated Americanism. In him the native stock was free from the foreign influences and suggestions which affected, more or less, the people of the East. His origin was of the humblest sort, and yet he presented most saliently in his character the naturalness, nobility, and aspiring energy of the nation. He made the most of himself by virtue of unusual abilities, yet the key-note of their influence and force was a noble simplicity and far-sighted independence. In him the quintessence of the Americanism of thirty years ago was summed up and ex-



"The best apotheosis yet presented of unadulterated Americanism."



"Plentifully larded with Adolph Stein, Simon Levi, Gustave Cohen, or something ending in berger."

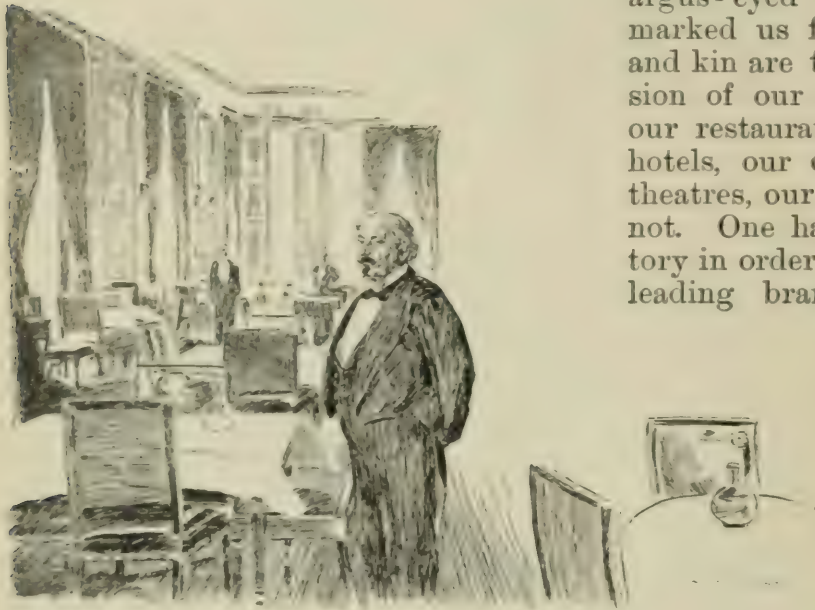


pressed. In many ways he was a riddle at first to the people of the cities of the East in that, though their soul was his soul, his ways had almost ceased to be their ways; but he stands before the world to-day as the foremost interpreter of American ideas and American temper of thought as they then existed.

In the thirty years since the death of Abraham Lincoln the country has been inundated with foreign blood. Irish, Germans, English, Poles, and Scandi-

he tills the prairie; and Louis Levin-sky, Paul Petrinoff, and Michael O'Neil forge the plough-shares, dig in the mine, or work in the factory side by side with John Smith and any descendant of Paul Revere who has failed to prosper in life's battle. But this is not all. Not merely are the plain people in the dilemma of being unable to pronounce the names of their neighbors, but the same is getting to be true of the well-to-do merchants and tradespeople of many of our cities. The argus-eyed commercial foreigner has marked us for his own, and his kith and kin are to-day coming into possession of our drygoods establishments, our restaurants, our cigar stores, our hotels, our old furniture haunts, our theatres, our jewelry shops, and what not. One has merely to open a directory in order to find the names in any leading branch of trade plentifully

larded with Adolph Stein, Simon Levi, Gustave Cohen, or something ending in *berger*. They sell our wool; they float our loans; they manufacture our sugar, our whiskey, and our beer; they influence Congress. They are here for what they can make, and they do

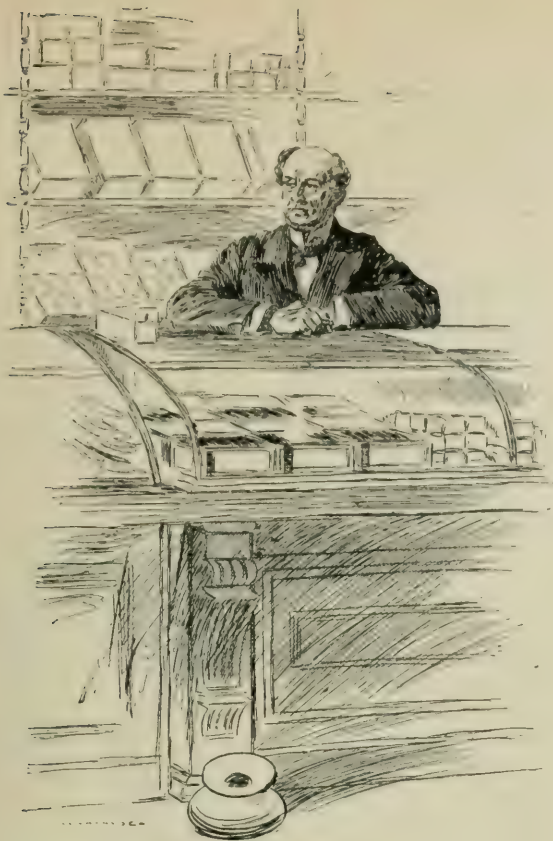


"Our restaurants."

navians, mainly of the pauper or peasant class, have landed in large numbers, settled in one State or another, and become a part of the population. The West, at the time of the Civil War, was chiefly occupied by settlers of New England or Eastern stock—pioneers from the older cities and towns who had sought fortune and a freer life in the new territory of prairies and unappropriated domain. The population of the whole country to-day bears many different strains of blood in its veins. The original settlers have chiefly prospered. The sons of those who split rails or followed kindred occupations in the fifties, and listened to the debates between Lincoln and Douglas, are the proprietors of Chicago, Denver, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, and Topeka. Johann Heintz now follows the plough and in turn squirts tobacco-juice while

not waste their time in sentiment. They did not come in time to reap the original harvest, but they have blown across the ocean to help the free-born American spend his money in the process of trying to out-civilize Paris and London. As a consequence, the leading wholesale and retail ornamental industries of New York and of some of our Western cities are in the grip of individuals whose surnames have a foreign twang. Of course, they have a right to be here; it is a free country, and no one can say them nay. But we must take them and their wives and daughters, their customs and their opinions, into consideration in making an estimate of who are the Americans of the present. They have not come here for their health, as the phrase is, but they have come to stay. We at present, in our social hunger and thirst, supply the





"Our cigar stores."

grandest and dearest market of the world for the disposal of everything beautiful and costly and artistic which the Old World possesses, and all the shopkeepers of Europe, with the knowledge of generations on the tips of their tongues and in the corners of their brains, have come over to coin dowries for their daughters in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Many of them have already made large fortunes in the process, and are beginning to con the pages of the late Ward McAllister's book on etiquette with a view to social aggressiveness.

Despite this infusion of foreign blood, the native stock and the

Anglo-Saxon nomenclature are still, of course, predominant in numbers. There are some portions of the country where the late immigrant is scarcely to be found. True also is it that these late-comers, like the immigrants of fifty years ago, have generally been prompt in appropriating the independent and energetic spirit typical of our people. But there is a significant distinction to be borne in mind in this connection: The independent energy of the Americans of fifty years ago, whether in the East or among the pioneers of the Western frontier, was not, however crude its manifestations, mere bombastic assertiveness, but the expression of a faith and the expression of strong character. They were often ignorant, conceited, narrow, hard, and signally inartistic; but they stood for principle and right as they saw and believed it; they cherished ideals; they were firm as adamant in their convictions; and God talked with them whether in the store or workshop, or at the plough. This was essentially true of the rank and file of the people, no less true and perhaps more true of the humblest citizens than of the well-to-do and prominent.



"Our old furniture haunts."



There can be little doubt that the foreign element which is now a part of the American people represents neither a faith nor the expression of ideals or convictions. The one, and the largest portion of it, is the overflow and riff-raff of the so-called proletariat of Europe; the other is the evidence of a hyena-like excursion for the purposes of plunder. In order to be a good American it is not enough to become independent and energetic. The desire to make the most of one's self is a relative term; it must proceed from principle and be nourished by worthy, ethical aims: otherwise it satisfies itself with paltry conditions, or with easy-going florid materialism. The thieving and venality in municipal political affairs of the Irish-American, the dull squalor and brutish contentment of the Russian-Pole, and the commercial obliquity of vision and earthy ambitions of the German Jew, are factors in our national life which are totally foreign to the Americanism for which Abraham Lincoln stood. We have opened our gates to a horde of economic ruffians

as a people. The danger from this source is all the greater from the fact that the point of view of the American people has been changed so radically during the last thirty years as a secondary result of our material prosperity. We have ceased to be the austere nation we once were, and we have sensibly let down the bars in the manner of our living; we have recognized the value of, and we enjoy, many things which our fathers put from them as inimical to republican virtue and demoralizing to society. Contact with older civilizations has made us wiser and more appreciative, and with this growth of perspective and the acquirement of an eye for color has come a liberality of sentiment which threatens to debauch us unless we are careful. There are many, especially among the wealthy and fashionable, who in their ecstasy over our emancipation are disposed to throw overboard everything which suggests the old *régime*, and to introduce any custom which will tend to make life more easy-going and spectacular. And in this they are supported by the immi-

grant foreigner, who would be only too glad to see the land of his adoption made to conform in all its usages to the land of his birth.

The conduct of life here has necessarily and beneficially been affected by the almost general recognition that we have not a monopoly of all the virtues, and by the adoption of many customs and points of view recommended by cosmopolitan experience. The American people still believe, however, that our civilization is not merely a repetition of the old-

er ones, and a duplication on new soil of the old social treadmill. That it must be so in a measure every one will admit, but we still insist, and most of us believe, that we are to point the way to a new dispensation. We believe,



"Circ the pages of the late Ward M. Alcott's book on etiquette."

and malcontents, ethical bankrupts and social thugs, and we must needs be on our guard lest their aims and point of view be so engrafted on the public conscience as to sap the vital principles which are the foundation of our strength

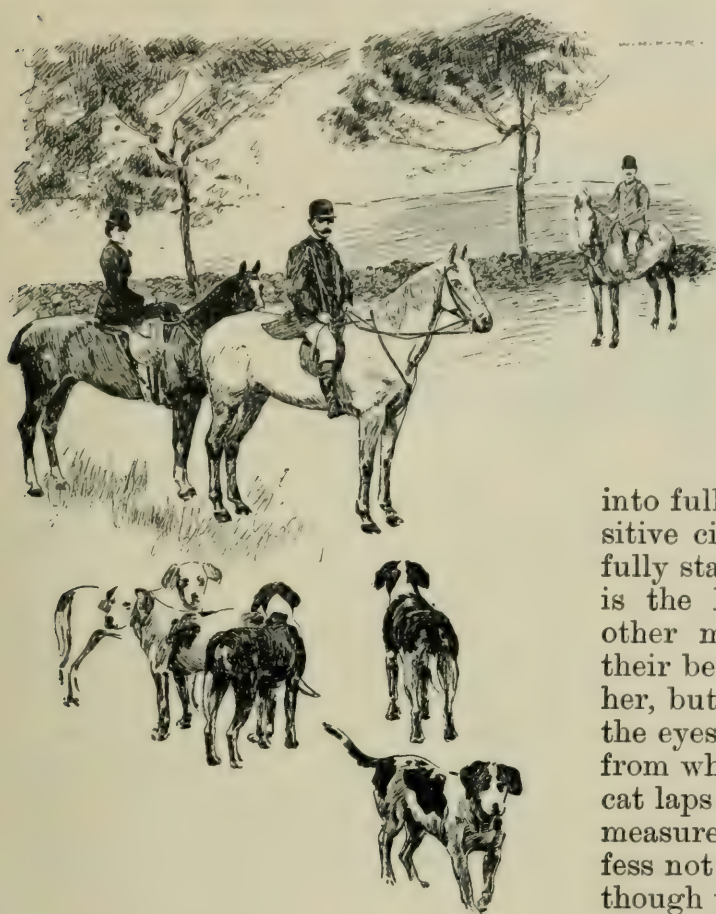


but at the same time when we stop to think we find some difficulty in specifying exactly what we are doing to justify the faith. It is easy enough to

ing that the Atlantic cable and ocean greyhound have brought the nations of the world much closer together than they ever were before; but this merely proves that we can become just like the others, only worse, in case we choose to. But we intend to improve upon them.

To those who believe that we are going to improve upon them it must be rather an edifying spectacle to observe the doings and sayings of that body of people in the city of New York who figure in the newspapers of the day as "the four hundred," "the smart set," or "the fashionable world." After taking

into full account the claims of the sensitive city of Chicago, it may be truthfully stated that the city of New York is the Paris of America. There are other municipalities which are doing their best in their several ways to rival her, but it is toward New York that all the eyes in the country are turned, and from which they take suggestion as a cat laps milk. The rest of us are in a measure provincial. Many of us profess not to approve of New York, but, though we cross ourselves piously, we take or read a New York daily paper. New York gives the cue alike to the Secretary of the Treasury and (by way of London) to the social swell. The ablest men in the country seek New York as a market for their brains, and the wealthiest people of the country move to New York to spend the patrimony which their rail-splitting fathers or grandfathers accumulated. Therefore it is perfectly just to refer to the social life of New York as representative of that element of the American people which has been most blessed with brains or fortune, and as representative of our most highly evolved civilization. It ought to be our best. The men and women who contribute to its movement and influence ought to be the pick of the country. But what do we find? We find as the ostensible leaders of New York society a set of shallow worldlings whose whole existence is given up to emulating one another in



"Many things which our fathers put from them."

get tangled up in the stars and stripes and cry "hurrah!" and to thrust the American eagle down the throats of a weary universe, but it is quite another to command the admiration of the world by behavior commensurate with our ambition and self-confidence. Our forefathers could point to their own nakedness as a proof of their greatness, but there seems to be some danger that we, now that we have clothed ourselves—and clothed ourselves as expensively as possible and not always in the best taste—will forget the ideas and ideals for which those fathers stood, and let ourselves be seduced by the specious doctrine that human nature is always human nature, and that all civilizations are alike. To be sure, an American now is apt to look and act like any other rational mortal, and there is no deny-



elaborate and splendid inane social fripperies. They dine and wine and dance and entertain from January to December. Their houses, whether in town or at the fashionable watering-places to which they move in summer, are as sumptuous, if not more so, than those of the French nobility in its palm-

in New York there is a large number of the ablest men and women of the country by whose activities the great educational, philanthropic, and artistic enterprises of the day have been fostered, promoted, and made successful; but this consciousness pales into secondary importance in the democratic mind as

compared with realistic details concerning this ball and that dinner-party where thousands of dollars are poured out in vulgar extravagance, or concerning the cost of the wedding-presents, the names and toilettes of the guests,

and the number of bottles of champagne opened at the marriage of some millionaire's daughter.

No wonder that this aristocracy of ours plumes itself on its importance, and takes itself seriously when it finds its slightest doings telegraphed from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It feels itself called to new efforts, for it understands with native shrewdness that the American people requires novelty and fresh entertainment, or it looks elsewhere. Accordingly it is beginning to be unfaithful to its marriage vows. Until within a recent period the husbands and wives of this vapid society have, much to the bewilderment of warm-blooded students of manners and morals, been satisfied to flirt and produce the appearance of infidelity, and yet only pretend. Now the divorce court and the whispered or public scandal bear frequent testimony to the fact that it is not so fashionable or "smart" as it used to be merely to make believe.

Was there ever a foreign court, when foreign courts were in their glory, where men and women were content merely to whisper and giggle behind a rubber-tree in order to appear vicious? It may be said at least that some of our fashionables have learned to be men and women instead of mere simpering marionettes. Still there was originality in being simpering marionettes: Mar-



"A set of snallow worldlings."

iest days, and their energies are devoted to the discovery of new expensive luxuries and fresh titillating creature comforts. That such a body of people should exist in this country after little more than a century of democratic institutions is extraordinary, but much more extraordinary is the absorbing interest which a large portion of the American public takes in the doings and sayings of this fashionable rump. There is the disturbing feature of the case. Whatever these worldlings do is flashed over the entire country, and is copied into a thousand newspapers as being of vital concern to the health and home of the nation. The editors print it because it is demanded; because they have found that the free-born American citizen is keenly solicitous to know "what is going on in society," and that he or she follows with almost feverish interest and with open-mouthed absorption the spangled and jewelled annual social circus parade which goes on in the Paris of America. The public is indifferently conscious that underneath this frothy upper-crust



ital infidelity has been the favorite excitement of every rotten aristocracy which the world has ever seen.

## II

A MANNER of life of this description can scarcely be the ideal of the American people. Certainly neither George Washington, when he delivered his farewell address, nor Abraham Lincoln, on the occasion of his second inaugural, looked forward to the evolution of any such aristocracy as the fulfilment of the nation's hopes. And yet this coterie of people has its representatives in all the large cities of the country, and there is no reason to doubt that in a short time the example set will be imitated to some extent, at least, and that one portion of the country will vie with another in extravagant social vanities and prodigal display on the part of a pleasure-seeking leisure class.

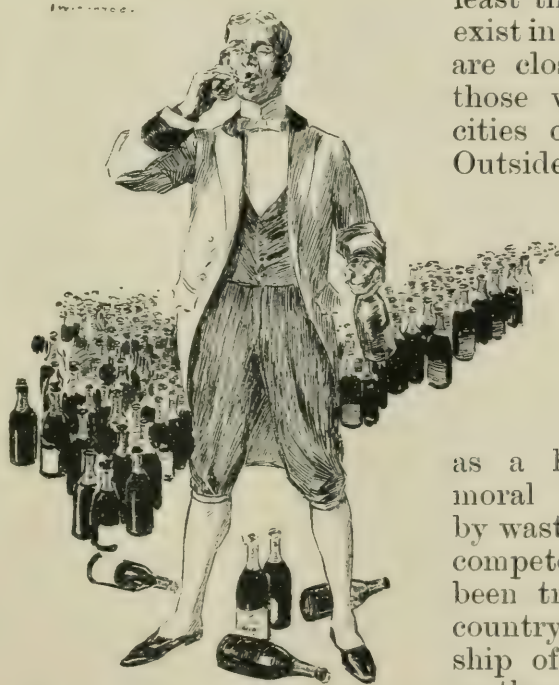
Most of these people go to church, and, indeed, some of them are ostensibly regardful of church functions and ceremonies, and, as they do not openly violate any laws so as to subject themselves to terms of imprisonment, the patriotic American citizen finds himself able merely to frown by way of showing his dissatisfaction at this form of high treason against the morals and aims of democracy. To frown and to be grateful that one is not like certain pleasure-seeking millionaires is not much of a comfort, especially when it is obvious that the ignorant and semi-ignorant mass is fascinated by the extravagances and worldly manifestations of the individuals in question, and has made them its heroes on account of their unadulterated



"Keenly solicitous to know 'what is going on in society'."

millions. Indeed, the self-respecting, patriotic American citizen finds himself to-day veritably between Scylla and Charybdis in the matter of the conduct of life. We are no longer the almost homogeneous nation we were fifty years ago. There are far greater extremes of wealth and poverty. Our economic conditions, or at least the conditions which exist in our principal cities, are closely approximating those which exist in the cities of the Old World.

Outside of our cities the people for the most part live in respectable comfort by the practice of what passes in America for economy, which may be defined as a high but ignorant moral purpose negated by waste and domestic incompetence. It has always been true of our beloved country that, though the ship of state has seemed on the point of floundering from time to time, disaster has invariably been averted



"The number of bottles of champagne opened at the marriage of some millionaire's daughter."



at critical junctures by the saving grace of the common-sense and right-mindedness of the American people. This is not so complimentary as it sounds. It really means that the average sense and intelligence of the public is apt to be in the wrong at the outset, and to be converted to the right only after many days and much tribulation. In other words, our safety and our progress have been the result of a slow and often reluctant yielding of opinion by the mass to the superior judgment of a minority. This is merely another way of stating that, where everyone has a right to individual opinion, and there are no arbitrary standards of conduct or of anything else outside the statute law, the mean is likely to fall far short of what is best. Our salvation in every instance of national perplexity has been the effectual working on the public conscience of the leaven of the best Americanism. A comparatively small proportion of the population have been the pioneers in thought and suggestion of subsequent ardent espousals by the entire public. This leaven, in the days when we were more homogeneous, was made up from all the elements of society; or, in other words, the best Americanism drew its representatives from every condition of life; the farmer of the Western prairie was just as likely to tower above his fellows and become a torch-bearer as the merchant or mechanic of the city.

If we as a nation have needed a leaven in the past, we certainly have no less need of one to-day, now that we are in the flush of material prosperity and consciousness of power. Fortunately we have one. The public-spirited, nobly independent, earnest, conscientious, ambitious American exists to-day as indisputably and unmistakably as ever, and he is a finer specimen of humanity than he used to be, for he knows more and he poses much less. It is safe to assert, too, that he is still to be found in every walk of our national life. The existence of an aggravating and frivolous aristocracy on the surface, and an ignorant, unæsthetic mass underneath should not blind us to the fact that there is a sound core to our social system. The hope of the United States to-day lies in that large minority

of the people who are really trying to solve the problems of life from more than a merely selfish standpoint. One has merely to think a moment in order to realize what a really numerous and significant body among us is endeavoring to promote the cause of American civilization by aspiring or decent behavior. Our clergymen, our lawyers, our doctors, our architects, our merchants, our teachers, some of our editors, our bankers, our scientists, our scholars, and our philanthropists, at once stand out as a generally sane and earnest force of citizens. The great educational, charitable, artistic, and other undertakings which have been begun and splendidly completed by individual energy and liberality since the death of Abraham Lincoln, bespeak eloquently the temper of a certain portion of the community. If it be true that the so-called aristocracy of New York City threatens the repute and sincerity of democracy by its heartlessness and unworthy attempts to ape the vices of a fifteenth century European nobility, New York can fairly retort that it offers in its working force of well-to-do people the most vital, interesting, sympathetic, and effective force of men and women in the nation. If the Paris of America contains the most dangerous element of society, it also contains an element which is equal to the best elsewhere, and is more attractive than any. The New York man or woman who is in earnest is sure to accomplish something, for he or she is not likely to be handicapped by ignorant provincialism of ethics or art which plays havoc with many of the good intentions of the rest of the country.

This versatile and interesting leaven of American society finds its counterpart, to a greater or less extent, in every section of the United States, but it is nowhere quite so attractive as in the Paris of America, for the reason that nowhere does the pulse of life move so keenly as there, and nowhere is the science of living absorbingly so well understood. The art of living has there reached a more interesting phase than in any part of America, if zest in life and the facilities to make the most of it are regarded as the test.



This may sound worldly. The people of the United States used to consider it worldly to admire pictures or to listen to beautiful music. Some think so still. Many a citizen of what was lately the prairie sits down to his dinner in his shirt-sleeves to-day and pretends to be thankful that he is neither an aristocrat nor a gold-bug. The

vanities of the very rich, we are scarcely less menaced by that narrow spirit of ethical teaching which tries to inculcate that it does not much matter what our material surroundings are, and that any progress made by society, except in the direction of sheer morality, is a delusion and a snare. Character is the basis and the indispensable requisite

of the finest humanity; without it refinement, appreciation, manners, fancy, and power of expression are like so many boughs on a tree which is dead. But, on the other hand, what is more uninspiring than an unadorned soul? That kind of virtue and morality which finds no interest in the affairs of this life is but a fresh contribution to the sum of human incompetence, and but serves to retard the progress of civilization. The true and the chief reason why there is less misery in the world than formerly is that men understand better how



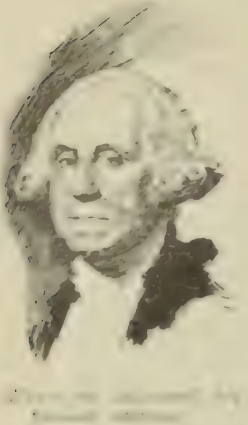
"Satisfied to flirt."

next week, perhaps, this same citizen will vote against a national bankrupt law because he does not wish to pay his debts, or vote for a bill which will enable him to pay them in depreciated currency. Many a clergyman who knows better gives his flock consolingly to understand that to be absorbed in the best human interests of life is unworthy of the Christian, and that to be ordinary and unattractive is a legitimate condition of mind and body. Surely the best Americanism is the Americanism of the man or woman who makes the most of what this life affords, and throws himself or herself keenly into the thick of it. The art of living is the science of living nobly and well, and how can one live either nobly or well by regarding life on the earth as a mere log-cabin existence? If we in this country who seek to live wisely are in danger from the extravagant

to live. That straight-laced type of American, who is content to be moral in his own narrow way, and to exclude from his scheme of life all those interests which serve to refine and to inspire, bears the same relation to the ideal man or woman that a chromo bears to a masterpiece of painting.

We have no standards in this country. The individual is free to express himself here within the law in any way he sees fit, and the conduct of life comes always at last to an equation of the individual. Each one of us when we awake in the morning finds the problem of existence staring him anew in the face, and cannot always spare the time to remember that he is an American. And yet Americanism is the sum total of what all of us are. It will be very easy for us simply to imitate the civilizations of the past, but if our civilization is to stand for anything





vital, and to be a step forward in the progress of humanity, we must do more than use the old combinations and devices of society in a new kaleidoscopic form. Our heritage as Americans is independence, originality, self-reliance, and sympathetic energy animated by a strong ethical instinct, and

these are forces which can produce a higher and a broader civilization than the world has yet seen if we choose to have it so. But it is no longer a matter of cutting down forests and opening mines, of boasting beside the plough and building cities in a single year, of fabulous fortunes won in a trice, and of favorite sons in black broadcloth all the year round. It is a matter of a vast, populous country and a powerful, seething civilization where the same problems confront us which have taxed the minds and souls of the Old World for generations of men. It is for our originality to throw new light upon them, and it is for our independence to face them in the spirit of a deeper sympathy with humanity, and free from the canker of that utter selfishness which has made the prosperity and glory of other great nations culminate so often in a decadence of degrading luxury and fruitless culture.

No civilization which regards the blessings and comforts of refined living as unworthy to be striven for and appropriated can hope to promote the

cause of humanity. On the other hand, we Americans must remember that purely selfish appropriation and appreciation of these blessings and comforts has worked the ruin of the most famous civilizations of the past. Marie Antoinette was more elegant than the most fashionable woman in New York, and yet that did not save her from the tumbrel and the axe. The best Americanism of to-day and for the future is that which shall seek to use the fruits of the earth and the fulness thereof, and to develop all the manifestations of art and gentle living in the interest of humanity as a whole. But even heart-



Thankful that he is neither an aristocrat nor a beggar.

less elegance is preferable to that self-righteous commonness of spirit which sits at home in its shirt-sleeves and is graceless, ascetic, and unimaginative in the name of God.



# A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

## THE PLUMED KNIGHT AND HIS JOUST

GREELY RESCUED

A RECORD OF HEROISM

NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION

THE MULLIGAN LETTERS

BLAINE'S DEFENCE

BLAINE AND LOGAN

THE MUGWUMP BOLT

CLEVELAND NOMINATED

A PERSONAL CAMPAIGN

DEMOCRATIC VICTORY

**D**O the classic virtues grace an age of common-place?  
The cynics of our time will tell you No.

That the cynics are wrong, however, was impressively shown by Stanley's deed in Darkest Africa, touched in the last chapter of this history. Another exploit, more thrilling still, illustrated President Arthur's years in office. Lieutenant Weyprecht, of Austria-Hungary, had, in 1875, proposed a series of co-operating stations for magnetic and meteorological observations near the North Pole. Lieutenant Howgate, of our Signal Service, had long advocated polar colonization in the interest of geographical science. Several nations, the United States among them, were moved to attempt polar discovery.

In 1881 we established two stations, one of them on Lady Franklin Bay, to be manned by Lieutenant A. W. Greely, Fifth United States Cavalry, with a party of twenty-two officers and soldiers, and two Eskimos. The *Proteus* bore Greely and his men from St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 7, 1881. Beyond the northernmost Greenland settlement, through the treacherous archipelago, between the "land ice" and the "middle pack" of Melville Bay, amid the iceberg squadrons of Smith Sound and Kane Sea, the stanch little sealer

kept her course. Eight miles from her destination she was for the first time blocked. A solid semicircle of ice confronted her, reaching clear across from Greenland to Grinnell Land. Large floes broke off and passed her, only to re-form and cut off her retreat, while the northern pack, advancing, threatened to crush her. Upon new caprice, however, the upper ice retired toward the polar ocean, and on the 11th the little army disembarked, one thousand miles north of the Arctic Circle. A fortnight later the *Proteus* whistled farewell and began her return trip, which, like the out-passage, was "without parallel or precedent" for freedom from the difficulties and dangers unanimously reported as existing in that region.

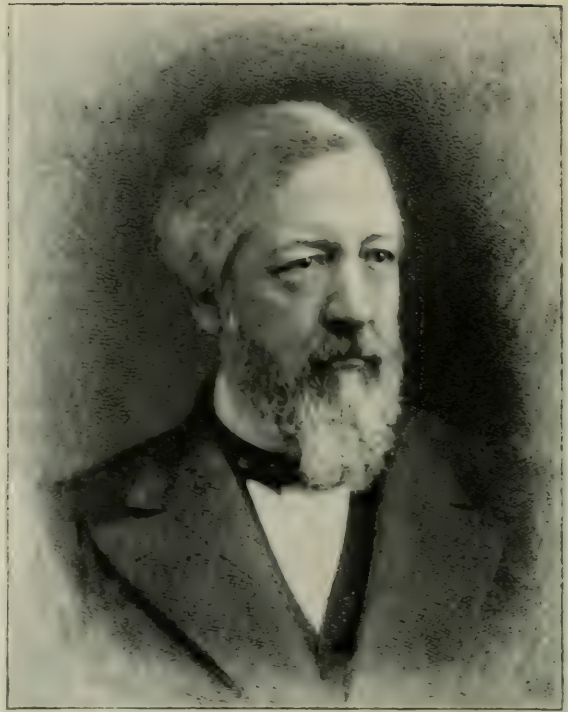
It was proposed in 1882 to visit the Greely colony with supplies and reinforcements, and in 1883 to effect their return. Setting out a year and a day after the *Proteus*, the *Neptune* achieved a hard but steady advance to Kane Sea, but this she found choked with ice. For forty days she vainly assaulted her godfather's polar phalanx. When, with the close of August, whitening cliffs and withering vegetation portended winter, Beebe, the commander, hastening to place a small cache on either side of Smith Sound, returned,





Grover Cleveland.

*Copyright by C. M. Bell*



James G. Blaine.

as ordered, with all the rest of his abounding supplies, which were stored in Newfoundland, to be taken north again by the *Proteus* in 1883.

The 1883 undertaking was doubly momentous from the past year's failure. The *Proteus*, Lieutenant Ernest A. Garlington commanding, was attended by the *Yantic*, under Commander Frank Wildes, United States Navy. This enterprise, again, was marked by mismanagement, misunderstanding, and misfortune. Lethargy of delay was followed by fever of precipitation. Orders were irregularly issued and countermanded; supplies went aboard in an unclassified mass; the foreign crew were inefficient and careless; the "co-operation" of army and navy divided responsibility and hampered both arms. The arctic armada was again encountered where Beebe found it. Garlington, too, completely engrossed with the injunction to reach Lady Franklin Bay at all hazards, though stopping at Cape Sabine a few hours, hurried north without replacing the damaged supplies there or leaving any of his own. Twice in her struggle the *Proteus* was within four hundred yards of open water; twice she failed to reach it. The second time, owing to clumsy seamanship,

the inexorable jaws of the ice-pack crushed in her sides, giving only time to tumble a part of the cargo overboard. The crew lent no aid, but, after securing their own luggage, began looting the property of the expedition. As they retreated in boats, about five hundred rations, twenty days' supply, was left for Greely at Cape Sabine, by Lieutenant J. C. Colwell, at a spot known as "Wreck-Camp Cache." After unwittingly passing the *Yantic* twice, and journeying in open boats for eight hundred miles in a sea stormy and full of bergs, the rescuers were rescued by the *Yantic*.

Incredulity, dismay, and indignation quickly succeeded each other in the public mind. The first expedition had been a failure, the second was a disaster, a breach of faith. Fearful, indeed, were its consequences. The devoted Greely and his band, in nowise responsible for it, were at that time painfully working southward from their well-stored outpost, relying upon meeting succor or finding a refuge prepared for them. The bleak desolation of Cape Sabine, with but forty days' rations, awaited them. Enough food to last them over five years had been carried to, or beyond, Littleton Island by



the relief parties ; but only one-fiftieth of it had been placed where Greely could get it.

New efforts in 1883 were deemed too hazardous to be undertaken. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy now took the matter up. A purely naval expedition was decided upon, consisting of two Dundee whalers and two reserve ships. Secretary Chandler deserves great credit for his tireless energy and care in making the preparations. Precautions were multiplied, no delay and no oversight occurred. Congress made generous appropriation, though not without ridiculous debate and higgling. A \$25,000 bounty was proclaimed for rescue or tidings of the party. Mr. Chandler had purchased the *Thetis* and the *Bear* for the perilous cruise. The British Government presented us with the capable arctic veteran, the *Alert*, in addition to which

a fourth vessel, the *Loch Garry*, was chartered as a collier.

Commander Winfield S. Schley, heading the expedition, was as efficient as his chief. Though most of his subordinates were inexperienced in arctic work, and though he had to fight for every inch of progress, he carried the stars and stripes to Cape York ahead of several whalers who sought to outdo him. Much game and many walrus were seen on the east side of Smith Sound, but no signs of the Exploring Party. It was inferred that they must have remained at their post in the north, but Schley decided to stop near Cape Sabine and make a cache before pushing thither.

Smith Sound, about twenty-three miles wide, was traversed in a roaring tempest. Parties were landed to examine old caches, when almost simultaneously two of them reported "news



Emory. Greely. Lowe. Schley.  
Long. Brainard. Biederbeck. Fredericks. Connell.

The Greely Survivors and the Rescuing Party.

(From a photograph by Rice, taken on board the *Bear* at Godhavn, Greenland.)



from Greely." Records and despatches from him found here revealed wonderful achievements. Apart from his regular observations, the interior of Grinnell Land had been explored, the northwestern coast of Greenland plotted, and a point reached farther north than any ever before trodden by man. For the first time in three hundred years England's "Farthest" had been left behind—the new "Farthest" being  $83^{\circ} 24'$ , viz., only  $6^{\circ} 36'$ , or about four hundred and thirty statute miles from the Pole. Observations were continued through the long arctic night. Though usually not so magnificent as at Upernivik, several fine displays of the mysterious Northern Lights were beheld. Greely remarks upon one in particular. From the southwestern horizon to the zenith extended an arc woven of spiral ribbons of many-colored light. It seemed to rotate or to keep springing upward, replenished from some unseen and exhaustless fountain of splendors, while at the summit little puffs of light detached themselves to float away and perish. A journal, *The Arctic Moon*, had been launched, suspected to be the organ of some one who stood for Congress before the Grinnell Land electorate on a platform of unlimited emigration. Lit-

ters of dogs had been raised and musk-calves domesticated. The little library was well patronized, games were invented, and much time devoted to sleep. Christmas had been duly celebrated. Presents from friends, sacredly kept packed till then, were opened, exciting a rather unsoldierly sensation in the throat. One obscure private, friendless but for his comrades, inured to hardships and neglect, was well-nigh overcome to find himself remembered with a gift. Another for a moment wore a puzzled look as he opened a flat package and found it to contain a fan!

In August, 1883, the party had abandoned their post, retreating by boat down the east coast of Grinnell Land. At one stage an immense stranded floeberg reared a wall fifty feet high in front of them. Steaming along its foot they finally observed a fissure, or cañon, not more than a dozen feet wide. The little launch, with whale-boats in tow, boldly entered the crevice and safely reached open water more than a hundred yards farther on. Later they camped on a floe, but tempestuous weather setting in, were alarmed to see it broken in pieces by the adjacent floes, which ground together with indescribable groanings and measureless force. On the north a fine floe of



The Greatest Race of 1884—The Barcade in South Syracuse Street.  
(From a photograph by Russell & Green.)





Laurenceburg, Indiana.

*Copyrighted by Rombach & Greene.*

palæocrystic ice was pressing on their own, separated, however, by a buffer or cushion of rubble ice fifty feet wide, and for the present made solid by the pressure. The sledge and provisions were rushed across this chasm, articles of least value being left till the last, and hard-



The Gas Tanks in Second Street, Cincinnati.



Second Street, Cincinnati, Looking East.

ly had the rearmost man passed over before the floes parted and their bridge was swallowed in the sea.

The most recent despatch found, on first perusal, sent a joyful thrill through those who read.

"My party is now permanently encamped on the west side of a small neck of land which connects the Wreck-Cache Cove, or bay, and the one to its west. Distant about equally from Cape Sabine and Cocked Hat Island. All well.

"A. W. GREELY,  
"1st Lt. 5th Cav., A.S.O. and Ass't  
"Commanding Expedition."

Horror succeeded. The date at the bottom was October 21, 1883, seven months before, and at that date only

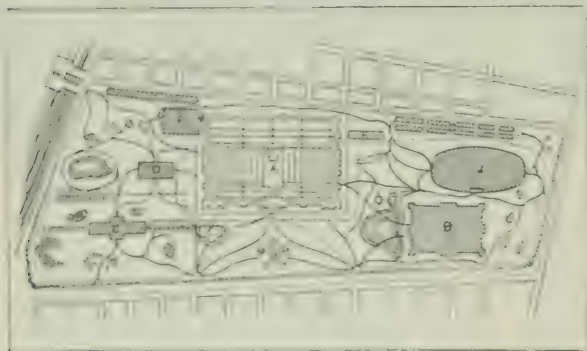


forty days' rations remained. Was it possible that any were still alive?

The Thetis blew three long whistles for a general "recall," preparing to



The New Orleans Exposition—Mexican Pavilion and Main Building.



Plan of the New Orleans Exposition

A Main Building; B United States and State Exhibits; C Horticultural Hall; D Mexican Building; E Art Gallery; F Factory and Mills; G live stock sheds; H restaurants; I fountain, 80 feet high; J live stock arena.

\* A table showing the comparative sizes of great exposition buildings:

		sq. ft.
Crystal Palace, London,	(1851)	989,884
London Exposition	(1862)	1,400,000
Paris	(1855)	545,934
"	(1867)	456,923
Vienna	(1873)	430,500
Philadelphia	(1876)	872,320
Atlanta	(1881)	107,520
Louisville	(1883)	677,400
New Orleans Exposition Main Building alone, and not including galleries)	(1884)	1,656,030
Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building at Chicago World's Fair (including galleries)	(1893)	1,327,669

steam on toward Greely's "permanent encampment," where, at that very moment a tent, half fallen down, sheltered seven starving men, too weak to raise it again. These were all who then remained of Greely's expedition. For the last three months they had seen their companions smitten one by one. The rule, almost to the last, had been cheerfulness and hope; to the very last had it been mutual self-sacrifice. In spite of "the hoarse grinding of the ice-pack not far off," which one mentions in his journal, but did not speak of lest he "discourage the others," part of them had made a futile attempt to cross to Littleton Island. Observations had been rigorously maintained, and they were determined to continue them "till the last man died." Greely and others gave lectures upon the United States, upon a pleasant winter in the West Indies, upon army experiences. Dry statistics concerning food exports





The New Orleans Exposition—South Portal of the Main Building.

(Counting in the galleries this building covered a space of nearly two and a half million square feet.)

from the United States were conned with strange persistency. Yet each meal was cheerfully voted "the best yet," and Thanksgiving Day pleasantly passed in telling what each proposed to have for his *next* Thanksgiving dinner.

#### HEROISM OF FREDERICK

WHEN provisions ran low a resolute party set out to recover one hundred and fifty pounds of English meat cached at Cape Isabella, twenty-five miles from camp, in the direction of Point Eskimo, but beyond. In spite of protest, Elison, one of the squad, insisted on eating snow. Soon his hands, face, and feet were fearfully frozen. With great difficulty he was brought back to camp, losing his hands, feet, and nose by natural amputation. He was thenceforth allowed double the portion of his com-

rades, a spoon being strapped to his arm that he might eat without help.

A second effort, brave and sad, by Sergeant Rice and Private Frederick alone, to recover the English meat, proved equally vain and even more disastrous. Risking their lives at almost every step of the way they at last reached the place, only to find, after hours of searching among the floes, that their triumph was a barren one—the English meat had drifted from the shore. There was nothing to do but to go creeping back to camp, if they could get there; but Rice, having wet and frozen his feet, was spent, and could not walk a step. He begged Frederick to go and leave him to die, but Frederick would not. Instead, drawing the sledge close under the edge of a floe-berg, he placed Rice upon it, wrapped his frozen feet with the temiak or fur-lined jacket taken from his own





Baker

S. S. Cox of New York

"I invite the confidence of forty-four millions of my countrymen while I read these letters from this desk."

The "Mulligan Letters." Scene in the House of Representatives, June 5, 1876. ©



Frederick

back for this purpose, and then sat and held his unfortunate comrade till the latter's pain was relieved by death. Frederick was minded to die there too. What use in returning to Starvation Camp with his story of disappointment!

But fearing that those in camp would plan a rescue and end their lives in unnecessary misery, he resolved to go back. The dauntless fellow got as far as Point Eskimo, God only knows how. Here they had left their sleeping-bag, expecting to return to it the same day they parted from it, as they would have done had the meat been

found and had Rice not failed. After refreshing himself with bread and tea, the exhausted Frederick crawled into the bag and slept. On awaking, much stronger, but now smitten with remorse that he had made no effort to bury poor Rice, the indomitable man pushed back all that awful way and gave the frozen corpse of his loving comrade such burial as he could. He then made the best of his slow and painful journey to Greeley's camp. Gnawing hunger tempted him to eat Rice's ration, for which none could or would have blamed him, but he refused. He would use what was his own, but would not rob the living or the dead. He reached camp hardly alive, hauling the sledge with Rice's dole of crumbs upon it, to tell how costly and how bootless his mission had been.

After the death, in January, of Cross



from scurvy, their number was not lessened again till April 5th, when one of the Eskimos succumbed. Sergeant Lynn breathed his last on April 6th. The very day, April 9th, when Sergeant Rice perished in his heroic search for the English meat, Lieutenant Lockwood, one of the two Americans who reached farthest north, also passed away. The last words he wrote were: "Jewell is much weaker to-day"—and Sergeant Jewell was the next to yield. April 24th the other Eskimo was drowned in a brave effort to catch a seal. On Easter Sunday a snow-bird on the roof chirped loudly. "All noise stopped as by magic and no word was said until the little bird passed." The death catalogue was lengthened on May 19th, when Private Ellis died, soon followed by three others, Sergeant Ralston, Private Whisler, and Sergeant Israel. From June 1st to June 18th seven perished, but of these only the first, Lieutenant Kislingbury, could be interred. Private Salor died on June 3d. On June 6th Private Henry was shot for stealing provisions, and lay where he fell. Two more, Dr. Pay and Private Bender, died on this day. The rest were carried to the ice-foot, save Schneider, who died on June 18th. The party had not sufficient strength to move him. The loss, June 12th, of Gardiner, who passed away murmuring "Mother—wife," deeply affected all. The death angel so common a visitor, the men grew jocular in his presence. When a raven escaped them one protested that he could not "eat crow" anyway. To the very day of the rescue Brainard, "the ruling passion strong in death," persisted in his habit of collecting specimens.

#### THE RESCUE OF GREELY'S PARTY

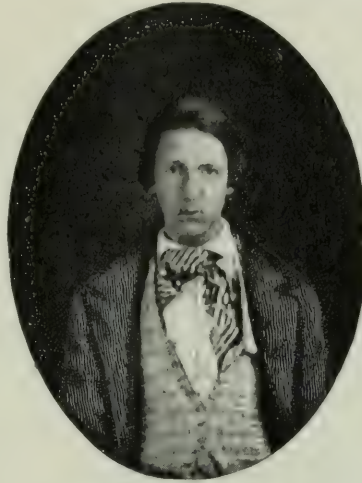
At midnight on June 23d the seven survivors heard a whistling above the sound of the gale. Forty-two hours

they had been without a morsel, and long weeks without anything like proper rations. Only two—Long and Brainard—were able to walk. These went forth to ascertain the cause of the noise. Brainard reported nothing

in sight, but Long lingered outside. The poor wretches in the tent discussed the strange shriek with pathetic garrulity, finally deciding that it must have been the wind blowing across the edge of a tin can. At this juncture Connell showed the familiar touch of death in his slightly swollen appearance, cold and paralyzed extremities, and aimless mumbling. "Death," says Greely, "kindly took away all pain," and Connell, like those stricken before him, was tranquil. Greely crawled toward

the light with a Testament, while Brainard pressed the little remaining brandy to the dying man's lips. He only murmured, "Let me die in peace."

On reaching her objective the Thetis despatched Lieutenant Colwell in the cutter to find out the worst. At Wreck Cache no life appeared. As they rounded the next point the silhouette of a human figure was seen against the dull sky. Instantly the boat's flag was brandished. Painfully the figure stooped, picked up a flag, evidently the Greely distress-flag, and waved an answer. Then, half-walking, half-falling down the slope, Long approached his saviours. "He was a ghastly sight," says Schley. "His cheeks were hollow, his eyes wild, his hair and beard long and matted. His army blouse, covering several thicknesses of shirts and jack-



James G. Blaine at the Age of Seventeen.

(From a hitherto unpublished daguerreotype owned by Miss Kate M. Hopkins, and made in 1847, while Mr. Blaine was attending Washington College, Pa.)



Thomas A. Hendricks.



ets. was ragged and dirty. He wore a little fur cap, and rough moccasins of untanned leather tied around the legs. His utterance was thick and mumbling, and in his agitation his jaws worked in convulsive twitches." He was conveyed to the ward-room of the *Bear*, where he described the party's plight, pausing and often repeating himself. "We've had a hard winter—a hard winter—and the wonder is how in God's name we pulled through." The rest, he said, were on shore in "sore distress—sore distress."

After placing Long in the cutter, Colwell's party had hurried forward. "They saw spread out before them a desolate expanse of rocky ground. Back of the level space was a range of hills rising up eight hundred feet, with a precipitous face, broken in two by a gorge, through which the wind was blowing furiously. On a little elevation directly in front was the tent." Lowe and Norman were ahead, and were greeting a soldierly man [Brainard] who had come out from the tent. As Colwell approached, Norman said to the man:

"There is the lieutenant," and he added to Colwell:

"This is Sergeant Brainard."

Brainard drew himself up and was about to salute, when Colwell took his hand. At that moment a feeble voice within the tent was heard:

"Who's there?"

"It's Norman—Norman who was in the *Proteus*."

Cries of "Oh, it's Norman!" were followed by a feeble cheer.

Greely says of this moment: "We had resigned ourselves to despair, when suddenly, strange voices were heard calling me; and in a frenzy of feeling as vehement as our enfeebled condition would permit, we realized that our

country had not failed us, that the long agony was over, and the remnant of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition was saved."

Colwell cut a slit in the tent and looked in. He was enjoined by an inmate to be careful not to step upon Connell, who lay under the very hand

of death, his jaw drooping, his eyes glazed. Directly opposite, on hands and knees, was a dark man with a matted beard, in a dirty and tattered dressing-gown, a little red skull-cap on his head, who, as Colwell appeared, looked up from his Testament and vacantly adjusted his eyeglasses to his brilliant, staring eyes. Twice Colwell asked, "Who are you?" but got no answer. One of the men said: "That's the Major—Major Greely." Colwell took him by the hand, saying, "Greely, is this you?" "Yes," said Greely. "Yes—seven of us left



George William Curtis.

—here we are—dying—like men. Did what I came to do—beat the best record." Here he fell back exhausted. His indomitable spirit had thus far conquered despair for himself and his companions. He had not ceased to exhort them to "Die like men, not like dogs," ever telling them the story of those British soldiers who stood at parade on deck till their ship went under, while the women and children put off in boats. Forty-eight hours later not a man of the seven would have been alive. Connell afterward said: "Death had me by the heels, boys, when you pulled me back by the neck." They were in the dotage of starvation. Some refused to believe that relief was at hand, and had to be humored in their scepticism. The craving of hunger, lately blunted, re-awoke, when their entreaties for food were the more touching in that they could not be granted.

Greely protested against moving the





S. D. Burchard.  
J. M. King. J. G. Blaine.  
"The Party of Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion."  
The Reception given by Ministers to Mr. Blaine at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, October 29, 1884, at which the "Burchard Incident" took place.



dead. He felt about them as Chief Engineer Melville about De Long and his comrades: "There, in sight of the spot where they fell, the scene of their suffering and heroic endeavor, where the everlasting snows would be their winding-sheet and the fierce polar blasts which pierced their poor unclad bodies in life would wail their wild dirge through all time — there we buried them, and surely heroes never found fitter resting-place." But the feelings of the dead men's friends must be consulted, and such bodies as could be recovered were brought to America. Elison died on the voyage.

#### FLOOD AND RIOT

THE months so agonizing to Greely and his braves saw the people at home in unusual peace and prosperity. Cincinnati offered the sole striking exception. Freshets in February, 1884, had induced an unprecedented rise in the Ohio River, submerging country and city along the banks. At Cincinnati houses were wrecked, lives lost, destitution and suffering the lot of thousands. To add to the horrors, the gas-works were under water, and night whelmed the city in Cimmerian darkness. As the news spread, practical responses came from all quarters, in the shape of food and clothing, which steamers distributed up and down the swollen stream. Highest water was reached on February 14th, the highest

ever recorded, the river at Cincinnati standing on that date at seventy-one feet and three-quarters of an inch. Riot followed flood. In March two confessed murderers had come off with a conviction for mere manslaughter. As twenty other murderers were in prison, respectable citizens assembled to demand reform in murder trials. Noisy leaders of the mob element tried to capture the meeting, which was adjourned to prevent mischief. A young man rushing out shouted, "To the jail! Come on! Follow me, and hang Berner." The door was burst open, but Berner had been smuggled to Columbus at the first alarm. Meantime the militia were secretly introduced through the same tunnel which afforded him exit. After a skirmish the rioters were driven out, leaving some prisoners. Partly from chagrin, partly to secure the release of the captured leaders, and partly to indulge their lawless humor, the hoodlums set the court-house on fire, robbing an armory and two gun-stores to provide themselves arms. Other shops were broken into and sacked. They fired volley after volley of musketry at the militia, and fiercely attacked barricades which these had erected against them. After repeated warnings retaliation was meted out with terrible effect. The disorders continued six days, when the law was so far vindicated that business could be resumed. The most authentic list puts the killed in this riot at forty-five, the wounded at one hundred and thirty-eight.



George F. Johnson



John A. Logan



Stephen B. Elkins.



## THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION

THANKS to the "New Departure" of 1872, the South had ceased to be a political storm centre. Early in 1881 Rev. Dr. Haygood, President of Emory College, in Georgia, preached a sermon, published by the unanimous request of the congregation, in which he expressed rejoicing at the abolition of slavery as a blessing. In 1881 a successful industrial exposition had been held in Atlanta, and in 1883 another in Louisville, both revealing much progress in business at the South. Of wider interest than either was the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition of 1884. This date was chosen because a bale of cotton, the first, so far as known, was shipped to England from Charleston in 1784. Congress incorporated the Exposition and authorized a loan to it of \$1,000,000. Private parties subscribed half a million more. New Orleans, selected as the most suitable location, gave \$100,000 to erect Horticultural Hall. Louisiana appropriated for the enterprise \$100,000, and some contributions were made by other States.

Upper City Park, two hundred and forty-five acres in extent, on the river, above the city, was artistically laid out and adorned. The most characteristic feature connected with the Exposition was to be found in the avenues winding through vistas of live-oaks festooned with Spanish moss, or through groves of banana, lemon, orange, mesquite and maguey, varied with beds of brilliant tropical flowers and with fountains. By night electric lights, then a novelty to many visitors, added to the fascination of the place. The Exposition opened on December 16th. The Governor of Louisiana was present, as were also Postmaster-General Hatton and Secretary Teller representing the Cabinet. Dignitaries from distant States in the Union honored the occasion by attending. At the same moment a distinguished company, including a committee from each house of Congress, was assembled in the East Room of the Presidential Mansion at Washington. The preliminary exer-

cises in full were telegraphed to President Arthur, who telegraphed back a fitting response. At the pressure of a button in the White House the mazes of machinery began to move, and the Exposition was declared formally in operation.

The Main Building was the largest structure which had then been erected for exhibition purposes, having an area of 1,656,030 square feet. The Government Building, containing the exhibits of the national and State governments, was 885 feet long by 565 wide, while Horticultural Hall, of iron and glass, and designed to be permanent, was 600 feet by 100. The Art Building was large and admirably adapted for its purpose, being lighted from the roof. The Mexican Government, at great expense, put up a large building as quarters for a detachment of infantry and cavalry, and for offices. There was a Woman's Department, under the supervision of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; also an exhibit of negroes' handiwork. The displays from tropical or semi-tropical countries were naturally the most profuse. Mexico erected a tasteful octagonal edifice expressly for its wealth of minerals. Its exhibits together covered 160,000 square feet, surpassing in extent and variety those from any other foreign country. Central America was represented more completely than at any previous exposition, and the products of its curious civilization interested all visitors.

## PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES

GIVING the South a sense of its importance and strength, and making friendly a host of guests from the North, the Exposition had influence upon the national election soon to occur. Of this none could forecast the issue with any certainty, but the canvass was sure to be interesting. The Republicans were much divided. President Arthur announced himself a candidate for re-election. Numerically, his support was considerable, but it proved a broken reed. Preceding State elections ominously favored the Democrats. In 1882, both Pennsylvania and Massachusetts



elected Democratic governors. The same year, owing to "Half-breed" defection from Folger, the Republican candidate, New York, which in 1880 Garfield had carried against Hancock

Mr. Blaine, long and prominently in the public eye, had been born in Washington County, Pa., January 31, 1830, a great grandson of Commissary-General Blaine, who during the terrible

winter at Valley Forge made from his private substance advances to keep Washington's soldiers from starvation. The lad was educated with great care by his father and his maternal grandfather, Neal Gillespie, a Roman Catholic gentleman of wealth, character, and ability. In his fourteenth year young Blaine entered Washington College, Pennsylvania, where he graduated with honors. After being some time instructor in the Western Military Institute, Kentucky, and three years in Philadelphia, teaching, and writing editorials, he in 1854 as-



Map of the Arctic Regions, showing Location of Circumpolar Stations, 1881-1883.

by a plurality of over 21,000, chose Grover Cleveland its governor by a plurality of more than 190,000 and a majority of 150,000.

Illinois put forward as a presidential candidate General Logan, so popular with the old soldiers. A "compact body of Ohio Republicans" adhered to Senator Sherman. Senator Edmunds, thought of as a champion of Civil Service Reform, was strong in Massachusetts and Vermont. General J. R. Hawley had succeeded Marshall Jewell as Connecticut's favorite son. But the spontaneous, widespread, persistent, often delirious enthusiasm for James G. Blaine, of Maine, made it clear that unless his opponents early united upon some other candidate "the Plumed Knight" would sweep the field.

sumed the management of the *Kennebec Journal*, Augusta, Me. He rapidly familiarized himself with Maine politics and became a power in the Whig and Republican councils of the State. His skill as a debater gave him fame. From 1862 to 1876 he served in the national House of Representatives, being Speaker from 1869 to 1875. From 1876 to 1881 he was United States Senator. In Congress he distinguished himself by his familiarity with parliamentary tactics and his unequalled readiness in debate. He left the Senate to enter Garfield's Cabinet as Secretary of State.

On February 28, 1876, Mr. Blaine was informed of a rumor, traceable to J. S. C. Harrison, a director of the Union Pacific Railroad, to the effect



that said Harrison, shortly after he became a director, found seventy-five worthless Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds among the assets of the Union Pacific, said by the treasurer, Rollins, to have been received from James G. Blaine as security for \$64,000, loaned him and never repaid. On April 24th Mr. Blaine read before the House a letter from Rollins, one from Morton, Bliss & Co., through whom the draft for \$64,000 was said to have been cashed, and one from Thomas A. Scott, who had been president of the Union Pacific at the time, acquitting him of the deed charged, and denying that he had had any other business transactions with them.

At the same time the ex-Speaker denied the further rumor that he was the owner of Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds received without consideration, explaining his relations with that road, all which he declared "open as the day" and perfectly proper. For the time Mr. Blaine stood exculpated. He desired, then, to avoid a congressional investigation, as it could not possibly end by the time of the Republican Convention (of 1876), a body not likely to nominate a man "under investigation," however innocent. Nevertheless an investigation, by the Judiciary Committee, was ordered and began on May 15th. The statements and testimony already offered by Mr. Blaine were repeated under oath, Scott swearing that the bonds in question were his, received from Josiah Caldwell, and that he, Scott, had shifted them upon the company.

#### THE MULLIGAN LETTERS

A FORTNIGHT remained before the 1876 Convention, and State delegations kept cropping up for Blaine. A rumor arose implicating him in corrupt connection with the Northern Pacific. Three witnesses came from Boston: Elisha Atkins, a director of the Union Pacific; Warren Fisher, a former business relative of Blaine, who had found the relations unsatisfactory and terminated them long before; and James Mulligan, once a clerk of Jacob Stan-

wood, Blaine's brother-in-law, and afterwards of Fisher. Mulligan testified that he had understood Atkins to say that seventy-five bonds went from Blaine to Scott, who "worked them off upon the Union Pacific." Atkins testified that he never said it to Mulligan, but that Mulligan said it to him; also that Mulligan had an old grudge against Blaine.

Upon their arrival, Blaine had sent to have Fisher and Mulligan come to his house. Only Fisher came, who admitted letting Mulligan have a number of letters from the ex-Speaker to himself. Blaine went to Mulligan and demanded the letters. Mulligan declared that "he would not give them up to God Almighty or his father." Blaine, however, managed to get possession of them, calling upon Fisher and Atkins to witness his act. Next morning he submitted to the investigators the written opinion of Hon. J. S. Black, a Democrat; and Hon. Matt. H. Carpenter, a Republican, to the effect that the letters had "no relevancy whatever to the matter under inquiry," and that "it would be most unjust and tyrannical as well as illegal to demand their production."

The Judiciary Committee was now in utmost perplexity. The witnesses were discharged and the matter laid over. Some proposed to bring it before the House, but this plan was given up as dangerous, one member remarking that they at least knew what not to do, and that was, "not to have Blaine cavorting round on the floor of the House."

The interim was Blaine's opportunity. A foregleam of what followed is given by some doggerel which a newspaper of the time represented Confederate Brigadiers (a majority of the sub-committee investigating Blaine had been in the Southern army) as reciting in Democratic caucus.

He is always in the way—  
     Blaine of Maine;  
 And in session every day  
     Raises Cain;  
 When his prodding makes us roar,  
 Then he lacerates the sore,  
 Till we holler more and more—  
     Blaine of Maine.



How he boxes us around—  
 Blaine of Maine ;  
 Now and then we're on the ground,  
 Half insane ;  
 Frequently to grass we go ;  
 This is temporary though,  
 For we rally from the blow,  
 And prepare to eat our crow,  
 But he stands us in a row,  
 And he smites us high and low,  
 Till we shiver in our woe.  
 And he keeps us whirling so,  
 That we have the vertigo—  
 Blaine of Maine.

After the morning hour on Monday, June 5th, Mr. Blaine rose to a question of privilege. He began his remarks by observing that the investigation, though authorized in general terms, was aimed solely and only at himself. "The famous witness, Mulligan," he said, had selected out of years of correspondence letters which he thought would be peculiarly damaging to him, Blaine, but they had nothing to do with that investigation. He, Blaine, obtained them under circumstances known to everybody, and defied the House to compel him to produce them. Had Mr. Blaine stopped here his enemies could have made him bite the dust. Apparently he had allowed himself to be driven into a fatal *cul-de-sac*. Not so. Having vindicated his right to the letters, he proceeded, in his most dramatic manner: "Thank God Almighty, I am not afraid to show them. There they are (holding up a package of letters). There is the very original package. And with some sense of humiliation, with a mortification that I do not pretend to conceal, with a sense of outrage which I think any man in my position would feel, I invite the confidence of forty-four millions of my countrymen while I read those letters from this desk." For the moment triumph turned to dismay, dismay to triumph. The audience was electrified. The letters seemed to show Mr. Blaine, in one case, at least, high-minded and generous in assuming the losses of "innocent persons who invested on his request."

After summing up, Mr. Blaine continued:

"Now, gentlemen, those letters I have read were picked out of correspondence extending over fifteen years. The man did his worst, the very worst

he could, out of the most intimate business correspondence of my life. I ask, gentlemen, if any of you—and I ask it with some feeling—can stand a severer scrutiny of or more rigid investigation into your private correspondence? That was the worst he could do." A pause ensued. Then, resuming, he said: "There is one piece of testimony wanting. There is but one thing to close the complete circle of evidence. There is but one witness whom I could not have, to whom the Judiciary Committee, taking into account the great and intimate connection he had with the transaction, was asked to send a cable despatch—and I ask the gentleman from Kentucky if that despatch was sent to him?"

"Who?" asked Mr. Frye, in an undertone.

"Josiah Caldwell."

Mr. Knott responded, "I will reply to the gentleman that Judge Hunton and myself have both endeavored to get Mr. Caldwell's address and have not yet got it."

"Has the gentleman from Kentucky received a despatch from Mr. Caldwell?"

"I will explain that directly," replied Mr. Knott.

"I want a categorical answer."

"I have received a despatch purporting to be from Mr. Caldwell."

"You did!"

"How did you know I got it?"

"When did you get it? I want the gentleman from Kentucky to answer when he got it."

"Answer my question first."

"I never heard of it until yesterday."

"How did you hear it?"

Ignoring the question Mr. Blaine strode down the aisle holding up a despatch, and turning to Mr. Knott said, with stinging deliberation:

"You got a despatch last Thursday morning at eight o'clock from Josiah Caldwell completely and absolutely exonerating me from this charge—and *you have suppressed it!*"

The sensation up to that moment had been great, but to what now occurred it was as the fuse to the explosion. General Garfield "never saw such a scene in the House." Mr. Blaine had run the blockade, and for the moment the block-



aders seemed likely to be "swamped in the wash" as he passed.

Mr. Blaine's failure, after all, to be nominated in 1876, his lively career as Garfield's Secretary of State, and his life and travels from 1881 to 1884 cannot be remarked upon here. Though the year 1884 found him in private station, he was not forgotten.

#### BLAINE NOMINATED

THE Convention of 1884 met in Chicago on June 3d. The delegates committed to Blaine were nearly all present by the 2d and in jubilant mood. The despatches of that day strongly indicated that Blaine would win; but the *New York Times*, Blaine's doughtiest foe among the Republican papers, would not admit this. It urged Edmunds for nomination, or, in case he proved unavailable, Robert T. Lincoln, a man owing no political debts. The *Times* pointed out that men born after Gettysburg and Vicksburg could vote this year, and that, therefore, even a sound candidate, to win, needed something besides fame won in debating war issues.

It was eleven o'clock on the 3d before any number of delegates entered the vast hall. Crowds—smaller, indeed, than in 1880—filled the galleries. The New York delegation formed at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and marched two by two to the wigwam. The gazing populace fell back to let them pass, while cheering lustily for the Empire State. First came George William Curtis, chairman, arm in arm with Mr. Sheard; next Theodore Roosevelt paired with President Andrew D. White, of Cornell. Beneath the blue ensign, bearing in great gold letters the legend "New York," Curtis took his seat. On the same row, but as far from Curtis as he could get, sat ex-Senator Platt, "devoting his time chiefly to the stroking of his short, silky beard." The band played "Pretty, pretty maiden, will you marry me," as General Mahone, at the head of his Virginia delegation, came in, wearing his broad-brimmed white hat and his curiously fashioned trousers and coat, an immense yellow

rose adorning the lapel of the last-named garment. Order was called at a quarter past twelve.

Most of the Arthur delegates, before the proceedings began, considered their candidate beaten; yet the Convention's first act heartened them a little. Stephen B. Elkins, managing for Blaine, had worked up a Blaine-Logan combination, influenced by which the National Committee was induced to recommend to the Convention Blaine's friend, Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, for temporary chairman. This Henry Cabot Lodge opposed by nominating the Honorable J. R. Lynch, a colored Senator from Mississippi, George William Curtis and Theodore Roosevelt seconding the nomination in telling speeches. On roll-call, Lynch was found to have defeated Clayton by a number of votes. The Blaineites received another slight snub. A resolution like that which Conkling invented in 1880 was introduced at their instance, that every delegate taking part in the convention was "bound in honor to support the nominee." Against this George William Curtis protested, saying, "A Republican and a free man I came to this convention, and by the grace of God a Republican and a free man will I go." The resolution was withdrawn.

Notwithstanding all this, Blaine's star was clearly in the ascendant. To defeat his nomination all his opponents needed to unite upon Arthur. The Arthur men pleaded with Curtis, Cabot Lodge, and Roosevelt, who did their best against Blaine, to turn from Edmunds to Arthur. "Clinging to Edmunds you will surely nominate Blaine," they said. But between Blaine and Arthur the Edmunds men saw little to choose. They tried to bring out Robert T. Lincoln, a dark horse groomed by the *New York Times*. All in vain. At each ballot Blaine gained, while Arthur lost. Edmunds, Logan, and John Sherman also lost. Hawley gained two votes on the fourth ballot. Lincoln jumped from four to eight on the third, but sank to two on the fourth. There was "noted a curious tendency in the knees of some of the Edmunds men, particularly those from Massachusetts, to knock together audibly whenever



the name of Blaine was mentioned in their hearing," and they, little by little, deserted their favorite. Under the management of Powell Clayton, Arkansas started a bolt of Southern delegates away from Arthur. Assured that himself could not win, Logan turned over to Blaine his Illinois delegation. Upon the fourth ballot "the Plumed Knight" was nominated. The name of John A. Logan, "the Black Eagle," occupied the second place upon the ticket.

The announcement of Blaine's nomination unleashed the latent insanity of ten thousand people within the hall. Hats were thrown high in air, umbrellas whirled around, the State shields torn down and borne proudly upon filial breasts. The crowd outside caught the contagion, and soon a shrill chorus of tug whistles could be heard from the Chicago River. The climax was reached when some one brought and laid upon the chairman's desk a floral helmet, with snowy plume of finest imported horse-hair. The noise redoubled, men took off their coats and waved them, women laughed, or cried, or fainted, impartially. Thus was sounded the key-note of the Republican campaign. A spectator might have noticed one or two silent patches in the great hall in the midst of the overwhelming enthusiasm. These patches, flouted at the time, grew more significant when immediately after the Convention many conspicuous party men, especially in the East, and several considerable party organs, led by the *New York Times*, declared that they would not support the ticket.

#### THE MUGWUMP BOLT

"I was at the birth of the Republican party," remarked Curtis, "and I fear I am to witness its death." On June 5th the *Times* said editorially, "The thoughtful opponents of Blaine have seen with alarm that he is supported by all the political adventurers, star-route sympathizers, and admirers of loose methods in government." On June 7th, the morning after the nomination, it added: "The *Times* will not support Mr.

Blaine for the presidency. It will advise no man to vote for him." After boldly predicting his defeat, it further declares: "That defeat will be the salvation of the Republican Party. It will arouse its torpid conscience, it will stir it to self-purification, it will depose the false leaders who have fastened themselves upon it, it will send the rogues to the background, and will make the party once more worthy of honor and of power in the republic it has so nobly served." The *New York Evening Post*, the *Boston Advertiser*, the *Boston Herald*, and the *Springfield Republican* also joined the bolt.

As early as December, 1883, certain Republicans of Boston had started a movement "in behalf of the adoption of measures and the nomination of men fitted to command the hearty approval and support of the independent, thoughtful, and discriminating voters of the United States." As a result a conference of Independent Republicans was called in New York, on February 23d, which "*Resolved*, That it is indispensable to the success of the Republican Party that the character, record, and associations of its candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States should be such as to warrant entire confidence in their readiness to defend the advance already made toward divorcing the public service from party politics, and to continue these advances until the separation has been made final and complete."

General Francis C. Barlow, of New York, was made chairman of a committee "to provide for the interchange and practical expression of opinion in harmony with the foregoing resolution, and to continue such action in relation thereto as they may deem expedient." On May 12th the committee sent a circular to the Republican National Convention. Being ignored in the Convention, a conference of Independent Republicans, held in New York on June 16th, and presided over by George William Curtis, adopted the following resolutions:

"*Whereas*, We are met in conference as Republicans and Independents to take action in opposition to the nominations of James G. Blaine for President,



and John A. Logan for Vice-President of the United States ; and

*"Whereas, These candidates were named in absolute disregard of the reform sentiment of the nation, and representing political methods and principles to which we are unalterably opposed :*

*"Resolved, That it is our conviction that the country will be better served by opposing these nominations than by supporting them.*

*"Resolved, That we look with solicitude to the coming nominations by the Democratic Party ; they have the proper men, we hope they will put them before the people for election."*

#### CLEVELAND'S CAREER

THIS overture had a profound effect upon the Democratic managers. By pitting against Blaine a man hostile to machine politics and committed to administrative reform, they had a clear chance to win. Such a man was Grover Cleveland. He had been born in Caldwell, N. J., March 18, 1837, his father a Presbyterian clergyman. When the future President was four years old his father removed to Fayetteville, N. Y. Here the lad found employment in the "general store" at \$50 a year, sweeping and cleaning out, opening and closing the store, and waiting on customers. Young Cleveland's education, so far as it went, was completed at Clinton, N. Y. In his seventeenth year he became a clerk and an assistant teacher in the New York Institution for the Blind. In 1855 he started West to secure more lucrative employment, but was induced to stop at Buffalo. He was soon at work in a law office there, as clerk and copyist, at \$4 per week. Two years later he was admitted to the bar, retaining for some time his clerkship, first at \$600 a year, then at \$1,000. In 1863 he was chosen Assistant District Attorney of Erie County, in 1870 Sheriff of the County. In 1881, by a union of Republicans, Democrats, Independents, and "Reformers," he was elected Mayor of Buffalo.

In his inaugural he said : "The affairs of the city should be conducted as far as possible upon the same principle as

a good business man manages his private concerns." Pursuing this policy he soon became known as the "Veto Mayor," saving the city much money by his fearless use of the negative. In 1882, as we have seen, by the support of the same elements which elected him Mayor, Mr. Cleveland was triumphant in his canvass for the governorship. As Governor he practised a strict Jeffersonian simplicity, keeping no carriage and living within his official salary. To each public question on which he had to act he gave personal attention and study, thus performing an amount of work which would have killed a weaker man.

The Democratic Convention met in Chicago on July 8th. The call had "cordially invited" "all Democratic Conservative citizens of the United States, irrespective of past associations and differences," who could unite "in the effort for pure, economical, and constitutional government," to join in sending delegates. Democratic public opinion had fixed upon Cleveland as the party's standard-bearer, and its mandate to nominate him was strengthened by the Republican revolt against Blaine. Tammany vehemently opposed Cleveland, Thomas F. Grady making before the Convention a long tirade against him, which, however, quickened the cause it was meant to kill. General Bragg, of Wisconsin, speaking for the young men of his State, said : "They love Cleveland and respect him not only for himself, for his character, for his integrity and judgment and iron will, but they love him most for the enemies he has made." Though requiring a two-thirds vote, Cleveland's nomination necessitated but a second ballot, this giving him 683 votes in a total of 820. His closest competitor, Thomas A. Hendricks, received the nomination for Vice-President.

On July 22d, the Independents issued an address recommending Republican and Independent voters to support Cleveland. The response was wide and enthusiastic. The Independents took an active part in the canvass, distributing innumerable documents and furnishing many of the best speakers. In this service Carl Schurz was foremost.



George William Curtis, too, who had not followed Greeley in 1872, threw the weight of his influence for the Democratic nominee. It is to be noted, however, that by no means all Republicans of independent tendencies took this course. A great number, men of eminence and spotless integrity, deemed Blaine the object of unjust attacks, and warmly espoused his cause. Such were Senator Hoar, William Walter Phelps, and the poet Whittier. Many other Reform Republicans regarded the Democracy with such distrust that they supported Blaine when nominated, though opposing his nomination. Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge represented this class. Senator Edmunds, while doing naught to hinder Blaine's election, could not be led to speak or write a word in his behalf. Even the anti-Blaine Republicans took pains to advertise that they supported Cleveland not as a Democrat, but as "a platform in himself" and "better than his party." They wished not so much to put the Democratic party in power as to put Cleveland personally in power. They supported Cleveland not because he was a Democrat, but because he was Cleveland, rejecting Blaine not as a Republican, but simply as Blaine.

Mr. Blaine's nomination made the campaign personal. To balance the hard things said of him, the early pages of Cleveland's life were searched for blots. A few were perhaps found, yet the general fruitlessness of the quest was impressively in the candidate's favor. With aught of corruption in public life no one thought of charging him, his record in this particular being absolutely stainless. Blaine was less happy here. If he was far from being the unprincipled trickster so often pictured, he had been less scrupulous in office than his best admirers could have wished.

Mr. Blaine took an intensely practical view of politics. With the "sublimated theories of so-called reformers" he never sympathized. Of these "unco good," as he called them, he wrote Garfield, in 1880: "They are to be treated with respect, but they are the worst possible political advisers — upstarts, conceited, foolish, vain, without knowl-

edge of measures, ignorant of men, shouting a shibboleth which represents nothing of practical reform that you are not a thousand times pledged to! They are noisy, but not numerous; pharisaical, but not practical; ambitious, but not wise; pretentious, but not powerful!" Over Blaine men went insane in pairs, for his "magnetism" either strongly attracted or strongly repelled whatever came within his field. Hatred of him was rancorous, and it usually told, since his long public career, like an extended sea-coast, was at a disadvantage on the defensive. Love for the man was equally uncompromising, most so at the West, while the defection from him was most pronounced in the East. People not the reverse of sensible likened him to Clay, some of them to Washington. In West Virginia a man risked his life by hanging to the rear platform of Blaine's private car as it left the station, begging for some memento of the hero to hang in his house and show his children.

It was recited that in 1869, when a bill to renew a land grant for the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad was to be saddled with a fatal amendment, Speaker Blaine, at the request of Arkansas members, had Logan make, while he sustained, a point of order removing the incubus; that he subsequently called the promoters' attention to his agency in the matter, endeavoring to be let into the enterprise "on the ground floor," in which he failed, though appointed selling agent of the bonds with a large commission. Blaine's friends replied that the ruling was proper, being made to frustrate a vicious lobby job and save a desirable piece of legislation which had passed the Senate unanimously. Judge Black, a Democrat, deemed the refutation of the charge wholly satisfactory. Unfortunately, Mr. Blaine's assertion that the Little Rock Road derived all its benefits from Arkansas and not from Congress was inaccurate, since the bill so narrowly saved was one renewing the land grant to the State for the railroad. Blaine's assailants considered this clearly a falsehood. Harder to justify is Mr. Blaine's denial of "any transaction of any kind with Thomas A. Scott" con-



cerning Little Rock bonds or railway business. That, through Scott and Caldwell, he put off upon the Union Pacific some Little Rock bonds at a high price, seems certain from a letter which he received from Fisher, with his reply.

A Tammany orator had said that no Irishman or Catholic would vote for Cleveland. Mr. Blaine was hostile to the political solidarity of any race or religion, and in this respect his influence—attracting Romanists to his party and repelling anti-Catholic zealots—has been wholly good. His religion, he said, was Christianity tinged with the Presbyterianism of the Blaines and the Catholicism of the Gillespies. “I would not for a thousand presidencies,” he declared, “speak a disrespectful word of my mother’s religion.” Had he lived and continued dominant in Republican councils, neither “A. P. A-ism” nor any Romish counterpart thereof could have arisen.

Whether or not any influence for Blaine emanated from the Catholic clergy, many Irishmen and Catholics sedulously wrought to elect him. This drove some Protestant voters to Cleveland. Nevertheless the vast majority of the Protestant clergy throughout the North strongly favored Blaine. As the campaign drew to its close a goodly party of them waited on their candidate at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to assure him of their unwavering devotion. One, Dr. Burchard, made the address-in-chief. Apparently holding the Democracy responsible for all the evils of intemperance, religious bigotry, and the war, he ascribed to it the three damning “R’s,” “Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion.” The ridiculous alliteration “stuck” in an ugly way in people’s minds, and, much as was done to show its insignificance, no doubt lost Blaine many votes. Some thought these enough, if saved, to have made him President.

The Tammany men, after all, mostly voted for Cleveland. Many Democrats foresaw that without Tammany’s support New York would be lost, and with it the election. Governor Hendricks, candidate for the vice-presidency, strongly felt this, and, though a thousand miles away, decided to visit the Empire State as a peace-maker. He sought John

Kelly, then the absolute chief of Tammany Hall, finding him greatly alienated from the party. Kelly insisted that Grover Cleveland was not a Democrat, that he had no claim upon true Democrats for their support, and that if he should be elected he would betray his party. Their conference lasted far into the night. Mr. Hendricks employed all his eloquence and art to persuade Mr. Kelly to favor the ticket. Finally the chief said: “Governor Hendricks, for your sake we will do it. You may go home with my assurance that Tammany Hall will do its duty.”

The early returns gave Cleveland the solid South, besides Connecticut, New Jersey, and Indiana. The rest of the North was Republican, save New York, which was in painful doubt and remained so for days. The Empire State was the umpire State. The excitement pending conclusive returns exceeded even that of 1876. Good-humored bluff and chaffing gave way to dangerous irritation as the suspense dragged on. Thursday, November 6th, saw an outbreak in Indianapolis, when the loyal hosts of Democracy sought to carry their banner into the post-office. This premature effort to capture that citadel failed, and the banner was torn to bits, which Republican defenders wore as badges. In Kansas, St. John, the Prohibitionist candidate for President, was burned in effigy. The “Rebel Brigadiers” were the most hilarious, making the Southern sky lurid with fireworks, and the air vocal with salutes, none under a hundred guns. Montgomery on November 6th, doubled the number of guns in each salute, and on the 7th, four hundred were required to voice her joy. In Boston the streets near newspaper offices were packed solid. Every new bulletin evoked cheers and hoots. A picture, now of Blaine, now of Cleveland, would be raised in air only to be at once seized and shredded. A crowd threw stones and rotten eggs at the *Journal* Building, breaking a large plate-glass window. In New York conflicting statements given out by the great dailies inflamed the populace. The *Tribune* and the *Mail and Express* early ceased to issue bulletins, but the *Herald* and the *World* kept on,



showing majorities for Cleveland. The *Sun* office, where Associated Press despatches favorable to Blaine alternated with the *Sun*'s own despatches giving the State to Cleveland, drew the vastest throngs. Six hundred men marched down Broadway shouting "No, no, Blaine won't go!" It being suspected that Jay Gould and the Associated Press were withholding or perverting returns, a crowd demonstrated in front of the Western Union Building with the yell, "Hang Jay Gould!" but policemen soon dispersed them. Some two hundred men before the *Tribune* office burned copies of that paper. So threatening did the excitement become in Chicago, that on November 7th Mayor Harrison requested the papers to cease issuing bulletins. In Boston bulletins were discontinued. In Philadelphia political clubs were directed not to parade, persons blow-

ing horns or masquerading on the streets being liable to arrest.

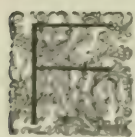
The Democratic managers professed apprehension lest the "fraud of '76" should be repeated in a new guise, and were determined to prevent this. The Electoral Commission, however, now proved to be, to the Democracy, a blessing in disguise. Its rule, "not to go behind the returns," had been made the New York law for procedure like that in hand, and as, upon a count under the most rigid scrutiny, the New York returns footed up a Cleveland plurality of 1,149 votes, post-election manipulation was impossible. Including those of New York, Cleveland received 219 electoral votes to Blaine's 182. The popular vote was the largest ever cast, reaching beyond 10,000,000, of which 4,911,000 were for Cleveland, giving him a plurality over Blaine of 62,000.

## "THEY ALSO SERVE"

### A POEM

READ BEFORE THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT ITS TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REUNION,  
NEW LONDON, CONN., JUNE 18, 1895

By H. C. Bunner



RIENDS—for we all are friends in one great bond—  
That, born in death, shall go death's power beyond,  
That shall endure so long as love shall twine  
The first Spring blossoms for the patriot shrine;  
So long as men shall deck with living green  
The dust of friends unknown, unmet, unseen;  
So long as Love shall quicken Memory's birth,  
Each year to seek the consecrated earth,  
To wreath the tombs among the fresh Spring showers,  
With heaven's own banner, and with earth's own flowers—  
So long the sacred tie that makes us kin  
Shall know no petty bonds of time or space,  
But hold us in the friendship of one race—  
The friendship that our dead have knit us in.

Here I am come to speak to you, my brothers—  
My elder brothers—of a long-passed day  
When you were fighting for this flag; when others  
Remained at home to watch—to yearn—to pray.  
What shall I tell to you who truly followed  
The troublous path my young soul longed to go?  
You know that for your help God's palm was hollowed,  
And how His strength prevailed against the foe.



But, may I tell the tale of those who waited  
Patient at home—the old, the infirm, the young—  
Watching the strife wherein they were not fated  
Even to die unhonored and unsung?

What does the boy do who goes to bed  
In the great third year of the war,  
With the farm-house roof hanging low over head,  
And the path of the moon stretching out before,  
Out over the road and over the lake,  
To the dusty highway the soldiers take  
When they march on their way to the South?

What does he do when he goes to bed?—  
He lays on the pillow a tousled head,  
And the tired eyelids that all the day  
Have been with the face of the world at play;  
Watching the birds and the swing of the trees,  
Watching the chipmunks more quick than the breeze,  
Watching the melons a-taking on green,  
Watching the myriad things to be seen—

—They close for a moment and open again,  
For he hears the tramp of the marching men  
Southward and ever south;  
And he swallows a sob, and shuts tight his mouth,  
And orders his heart to the right-about,  
But even in slumber his tears slip out,  
That the sound of the drum and the fife  
Is slipping away to the strife,  
Where he may not go  
Till sun and snow  
Have carried his eager young spirit—say—  
A couple of years on its patriot way.

Oh, how he yearns for it,  
How his heart burns for it—  
How the shrill music of drum and of fife  
Thrills through the whole of him,  
Wakes the young soul of him—  
Oh, to be with them and pay with his life!  
What does the boy do who goes to bed  
In the great third year of the war?  
Wakes in the morn when the east is red,  
And the west is silvered o'er;  
Wakes in the morning and goes to work,  
Eating his heart, but too proud to shirk,  
Dropping the corn in the heart of the hill,  
Plying his spade and his hoe with a will;  
And his mother looks from the kitchen stoop,  
With reddened eyelids that quiver and droop,  
At the one boy left her—oh, friends in blue—  
Wasn't he fighting as well as you?

Oh, let me not by any doubtful word  
Question your mighty service: what you wrought  
Was wrought forever, and the eternal years  
Shall not undo it. But we all have seen  
The glory of that mighty miracle.



The foulest of foul stains you washed with blood,  
 From off your country's shield: your strong hand rent  
 The chains ourselves had forged ourselves to fetter,  
 But, oh! remember that no fleshly wound  
 Fell crueler than the blows the true hearts bore  
 You left behind you when you took your way.

Do you know how they looked in our eyes, do you know how they looked  
 as they went?—

The picture is ever before me—friends, will you look at yourselves?  
 See how they swing down the street with the glint of the sun,  
 Silvering the steel of the gun.

With an easy swing to the hips, as they march on, shoulder to shoulder,  
 Doubtful, uncertain at first, and then growing firmer and bolder  
 As the cheers of the crowd rise round them, and run in a rattling roar  
 Down on each side of the column and out like a fire before.  
 It swells by their side to a thunder that hushes the beat of their feet,  
 It catches their cadence of marching and rolls it ahead down the street;  
 Down the whole length of the roadway, through the throng of the thou-  
 sands that wait,

Down goes the heralding thunder as the troops march on in state.  
 And down where the Battery breezes are blowing through Bowling Green  
 The men of New York are cheering the troops that they have not seen.  
 Oh, glorious pageant of war that shall sweep you along amid cheers!—  
 But the wife you have left is this moment thanking God for the blindness  
 of tears.

She kissed you and she raised unclouded eyes  
 That hid the unspeakable pain of unshed tears,  
 She kissed you, and she lifted up your child  
 For she had taught him to be brave like you—  
 Or her—how shall we put it, oh, my friend?  
 She kissed you and she sent you on your way,  
 Her noble wifehood strengthening you for fight,  
 And turned her patient face toward home to stay  
 And bear the wound that aches from morn to night.  
 Oh, trust me, if I speak of those who shared  
 Your pain and not your glory, it is not  
 To rob your laurels of a single leaf,  
 But to proclaim how that close tie of grief  
 Bound you in bonds of love to childish hearts  
 That in these days, grown closer to the age  
 Of those they honor, still recall the past—  
 Recall the past, and how you met the task  
 You found set for you—and not newly set,  
 But waiting for the work of men like you,  
 But waiting for the faith of men like you—  
 Waiting through centuries of wrong and shame  
 Since Christ decreed the brotherhood of Man,  
 For it was as His soldiers that they went,  
 Who being dead, have left their trust to us.

I was not of you, but that tie still binds  
 My childish memories unto unborn minds,  
 And I shall teach *my* boy the way to go  
 By paths your fearless footsteps served to show,  
 And, if he serves his country firm and true,  
 'Tis that his father learned to serve from *you*.



# FREDERICK MACMONNIES \*

By Will H. Low



CAPACITY, opportunity, and youth form a strong combination with which to play at the game of life, and possessing this trinity of qualities, the subject of this sketch may be considered, without diminution of his personality, a type. In art, as in other walks of life, the field is filled with men whose capacity is doubtful, whose opportunities remain inchoate, and whose youth—*eheu, fugaces*—is past; hence, when this thrice happy combination exists, it is well to stop and consider the interesting problem it presents. MacMonnies's youth—he was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1863—is, when we consider that “art is long,” self-evident. The first of a long series of brilliant opportunities came to him when, in 1880, he was admitted to the studio of Augustus St. Gaudens in a manner too infrequent in these days of wholesale art instruction, when propagating plants, known as schools of art, numbering their pupils by tens of hundreds, turn out annually shoals of small-fry artists. Of MacMonnies's capacity, the works which have won him recognition here and abroad, many of them reproduced in these pages, bear eloquent witness. They will be considered more fully as this paper proceeds, but meanwhile, to seek the cause of this success it is well to return to a consideration of the first step of importance in his career, his entrance as apprentice to St. Gaudens. The qualification of apprentice is used advisedly, for by it we return to an epoch

when art, if less “on the town,” to use Mr. Whistler's witty phrase, than it is at present, if less in everybody's mouth and masquerading less in the garb of importance than to-day, was a craft exercised by those who were specially endowed with temperaments which found their natural means of expression through the artifices of their craft. Such was the school of Raphael—the shop (*bottega*) of Perugino; thus, and not otherwise, was the genius of Leonardo developed and trained by the goldsmith sculptor-painter Verrocchio. It stands to reason that the busy producing artist preoccupied with his work will not admit to his studio the trifler, who like Paul Somerset of joyous memory “had embraced the art of Raphael from a notion of its ease,” or the sentimental yearner with vague longings for the infinite and little love for the precise and mechanical details of artistic execution. On the contrary, the relation between a master and an intelligent pupil is one of the most charming results of human intercourse. The master, rich in experience, almost unconsciously answers the eager, though unuttered questions of his young pupil,

while the novice, rich in undeveloped energy, performs prodigies of execution when brought face to face with problems which, to the older man, seem tiresome repetitions, but which with the infusion of young blood take on new life. It is not often possible to-day, when we paint less by rule than did the old masters, that a painter can thus employ an apprentice pupil—never,

perhaps, except in the execution of a large decoration, where the scheme is developed in advance, and where the actual execution of the definite work is a copy of the design previously conceived and executed on a smaller scale



Seal for the Cataract Construction Company (from the silver).

\* With the exception of the Statue of Nathan Hale all the illustrations in this article are from photographs made under the supervision of Mr. MacMonnies.



by the master. A picture is, and must be, according to the canons of our later enlightenment, an individual product of the master, differing from his preceding work and conforming to the always varying conditions of light and atmosphere. In sculpture, however, there is much that can at least be established and commenced by a clever pupil, and in decorative sculpture especially there is much repetition of detail which is tiresome to execute to the mind that has conceived it, but which is a task eminently fitted to the eager fingers and unquestioning joy of production of the younger spirit. In tasks like this, in forming the carefully designed characters which go to make up

the inscriptions which are used with such effect in St. Gaudens's work, in carefully copying under the sculptor's eye the cunningly arranged folds of drapery disposed on the lay-figure, and later in building up whole figures from his master's studies, MacMonnies passed a number of years. Meanwhile at night he was at work in the life classes of the Academy of Design and the Art Students' League, laying the foundation for that knowledge of the human figure which, developed by later study abroad, now stands him in such stead, when he welds together great masses of figures as in the fountain for the Columbian Exposition, or plants a man firmly on his feet as in the Nathan

Hale. In addition to the absolute technical knowledge imbibed through his close association with his eminent master, MacMonnies profited largely by the thousand and one demonstrations of art which both practically and theoretically had the studio of St. Gaudens for their theatre, and the sculptor and his intimates—sculptors, painters, and architects—for actors.

All of this fell on fruitful soil, so that when, in 1884, MacMonnies went for the first time to Europe, he carried with him a knowledge gained through this experience such as few boys—at the time he was naught else in age—possess. The first visit to Paris was shortened by the appearance of the cholera, before which, in obedience to his parents' request, he retreated to Munich. A few months' work in Munich was done chiefly in the painting-school, for MacMon-



Victory for West Point.  
(Stanford White, Architect of Monument.)





Nathan Hale.

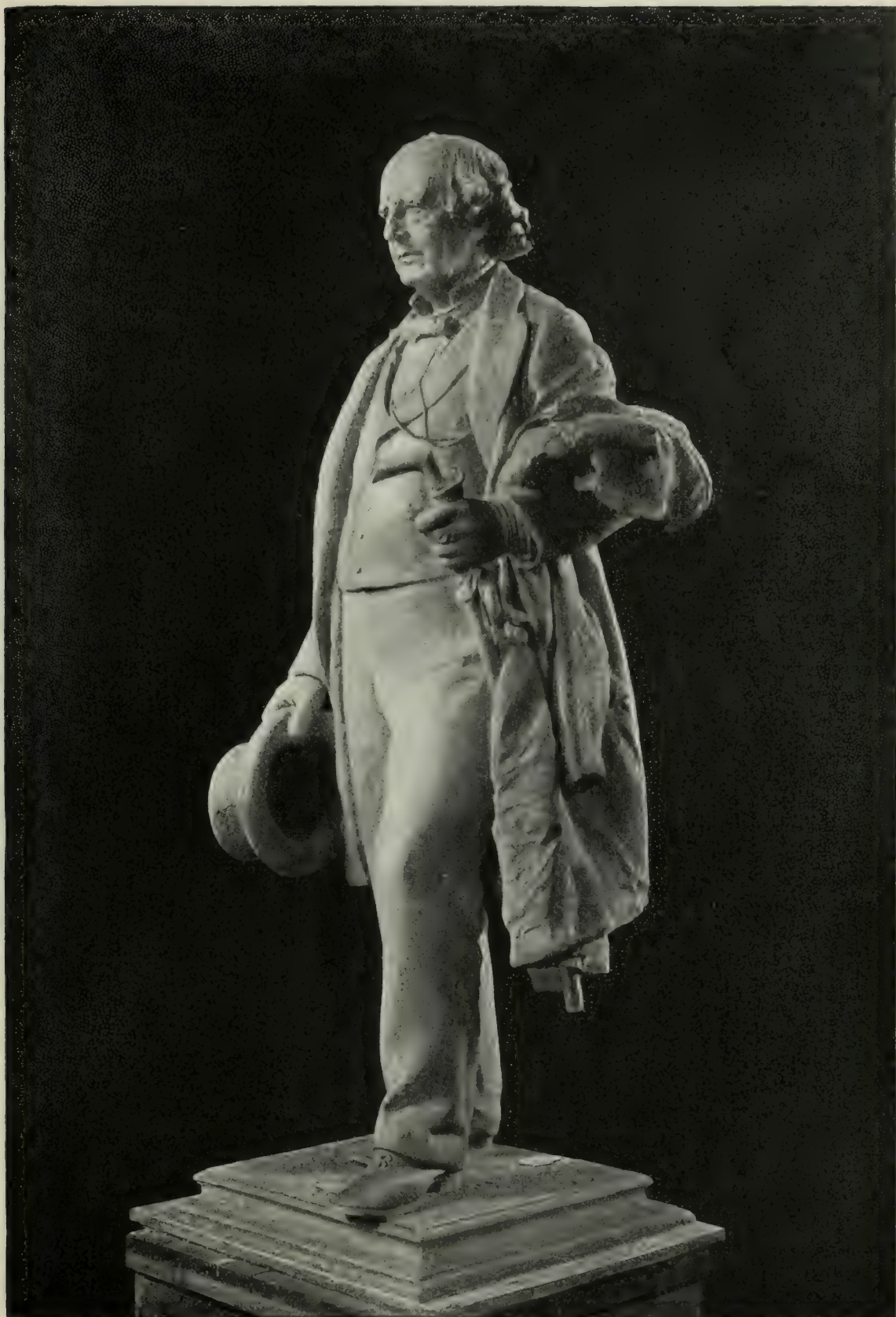
(Bronze Statue in City Hall Park, New York City.)



nies has, in common with the artists of the Renaissance, an all-round interest in art, and painting and architecture are closely allied to sculpture in his artistic ideal. Then, after a long pedestrian tour over the Alps, he returned to Paris, from which place he was soon after summoned by St. Gaudens back to New York. Enriched artistically by his sojourn in Europe, he proved a valuable assistant in the execution of several important works by St. Gaudens, and after a year was enabled to return to Paris. Here he entered the atelier Falguière in the École des Beaux-Arts, working a portion of the time in the private studio of Antonin Mercié, the sculptor of the *Vae Victis*. In the atelier Falguière he bore off, for two successive years, the highest prize open to foreigners, ranking next to the Prix de Rome, the Prix d'Atelier, which is given at the end of the year for the cumulative effort of the period. By Falguière's advice MacMonnies now left the school, working a portion of the time on his master's works in his private studio and commencing in his own studio his first figure, a Diana, which, exhibited at the Salon of 1889, brought him an Honorable Mention. About this time he received his first commission, an order for three life-sized angels, which in bronze now decorate St. Paul's Church, New York. In 1889 his statue of Nathan Hale [Page 619], and in 1890 that of James S. T. Stranahan [Page 621], the first of which is now erected in City Hall Park, New York, and the second in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, were ordered, and on their completion they were both exhibited in the Salon of 1891. For the Stranahan MacMonnies was awarded a second medal, the first and only time that an American sculptor has been so honored. The following year saw the execution of two charming figures, life size, Pan of Rohallion [Page 622] and Faun with Heron, both intended for fountains, essays *in petto*, which in a degree prepared him for the next work undertaken, the colossal fountain of the World's Columbian Exposition. At the time of the Exposition it was my privilege to write of this work in these pages, and since then, like all

the glories of the Exposition, the work has been gradually returning to the dust from which it sprung. This is much to be deplored, for independently of the charm of its execution, the fountain was finely typical of the purpose of the Exposition. It was pre-eminently the conception for a festal day, and might well have remained to remind the great West, when seated on her throne, deploring the lack of intellectual worlds to conquer, that she gave at her majority a brave feast, of which the MacMonnies fountain would serve for typical remembrance. For the statistically minded it is well to recall that the fountain contained twenty-seven colossal figures, together with sea-horses, the admirably decorative ship, garlands, and various emblems, all exceedingly well distributed, chosen, and executed. Taken altogether, the career of MacMonnies offers this particularity, that both by temperament and training he is able to undertake and carry through a vast amount of work, and the list of his completed undertakings is already longer than that of many men of twice his age. In 1894 the group "Bacchante with Infant Faun" [Page 623] was executed. This group is to be placed in the centre of the fountain in the court of the new Public Library at Boston, and a replica has been purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg galleries; again an honor which, accorded to MacMonnies, comes for the first time to an American sculptor. The Boston Public Library is to be further enriched by a figure of Governor Sir Henry Vane [Page 625], part of the work executed in 1894, the list of which comprises two pediments for the Bowery Savings Bank in New York, and the models for four spandrels for the Washington Memorial Arch. It is difficult to more than mention the colossal groups representing the Army and Navy for the Indiana State Soldiers and Sailors' Monument at Indianapolis, the studies for which are made, and which, when the completed models are finished, will be as stupendous in size as they promise to be brilliant in execution. In addition to this enumeration of MacMonnies's completed works, there must be added a number of





James S. T. Stranahan.

(From the bronze—now in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y. For this figure Mr. MacMonnies was awarded the second medal at the Paris Salon of 1891.)



medallions, notably the seal, medal, and sculptured keystone for the Cataract Construction Company, Niagara [Page 617], a charming statuette of Cupid [Page 628], several memorial tablets for various public institutions, bust and bas-relief portraits. These with the models for the central pair of bronze doors for the Congressional Library at Washington, and a figure of Shakespeare for the same place [Page 627], complete the list of finished work, and present unaided a tolerably accurate portrait of one endowed with youth and capacity who has found and made use of opportunity.

When we consider that this almost enormous contribution of completed work has been given to the world in less than a decade—since 1888, in fact—it becomes little less than phenomenal. Naturally MacMonnies has in the past set himself a pace which, happily endowed though he be, no one could hope to keep up, and something of this haste has left its impress on certain of his conceptions, though rarely or never on his execution—a fact which might be enlarged upon if the purpose of this paper was to any intent critical. There are already signs of moderation of this gait in his last completed work, the figure of Shakespeare above mentioned, where it is evident that perhaps for the first time a larger measure of reflection has wisely restrained the effervescent quality of execution heretofore predominant. Brought face to face with the problem of representing the one man who to all English-speaking people stands as the highest exponent of its poetic expres-

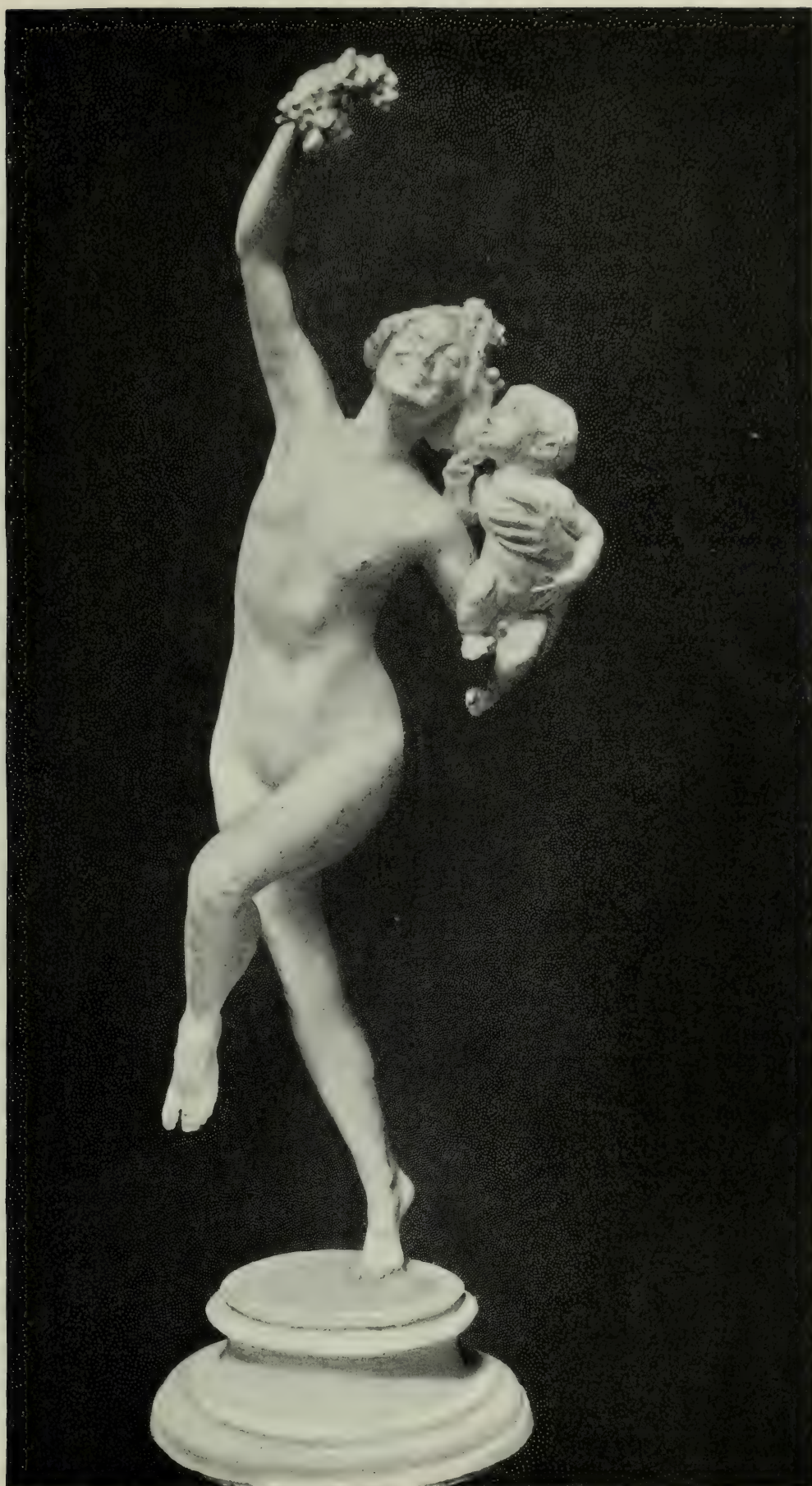


Pan of Rohallion.

(Photographed in Paris—designed for the residence of Mr. Edward S. Adams, Seabright, N. J.)

sion, the task has appeared other than those previously encountered. The engraving in these pages serves to show in what degree he has acquitted himself of his difficult task. He has at least left the temptation to be theatrical, to which Roubillac in his figure for Garrick's tomb succumbed, on one side, and has avoided the sickly sentimental conceptions of certain contemporaneous sculptors on the other. It is impossible to adequately judge a work in the round from any representation on a plane surface, but MacMonnies's Shakespeare has the appearance of a thoughtful man, simple and dignified, dressed like a gentleman of the period at which he lived, standing firmly on extremely well-drawn





Bacchante.

(Purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg Museum.)



logs, and the head, while presenting a certain variance to the popularly conceived Shakespearian type, has points of resemblance in common with the bust at Stratford, which from critical examination MacMonnies believes to be a cast from nature, retouched in the parts which the cast would not give, the eyes and flexible portions of the face, by some sculptor of Shakespeare's time. For the bony portions of the head, therefore, MacMonnies has followed the bust, and for other portions the Droeshout portrait to which Jonson gave his approval in the well-known lines. In the absence of any more exact representation of the poet's appearance these documents, consulted from this point of view, constitute, when used as the sculptor has apparently used them, with intelligent discrimination, the best possible authority, and the whole work produces an impression of reality which is convincing. Altogether it is conceived on a much more humanistic and thoughtful plane than any preceding work, and may well mark, in the artistic growth of the young sculptor, the first step (which has taken him far) toward a graver, more soberly conceived sculpture than his youth and ardent delight in execution have allowed him heretofore to conceive. Mention must be made *en passant* of the work which, together with the execution of the Indianapolis Army and Navy groups, occupies the sculptor at this time. In his studio in the rue de Sèvres in Paris, where all his work has been executed, are being made the models for a bronze quadriga which on a colossal scale is to decorate the top of the Soldiers and Sailors' Memorial Arch in Brooklyn. This, together with a bronze figure of "Victory" [Page 618] for the battle monument at West Point, closes the long list of work accomplished and is of a character with which the young sculptor has abundantly proved himself able to cope. It is impossible even now, when in point of time MacMonnies is hardly more than on the threshold of his career, to refuse to one who has accomplished so much and has won such recognition at home and abroad the title of master, and yet it can be fancied that the sculptor would be the first to reject any such assumption.

The nervous force which is behind all the apparent exuberance of his work is not likely to sit down *en route* and placidly savor the fruits of early success. It is far more likely to serve as an incentive to put by each accomplished work and seek in fresh fields new problems; and with changing ideals, as years bring the burden which they always bring and the compensating depth of perception which is granted to serious minds, we can fairly look for works which both in the accrued surety of execution and the seriously considered conception will assure MacMonnies a place among the few great masters of the age. Leaving all that is problematic in such a forecast we can for work already accomplished regard MacMonnies as a most happy exponent of the happy conjunction of capacity, opportunity, and youth. Given his undeniable gifts, granted the fervor of ambitious youth, he is yet fortunate to come upon the scene when our civil war has left great deeds to perpetuate, when the people of these States have relaxed their toil to look about them and seek to beautify their surroundings.

In so far as we have done anything of importance in the fine arts, we have followed the traditions which have governed every movement of like character in the past. With lands to reclaim and render habitable, with a form of government which if inspired was nevertheless experimental, it is small wonder that the rude forefathers of our country had little time and less thought to devote to æsthetic questions. "I would have you know, young man, that Boston is not Athens," was the form of encouragement which Trumbull is said to have received from his father when proposing to follow the career of an artist. When we finally halted for a moment about the time that we had completed our first century, our natural impulse was to add beauty to the comfort of our homes, and the architectural achievement of the subsequent period up to the present is notable. To the practical mind, undoubtedly, the objective character of this "mother of arts" appealed, giving as it does a solid evidence in stone and brick of the effort made and the money spent. Sculpture





Sir Harry Vane.

(From the plaster of the statue at the Boston Public Library.)



had its turn next in the many memorials inspired by the civil war. Rising from and returning to the midst of our people our army claimed a just recognition, and of all our towns none were so poor as to deny reverence to the memory of the townsmen fallen in battle or risen to eminence in its ranks. A wiser judgment or a greater knowledge of the possibilities of art would have undoubtedly dictated modest memorial tablets, minor works in stained glass, or mosaic in churches or town-halls, in place of the abortive attempts at soldiers' monuments which disfigure our smaller towns, but where the population was greater and where a larger amount of money could be devoted to the work, the results have been correspondingly better. This popular demand for sculpture, not so much for itself as for the memories it embalms, has been of great value in developing the talent of some of our foremost men, and as an added factor in the encouragement of the art it has become the custom within a very few years of adorning buildings not only of a public character but the great business edifices with sculptured work of a decorative character. In tasks dictated by one or the other of these demands MacMonnies has found employment, and the work achieved, both in quality and quantity, emphasizes the value of opportunity. It would seem as though the whole future of art in this country depends on a solution of the question of supply and demand. It is certain that we can never have the benefits which a different system of government has given to French art, and from the temper of our national mind the artist can never prove his right of existence until some public necessity calls him into active production. Painting, for instance, has with us as yet no status comparable with that of architecture and sculpture, and only exists as an adjunct of luxury which ministers to few, and this condition bids fair to continue until the day when it also may be found useful, to register historical events and, in the form of decorative painting, preserve memories of our past or symbolize the future of our national life.

Mention has been made of the great

numbers of works of sculpture which have been erected in the past twenty-five years, and though, as was to be expected, there are few masterpieces to be counted among them, no better general criticism can be made than that they lack as a rule imagination and decorative quality. The modern man clothed in his habit as he lives is not particularly decorative, and hence it has been questioned if it would not be better in a majority of cases to make a monument symbolizing the deeds done, the work accomplished, rather than a presentment of the man. With most of his work MacMonnies has not been called upon to decide this question, as of his four portrait statues three are in a costume which lends itself more readily to decorative treatment than our modern dress. Of the fourth, a simple citizen, he has made a work which is modern to the last degree. The statue of J. S. T. Stranahan, which the gratitude of his fellow-citizens of Brooklyn decreed should be erected during his life, shows the subject standing, an overcoat thrown across his arm, with cane and gloves grasped in his left hand and the high hat of civilization in his right. Such will the statue appear two hundred years hence, an uncompromising portrayal of the man of our time, but whether it is the touch of high benevolence which MacMonnies has succeeded in imparting to the head, or the cleverly adjusted mass of the overcoat on the left arm, it is distinctly sculptural and a work of imagination, as was the Lincoln of St. Gaudens with even fewer adjuncts to give it mass and weight. Hence it may be concluded that such a question is rather one of the man than of his methods, especially as with different material MacMonnies has given us in his Nathan Hale another work of art by treatment where imagination plays the greater and observation the lesser part. The Hale has been criticised as being over-picturesque, presumably by those to whom a dash of romance disfigures a page of history. When we consider, however, that no portrait of Hale exists, and that the task allotted MacMonnies might well mean to one of imagination an embodiment in a





Shakespeare.

(Designed for the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C. The face follows the Droeshout print of 1623.)



single figure of the spirit of the youth who, having but one life to give to his country, gave it gladly, the emphasis laid on the spiritual character of the work seems fitting. It is, by the manner in which the feet are shackled, by the suggestive rope, a figure which might well cause the passing child to stop, and there receive, perhaps for the first time, an object lesson in history. The consideration of such prolific accomplishment as that of MacMonnies, if taken *seriatim*, would far exceed the limits of these pages, and fortunately the moment has not arrived when a conclusive judgment may be formed. In the heat and fervor of production, with work which reaches as high a plane as his, it is but fair to reserve all classification until the last word of progress has been spoken and the definite form of expression adopted. It is evident that with the fair fields of art open before him such definite expression is yet far distant with MacMonnies, but it may be said that so far in his career he has worked wisely and well, so well that at

thirty-two he has already behind him a past which augurs happily for his future.



Cupid on Ball.

(Study for a statuette.)





# THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

## CHAPTER XL

IN WHICH THE FATES ARE SEEN AND A  
CHOICE OF THE REFUGES FROM THEM

THE home of husband and wife was under one roof at last. Fleetwood went like one deported to his wing of the house, physically sensible, in the back turned to his wife's along the corridor, that our ordinary comparison for the division of a wedded twain is correct. She was Arctic, and Antarctic he had to be, perforce of the distance she put between them. A removal of either of them from life—or from “the act of breathing,” as Gower Woodseer's contempt of the talk about death would call it—was an imaginable way of making it a wider division. Ambrose Mallard was far enough from his fatal lady now; farther than the poles asunder; Ambrose, if the clergy will allow him, has found his peace. But the road and the means he chose were a madman's.

The blotting of our character to close our troubles is the final proof of our being “sons of vapor,” according to Gower Woodseer's heartless term for poor Ambrose and the lot. They have their souls; and above philosophy, “natural” or unnatural, they may find a shelter. They can show in their desperation that they are made of blood, as philosophers rather fail of doing. An insignificant brainless creature like Feltre had wits, by the aid of his religion, to help or be charitable to his fellows, particularly the sinners, in the crisis of life, surpassing any philosopher's.

Information of her ladyship's having inspected the apartments, to see to the minutest of his customary luxuries, cut at him all round. His valet had it from the footman and maids; and their speaking of it meant a liking for their mistress; and that liking, added to her official solicitude on his behalf, touched a soft place in him and blew an icy wind: he was frozen where he was warmed.

Here was evidence of her intending the division to be a fixed gap. She had entered this room and looked about her. He was to feel her presence in her absence.

Someone or something had schooled her, too. Her large-eyed directness of gaze was the same as at that inn and in Wales, but her easy sedateness was novel, her English almost the tone of the English world: he gathered it, at least, from the few remarks below stairs.

His desire to be with her was the desire to escape the phantasm of the woman haunting to subjugate him when they were separate. He could kill illusion by magnifying and clawing at her visible angles and audible false notes; and he did it until his recollections joined to the sight of her, when a clash of the thought of what she had been and the thought of what she was had the effect of conjuring a bitter-sweet image that was a more seductive illusion. Strange to think, this woman once loved the man who was not half the value of the man she no longer loved. He took a shot at cynicism, but hit no mark. This woman protected her whole sex.

They sat at the dinner-table alone, thanks to a handsome wench's attractions for a philosopher. Married, and parents of a lusty son, this was their first sitting at table together. The mouth that said, “I guard my rooms,” was not obtruded; she talked passingly of her brother, much of Lady Arpington and of old Mr. Woodseer; and though she reserved a smile, there was no look of a lock on her face. She seemed pleased to be treated very courteously; she returned the stately politeness in exactest measure; very simply, as well.

They passed into the drawing-room. She had heard of the fate of the poor child in Wales, she said, without a comment.

“I see now, I ought to have backed



your proposal," he confessed, and was near on shivering. She kept silent, proudly or regretfully.

She was inquisitive for accounts of Spanish history and the land of Spain.

Open on her work-basket was a Spanish guide-book and a map attached to it. She listened to descriptions of Cadiz, Malaga, Seville, Granada. Her curiosity was chiefly for detailed accounts of Catalonia and the Pyrenees.

"Hardly the place for you; there's a perpetual heaving of Carlism in those mountains; your own are quieter for travellers," he remarked; and for a moment her lips moved to some likeness of a smile—a dimple in a flowing thought.

He marked the come and go of it.

He regretted his inability to add to her knowledge of the Spanish Pyrenees.

Books helped her at present, she said.

Feeling acutely that hostility would have brought them closer than her uninviting civility, he spoke of the assault on Mr. Wythan, and Gower Woodseer's conjecture, and of his having long since discharged the rascal Ines.

To which, her unreproachful answer: "You made use of those men, my lord," sent a cry ringing through him, recalling Feltre's words, as to the wise men progressively are held in by their deeds done.

"Oh, quite true, we change our views and ways of life," he said, thinking she might set her considerations on other points of his character. But this reflection was a piece of humility not yet in his particular estimates of his character, and he spurned it; an act of pride that drove his mind, for occupation, to contemplate hers; which speedily became an embrace of her character; until he was asking whether the woman he called wife and dared not clasp was one of those rarest, who can be idealized *by virtue* of their being known.

For the young man embracing a character loses grip of his own, is plucked out of himself, and passes into it, to see the creature he is with the other's eyes, and feel for the other as a very self. Such is the privilege and the chastisement of the young.

Gower Woodseer's engagement with the girl Madge was a happier subject

for expatiation and agreement. Her deeper tones threw a light on Gower, and where she saw goodness he could at least behold the natural philosopher practically philosophizing.

"The girl shall have a dowry from me," he said; and the sum named was large. Her head bent acknowledging: money had small weight with her now. His perception of it stripped him and lamed him.

He wished her ladyship good-night. She stood up and performed a semiceremonious obeisance, neatly adapted to their mutual position. She had a well-bred mother.

Probably she would sleep. No such expectation could soothe the friend, and some might be thinking misleader, of Ambrose Mallard before he had ocular proof that the body lay underground. His promise was given to follow it to the grave, a grave in consecrated earth. Ambrose died of the accidental shot of a pocket pistol he customarily carried loaded. Two intimate associates of the dead man swore to that habit of his. They lied to get him undisputed Christian burial. Aha! the Earl laughed outright at Chummy Potts's nursery qualms. The old fellow had to do it, and he lied like a man, for the sake of Ambrose Mallard's family. So much is owing to our friend.

Can ecclesiastical casuists decide upon cases of conscience affecting men of the world?

A council sat upon the case the whole night long. A committee of the worldly held argumentation in a lower chamber.

These are nights that weaken us to below the level of women. A shuttle worked in Fleetwood's head. He defended the men of the world. Lord Feltre oiled them, damned them. Kindled them to a terrific expiatory blaze, and extinguishable salved and waited aloft the released essence of them. Maniacal for argument, Fleetwood rejected the forgiveness of sins, if sins they be. Prove them sins, and the suffering is of necessity everlasting, his insomnia logic insisted. Which ever side he took, his wife was against him: not in speech, but in her look. She was a dumb figure among the wranglers, clouded up to the neck. Her



look said she knew more of him than they knew.

He departed next day for London, after kissing his child; and he would have done wisely to abstain from his exhibition of the paternal. Knowing it a step to conciliation, he checked his impulsive warmth, under the apprehension that the mother would take it for a piece of acting to propitiate—and his lips pecked the baby's cheek. Its mother held arms for it immediately. Not without reason did his heart denounce her as a mere mother, with little of a mind to see.

The recent series of feverishly sleepless nights disposed him to snappish irritability or the thirst for tenderness. Gower had singular experiences of him on the drive northwestward. He scarcely spoke; he said once: "If you mean to marry, you'll be wanting to marry soon, of course," and his curt nod before the reply was formulated appeared to signify, the sooner the better and deliverance for both of us. Honest though he might be, sometimes deep and sometimes picturesque, the philosopher's day had come to an end. How can philosophy minister to raw wounds, when we are in a raging gale of the vexations, battered to right and left? Religion has a nourishing breast; philosophy is breastless; religion condones offences; philosophy has no forgiveness, is an untenanted confessional—"wide air to a cry in anguish," Feltre says.

All the way to London, Fleetwood endured his companion, letting him talk when he would.

He spent the greater part of the night discussing human affairs and spiritual with Lord Feltre, whose ointment for raw wounds was an excellent pot in feeble hands. His dialectical exhortations and insinuations were of the feeblest, but to an isolated young man yearning for the tenderness of a woman, thinking but of her grievances, the ointment brought comfort.

It soothed him during his march to and away from Ambrose Mallard's grave; where it seemed to him curious and even pitiable that Chumley Potts should be so inconsolably shaken. Well, and if the priests have the secret of

strengthening the backbone for a bend of the knee in calamity, why not go to the priests, Chummy? Potts's hearing was not addressed; nor was the chief person in the meditation affected by a question that merely jumped out of his perturbed interior.

Business at Calesford kept Fleetwood hanging about London several days further, and his hatred of a place he wasted time and money to decorate grew immeasurable; it distorted the features of the beautiful woman for whose pleasure the grand entertainments to be held there had, somewhere or other—when felon spectres were abroad over earth—been conceived.

He could then return to Esslemont. Gower was told kindly, with intentional coldness, that he could take a seat in the phaeton if he liked; and he liked, and took it. Anything to get to that girl of his!

Fleetwood broke a prolonged silence by remarking to Gower: "You haven't much to say to-day;" and the answer was: "Very little. When I'm walking, I'm picking up; and when I'm driving, I'm putting together."

"Ideas in gestation are the dullest matter you can have."

"There I quite agree with you," said Fleetwood. Abrane, Chummy Potts, Brailstone, little Corby, were brighter comrades. And these were his Ixionides! Hitherto his carving of a way in the world had been sufficiently ill-considered. Was it profitable to be a loutish philosopher? Since the death of Ambrose Mallard, he felt Woodseer's title for that crew grind harshly; and he tried to provoke a repetition of it, that he might burst out in wrathful defence of his friends—to be named friends when they were vilified; defence of poor Ambrose at least, the sinner who, or one as bad, might have reached to pardon through the priesthood. Gower offered him no chance.

Entering Esslemont air, Fleetwood tossed his black mood to the winds. She breathed it. She was a mountain girl, and found it hard to forgive our lowlands. She would learn tolerance, taking her flights at seasons. The yacht, if she is anything of a sailor, may give her a taste of England's pleasures. She



will have a special allowance for distribution among old Mr. Woodseer's people. As to the rest of the Countess of Fleetwood's wishes, her family ranks with her husband's in claims of any kind on him. There would be—she would require and had a right to demand—say, a warm half-hour of explanations; he knew the tone for them, and so little did he resolve it apprehensively that his mind sprang beyond, to the hearing from her mouth of her not intending further to "guard her rooms." How quietly the words were spoken! There was a charm in the retrospect of her mouth and manner. One of the rare women who never pout or attitudinize, she could fling her glove gracefully—one might add, capturingly; under every aspect she was a handsome belligerent. The words he had to combat pleased his memory. Some good friend, Lady Arpington probably, had instructed her in the art of dressing to match her color.

Concerning himself he made no stipulation, but he reflected on Lord Feltre's likely estimate of her as a bit of a heathen. And it might be to her advantage, were she and Feltre to have some conversations. Whatever the Faith, a faith should exist, for without the sentiment of religion, a woman, he says, is where she was when she left the gates of Eden. A man is not much farther. Feltre might have saved Ambrose Mallard. He is, however, right in saying that the woman with the sentiment of religion in her bosom is a box of holy incense distinguishing her from all other women. Empty of it, she is devil's bait. At best she is a creature who cannot overlook an injury, or must be exacting God knows what humiliations before she signs the treaty.

Informed at the house that her ladyship had been staying up on Croridge for the last two days, Fleetwood sent his hardest shot of the eyes at Gower. Let her be absent: it was equal to the first move of war, and absolved him from contemplated proposals to make amends. But the enforced solitary companionship with this ruminator of a fellow set him asking whether the godless dog he had picked up by the wayside was not incarnate another of the sins he had to expiate. Day after day, almost hourly,

some new stroke fell on him. Why? Was he selected for persecution because he was wealthy? The Fates were driving him in one direction, no doubt of that.

This further black mood evaporated, and, like a cessation of English storm-weather, bequeathed him gloom. Four days of desolate wanderings over the estate were occupied chiefly in his decreeing the fall of timber that obstructed views, and was the more imperatively doomed for his bailiff's intercession. "Sound wood" the trees might be: they had to assist in defraying the expense of separate establishments. A messenger to Queeney from Croridge then announced the Countess's return "for a couple of hours." Queeney said it was the day when her ladyship examined the weekly bills of the household. That was in the early morning. The post brought my lord a letter from Countess Livia, a most infrequent writer. She had his word to pay her debts; what next was she for asking? He shrugged, opened the letter, and stared at the half-dozen lines. The signification of them rapped on his consciousness of another heavy blow before he was perfectly intelligent.

All possible anticipation seemed here outdone: insomuch that he held palpable evidence of the Fates at work to harass and drive him. She was married to the young Earl of Cressett.

Fleetwood printed the lines on his eyeballs. They were the politely flowing feminine of a statement of the fact, which might have been in one line. They flourished wantonly: they were deadly blunt. And of all men, this youngster, who struck at him through her lips with the reproach that he had sped the good-looking little beast upon his road to ruin—perhaps to Ambrose Mallard's end!

## CHAPTER XLI

### THE RETARDED COURTSHIP

CARINTHIA reached Esslemont near noon. She came on foot, and had come unaccompanied, stick in hand, her dress looped for the roads. Madge bustled



her shorter steps up the park beside her; Fleetwood met her on the terrace.

"No one can be spared at Croridge," she said. "I go back before dark." Apology was not thought of; she seemed wound to the pitch.

He bowed: he led into the morning room. "The boy is at Croridge?"

"With me. He has his nurse. Madge was at home here more than there."

"Why do you go back?"

"I am of use to my brother."

"Forgive me—in what way?"

"He has enemies about him. They are the workmen of Lord Levellier. They attacked Lekatts the other night, and my uncle fired at them out of a window, and wounded a man. They have sworn they will be revenged. Mr. Wythan is with my brother to protect him."

"Two men, very well; they don't want, if there's danger, a woman's aid in protecting him?"

She smiled, and her smile was like the hint of the steel-blade an inch out of sheath.

"My brother does not count me a weak woman."

"Oh, no! No one would think that," Fleetwood said, hurriedly and heartily. "Least of all men, I, Carinthia. But you might be rash."

"My brother knows me cautious."

"Chillon?"

"It is my brother's name."

"You used to call him by his name."

"I love his name."

"Ah! Well, I may be pardoned for wishing to hear what part you play there."

"I go the rounds with my brother."

"Armed?"

"We carry arms."

"Queer sight to see in England. But there are rascals in this country, too."

She was guilty of saying, though not pointedly: "We do not hire defenders."

"In civilized lands . . ." he began and stopped. "You have Mr. Wythan?"

"Yes, we are three."

"You call him, I think, Owain?"

"I do."

"In your brother's hearing?"

"Yes, my lord; it would be in your hearing if you were near."

"No harm, no doubt."

"There is none."

"But you will not call your brother Chillon to me."

"You dislike the name."

"I learn to like everything you do and say; and every person you like."

"It is by Mr. Wythan's dead wife's request that I call him by his name. He is our friend. He is a man to trust."

"The situation . . ." Fleetwood hung swaying between the worldly view of it and the white light of this woman's nature flashed on his emotion into his mind. "You shall be trusted for judging. If he is your friend he is my friend. I have missed the sight of our boy. You heard I was at Esslemont?"

"I heard from Madge."

"It is positive you must return to Croridge?"

"I must be with my brother, yes."

"Your ladyship will permit me to conduct you."

Her head assented. There was nothing to complain of, but he had not gained a step.

They passed out of Esslemont gates together at that hour of the late afternoon when southwesterly breezes, after a summer gale, drive their huge white flocks over blue fields fresh as morning, on the march to pile the crown of the sphere, and end a troubled day with grandeur. Up the lane by the park, they had open land to the heights of Croridge.

"Splendid clouds," Fleetwood remarked.

She looked up, thinking of the happy long day's walk with her brother to the Syrian Baths. Pleasure in the sight made her face shine superbly. "A flying Switzerland, Mr. Woodseer says," she replied. "England is beautiful on days like these. For walking, I think the English climate very good."

He dropped a murmur: "It should suit so good a walker," and burned to compliment her spirited, easy stepping, and scorned himself for the sycophancy it would be before they were on the common ground of a restored understanding. But an approval of any of



her acts threatened him with enthusiasm for the whole of them, her person included; and a dam in his breast had to keep back the flood.

"You quote Woodseer to me, Carinthia. I wish you knew Lord Feltre. He can tell you of every cathedral, convent, and monastery in Europe and Syria. Nature is well enough; she is, as he says, a savage. Men's works, acting under Divine direction to escape from that tangle, are better worthy of study, perhaps. If one has done wrong, for example."

"I could listen to him," she said.

"You would not need—except, yes, one thing. Your father's book speaks of not forgiving an injury."

"My father does. He thinks it weakness to forgive an injury. Women do, and are disgraced, they are thought slavish. My brother is much stronger than I am. He is my father alive in that."

"It is anti-Christian, some would think."

"Let offending people go. He would not punish them. They may go where they will be forgiven. For them our religion is a happy retreat; we are glad they have it. My father and my brother say that injury forbids us to be friends again. My father was injured by the English Admiralty; he never forgave it; but he would have fought one of their ships and offered his blood any day, if his country called to battle."

"You have the same feeling, you mean?"

"I am a woman. I follow my brother, whatever he decides. It is not to say he is the enemy of persons offending him; only that they have put the division."

"They repent?"

"If they do, they do well for themselves."

"You would see them in sackcloth and ashes?"

"I would pray to be spared seeing them."

"You can entirely forget—well, other moments, other feelings?"

"They may heighten the injury."

"Carinthia, I should wish to speak plainly, if I could, and tell you. . . ."

"You speak quite plainly, my lord."

"You and I cannot be strangers or enemies."

"We cannot be, I would not be. To be friends, we should be separate."

"You say you are a woman; you have a heart, then?" for if not, what have you, was added in the tone.

"My heart is my brother's," she said.

"All your heart?"

"My heart is my brother's until one of us drops."

"There is not another on earth beside your brother Chillon?"

"There is my child."

The dwarf square tower of Croridge village church fronted them against the sky, seen of both.

"You remember it?" he said, and she answered: "I was married there."

"You have not forgotten that injury, Carinthia?"

"I am a mother."

"By all the saints, you hit hard. Justly. Not you. Our deeds are the hard hitters. We learn when they begin to flagellate, stroke upon stroke. Suppose we hold a costly thing in the hand and dash it to the ground—no recovery of it, none! That must be what your father meant. I can't regret you are a mother. We have a son, a bond. How can I describe the man I was," he muttered—"possessed, sort of wehrwolf! You are my wife?"

"I was married to you, my lord."

"It's a tie, of a kind."

"It binds me."

"Obey, you said."

"Obey *it*. I do."

"You consider it holy?"

"My father and my mother spoke to me of the marriage-tie. I read the service before I stood at the altar. It is holy. It is dreadful. I will be true to it."

"To your husband?"

"To his name, to his honor."

"To the vow to live with him?"

"My husband broke that for me."

"Carinthia, if he bids you—begs you to renew it? God knows what you may save me from!"

"Pray to God. Do not beg of me, my lord. I have my brother and my little son. No more of husband for me! God has given me a friend, too—a man of humble heart, my brother's friend, my dear Rebecca's husband. He can



take them from me: no one but God. See the splendid sky we have."

With those words she barred the gates on him; at the same time she bestowed the frank look of an amiable face brilliant in the lively red of her exercise; in its bent-bow curves along the forehead, out of the line of beauty, touching, as her voice was, to make an under-note of anguish swell an ecstasy. So he felt it, for his mood was now the lover's. A torture smote him, to find himself transported by that voice at his ear to the scene of the young bride in the thirty-acre meadow.

"I propose to call on Captain Kirby-Levellier to-morrow, Carinthia," he said. "The name of his house?"

"My brother is not now any more in the British army," she replied. "He has hired a furnished house named Stoneridge."

"He will receive me, I presume?"

"My brother is a courteous gentleman, my lord."

"Here is the church, and here we have to part, for to-day. Do we?"

"Good-by to you, my lord," she said.

He took her hand and dropped the dead thing.

"Your idea is to return to Esslemont some day or other?"

"For the present," was her strange answer.

She bowed, she stepped on. On she sped, leaving him at the stammered beginning of his appeal to her.

Their parting by the grave-yard of the church that had united them, was what the world would class as curious. To him it was a further and a well-marked stroke of the fatality pursuing him. He sauntered by the grave-yard wall until her figure slipped out of sight. It went like a puffed candle, and still it haunted the corner where last seen. Her vanishing seemed to say that less of her belonged to him than the phantom his eyes retained behind them somewhere.

There was in his pocket a memento of Ambrose Mallard that the family had given him at his request. He felt the lump. He had an answer for all perplexities. It had been charged and emptied since it was in his possession; and it could be charged again. The

thing was a volume as big as the world to study. For the touch of a finger, one could have its entirely satisfying contents, and fly and be a raven of that night wherein poor Ambrose wanders lost, but cured of human wounds.

He leaned on the church-yard wall, having the graves to the front of eyes bent inward. They were Protestant graves, not so impressive to him as the wreathed and gilt of those under dedication to Feltre's Madonna. But whatever they were, they had ceased to nurse an injury or feel the pain for having inflicted it. Their wrinkles had gone from them, whether of anger or suffering. Ambrose Mallard lay as peaceful in consecrated ground, and Chumley Potts would be unlikely to think that the helping to lay Ambrose in his quiet last home would cost him a roasting until priestly intercession availed. So Chummy continues a Protestant: dull consciences can! But this is incomprehensible, that she, nursing her injury, should be perfectly civil. She is a woman without emotion. She is a woman full of emotion, one man knows. She ties him to her, to make him feel the lash of his remorse. He feels it because of her casting him from her—and so civilly. If this were a Catholic church, one might go in and give the stained soul free way to get a cleansing. As it is, here are the graves; the dead everywhere have their sanctity, even the heathen.

Fleetwood read the name of the family of Meek on several boards at the heads of the graves. Jonathan Meek dies at the age of ninety-five. A female Meek had eighty-nine years in this life. Ezra Meek gave up the ghost prematurely with a couplet at eighty-one. A healthy spot, Croridge, or there were virtues in the Meek family, he reflected, and had a shudder that he did not trace to its cause, beyond an acknowledgment of a desire for the warm smell of incense.

## CHAPTER XLII

### ON THE ROAD TO THE ACT OF PENANCE

His customary wrestle with the night drove Lord Fleetwood, in the stillness of the hour after matins, from his hated



empty Esslemont up again to the village of the long-lived people, enjoying the moist earthiness of the air off the ironstone. He rode fasting, a good preparatory state for the simple pleasures, which are virtually the Great Nourisher's teats to her young. The Earl was relieved of his dejection by a sudden filling of his nostrils. Fat Esslemont underneath had no such air. Except on the mornings of his walk over the Salzkammergut and Black Forest regions, he had never consciously drawn that deep breath of the satisfied rapture, charging the whole breast with thankfulness. Huntsmen would know it, if the chase were not urgent to pull them at the tail of the running beast. Once or twice on board his yacht he might have known something like it, but the salt sea-breeze could not be disconnected from his companion Lord Feltre, and a thought of Feltre swung vapor of incense all about him. Breathing this air of the young sun's kiss of earth, his invigoration repelled the seductions of the burnt Oriental gums.

Besides, as he had told his friend, it was the sincerity of the Catholic religion, not the seductiveness, that won him to a form of homage—the bend of the head of a foreign observer at a midnight mass. Asceticism, though it may not justify error, is a truth in itself, it is the essence extracted of the scourge, flesh vanquished; and it stands apart from controversy. Those monks of the forested mountain heights, rambling for their herbs, know the blessedness to be found in mere breathing: a neighbor readiness to yield the breath inspires it the more. For when we do not dread our end, the sense of a free existence comes back to us; we have the prized gift to infancy under the piloting of manhood. But before we taste that happiness we must perform our penance; “No living happiness can be for the unclean,” as the holy father preached to his flock of the monastery dispersing at matins.

Ay, but penance? penance? Is there not such a thing as the doing of penance out of the church, in the manly fashion? So to regain the right to be numbered among the captains of the world's fighting men, incontestably the best of comrades, whether or no they led away on a

cataract leap at the gates of life. Boldly to say we did wrong will clear our sky for a few shattering peals.

The penitential act means, youth put behind us, and a steady course ahead. But, for the keeping of a steady course, men made of blood in the walks of the world must be steadied. Say it plainly—mated. There is the humiliating point of our human condition. We must have beside us and close beside us the woman we have learned to respect; supposing ourselves lucky enough to have found her;—“that required other scale of the human balance,” as Woodseer calls her now he has got her, wiser than Lord Feltre in reference to men and women. We get no balance without her. That is apparently the positive law; and by reason of men's wretched enslavement, it is the dance to dissolution when we have not honorable union with women. Feltre's view of women sees the devilish or the angelical; and to most men women are knaves or ninnies. Hence do we behold rascals or imbeciles in the offspring of most men.

Along the heights, outside the village, some way below a turn of the road to Lekkatts, a gentleman waved hand. The Earl saluted with his whip, and waited for him.

“Nothing wrong, Mr. Wythan?”

“Nothing to fear, my lord.”

“I get a trifle uneasy.”

“The Countess will not leave her brother.”

A glow of his Countess's friendliness for this open-faced, prompt-speaking, good fellow of the faintly inky eyelids, and possibly sheepish inclinations, melted Fleetwood. Our downright repentance of misconduct toward a woman binds us at least to the tolerant recognition of what poor scraps of consolation she may have picked up between then and now—when we can stretch fist in flame to defy it on the oath of her being a woman of honor.

The Earl alighted and said: “Her brother, I suspect, is the key of the position.”

“He's worth it—she loves her brother,” said Mr. Wythan, betraying a feature of his quick race, with whom the reflection upon a statement is its lightning in advance.



Gratified by the instant apprehension of his meaning, Fleetwood interpreted the Welshman's. "I have to see the brother worthy of her love. Can you tell me the hour likely to be convenient?"

Mr. Wythan thought an appointment unnecessary: which conveyed the sufficient assurance of audience granted.

"You know her brother well, Mr. Wythan?"

"Know him as if I had known him for years. They both come to the mind as faith comes — no saying how one swears by them."

Fleetwood eyed the Welsh gentleman, with an idea that he might readily do the same by him.

Mr. Wythan's quarters were at the small village inn, whither he was on his way to breakfast. The Earl slipped an arm through the bridle reins and walked beside him, listening to an account of the situation at Lekkatts. It was that extraordinary complication of moves and checks which presents in the main a knot, for the powers above to cut. A miserly old lord withholds arrears of wages; his workmen strike at a critical moment; his nephew, moved by common humanity, draws upon crippled resources to supply their extremest needs, though they are ruining his interests. They made one night a demonstration of the terrorizing sort round Lekkatts, to give him a chorus; and the old lord fired at them out of window and wounded a man. For that they vowed vengeance. All the new gunpowder milled in Surrey was, for some purpose of his own, stored by Lord Levellier on the alder island of the pond near his workshops, a quarter of a mile below the house. They refused, whatever their object, to let a pound of it be moved, at a time when at last the Government had undertaken to submit it to experiments. And there they stood on ground too strong for "the Captain," as they called him, to force, because of the quantity stored at Lekkatts being largely beyond the amount under cover of Lord Levellier's license. The old lord was very ill, and he declined to see a doctor, but obstinately kept from dying. His nephew had to guard him, and at the same time support an enemy

having just cause of complaint. This, however, his narrow means would not much longer permit him to do. The alternative was then offered him of either siding arbitrarily against the men and his conscience, or of taking a course "imprudent on the part of a presumptive heir," Mr. Wythan said hurriedly at the little inn's doorsteps.

"You make one of his lordship's guard?" said Fleetwood.

"The Countess, her brother, and I, yes."

"Danger at all?"

"Not so much to fear while the Countess is with us."

"Fear is not a word for Carinthia."

Her name on the Earl's lips drew a keen shot of the eye from Mr. Wythan, and he read the signification of the spoken name. "You know what every Cambrian living thinks of her, my lord."

"She shall not have one friend the less for me."

Fleetwood's hand was out for a good-by, and the hand was grasped by one who looked happy in doing it. He understood and trusted the man after that, warmed in thinking how politic his impulses could be.

His intention of riding up to Croridge at noon to request his interview with Mr. Kirby-Levellier was then stated.

"The key of the position, as you said," Mr. Wythan remarked, not proffering an opinion of it more than was expressed by a hearty, rosy countenance, that had to win its way with the Earl before excuse was found for the venturesome repetition of his phrase.

Cantering back to that home of the loves of Gower Woodseer and Madge Winch, the thought of his first act of penance done, without his feeling the poorer for it, reconciled Fleetwood to the aspect of the hollow place.

He could not stay beneath the roof. His task of breakfasting done, he was off before the morning's delivery of letters, riding round the country under Croridge, soon up there again. And Henrietta might be at home, he was reminded by hearing band-music as he followed the directions to the house named Stoneridge. The band consisted of eight wind instruments; they played



astonishingly well for itinerant musicians. By curious chance, they were playing a selection from the "Pirata;" presently he heard the notes to "*il mio tradito amor*." They had hit upon Henrietta's favorite piece!

At the close of it he dismounted, flung the reins to his groom, and, addressing a compliment to the leader, was deferentially saluted with a "My lord." Henrietta stood at the window, a servant held the door open for him to enter; he went in, and the beautiful young woman welcomed him: "Oh, my dear lord, you have given me such true delight! How very generous of you!" He protested ignorance. She had seen him speak to the conductor and receive the patron's homage; and who but he knew her adored of operas, or would have had the benevolent impulse to think of solacing her exile from music in the manner so sure of her taste! She was at her loveliest; her features were one sweet bloom, as of the sunny flower-garden; and, touched to the heart by the music and the kindness, she looked the look that kisses; innocently, he felt, feeling himself on the same good ground while he could own he admired the honey creature, much as an amateur may admire one of the pictures belonging to the nation.

"And you have come?" she said. "We are to believe in happy endings?"

He shrugged, as the modest man should, who says: "If it depends on me;" but the words were firmly spoken and could be credited.

"Janey is with her brother down at Lekkatts. Things are at a deadlock. A spice of danger, enough to relieve the dulness; and where there is danger Janey's at home." Henrietta mimicked her Janey. "Parades with her brother at night; old military cap on her head; firearms primed; sings her Austrian mountain song, or the Light Cavalry call, till it rings all day in my ears—she has a thrilling contralto. You are not to think her wild, my lord. She's for adventure or domesticity, 'whichever the Fates decree.' She really is coming to the perfect tone."

"Speak of her," said the Earl. "She can't yet overlook——?"

"It's in the family. She will overlook anything her brother excuses."

"I'm here to see him."

"I heard it from Mr. Wythan."

"'Owain,' I believe?"

Henrietta sketched apologies, with a sidled head, soft pout, wavy hand. "He belongs to the order of primitive people. His wife—the same pattern, one supposes—pledged them to their Christian names. The man is a simpleton, but a gentleman; and Janey holds his dying wife's wish sacred. We are all indebted to him."

"Whatever she thinks right!" said Fleetwood.

The fair young woman's warm nature flew out to him on a sparkle of grateful tenderness in return for his magnanimity, oblivious of the inflamer it was; and her heart thanked him more warmly, without the perilous show of emotion, when she found herself secure.

She was beautiful, she was tempting, and probably the weakest of players in the ancient game of two; and clearly she was not disposed to the outlaw game; she was only a creature of ardor. That he could see, seeing the misinterpretation a fellow like Brailstone would put upon a temporary flush of the feminine, and the advantage he would take of it, perhaps not unsuccessfully—the dog! He committed the absurdity of casting a mental imprecation at the cunning tricksters of emotional women, and yelled at himself in the worn old surplice of the converted rake. But letting his mind run this way, the *tradito amor* of the band outside the lady's window was instantly traced to Lord Brailstone; so convictingly, that he now became a very counsel for an injured husband in denunciation of the seductive compliment.

Henrietta prepared to conduct him to Lekkatts; her bonnet was brought. She drew forth a letter from a silken work-bag, and raised it—Livia's handwriting.

"I've written my opinion," he said.

"Not too severe, pray."

"Posted."

"Livia wanted a protector."

"And chose—what on earth are you saying?"

Livia and her boyish lord were aban-



done on the spot, though Henrietta could have affirmed stoutly that there was much to be pleaded, if a female advocate dared it, and a man would but hear.

His fingers were at the leaves of a Spanish dictionary.

"Oh, yes, and here we have a book of travels in Spain," she said. "Everything Spanish for Janey now. You are aware?—no?"

He was unaware and desired to be told.

"Janey's latest idea; only she would have conceived the notion. You solve our puzzle, my lord."

"Tell me—I solve?" he said.

Henrietta spied the donkey-basket bearing the two little ones.

"Yes, I hope so—on our way down," she made answer. "I want you to see the pair of love-birds in a nest."

The boy and girl were seen lying side by side, both fast asleep; fair-haired girl, dark-haired boy, faced to one another.

"Temper?" said Fleetwood, when he had taken observation of them.

"Very imperious—Mr. Boy!" she replied, straightening her back under a pretty frown, to convey the humor of the infant tyrant.

The father's mind ran swiftly on a comparison of the destinies of the two children, from his estimate of their parents; many of Gower Woodseer's dicta converging to reawaken thoughts upon Nature's laws, which a knowledge of his own nature blackened. He had to persuade himself that this child of his was issue of a loving union; he had to do it violently, conjuring a vivid picture of the mother in bud, and his recognition of her young charm; the pain of keeping to his resolve to quit her, lest she should subjugate him and despoil him of his wrath; the fatalism in his coming and going; the romantic freak it had been—a situation then so clearly wrought, now blurred past comprehension. But there must have been love, or some love on his part. Otherwise he was bound to pray for the mother to predominate in the child, all but excluding its father.

Carinthia's image, as a result, ascended sovereignly, and he hung to it.

He had forgotten the puzzle spoken of by Henrietta, when she used the word again and expressed her happiness in the prospect before them—caused by his presence, of course.

"You are aware, my dear lord, Janey worships her brother. He was defeated, by some dastardly contrivance, in a wager to do wonderful feats—for money! money! money! a large stake. How we come off our high horses! I hadn't an idea of money before I was married. I think of little else. My husband has notions of honor; he engaged himself to pay a legacy of debts; his uncle would not pay debts long due to him. He was reduced to the shift of wagering on his great strength and skill. He could have done it. His enemy managed—enemy there was! He had to sell out of the army in consequence. I shall never have Janey's face of suffering away from my sight. He is a soldier above all things. It seems hard on me, but I cannot blame him for snatching at an opportunity to win military distinction. He is in treaty for the post of aide to the Colonel, the General of the English contingent bound for Spain, for the cause of the Queen. My husband will undertake to be at the orders of his chief as soon as he can leave this place. Janey goes with him, according to present arrangements."

Passing through a turnstile, that led from the road across a meadow-slope to the broken land below, Henrietta had view of the Earl's hard, white face, and she hastened to say: "You have altered that, my lord. She is devoted to her brother; and her brother running dangers, . . . and danger in itself is an attraction to her. But her husband will have the first claim. She has her good sense. She will never insist on going if you oppose. She will be ready to fill her station. It will be her pride and her pleasure."

Henrietta continued in the vein of these assurances; and Carinthia's character was shooting lightnings through him, withering that of the woman who referred to his wife's good sense and her station; and certainly would not have betrayed herself by such drawlings if she had been very positive that Carinthia's disposition toward wealth and



luxury resembled hers. She knew the reverse ; or so his contemptuously generous effort to frame an apology for the stuff he was hearing considered it. His wife was lost to him. That fact smote on his breast the moment he heard of her design to go with her brother.

Half of our funny heathen lives we are bent double to gather things we have tossed away ! was one of the numbers of opposite sayings that hummed about him, for a chorus of the world's old wisdom in derision, when he descended the heathy path and had sight of Carinthia beside her Chillon. Would it be the same thing if he had it in hand again ? Did he wish it to be the same ? Was not he another man ? By the leap of his heart to the woman standing down there, he was a better man ! But recent spiritual exercises brought him to see superstitiously how by that sign she was lost to him ; for everlastingly in this life the better pays for the worse ; thus is the better a proved thing.

Both Chillon and Carinthia, it is probable, might have been stirred to deeper than compassion, had the proud young nobleman taken them into his breast to the scouring of it ; exposing the grounds of his former brutality, his gradual enlightenment, his ultimate acknowledgment of the pricelessness of the woman he had won to lose her. An imploring of forgiveness would not have been necessary with those two, however great their—or the woman's—astonishment at the revelation of an abysmal male humanity.

A complete exposure of past meanness is the deed of present courage certain of its reward without as well as within ; for then we show our fellows that the slough is cast. But life is a continuous fight ; and members of the social world display its degree of civilization by fighting in armor ; most of them are born in it ; and their armor is more sensitive than their skin. It was Fleetwood's instinct of his inability to fling it off utterly which warned him of his loss of the wife, whose enthusiasm to wait on her brother in danger might have subsided into the channel of duty, even tenderness, had he been able resolutely to strip himself bare. This was

the further impossible to him, because of a belief he now imposed upon himself, to cover the cowardly shrinking from so extreme a penitential act, that such confessions are due from men to the priest only, and that he could confess wholly and absolutely to the priest—to heaven, therefore, under seal, and in safety, but with perfect repentance.

So, compelled to keep his inner self unknown, he fronted Chillon ; courteously, in the somewhat lofty seeming of a guarded manner, he requested audience for a few minutes ; observing the princely figure of the once hated man, and understanding Henrietta's sheer womanly choice of him ; Carinthia's idolatry, too, as soon as he had spoken. The man was in his voice.

Chillon said : "It concerns my sister, I have to think. In that case, her wish is to be present. Your lordship will shorten the number of minutes for the interview by permitting it."

Fleetwood encountered Carinthia's eyes. They did not entreat or defy. They seconded her brother, and, were a civil, shining nought on her husband. He bowed his head, constrained, feeling heavily the two to one.

She replied to the look : "My brother and I have a single mind. We save time by speaking three together, my lord."

Why had she primed her brother to propose this ? Addressing them separately, he could have been his better or truer self. The sensation of the check imposed on him was instructive as to her craft and the direction of her wishes.

She preferred the braving of hazards and horrors beside her brother, in scorn of the advantages he could offer ; and he yearned to her for despising by comparison the bribe he proposed in the hope he might win her to him. She was with religion to let him know the meanness of wealth.

Thus, at the edge of the debate, or contest, the young lord's essential nobility disarmed him ; and the revealing of it, which would have appealed to Carinthia and Chillon both, was forbidden by its constituent pride that helped him to live and stood obstructing explanatory speech.



## CHAPTER XLIII

BETWEEN THE EARL, THE COUNTESS, AND  
HER BROTHER, AND OF A SILVER CROSS

CARINTHIA was pleased by hearing Lord Fleetwood say to her: "Your Madge and my Gower are waiting to have the day named for them."

She said: "I respect him so much for his choice of Madge. They shall not wait, if I am to decide."

"Old Mr. Woodseer has undertaken to join them."

"It is in Whitechapel they will be married."

The blow that struck was not intended, and Fleetwood passed it, under her brother's judicial eye. Any small chance word may carry a sting for the neophyte in penitence.

"My lawyers will send down the settlement on her, to be read to them to-day or to-morrow. With the interest on that and the sum he tells me he has in the Funds, they keep the wolf from the door—a cottage door. They have their cottage. There's an old song of love in a cottage. His liking for it makes him seem wiser than his clever sayings. He'll work in that cottage."

"They have a good friend to them in you, my lord. It will not be poverty for their simple wants. I hear of the little cottage in Surrey where they are to lodge at first, before they take one of their own."

"We will visit them."

"When I am in England I shall visit them often."

He submitted.

"The man up here wounded is recovering?"

"Yes, my lord. I am learning to nurse the wounded, with the surgeon to direct me."

"Matters are sobering down?—The workmen?"

"They listen to reason so willingly when we speak personally, we find."

The Earl addressed Chillon. "Your project of a Spanish expedition reminds me of favorable reports of your chief."

"Thoroughly able and up to the work," Chillon answered.

"Queer people to meddle with."

"We're on the right side in the dispute."

"It counts, Napoleon says. A Spanish civil war promises bloody doings."

"Any war does that."

"In the Peninsula it's war to the knife, a merciless business."

"Good schooling for the profession."

Fleetwood glanced: she was collected and attentive. "I hear from Mrs. Levellier that Carinthia would like to be your companion."

"My sister has the making of a serviceable hospital nurse."

"You hear the chatter of London?"

"I have heard it."

"You encourage her, Mr. Levellier?"

"She will be useful—better there than here, my lord."

"I claim a part in the consultation."

"There's no consultation; she determines to go."

"We can advise her of all the risks."

"She has weighed them, every one."

"In the event of accidents, the responsibility for having persuaded her would rest on you."

"My brother has not persuaded me," Carinthia's bell-tones intervened. "I proposed it. The persuasion was mine. It is my happiness to be near him, helping, if I can."

"Lady Fleetwood, I am entitled to think that your brother yielded to a request urged in ignorance of the nature of the risks a woman runs."

"My brother does not yield to a request without examining it all round, my lord, and I do not. I know the risks. An evil that we should not endure—life may go. There can be no fear for me."

She spoke plain truth. The soul of this woman came out in its radiance to subdue him, as her visage sometimes did; and her voice enlarged her words. She was a warrior woman, Life her sword, Death her target, never to be put to shame, unconquerable. No such symbolical image smote him, but he had an impression, the prose of it. As in the scene of the miners' cottages, her lord could have knelt to her; and for an unprotesting longer space now. He choked a sigh, shrugged, and said, in the world's patient manner with mad people: "You have set your mind on it; you see it rose-colored. You



would not fear, no, but your friends would have good reason to fear. It's a menagerie in revolt over there. It is not really the place for you. Abandon the thought, I beg."

"I shall, if my brother does not go," said Carinthia.

Laughter of spite at a remark either silly or slyly defiant was checked in Fleetwood by the horror of the feeling that she had gone, was ankle-deep in bloody mire, captive, prey of a rabble soldiery, meditating the shot or stab of the blessed end out of woman's half of our human muddle.

He said to Chillon: "Pardon me, war is a detestable game. Women in the thick of it add a touch to the brutal hideousness of the whole thing."

Chillon said: "We are all of that opinion. Men have to play the game; women serving in hospital make it humaner."

"Their hospitals are not safe."

"Well! Safety!"

For safety is nowhere to be had. But the Earl pleaded: "But least in our country."

"In our country women are safe?"

"They are, we may say, protected."

"Laws and constables are poor protection for them."

"The women we name ladies are pretty safe, as a rule."

"My sister, then, was the exception."

After a burning half-minute the Earl said: "I have to hear it from you, Mr. Levellier. You see me here."

That was handsomely spoken. But Lord Fleetwood had been judged and put aside. His opening of an old case to hint at repentance for brutality annoyed the man who had let him go scathless for a sister's sake.

"The grounds of your coming, my lord, are not seen; my time is short."

"I must, I repeat, be consulted with regard to Lady Fleetwood's movements."

"My sister does not acknowledge your claim."

"The Countess of Fleetwood's acts involve her husband."

"One has to listen at times to what old sailors call Caribbee!" Chillon exclaimed impatiently, half aloud. "My sister received your title; she has to

support it. She did not receive the treatment of a wife—or lady, or woman, or domestic animal. The bond is broken, as far as it bears on her subjection. She holds to the rite, thinks it sacred. You can be at rest as to her behavior. In other respects your lordship does not exist for her."

"The father of her child must exist for her."

"You raise that curtain, my lord!"

In the presence of three it would not bear a shaking.

Carinthia said, in pity of his torture:

"I have my freedom, and am thankful for it, to follow my brother, to share his dangers with him. That is more to me than luxury and the married state. I take only my freedom."

"Our boy? You take the boy?"

"My child is with my sister Henrietta."

"Where?"

"We none know yet."

"You still mistrust me?"

Her eyes were on a man that she had put from her peaceably; and she replied, with sweetness in his ears, with shocks to a sinking heart, "My lord, you may learn to be a gentle father to the child. I pray you may. My brother and I will go. If it is death for us, I pray my child may have his father, and God directing his father."

Her speech had the clang of the final.

"Yes, I hope—if it be the worst happening, I pray, too," said he, and drooped and brightened desperately. "But you, too, Carinthia, you could aid by staying, by being with the boy and me. Carinthia!" he clasped her name, the vapor left to him of her: "I have learnt—learnt what I am, what you are; I have to climb a height to win back the wife I threw away. She was unknown to me; I to myself nearly as much. I sent a warning of the kind of husband for you—a poor kind; I just knew myself well enough for that. You claimed my word—the blessing of my life, if I had known it! We were married; I played—I see the beast I played. Money is power, they say. I see the means it is to damn the soul, unless we—unless a man does what I do now."

Fleetwood stopped. He had never spoken such words—arterial words, as



they were, though the commonest ; and with moist brows, dry lips, he could have resumed, have said more, have taken this woman, this dream of the former bride, the present stranger, into his chamber of the brave aims and sentenced deeds. Her brother in the room was the barrier ; and she sat mute, large-eyed, expressionless. He had plunged low in the man's hearing ; the air of his lungs was thick, hard to breathe, for shame of a degradation so extreme.

Chillon imagined him to be sighing. He had to listen further. "Soul" had been an uttered word. When the dishonoring and mishandling brute of a young nobleman stuttered a compliment to Carinthia on her "faith in God's assistance and the efficacy of prayer," he jumped to his legs, hot to be shouting "Hound" at him. He said, under control : "God's name shall be left to the Church. My sister need not be further troubled. She has shown she is not persuaded by me. Matters arranged here quickly, I expect—we start. If I am asked whether I think she does wisely to run the risks in an insurrectionary country rather than remain at home exposed to the honors and amusements your lordship offers, I think so ; she is acting in her best interests. She has the choice of being abroad with me or staying here unguarded by me. She has had her experience. She chooses rightly. Paint the risks she runs, you lay the colors on those she escapes. She thanks the treatment she has undergone for her freedom to choose. I am responsible for nothing but the not having stood against her most wretched marriage. It might have been foreseen. Out there in the war she is protected. Here she is with—I spare your lordship the name."

Fleetwood would have heard harsher had he not been Carinthia's husband. He withheld his reply. The language moved him to proud hostility ; but the speaker was Carinthia's brother.

He said to her : "You won't forget Gower and Madge?"

She gave him a smile in saying : "It shall be settled for a day after next week."

The forms of courtesy were exchanged.

At the closing of the door on him, Chillon said : "He did send a message ; I gathered it—without the words—from our Uncle Griphard. I thought him in honor bound to you—and it suited me that I should."

"I was a blindfold girl, dearest ; no warning would have given me sight," said Carinthia. "That was my treachery to the love of my brother. I dream of father and mother reproaching me."

The misery of her time in England had darkened her mind's picture of the early hour with Chillon on the heights above the forsaken old home ; and the enthusiasm of her renewed devotion to her brother giving it again, as no light of a lost Eden, as the brilliant step she was taking with him from their morning eastern Alps to smoky-crimson Pyrenees and Spanish sierras ; she could imagine the cavernous interval her punishment for having abandoned a sister's duties in the quest of personal happiness.

But, simultaneously, the growing force of her mind's intelligence, wherein was no enthusiasm to misdirect by over-coloring, enabled her to gather more than a suspicion of comparative feebleness in the man stripped of his terrors. She penetrated the discrowned tyrant's nature some distance, deep enough to be quit of her foregoing alarms. These, combined with his assured high style, had woven him the magical coat, threadbare to quiet scrutiny. She matched him beside her brother. The dwarfed object was then observed ; and it was not for a woman to measure herself beside him. She came, however, of a powerful blood, and he was pressing her back on her resources : without the measurement or a thought of it, she did that which is the most ordinary and the least noticed of our daily acts in civilized intercourse, she subjected him to the trial of the elements composing him, by collision with what she felt of her own ; and it was because she felt them strongly, aware of her feeling them but unaware of any conflict, that the wrestle occurred. She flung him, pitied him, and passed on along her path elsewhere. This can be done when love is gone. It is done more or less at every meeting of men and men ; and men and women who love not are perpetually doing it, uncon-



sciously or sensibly. Even in their love, a time for the trial arrives among certain of them ; and the leadership is assumed, and submission ensues, tacitly, nothing of the contention being spoken, perhaps nothing definitely known.

In Carinthia's case, her revived enthusiasm for her brother drove to the penetration of the husband pleading to thwart its course. His offer was wealth ; that is, luxury, amusement, ease. The sub-audible "himself" into the bargain was disregarded, not counting with one who has an upward rush of fire at the thought that she was called to share her brother's dangers.

Chillon cordially believed the Earl to be the pestilent half madman, junction with whom is a constant trepidation for the wife, when it is not a screaming plight. He said so, and Carinthia let him retain his opinion. She would have said it herself to support her scheme, though "mad" applied to a man moving in the world with other men was not understood by her.

With Henrietta for the Earl's advocate, she was patient as the deaf rock-wall enthusiasm can be against entreaties to change its direction or bid it disperse. The "private band of picked musicians" at the disposal of the Countess of Fleetwood, and opera-singers (Henrietta mentioned resonant names) hired for wonderful nights at Esslemont and Calesford, or on board the Earl's beautiful schooner-yacht, were no temptation. Nor did Henrietta's allusions to his broken appearance move his wife, except in her saying, regretfully : "He changes."

On the hall table at Esslemont, a letter from his bankers informed the Earl of a considerable sum of money paid in to his account in the name of Lord Brailstone. Chumley Potts, hanging at him like a dog without a master since the death of his friend Ambrose, had journeyed down : "Anxious about you," he said. Anxious about or attracted by the possessor of Ambrose Mallard's "clean sweeper," the silver-mounted small pistol ; sight of which he begged to have ; and he lengthened his jaw on hearing it was loaded. A loaded pistol, this dark little one to the right of the Earl's blotting-

pad and pens, had the look of a fearful link with his fallen chaps and fishy hue. Potts maundered moralities upon "life," holding the thing in his hand, weighing it, eying the muzzle. He "couldn't help thinking of what is going to happen to us *after* it all ;" and "Brosey knows now !" was followed by a twitch of one cheek and the ejaculation : "Forever !" Fleetwood alive and Ambrose dead were plucking the startled worldling to a peep over the verge into our abyss ; and the young lord's evident doing of the same commanded Chumley Potts's imitation of him under the cloud Ambrose had become for both of them.

He was recommended to see Lord Feltre, if he had a desire to be instructed on the subject of the mitigation of our pains in the regions below. Potts affirmed that he meant to die a Protestant Christian. Thereupon, carrying a leaden burden of unlaughed laughable stuff in his breast, and Chummy's concluding remark to speed him : "Damn it, no, we'll stick to our Religion !" Fleetwood strode off to his library, and with the names of the Ixionides of his acquaintance ringing round his head, proceeded to strike one of them off the number privileged at the moment to intrude on him. Others would follow ; this one must be the first to go. He wrote the famous letter to Lord Brailstone, which debarred the wily pursuer from any pretext to be running down into Mrs. Levellier's neighborhood, and also precluded the chance of his meeting the fair lady at Calesford. With the brevity equivalent to the flick of a glove on the cheek, Lord Brailstone was given to understand by Lord Fleetwood that relations were at an end between them. No explanation was added ; a single sentence executed the work, and in the third person. He did not once reflect on the outcry in the ear of London coming from the receiver of such a letter upon payment of a debt.

The letter posted and flying, Lord Fleetwood was kinder to Chumley Potts ; he had a friendly word for Gower Woodseer ; though both were heathens, after their diverse fashions, neither of them likely ever to set out upon the grand old road of Rome : Lord Feltre's



"Appian Way of the Saints and Comforters."

Chummy was pardoned when they separated at night for his reiterated allusions to the temptation of poor Ambrose Mallard's conclusive little weapon lying on the library table within reach of a man's armchair: in its case, and the case locked, yes, but easily opened, "provoking every damnable sort of mortal curiosity!" The soundest men among us have their fits of the blues, Fleetwood was told. "Not wholesome!" Chummy shook his head resolutely, and made himself comprehensibly mysterious. He meant well. He begged his old friend to promise he would unload and keep it unloaded. "For I know the infernal worry you have—deuced deal worse than a night's bad luck!" said he; and Fleetwood smiled sourly at the world's total ignorance of causes. His wretchedness was due now to the fact that the aforetime huntress refused to be captured. He took a silver Cross from a table-drawer and laid it on the pistol case. "There, Chummy," he said; that was all; not sermonizing or proselytizing. He was partly comprehended by Chumley Potts fully a week later. The unsuspecting fellow, soon to be despatched in the suite of Brailstone, bore away an unwontedly affectionate dismissal to his bed, and spoke some rather squeamish words himself, as he recollected with disgust when he ran about over London repeating his executioner's.

The Cross on the pistol-case may have conduced to Lord Fleetwood's thought, that his days among unrepentant ephemeral Protestant sinners must have their immediate termination. These old friends were the plague-infected clothes he flung off his body. But the Cross where it lay, forbidding a movement of the hand to that box, was authoritative to decree his passage through a present torture, by the agency of the hand he held back from the solution of his perplexity, at the cost which his belief in the Eternal would pay. Henrietta had mentioned her husband's defeat, by some dastardly contrivance. He had to communicate, for the disburdening of his soul, not only that he was guilty, but the meanest of criminals, in being

no more than half guilty. His training told him of the contempt women entertain toward the midway or cripple sinner, when they have no special desire to think him innocent. How write, or how phrase his having merely breathed in his ruffian's hearing the wish that he might hear of her husband's defeat! And with what object? Here, too, a woman might, years hence, if not forgive, bend her head resignedly over the man's vile nature, supposing strong passion his motive. But the name for the actual motive? It would not bear writing, or any phrasing round it. An unsceptred despot bidden take a fair woman's eyes into his breast, saw and shrank. And now the eyes were Carinthia's: he saw a savage bridegroom, and a black ladder-climber, and the sweetest of pardoning brides, and the devil in him still insatiate for revenge upon her who held him to his word.

He wrote, read, tore the page, trimmed the lamp, and wrote again. He remembered Gower Woodseer's having warned him he would finish his career a monk. Not, like Feltre, an oily convert, but under the hood, yes, and extracting a chartreuse from his ramble through woods richer far than the philosopher's milk of Mother Nature's bosom. There flamed the burning signal of release from his torments; there his absolving refuge, instead of his writing fruitless, intricate, impossible stuff to a woman. The letter was renounced and shredded; the dedicated ascetic contemplated a hooded shape, washed of every earthly fleck. It proved how men may by power of grip squeeze raptures out of pain.

## CHAPTER XLIV

CONTAINS A RECORD OF WHAT WAS FEARED,  
WHAT WAS HOPED, AND WHAT HAPPENED

THE Dame is at her thumps for attention to be called to "the strangeness of it," that a poor small, sparse village, hardly above a hamlet, on the most unproductive of Kentish heights, part of old forest land, should at this period become "the cynosure of a city beautifully named by the poet Great Augusta, and truly indeed the world's metropolis."



Put aside her artful pother to rouse excitement at stages of a narrative, London's general eye upon little Cro-ridge was but another instance of the extraordinary, and not so wonderful. Lady Arpington, equal to a Parliament in herself, spoke of the place and the Countess courted by her repentant lord. Brailstone and Chumley Potts were town-criers of the executioner letter each had received from the Earl; Potts with his chatter of a suicide's pistol kept loaded in a case under a two-inch-long silver Cross, and with sundry dramatic taps on the forehead, dottings over the breast, an awful grimace of devoutness. There was no mistaking him. The young nobleman of the millions was watched; the town spy-glass had him in its orbit. Tales of the ancestral Fleetwoods ran beside rumors of a Papist priest at the bedside of the Foredoomed to Error's dying mother. His wealth was counted, multiplied by the ready noughts of those who know little and dread much. Sir Meeson Corby referred to an argument Lord Fleetwood had held on an occasion hotly against the logical consistency of the Protestant faith; and to his alarm lest some day "all that immense amount of money should slip away from us to favor the machinations of Roman Catholicism!" The Countess of Cressett, Livia, anticipated her no surprise at anything Lord Fleetwood might do: she knew him.

So thereupon, with the whirr of a covey on wing before the fowler, our crested three of immemorial antiquity and a presumptive immortality, the Ladies Endor, Eldritch, and Cowry, shot up again, hooting across the dormant chief city Old England's fell word of the scarlet shimmer above the nether pit-flames, Rome. An ancient horror in the blood of the population, conceiving the word to signify beak, fang, and claw, the fiendish ancient enemy of the roasting day of yore, heard and echoed. Sleepless at the work of the sapper, in preparation for the tiger's leap, Rome is keen to spy the foothold of English stability, and her clasp of a pillar of the structure sends tremors to our foundations.

The coupling of Rome and England's

wealthiest nobleman struck a match to terrorize the Fire Insurance of Smithfield. That meteoric, intractable, perhaps wicked, but popular, reputedly clever, manifestedly evil-starred, enormously wealthy, young Earl of Fleetwood, wedded to an adventuress, and a target for the scandals emanating from the woman, was daily, without omission of a day, seen walking Piccadilly pavement in company once more with the pervert, the Jesuit agent, that crafty Catesby of a Lord Feltre, arm in arm the pair of them, and uninterruptedly conversing utterly unlike Englishmen. Mr. Rose Mackrell passed them, and his breezy salutation of the Earl was unobserved in my lord's vacant glass optics, as he sketched the scene. London had reports of the sinister tempter and the imperilled young probationer undisguisedly entering the Roman Catholic chapel of a fashionable district—chapel erected on pervert's legacies, down a small street at the corner of a grandee square, by tolerance or connivance of our constabulary—entering it linked; and linked they issued, their heads bent; for the operation of the tonsure, you would say. Two English noblemen! But is there no legislation to stop the disease? Our female government asks it vixenly of our impotent male; which pretends, beneath an air of sympathy, that we should abstain from any compulsory action upon the law to interfere, though the situation is confessedly grave; and the aspect men assume is correspondingly, to the last degree provokingly, grave—half alive that they are, or void of patriotism, or Babylonian at heart!

Lord Fleetwood's yet undocked old associates vowed he "smelt strong" of the fumes of the whirled silver censers-balls. His disfavor had caused a stoppage of supplies, causing vociferous abomination of their successful rivals, the Romish priests. Captain Abrane sniffed, loud as a horse, condemnatory as a cat, in speaking of him. He said: "By George, it comes to this: we shall have to turn Catholics for a loan!" Watch-dogs of the three repeated the gigantic gambler's melancholy roar. And, see what gap, cried the ratiocination of alarm, see the landslip it is in



our body, national and religious, when exalted personages go that way to Rome.

The three guardian Ladies and their strings of followers headed over the fevered and benighted town, as the records of the period attest, windpiping Solan notes from the undigested cropful of alarms Lord Fleetwood's expected conduct crammed into them. They and all the world traced his present madness to the act foregoing: that Marriage! They reviewed it to deplore it, every known incident and the numbers imagined; yet merely to deplore: frightful comparisons of then with now rendered the historical shock to the marriage market matter for a sick smile. Evil genius of some sort beside him the wealthy young nobleman is sure to have. He has got rid of one to take up with a viler. First, a sluttish trollop of German origin is foisted on him for life; next, he is misled to abjure the Faith of his fathers for Rome. But patently, desperation in the husband of such a wife weakened his resistance to the Roman Catholic pervert's insinuations. There we punctuate the full stop to our inquiries; we have the secret.

And upon that, suddenly comes a cyclonic gust; and gossip twirls, whines, and falls to the twanging of an entirely new set of notes, that furnish a tolerably agreeable tune, on the whole. Oh, hear! The Marchioness of Arpington proclaims not merely acquaintanceship with Lord Fleetwood's Countess, she professes esteem for the young person. She has been heard to say, that if the Principality of Wales were not a Royal title, a dignity of the kind would be conferred by the people of those mountains on the Countess of Fleetwood: such unbounded enthusiasm there was for her character when she sojourned down there. As it is, they do speak of her in their Welsh by some title. Their Bards are offered prizes to celebrate her deeds. You remember the regiment of mounted Welsh gentlemen escorting her to her Kentish seat, with their band of the three-stringed harps! She is well-born, educated, handsome, a perfectly honest woman, and a sound Protestant. Quite the reverse of Lord Fleetwood seeking to escape her, it is she who flies; she cannot forgive him his cruelties and in-

fidelities; and that is the reason why he threatens to commit the act of despair. Only she can save him! She has flown for refuge to her uncle, Lord Levellier's house, at a place named Croridge, not in the gazetteer, hard of access, and a home of poachers, where shooting goes on hourly; but most picturesque and romantic, as she herself is! Lady Arpington found her there, nursing one of the wounded, and her uncle on his death-bed; obdurate all around against her husband, but pensive when supplicated to consider her country endangered by Rome. She is a fervent patriot. The tales of her Whitechapel origin, and heading mobs wielding bludgeons, are absolutely false, traceable to scandalizing anecdotists like Mr. Rose Mackrell. She is the beautiful example of an injured wife doing honor to her sex in the punishment of a faithless husband, yet so little cherishing her natural right to deal him retribution, that we dare hope she will listen to her patriotic duty in consenting to the reconciliation, which is Lord Fleetwood's alternative:—his wife or Rome! They say she has an incommunicable charm, accounting for the price he puts on her now she holds aloof and he misses it. Let her but rescue him from England's most vigilant of her deadly enemies, she will be entitled to the nation's lasting gratitude. She has her opportunity for winning the Anglican English, as formerly she won the Dissenter Welsh. She may yet be the means of leading back the latter to our fold.

Carinthia meanwhile had a study of the humorous of English character in the person of the wounded man she nursed on little Croridge, imagining it the most unobserved of English homes, and herself as unimportant an object. Daniel Charner took his wound, as he took his medicine and his posset from her hand, kindly, and seemed to have a charitable understanding of Lord Levellier now that the old nobleman had driven a pellet of lead into him and laid him flat. It pleased him to assure her that his mates were men of their word, and had promised to pay the old lord with "a rouse" for it, nothing worse. Her father used to speak of the "clean



hearts of the English" as to the husbanding of revenge; that is, the "no spot of bad blood" to vitiate them. Captain John Peter seconded all good-humored fighters "for the long account:" they will surely win; and it was one of his maxims: "*My foe can spoil my face; he beats me if he spoils my temper.*"

Recalling the scene of her bridal day—the two strong Englishmen at the shake of hands, that had spoiled one another's faces, she was enlightened with a comprehension of her father's love for the people; seeing the spiritual of the gross, ugly picture, as not every man can do, and but a warrior Joan among women. Chillon shall teach the Spanish people English heartiness, she thought. Lord Fleetwood's remarks on the expedition would have sufficed to stamp it righteous with her; that was her logic of the low valuation of him. She fancied herself absolutely released at his departure. Neither her sister Riette nor her friend Owain, administering sentiment and common sense to her by turns, could conceive how the passion for the recovery of her brother's military name fed the hope that she might aid in it, how the hope fed the passion. She had besides her hunger to be at the work she could do; her Chillon's glory for morning sky above it.

Such was the mind Lady Arpington brought the world's wisdom to bear upon; deeming it in the end female only in its wildness and obstinacy. Carinthia's answers were few, barely varied. Her repetition of "my brother" irritated the great lady, whose argument was directed to make her see that these duties toward her brother were primarily owing to her husband, the man she would reclaim and could guide. And the Countess of Fleetwood's position, her duty to society, her dispensing of splendid hospitality, the strengthening of her husband to do his duty to the nation, the saving of him from a fatal step—from Rome; these were considerations for a reasonable woman to weigh before she threw up all to be off on the maddest of adventures. "Inconceivable, my dear child!" Lady Arpington proceeded until she heard herself as droning.

Carinthia's unmoved aspect of court-

eous attention appeared to invoke the prolongation of the sermon it criticised. It had an air of reversing their positions while she listened to the charge of folly, and incidentally replied.

Her reason for not fearing Roman Catholic encroachments was, she said, her having known good Catholics in the country she came from. For herself, she should die professing the faith of her father and mother. Behind her correct demeanor a rustic intelligence was exhibited. She appreciated her duty to her marriage oath: "My husband's honor is quite safe with me." Neither England nor religion, nor woman's proper devotion to a husband's temporal and spiritual welfare, had claims rivalling her devotion to her brother. She could not explain a devotion that instigated her to an insensate course. It seemed a kind of enthusiasm; and it was coldly spoken; in the tone referring to "her husband's honor." Her brother's enterprise had her approval because "her mother's prayer was for him to serve in the English army." By running over to take a side in a Spanish squabble? she was asked, and answered: "He will learn war; my Chillon will show his value; he will come back a tried soldier."

She counted on his coming back? She did.

"I cannot take a step forward without counting on success. We know the chances we are to meet. My father has written of Death. We do not fear it, so it is nothing to us. We shall go together; we shall not have to weep for one another."

The strange young woman's avoidance of any popular snuffle of the pathetic had a recognized merit.

"Tell me," Lady Arpington said abruptly; "this maid of yours, who is to marry the secretary, or whatever he was—you are satisfied with her?"

"She is my dear servant Madge." A cloud opened as Carinthia spoke the name. "She will be a true wife to him. They will always be my friends."

Nothing against the Earl in that direction, apparently; unless his Countess was blessed with the density of frigidity.

Society's emissary sketched its perils for unprotected beautiful women; an



outline of the London quadrille Henrietta danced in; and she glanced at Carinthia and asked: "Have you thought of it?"

Carinthia's eyes were on the great lady's. Their meaning was, "You hit my chief thought." They were read as her farthest thought. For the hint of Henrietta's weakness deadened her feelings with a reminder of warm and continued solicitations rebuffed; the beautiful creature's tortures at the idea of her exile from England. An outwearied hopelessness expressed a passive sentiment very like indifference in the clear wide gaze. She replied: "I have. My proposal to her was Cadiz, with both our young ones. She will not."

And there is an end to that part of the question! Lady Arpington interpreted it, by the gaze more than the words, under subjection of the young woman's character. Nevertheless, she bore away Carinthia's consent to a final meeting with the Earl at her home in London, as soon as things were settled at Croridge. Chillon, whom she saw, was just as hard, unforgiving, careless of his country's dearest interests; brother and sister were one heart of their one blood. She mentioned the general impression in town, that the Countess, and only she, could save the Earl from Rome. A flash of polite laughter was Chillon's response. His callousness to the danger of his country's disintegration, from the incessant, becoming overt, attacks of a foreign priesthood might—an indignant great lady's precipitation to prophecy said, would—bring chastisement on him.

Gossip fed to the starvation bone of Lady Arpington's report, until one late afternoon, memorable for the breeding heat in the van of elemental artillery, newsboys waved damp sheets of fresh print through the streets, and society's guardians were brought to confess, in shame and gladness, that they had been growing sceptical of the active assistance of Providence. At first the "Terrible explosion of gunpowder at Croridge" alarmed them lest the timely power should have done too much. A day later the general agitation was pacified; Lady Arpington circulated the word "safe," and the world knew the

disaster had not engulfed Lady Fleetwood's valuable life. She had the news by word of mouth from the lovely Mrs. Kirby-Levellier, sister-in-law to the Countess. We are convinced we have proof of Providence intervening when some terrific event of the number at its disposal accomplishes the thing and no more than the thing desired. Pitiful though it may seem for a miserly old Lord to be blown up in his bed, it is necessarily a subject of congratulation if the life, or poor remnant of a life, sacrificed was an impediment to our righteous wishes. But this is a theme for the Dame, who would full surely have committed another breach of the treaty, had there not been allusion to her sisterhood's view of the government of human affairs.

On the day preceding the catastrophe Chillon's men returned to work. He and Carinthia and Mr. Wythan lunched with Henrietta at Stoneridge. Walking down to Lekkatts, they were astounded to see the figure of the spectral old Lord on the plank to the powder-store, clad in his long, black cloak, erect. He was crossing, he told them, to count his barrels; a dream had disturbed him. Chillon fell to rapid talk upon various points of business, and dispersed Lord Levellier's memory relating to his errand. Leaning on Carinthia's arm, he went back to the house, where he was put to bed in peace of mind. His resuscitated physical vigor blocked all speculation for the young people assembled at Stoneridge that night. They hardly spoke; they strangled thoughts forming as larvæ of wishes. Henrietta would be away to Lady Arpington's next day, Mr. Wythan to Wales. The two voyagers were sadder by sympathy than the two whom they were leaving to the clock's round of desert sameness. About ten at night Chillon and Mr. Wythan escorted Carinthia, for the night's watch beside her uncle, down to Lekkatts. It was midway that the knocks on air, as of a muffled mallet at a door and at farther doors of caverns, smote their ears and shook the ground.

After an instant of the silence following a shock, Carinthia touched her brother's arm; and Chillon said: "Not my powder!"



They ran till they had Lekkatts in sight. A half moon showed the house ; it stood. Fifty paces below, a column of opal smoke had begun to wreath and stretch a languid flag. The "rouse" promised to Lord Levellier by Daniel Charner's humorous mates had hit beyond its aim. Intended to give him a start—or "Oner in return," it surpassed his angry shot at the body of them in effect.

Carinthia entered his room and saw that he was lying stretched restfully. She whispered of this to Chillon, and

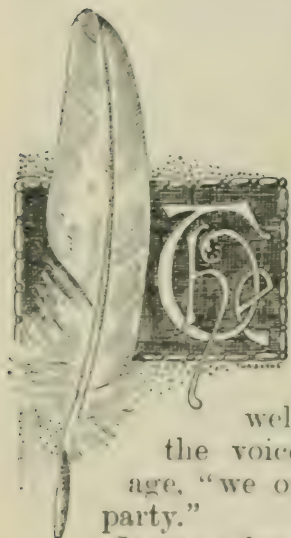
began upon her watch, reading her Spanish phrase-book ; and she could have wept, if she had been a woman for tears. Her duty to stay in England with Chillon's fair wife crossed the reckoning pages like a black smoke. Her passion to go and share her brother's dangers treacherously left the question of its righteousness at each fall of the big breath.

Her uncle's gray head on his pillow was like a flint-stone in chalk under her look by light of dawn ; the chin had dropped.

(To be concluded.)

## THE COLONEL'S TEA-PARTY

*By Bessie Chandler*



Colonel put down the village paper and looked up over his spectacles at his wife.

"Harriet," he said, in a clear, well-modulated voice, the voice of well-bred old age, "we ought to have a tea-party."

It was a few seconds before she answered. She was a sweet-looking, sad-faced woman of seventy. Her hair, which was an even, dark gray in color, was smoothed plainly and gathered into quite a large braided coil. This was surmounted by a comb of carved tortoise-shell. She wore no cap, but smaller combs were placed on either side and served to hold her still abundant locks in place. Her dress was black, not especially modern in cut nor yet noticeably old-fashioned. There was white muslin around her throat, clasped in front by a gold brooch, and gold ball earrings hung in her ears. She was knitting an indefinite rectangle of white that might be anything. She held the needles still a minute, and looking at her husband, said, simply, "Why?"

The Colonel rose. He was a tall, spare man, whose long, ample trousers

flapped a little around his thin, straight legs. He stooped a trifle, not with the crook of old age, but with the stoop of a man who for many years has carried his head too far forward. His face was well modelled and full of spirit. The eyes were still vividly blue, although the eyebrows that shaded them were white as snow. His cheeks were rosy, and the teeth which gleamed from under his gray mustache were well set and fine.

Altogether, he was a man whom one looked at twice, and followed up the second glance by asking who he was.

Just now he was possessed of an idea. He was very much in earnest, and his seriousness made his beautiful old face more than usually attractive.

"My dear," he said, slowly, "how long is it since we have given an entertainment? Not since Adelaide was married. Is there any reason why we shouldn't?"

"No," answered his wife, shortly ; "nor any reason why we should."

He looked at her keenly. After a long life spent with her, he knew it was useless to combat her serious opposition.

He also knew that there was a surface stratum of objections through which he could successfully fight his way to approval and even hearty co-operation. It only required a little



judgment to decide which class of resistance confronted him.

"Don't you read the papers?" he said; "they are full of accounts of social gayeties. Here's the list—dinners and receptions and dances and a pink tea. What is a pink tea?"

"I don't know," she answered. "It sounds unwholesome."

"I don't think they drink it," he said, vaguely. "I think the term refers to the surroundings, to the a—decorations and environments."

He picked up the brass-headed tongs and lifted a fallen log into place. The fire caught it and flared up brightly for a few minutes, bringing out the colors in the rich old mahogany furniture and shining in the faces of the two old people.

"We're getting to be old-fashioned, Harriet, you and I," the Colonel continued. "There isn't any use of it. Of course we can't expect to mould ourselves over to suit the modern taste, but at the same time there is no reason why we shouldn't enjoy what we can of modern life as it exists in the village around us." He waved his hands a little as he spoke.

Her knitting lay untouched in her lap as she looked at him. Her face grew full of the memory of old trouble, and her voice was not natural when she spoke.

"Cornelius, you know how it has been with me. I don't think there ever was a happier bride or wife or mother, but it has all been different since the boys died. I think I could have given one, or both of them, if they had been men, but they were nothing but boys—nothing but my little boys. Then they went away with you, and you know I never saw them again until you brought them home, one after Gettysburg, one after Cedar Creek. It has never been the same since."

There was a little silence full of sadness, and then she continued:

"I tried to rally for the girls' sake; but then Laura died and Adelaide married and went to New York, and sometimes I think she is the farthest off of any."

She stopped; the tears were running down her face. She tried to find her handkerchief, but the tears were gain-

ing on her, and she pressed her piece of knitting against her eyes.

The Colonel blew his nose loudly.

"I know, I know," he said.

"How could I care for anything after that?" she said between her sobs. "What were people to me any more? Besides, I am not like these modern women. I never could go to clubs and classes. I don't like to study. I don't like to read much, except the *Tribune* a little in the evening. I only cared for my children and my house, and I lost the children. Then there was nothing left but the house, and you don't know what a comfort it's been to me. I've kept right on in my old ways—in my mother's ways. There are no modern improvements in this house, there are no patent egg-beaters, or carpet-sweepers, or a bit of baking-powder. And, Cornelius, you don't know—a man can't understand—the real pleasure it's been to me to brown my own coffee and make my own soap and have *real* calves'-foot jelly, instead of this isinglass stuff. I know I'm old-fashioned and queer. I think these young housekeepers think I'm a little crazy, but my house is all I've ever cared for since the children went."

"You're the best housekeeper in the State, Harriet. I've always said so, and I say so still. That's the reason I want these new people that have come here to know you and to see you in your own house. It isn't fair to them for you to keep so by yourself."

She smiled indulgently at his folly, although it really pleased her.

"They aren't my kind, Cornelius. I don't believe they want to know me. I see them in church, and they seem so dressy, and then they drive these bob-tailed horses on the street, and I've heard them talking so loud on their front piazzas. How can a lady sit and sew, almost on the street, like that? I'd as soon sit on the horse-block and done with it. I suppose they think you and I are sort of curiosities, Cornelius."

"What nonsense, dear," said the Colonel, indignantly, throwing out his chest and inflating it. "If they think anything of that kind, it's because they don't know us. Let us invite them here and get better acquainted."



"I'm sure I don't mind," said his wife, "if you think they'd like to come."

"Of course they would—of course they would. Let me see—why not have, as I suggested in the first place, a tea-party?"

He was rubbing his hands together with pleasure over the success of his plans.

"I'll write the invitations," he said; "I always used to. How shall they go—'Colonel and Mrs. Allen request the honour of your company from four to six?' How's that?"

"I don't like the six. It seems like telling them when to go home. I don't think it's polite. Besides, I shall have tea at six, and we can play cards afterward."

"Capital! capital!" cried the Colonel. "And jumbles and wine in the evening. My dear, it will be delightful. Well, then, I'll just say 'at four o'clock' and put the date. Now let's make out the list."

And so it happened that a few days afterward all Greenfield society was agitated by invitations to the Colonel's tea-party.

The Allen house stood back from the street fully a hundred and fifty feet. It was an imposing old place—white with green blinds, and with a beautiful high white fence composed of slender round pickets. These were graded so that each panel formed a deep scallop, and each post bore aloft a small white Grecian urn. The gate, which formed a deep bay, opened upon a straight gravel walk which led to the broad piazza. The fluted pillars rose above the second story and supported the projecting roof. There were two wings exactly alike and each equipped with pillars, steps, a door, and two windows. In the peak of the roof above the central piazza was a small oval window with a sash composed of many radiating gilded bars. It was the one touch of decoration in the somewhat severe architecture. Altogether the house, with its two wings exactly alike, looked like a stately old lady who had placed a gold brooch at her throat and was stepping forth, leading her twin daughters by the hand. It was the only house of

its kind left in Greenfield. The others, for there were others, had been torn down long ago and the spacious lawns cut up into sites for dozens of Queen Anne cottages. A long narrow lane ran by the Colonel's property. Close beside it, in the corner of the yard, stood a little white building which looked like a small Grecian temple. It had been the Colonel's law office, and was still filled with the books that he had used. Back of it, down the lane a little, stood his wood-pile. It was the only wood-pile left in Greenfield, and it stood, as it had stood for fifty years, mathematically exact and square.

The present generation did not understand the Colonel and his wife. They were "out of touch," as the saying is.

Two women came up the street one afternoon soon after the Colonel had sent out his invitations. They were pretty women, stylishly dressed in all the extravagancies of the prevailing fashion. They looked at the Colonel's house and smiled a little as they passed it.

"Shall you give them the 'honour,' spelt with a u, of your company on Saturday, Marion?" asked the smaller of the two.

"I don't know," answered her companion. "What do you suppose it's going to be, anyway?"

"Oh, another everlasting tea."

"I wish I could help Mrs. Allen," the other said. "I don't believe she knows how to give a tea at all. And Jack's invited. Is Ned?"

"Yes. Fancy their appearing at four o'clock!" And she laughed so loudly at the idea that a handsome young man who was passing on the other side of the street heard her voice and looked across and bowed. Perhaps this was what she wanted, for at the next corner he crossed over and found her, and they walked on together.

"What are you going to have for them?" the Colonel asked one day.

His wife's face brightened, and there was the liveliest interest in her manner as she answered: "Raised biscuit, and fried oysters and chicken-salad, coffee, brandy peaches with whipped cream,



queen's cake, and sponge cake and jumbles."

There was no hesitation in her answer, but it was the Colonel's turn to appear doubtful and undecided.

"Harriet," he said, slowly, "are you sure that that's the proper entertainment?"

"Why not?" she asked, proudly, confident in her housewife's skill.

"Because, I have a feeling—it seems as if I'd heard—that they don't have all those things nowadays—just a cup of tea, as it were, and a cracker, or a wafer—I'm sure I've heard wafers mentioned."

She looked at him with cold disdain.

"If you think I am going to ask people into my house and feed them *crackers* you're very much mistaken. I'm not entertaining Poll parrots, but ladies and gentlemen."

The Colonel's eyes shifted uneasily.

"Of course you are, my dear, of course you are. I was merely suggesting, merely consulting, as it were."

His wife's preparations for the party occupied a number of days and were of the most thorough and systematic sort. They began in the garret and ended in the cellar. To be sure the guests were not expected to visit either of these places, but that was no reason why they shouldn't be in immaculate order. The rag-bags were emptied, the potatoes picked over, and a loose picket at the extreme end of the garden was nailed in place. Mrs. Allen was the kind of housekeeper who preferred dust on the parlor table to a fly-speck in the pantry. The brass-knocker on the front door was never polished without its humble brother on the kitchen door receiving a rub at the same time. She seeded her raisins, and got out her old-fashioned silver, counted her napkins and had some bleached, made her queen's cake, and watched over the baking as anxiously as if it had been a birth.

Sometimes she sighed a little wearily. She was a lonely old lady, and this unusual social effort made her realize deeply how lonely her life was. Her only living child was, as she had told the Colonel, more of a stranger than her buried ones. It was no one's fault perhaps. When Adelaide Allen mar-

ried a rich and money-making man, she accepted his position, with all its cares and responsibilities, she claimed a place in the foremost rank, and won it. She had held her own remarkably well in the social vortex, and was proud of it.

The rich society woman, with her houses at Newport and Lenox, her yearly trips to Europe, and the thousand entangling duties of her social life, could not give more than a short yearly visit to the old homestead at Greenfield.

Sometimes her father and mother visited her, and she did her best to make their visits pleasant. Her husband was rather proud of the Colonel, and liked to take him around with him and introduce him to people. But Mrs. Allen felt, with a woman's intuition, that the machinery of Adelaide's life stopped while they were with her and went on again after they left, and this was in a sense true.

The children came to Greenfield oftener. They were pretty, delicate little things, wearing white dresses beautifully laundered, and always accompanied by a French nurse. They ran up and down the box-bordered paths of the old garden, smelled cautiously of the annunciation lilies, which grew in tall, straight rows, and chatted incessantly in French. Mrs. Allen looked at them longingly. They were fair and sweet and precious, but somehow not the grandchildren that she could take to her sad old heart and love. She never knew how their mother sometimes used to close her eyes and smell the box in that same old garden and see again the tall white lilies with their powdery yellow anthers.

The day of the tea-party finally came. Every preparation had been made, every last touch given. Mrs. Allen was all ready herself at three o'clock. She was handsomely dressed in rich gros-grain black silk. There was real lace at her neck and a little glimmer of diamonds. She sat by the fireplace, in her own easy-chair, with a little dainty work in her hands. It was the kind of work she always kept for company.

Her maid was waiting in the hall, ready to hear the first approaching footstep. The fires in three fireplaces were



burning brightly, and there was a sort of hush of expectancy over the whole house.

The Colonel wandered aimlessly around. Mrs. Allen had insisted that he should have his hair cut, and consequently he looked a little unnatural, like a vine trimmed too closely. He was very nervous, and when four o'clock came and no guests, he became positively restless.

At half-past four Mrs. Allen spoke to him sharply.

"Cornelius, what did you say in those invitations?"

"I said four o'clock," he answered; "I remember it distinctly."

"And you're sure you said to-day?"

"Perfectly sure."

"It's very strange, I don't understand it. Hannah," she called, raising her voice, "go and tell Catherine to put on some fresh wood. I want all the fires burning brightly when they come."

So the minutes dragged on. At five Mrs. Allen looked at the Colonel reproachfully.

"Something has happened," she said; "I know it has. Those invitations couldn't have been right."

"They were, my dear; they certainly were," said the Colonel, thrumming with his long thin fingers on the mantel-piece.

Just then a figure flitted up the long gravel path.

"Hannah," called Mrs. Allen, "open the door. One of my guests is arriving. I do not wish her to knock."

The newcomer bustled in without going up to the stately front chamber, which had been prepared for the use of the guests. She was a pretty little woman, wearing a very full and spangled cape.

Mrs. Allen rose to meet her.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "won't you take off your hat?"

The little woman smiled.

"No indeed," she answered; "not when it's my new one, and very becoming, isn't it, Colonel?"

She looked at him with a little smile and pout.

"Indeed it is, madam," he answered, gallantly. "But I think anything that Mrs. Morris chose to wear would be that."

He bowed with much dignity as he spoke, but she laughed merrily.

"Do you hear that, Mrs. Allen? I have always wanted to have a flirtation with the Colonel, and I consider that a challenge."

She moved over to him, laughing as she went, and Mrs. Allen's eyes followed her. They looked troubled and puzzled.

Another arrival claimed her attention, and soon the rooms were filled with a mass of chattering high-voiced women who moved rapidly about and eyed keenly the old-fashioned furniture of the old-fashioned house. Not a man appeared, and Mrs. Allen, after making six or seven solicitous inquiries and receiving what seemed to her very frivolous excuses, said nothing more about them.

It worried Mrs. Allen that all the ladies kept their hats on. In vain she urged them to lay them aside. They looked as if they were going every minute, and it made her uneasy.

She had put down her sewing, for none of the ladies seemed to have brought theirs, and she moved among them, trying to speak to each one and saying all sorts of courteous things in her sweet, gracious way. But the ladies would not "visit." They were hardly still a minute.

The Colonel went from one to another, determined to be entertaining. Finally he disappeared with two ladies, whom he took into the library, and there proceeded to exhibit some of his choicest treasures.

"This," he said, holding out a curiously shaped piece of iron, "is part of a shell picked up after Shiloh."

"Indeed!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "How interesting."

"And this," he went on, "is a small torpedo from the James River."

He turned away for some other object, which he seemed to have difficulty in finding.

The ladies scarcely noticing his relics, looked at each other and began talking.

The Colonel turned toward them again, but neither of them noticed him. He stood looking from one to the other, with a beautiful smile of courtesy upon his fine old face.



One of them recollected herself suddenly.

"Some day, Colonel," she said, "I want you to tell me all about the war. It must have been so interesting. I suppose it would take too long to-day?"

"Yes, madam," he said, gently, "I think it would."

Then they all went back into the drawing-room together, where the guests seemed to be getting a little uneasy. To tell the truth, it was six o'clock. The bells of all the factories had rung, and Greenfield was regulated by them, and as yet there had been no sign of tea. They knew there was to be some, for delicious whiffs of aromatic coffee and the fragrance of hot bread floated in now and then as distant doors were opened.

Mrs. Allen appeared undisturbed by the delay. She was conversing with her different guests, inquiring after all their relatives and the various states of their health with that solicitous politeness which characterized the breeding of a former generation.

Finally one of the ladies said "Good-by" to her, and then she seemed a little startled.

"What, leaving so early!" she exclaimed; "and without your supper, too!"

The visitor suppressed a smile.

"I really must go, dear Mrs. Allen," she said. "I've had a charming visit."

One or two came forward to follow her example, but Mrs. Allen's sweet, dignified face grew suddenly troubled.

"Ladies," she said in a soft voice, with a little quaver in it, "I fear there has been a misunderstanding. I invited and expected you all to stay to tea with me."

There was a short, awkward silence. Then one of the younger women rose to the emergency and said, with a sort of cheery frankness: "Then, mayn't we have it now, dear Mrs. Allen? I know it's going to be so good that we'll all want some. Let me help you about it. Come, Marion, come, Julia, let us help Mrs. Allen."

"Oh, Mrs. Fulton," expostulated the hostess, but Mrs. Fulton stopped her with, "There, don't say a word. Just

let me manage it. I love to do such things."

There was a certain cheerful briskness about her voice that compelled other people to fall into her ways at once. She was a woman who, in a lower walk of life, would have been called "a boss," instead of which people generally said that she had great executive ability.

Now, in all kindness of heart, and in a spirit of the most ready helpfulness, she proceeded to manage Mrs. Allen's party for her.

She went into the dining-room, followed by some of her friends. The old mahogany table was carefully set, and all agleam with polished silver. A maid stood waiting near the kitchen door.

"You may bring in the tea right away," said Mrs. Fulton; "Mrs. Allen is ready for it."

Then she surveyed the field.

"Marion," she said, "you pass those plates. Julia, you follow her with those biscuits and sandwiches. I'll pour the tea as fast as I can and send the maids in with it. Tell Edith and some of the other girls to come out here and help. Why, they're bringing in salad, and, dear me! there are fried oysters. I don't wonder she called it a supper! How good it all looks, too. It makes me hungry."

So she took the helm and sailed the party, through opposing currents and contrary winds, to complete success.

At least she thought so, but Mrs. Allen's bewilderment knew no bounds. Everything seemed taken out of her hands. Her guests were eating and drinking with the greatest enjoyment, but not at all in the way she had expected them to. After all, they *were* enjoying themselves, and that was what she most wished for, so she made no opposition, only smiled at them all, rather faintly, and felt a little dizzy.

And then there arose a perfect chorus of praise and compliments about her biscuit, her salad, her queen's cake.

"Did you ever taste anything so delicious?"

"It positively melts in your mouth."

"Mrs. Allen, how is this made?"

These and a dozen similar expressions reached her ears, and while they



gratified her housewifely pride, they offended her sense of delicacy. In her day people didn't make such a fuss about their food. They took it for granted it would be good, and it was good, and that was the end of the matter.

Still she answered them all with gentle courtesy. She promised to give recipes, and tried to remember the component parts of the queen's cake for one enthusiastic lady who took down notes on a visiting-card.

The party grew much more sociable under the kindly influence of food, and when it began to break up the guests were in very good spirits indeed. They made many pretty speeches to Mrs. Allen as they left, and assured her how much they had enjoyed themselves.

Mrs. Fulton officiated faithfully in the dining-room, and was among the last to leave. She came up smiling and satisfied, and Mrs. Allen recognized her instantly as the one who had seized the reins of her party and driven it—she knew not where.

She felt a tiny spark of resentment, but she smothered it instantly, and said, with cordial interest: "I hope you haven't wearied yourself, Mrs. Fulton. I didn't mean to ask so much of you."

"Oh, don't speak of it. I was glad to help you. I only wish I could have done more."

Mrs. Allen looked at her and wondered what more she could have done, but she only said: "You were most kind. I thank you very much."

Then in a few minutes the last guest

had departed and the bells rang out for seven o'clock.

Mrs. Allen thought of her card-tables all ready for the evening, of her wine in the decanters, and her almond cake and sponge cake in the pantry. It was all so different from what she had planned.

She went out into the dining-room, where the servants were clearing away the tables, and gave a few directions. Then she came back and sat down by the fire, her hands folded in her lap and her feet crossed at the ankle. She had never crossed them higher than that in all her life.

The Colonel watched her anxiously. He, too, was full of disappointment.

Finally he said, in a cheerful voice and with a manner which he tried to make off-hand and casual: "Harriet, you were quite right about our entertaining—you always are right. These people are undoubtedly cultivated and charming, but you and I are not adapted to modern ways and people. We won't repeat this experiment. Hereafter we will devote ourselves entirely to our old friends."

She lifted her eyes to his, and they were full of tears.

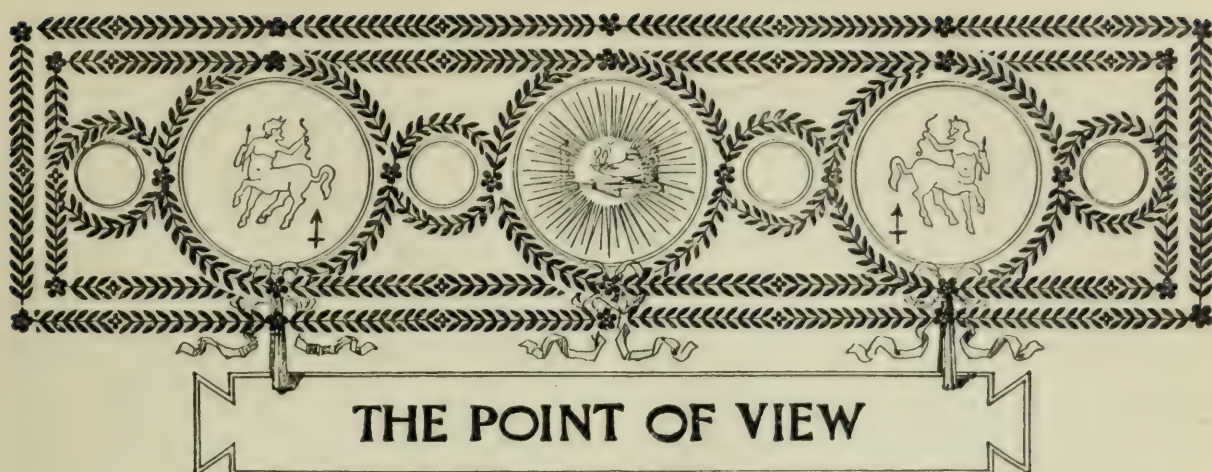
"But, Cornelius," she said, softly, "there are none left."

He made no answer, but came and sat beside her, reaching over and taking one of her hands in his. She cried a little very quietly, but his presence comforted her.

The fire burned low and the twilight deepened, but still they sat there hand in hand.







Is there not a certain defect of gayety in contemporary sport? We Americans seem, nowadays, to take ours excessively hard. We take some of our soberer matters very easily. We giggle over heresy trials, and have endless patience for the shortcomings of politicians; but we hold our breath over the reports of football games and yacht races, and lose our sleep over intricacies in the management of those events. The wear and tear of our emotions for fear our great matches of one kind or another will not run smoothly and turn out well, and our anxiety for fear the contestants will squabble and "sport" receive detriment, threatens to result in an increased measure of nervous prostration.

There seems to be excessive difficulty in making "sport" take care of itself. Business prospers on its own responsibility. The business man who doesn't know the rules of his industry and observe them, goes through bankruptcy and receives instruction. War takes care of itself. The weaker side gets beaten. But sport requires constant nursing and attention. It is a form of competition in which it is not enough to win unless the winning is done according to the rules, and the rules are rarely so clear but that one contestant's interpretation of them may seem about as good as another's. Charles Fox said of gambling that the next best thing to winning was to lose. That ought always to be true of sport, but it seems uphill work to make it come about. It seems to require the constant efforts of the masters and nurses of sportsmanship to reconcile the vanquished to defeat.

As much diplomacy has been invested this last year in the promotion of the game of football in the United States as was required for the settlement of the Alabama claims. We worried nearly as much last September over the international yacht races as our fathers did a generation ago over Mason and Slidell and the affair of the Trent. Let us common people, who do not claim the lofty title of sportsmen, endeavor to look on at sport with somewhat more equanimity and take it easier in all its forms. If it is not enjoyable, let us try to ignore it and amuse ourselves with croquet and "one old cat" and simple diversions that we can understand. If sport cannot take care of itself, so far as it concerns us, let us let it go to the dogs and stay with the dogs until it is fit for better company. They say we spoiled the yacht races because we would persist in crowding in to see them. They say we have injured football by precipitate curiosity of the same sort. It is a pity to subject ourselves to such complaints. There is a disease that is vulgarly (very vulgarly) known as "the big-head." If the great mass of us pay too much attention to sport it seems straightway to get "the big head;" players and contestants of various sorts swell overnight into representatives of the American people; sportsmen of recognized standing tower up so high that mere statesmen are dwarfed beside them. When that sort of thing happens sport gets empty and tiresome; runs to rhetoric and newspaper interviews and argument, and gets to be a burden and an annoyance. When it comes to that let us put it out of our minds and go about our other



business. We can get on without it for a while without difficulty or detriment, and a share of wholesome neglect may do it good. When it ceases to be a recreation and an entertainment it ceases to have a right to be, and we have no obligation to worry over it.

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DR. JOHNSON said "it seems to be the fate of man to seek all his consolations in futurity;" but I doubt whether the true philosopher does not really get the majority of them from the past. All his inferences as to the future, consolatory or otherwise, are the result of his own or of recorded experience; and meditation over this is commonly the most satisfactory method of combating such worries as a philosopher may be supposed to entertain at all.

Dr. Max Nordau is distinctly not a philosopher; and inasmuch as it would interfere very materially with the hypothesis with which he has succeeded in alarming this generation, it is perhaps too much to ask that he shall devote much attention to the past, especially for consolation. But I wonder whether even he, in secret, has not occasionally had a glimmering consciousness of the hoary age of some of the spectres which, in the expressive slang of the day, he has been "giving us," and whether the thought has never crossed his mind with how little trouble, on the whole, the race and civilization have survived their ominous appearance. It is to be hoped that no serious student of history, capable of the task, will waste his time in writing a detailed rejoinder to Nordau's clever and specious "Degeneracy;" but I imagine that it must have occurred to many such readers that there have been really only a few exceptional periods of any considerable civilization, about which it would not have been possible, with equal literary powers, to write a similar and equally true book. At all events, although the mass of detail necessary to support it is perhaps formidable, I commend this proposition to industrious members of debating societies:—that not only in degenerate periods, but in those which seen in historical perspective appear most vital and fruitful, every one of Nordau's

evidences of degeneracy may be duplicated, and by an evidence relatively if not absolutely as important. If the industrious debater enjoys only a small part of the ingenuity of Dr. Nordau in arranging his focus, he can amuse himself by proving "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," with their fantastic imitations, their strange sects, their jumble of fashions, their euphuism, their cult of cipher and symbol among the learned, to have been peopled by a race whose nervous systems had been injured by the disturbing strain of the Reformation, and whose future was unquestionably desperate. Or he can get enough out of his classics to show him what a bad way the Greeks were in with *their* symbolists and preachers of the unknown god, and the equivalents they had for "Der Tolstoismus" and the other isms; or he can work up the Italian Renaissance—I don't know indeed of a finer opportunity than this—and show conclusively that it was not a renaissance at all, but only, if you will but look at certain mighty factors which history has consigned to the works of specialists, a period so packed with the germs of decay that there was no hope in it.

If you can make figures prove anything, that achievement is as nothing to what you can do with the abnormalities of human nature—abnormal whether for good or bad, genius or insanity. Group them skilfully, and you can make the race seem to take any form and to be marching toward any fate; only while you are busy at it the great army of the normal mixes up your groups, and carries you and them on with it toward some other goal. History alone, that looks on at a distance, ever finds out which were the determining factors—and she does it only in the largest way, and often wrong.

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MY very reputable friend, Mr. Wilkins, asks me to put his case before that enlightened and discriminating public to which he believes me to be a special messenger. To vouch, at the outset, for Wilkins, let me say that he is a gallant and personable young fellow, well-intentioned in all ways, and with no special disposition to criticise women, either directly or



by implication. On the contrary, as you will see farther on, he is wholesomely fond of their society and susceptible to their influence. Here is his statement and his dilemma.

"I got into a cable car a few days ago," he says, "to ride up-town. I had just had a long session with a Chicago business man, and crowded him into a close bargain. I was entitled by all the laws that govern trade to a particular self-complacency, but instead I only felt mean and depressed. This is always the way when a fellow in business has not yet sweat the Calvinism out of his bones—(Lowell, as Dr. Pangloss would say). Well, the instant I stepped into the car I saw the face of a woman I know and particularly admire. She isn't a young woman, nor a beautiful one, neither is she specially brilliant, though she is very intelligent. But there seems to radiate from her always such an atmosphere of unworldly goodness, almost of holiness, like all the beatitudes rolled together in one human form, that I can never be a half hour in her presence without feeling myself a better fellow—as if I had taken a bath morally, and put on a fresh suit of clothes, which I meant to keep clean; just as I used to feel when I was in college and went home for a vacation and my mother talked to me. Any fellow knows how that is.

"Of course, as soon as I saw Mrs. L—I went and stood in front of her, as there was no opportunity to sit next her, with full intent to shrive myself for all my commercial meanness before her unworldliness. What do you think she flung out at me, on the instant—What did I think the Republican party in New York would do with the excise question this fall? Now I try to do my duty as a citizen; I belong to a Good Government Club and attend a good many primaries. I even like to talk politics sometimes, when my mind is at ease and my dinner is digesting. But just now I didn't want politics; I wanted help. I was hungry and thirsty for a little of the spiritual suggestion of things better than politics and the shifts of trade, from a woman who had peculiar power to help me. I suppose all this was very boyish and

sentimental, and that I had no right to expect a spiritual uplifting in a Broadway car. But men do occasionally, even yet, feel just so sentimental and boyish, and I knew that if I could only sit quietly beside her for a little while, and look into her serene face and her clear eyes, I should have had help enough, though she were not to utter a word. But what I did do was to stand on my feet in that plunging car, for two-thirds the length of Broadway, and talk municipal politics with a woman so changed that I felt as if I had never seen her before. She was entertaining, to be sure, and intelligent, and I got several new points from her fund of facts; but any ward politician could have given me these, and meanwhile I felt all the impulse toward goodness that had leaped up at the sight of her face ooze out of me. I was tired in body and mind, and bruised and disheartened in spirit. I felt vaguely that I had hoped for bread and found a particularly unnecessary stone.

"Heaven knows I want women to have any privilege and opportunity that they think belongs to them, from the ballot to bloomers, and I humbly acknowledge the benefit of intellectual comradeship between the sexes. I even believe that when women are intelligently informed in political affairs they will do much for the improvement of politics; which is further than most men will go. But what I want to know is this: When all the benefits of intellectual comradeship and political participation are established, when men and women find their greatest common interest in the political situation or the intellectual problem of the hour, where is to be found the woman whose sweet, old-fashioned unworldliness makes her mere presence more uplifting than all the words of many men? Who will take the place and fulfil the unconscious mission of her whose mission is made by being out of the current of worldly things? Who is going to help me remember to say my prayers?"

And Wilkins's question is mine as well.

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I SOMETIMES wonder what the aggressive modern, in the generation just coming

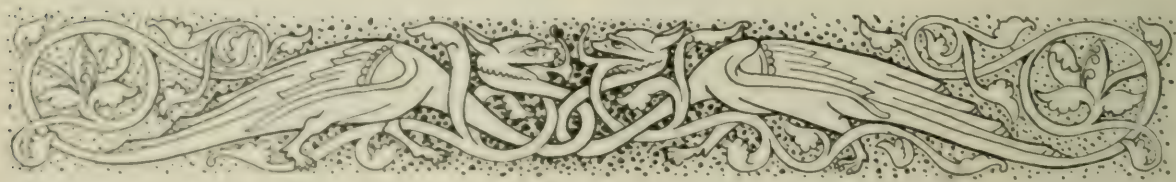


into active life, is going to have hereafter for a literary background, so to speak ; and how it will serve him. I mean the young fellow, of whom there is a large leaven in every year's college output, who is finely confident that the gods and heroes of his day are better than, or at least as good as, those of any other day ; whose really interested knowledge of literature—the kind that he absorbs and that seems living to him—begins, in spite of his indignant protests to the contrary, and in spite of the fact that he supposes himself familiar with the great masters, at a date not more than fifteen years ago. He is a very healthy type, if he *is* perfectly clear that there were no brave men before his own Agamemnons : and he will keep on "discovering old things" until his education is duly amended. But after all, those interests which he has felt keenly at this age, in the books which came out in his day and were the subject of his hot discussion, enthusiasm, defence, will form in the future a special part of his life, for which "literary background" is not too strong a phrase.

It is so hard to know for how much mere age is responsible in one's view of things, that a man who has reached middle life must, of course, face frankly the question how much of his critical opinion on any subject is only the result of his own lack of zest, and must be willing to make large discounts. Yet when all this is done it is still difficult to avoid the conclusion that successful appeal to the moment, which has been the distinguishing trait of the most notable books of the last decade or so, has made less provision for lasting pleasure in this background than we oldsters have enjoyed. It may be conceivable that anybody is going back in the fut-

ure to "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve," and "Marcella," with the same feeling with which we remember the appearance of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," or even—not to go so far back—of "Middlemarch ;" that the immortal Trilby will be a landmark like the later books of Thackeray to a man who remembers their first reading and boyish discussion ; that Mr. Watson, and Mr. Thomson, and Mr. Davidson will be looked back to as Mr. Du Maurier's heroes and men of their age look to their Swinburne. This is conceivable, but is it probable ? It is curious, and has a significance of its own, that the one figure which bears these comparisons, Stevenson, is already talked of by these youthful readers (I have observed with some wonder, but I think I am not mistaken) as though he were of older time. They hardly recognize him as among their "up-to-date" possessions ; he stepped into the high place while they were getting sensations out of minor people, and his mastership will be one of the old things they will discover. The first reading of the best half-dozen of Mr. Kipling's stories does belong to the literary impressions which are permanent ; and that is a possession which is all their own—but it is dangerously lonely.

Seriously, it seems to me that our present type of novel, written consciously *at* certain conditions, is succeeding in entertaining the moment rather at the expense of the future, and that the present younger reader is going to get the evil consequences. But after all, he may have the consolation that he will not know it ; and I have no doubt that he will be abundantly able to take care of himself. "For life, though largely, is not entirely carried on by literature."











NOTRE DAME DE PARIS AT SUNSET.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY A. LEPERE.



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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## LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

*By Cosmo Monkhouse*

**H**OWEVER high or low Mr. Alma-Tadema may be ranked by posterity there can be no doubt that he is a Master. His knowledge of effect, his control over his materials, his manipulative skill, are scarcely equalled by any modern artist. He knows what he wants to do, and what he can do, and he rarely oversteps the boundaries of his knowledge or capacity. Unusual talent and unusual judgment in its exercise combine to make him a Master in the true sense. His works all speak of the confident exercise of assured skill as a draughtsman, and a colorist, and a composer of pictures. But it is not only as an executant that he has won his well-deserved fame. Even his extraordinary imitative skill in the representation of light-reflecting surfaces and textures, even his marbles, his bronzes, and his brocades, though they have become as famous as Terborch's satin gowns, would not have earned him his present popularity. It is not his "still life" alone, superexcellent as that is, which has raised him to a unique place in the estimation of his contemporaries, but also the real, may I say the living, life which animates his canvases. Alma-Tadema is not an idealist, he does not seek after more than mortal beauty, his fancy does not wander beyond this lower world of human life, nor does it try to give form to the abstractions of the mind; neither is he a realist in the usual sense—one whose only aim is to reproduce carefully the sights of the

present day; he is the painter of human incident in all ages and places. If he does not raise you to Olympus or give you photographs of the Strand, he takes you to the palace of Pharaoh, and fills the streets of ancient Rome with fresh-drawn life.

Alma-Tadema's pedigree as an artist is a very long one, but he essentially belongs to his time. The choice of subjects from the ancient history of a foreign land was compulsory on the earliest Christian artists, and as time went on we find them treating with more and more familiarity those scenes from the Bible and the legends of the Church which formed the staple of their employment. What is now called historical *genre* is no new invention; the works of Ghirlandajo, of Benozzo Gozzoli, and Carpaccio, to mention no other artists of the fifteenth century, are full of it; and another common practice of Tadema, the introduction among his figures of portraits of his friends, is equally time-honored. Even the effort to reproduce scenes from the life of ancient Rome, with every possible regard to accuracy of costume and character, was made more than four hundred years ago, as we may see in Mantegna's "Triumph of Scipio," in the National Gallery in London, and his "Triumph of Julius Cæsar" at Hampton Court Palace. Nevertheless the interest in other ages and all places for their own sakes, the historical curiosity which is not only scientific and artistic but also human, is a distinct character-



istic of the present century, from Sir Walter Scott to Alma-Tadema. In the spirit of his work the latter may be regarded as an heir of that so called "romantic movement" which broke down the old conventions of David in France and Belgium and of West in England. The artists of the old classical school did indeed paint Greeks and Romans, but they were almost as far removed from ordinary humanity as the gods of Olympus. In the works of Tadema we are made to feel that they were composed of the same flesh and blood as ourselves.

While, however, he belongs intellectually to the general movement of his time and to no particular nation, his purely artistic impulses and technical proclivities are clearly derived from his own Dutch ancestors. That decided preference for interiors and court-yards, with their subtle and complicated effects of reflected light; that wonderful skill in the representation of all kinds of sub-

stance and texture, that delight in beautiful color modified and graduated infinitely by different intensities of illumination, that love of finish and detail; in all these predilections Alma-Tadema shows his nationality. Instead of Holland he gives you Italy, instead of bricked alleys, marble courts, but in his blood is the spirit of Terborch and Metz and De Hoogh.

The biographies of celebrated artists so often commence with tales of extraordinary precocity and of an obstinate bent in the direction of art which no worldly consideration will overcome, that one would have been really disappointed to find that the little Laurens Alma-Tadema was an exception to the rule—he was not. Born at Dronryp, a Friesian village near Leeuwarden, on January 8, 1836, he corrected an error of a drawing-master in 1841, and painted his sister's portrait ten years afterward. He was sent to the public school at Leeuwarden, but of course spent



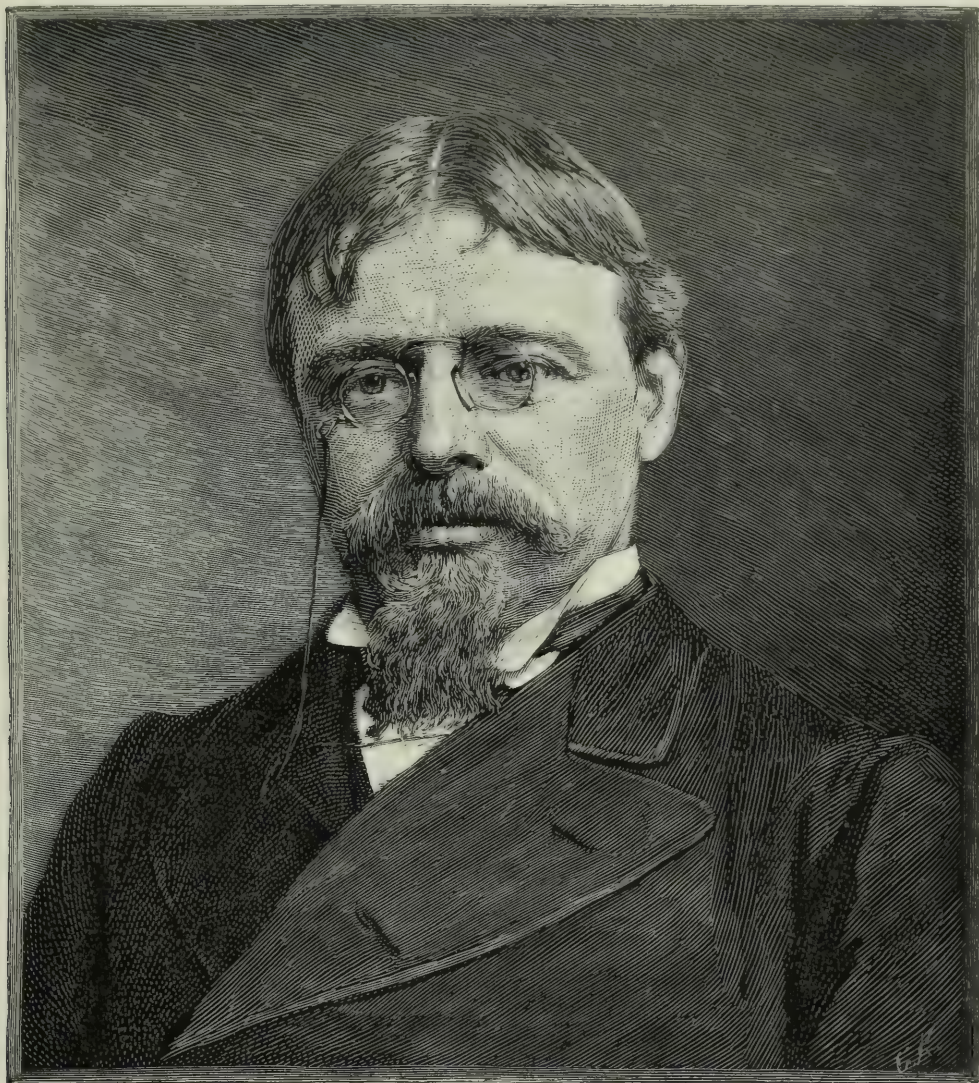
Joseph, Overseer of Pharaoh's Granaries

(Painted in 1874.)



every spare moment in drawing and made little progress in Greek or Latin. His mother (mothers always favor their sons' artistic proclivities) used to wake him by pulling a string tied to his toe so that he might rise early to sketch. Unfortunately his father, Pieter Tadema, a notary, had died when he was four

withstand them in the long run. After a long struggle between duty and inclination the youth's health broke down, and the course of his true love (for art) was allowed to run smooth. The result was a quick and thorough restoration to health. In order to secure for him a better course of training than his native



Laurens Alma-Tadema.

(From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company.)

years old and his mother (his father's second wife), a lady of great spirit and character, but weak health, was left with a large family, two only of which were her own children. It was therefore all the more desirable that Laurens should follow his father's profession, or at least one less precarious than that of a painter. But in these cases where art and nature are, so to speak, on the same side, nothing will

country then afforded, he was sent to Antwerp, where in 1852 he entered the Academy, under Gustave Wappers, the painter of "Episode de la Révolution Belge," the leader of that "romantic" and "national" movement in Belgian art which was fast obliterating the old classical school of David. From the Academy, Tadema passed to the atelier of Henri (soon after to become Baron) Leys, then in the flush of the success of



his new manner of painting mediæval scenes. To him, beyond all others of his generation, belongs the merit of infusing into his pictures the spirit of the age which he sought to restore. Not only was he careful about correctness in architecture, in costume, and type, but he gave to his figures an old-world air, a quaintness of demeanor, a spirit, and a sentiment, in character with their surroundings. When it is added that his execution was thorough and masterly and his color beautiful, it is easy to understand how powerful an effect he had upon the development of his young pupil. Tadema worked very hard, and painted several pictures which he afterward destroyed. We are told that the subjects were for the most part selected from half-historic times, and that the first of the larger ones was from Goethe's "Faust," which reminds us of "La Promenade de Faust" by his master, which is now in the Museum of Brussels.

In 1859 Tadema assisted Leys in his frescos on the wall of the great hall of the Hôtel de Ville at Antwerp, and about this time he was joined by his mother and sister. He was now but three and twenty, and was still in the student stage. In the exhibition of his collected works at the Grosvenor Gallery in the winter of 1882-83 there were two pictures which may be said to mark the beginning and end of this first period of every artist's career. These were the portrait of himself, dated 1852, and "A Bargain," painted in 1860. His mother died about four years after she came to Antwerp, but not before he had achieved a great success by his picture of "The Education of the Children of Clovis" (1861), exhibited at Antwerp, and had received his first gold medal at Amsterdam in 1862.

One of the most remarkable features of Tadema's pictures, even at this time, was the accuracy of their architectural and decorative details.

From his childhood he appears to have had a strong interest in antiquities, and to have studied those of Greece and Rome, when he was comparatively careless about acquiring a knowledge of Greek and Latin. What first turned his attention more particularly to the

Merovingians, were the works of Augustin Thierry and the teaching of Louis de Taey, Professor in Archæology in the Academy of Antwerp. The "Education of the Children of Clovis" was not his first attempt to illustrate a striking and picturesque incident in the terrible family history of that great warrior who founded France. To 1858 belongs the remarkable picture of "Clotilde at the Tomb of her Grandchildren." Both pictures were to be seen side by side at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1882, the former lent by the King of the Belgians, and the latter by M. Jules Verspreerewen.

In the "Education of the Children of Clovis," we see the three young children of Clovis and Clotilde practising the art of hurling the axe in a court of Roman architecture. The most interested of their spectators is their widowed mother, who is training them to avenge the murder of her own parents. A fine little fellow, the eldest son, is taking his aim with vigorous gesture, the second is watching and waiting his turn, the youngest is standing by his mother's knee. In the second picture Clotilde is mourning the orphan children of her first-born, who have been murdered by their uncles.

It is characteristic that, even in these early works, the artist avoids the great high-road of historic art, and takes, as it were, a by-path; choosing, not great public events, but domestic incidents connected therewith; not the tragedies themselves, but their preparation and result.

"The Children of Clovis" was the first picture painted by Tadema under the guidance of Leys, and, no doubt, partly on this account, shows an advance beyond the earlier "Clotilde at the Tomb," but they both testify to the originality of the young artist who thus early had marked out a fresh path for himself, well suited to his special talent and disposition. They are the first of a series of pictures, of which the best-known and the finest, is the "Fredegonda" of 1878 (exhibited 1880), where the rejected wife or mistress is watching from behind her curtained window the marriage of Chilperic I. with Galeswintha. But this picture was a return





Shy.

(Painted in 1883, and owned by Mr. Theodore Miller.)

*John Thomas*  
private Collection





A Nymphaeum.

(Painted in 1871; now in Kröller's collection at Antwerp.)

to an old love, whom he had left some years, for perhaps still more congenial society. The principal pictures of Alma-Tadema may be divided into four classes: 1, Portrait; 2, Frankish; 3, Egyptian; 4, Greek and Roman. Tadema's first Roman picture, "Catullus at Lesbia's" (now in the Walters Gallery at Baltimore), was painted in 1865, but a Roman feeling may be said to permeate all his works, except the pure Egyptian, and those few pictures of mediæval Flemish interiors, which tell of his studentship at Antwerp, and should perhaps be noted as a fifth group. If we except one of his Egyptian pictures, "The Death of the First-born," and one or two of the Roman pictures like "A Roman Emperor," it is in this Frankish or Merovingian series that we find the painter moved by the deepest feeling and the liveliest spirit of romance.

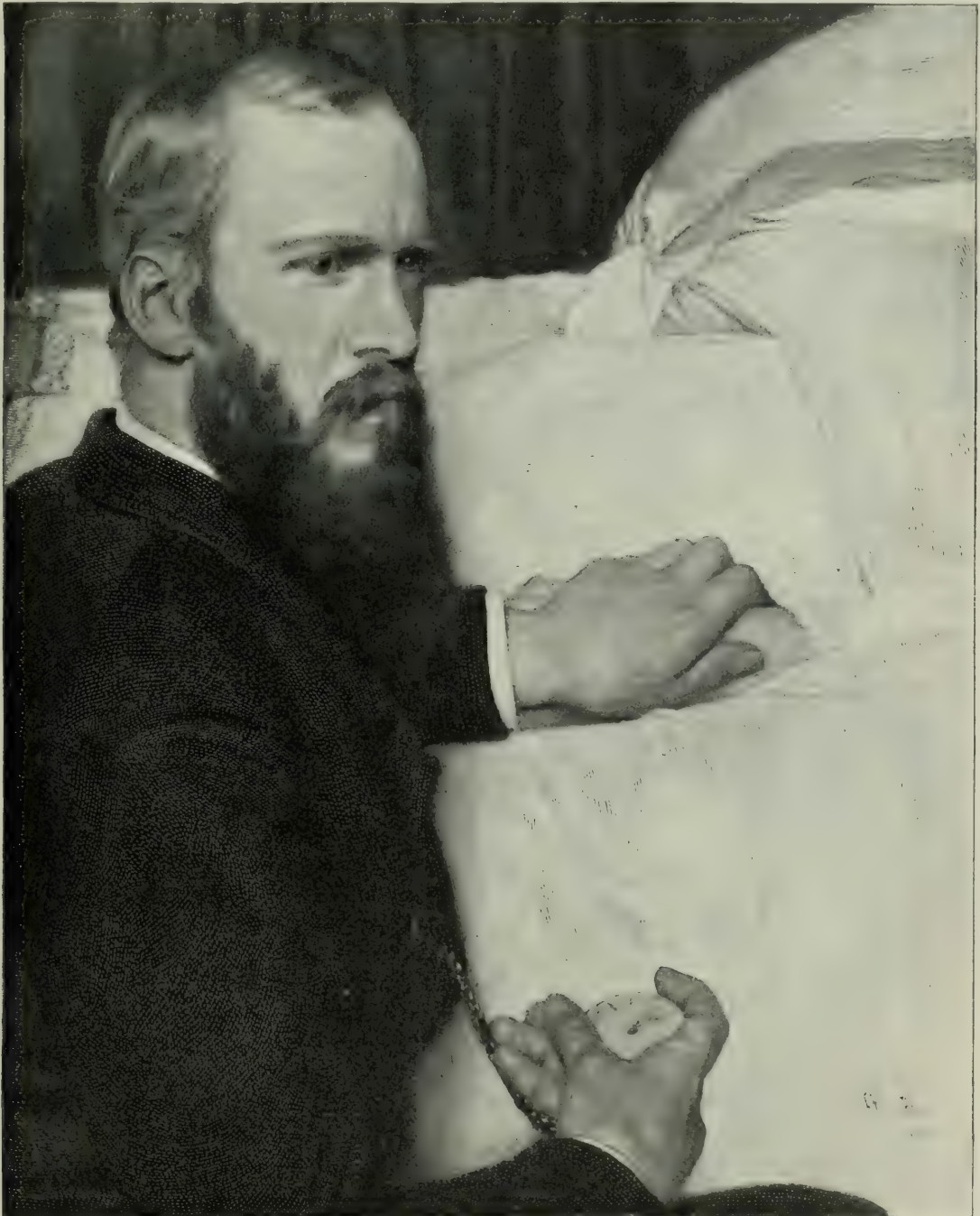
Perhaps the most strongly dramatic and passionate of all



his designs, is that of "Fredegonda at the Death-bed of Prætextatus," where the bishop, who has been stabbed by order of the Queen, is cursing her from his dying bed. There is a good woodcut of this somewhat stiff but powerful picture in the "Art Annual" for 1886, which is devoted to the career of Alma-Tadema.

The first note I have of a picture by Alma-Tadema, which attempts to reproduce for us the life of ancient Egypt, relates to "Egyptians Three Thousand Years Ago," which was lent

by Mr. J. Dewhurst to the Grosvenor Gallery in 1882, and was painted in 1863. It has been followed by many notable scenes of Egypt before and after the Roman period, faithful in their architectural and ornamental details and careful in their human types. Those concerned with the time of Pharaoh are reserved in color and severe in sentiment and style, as though the statues and painted reliefs which adorn the temples and palaces of the Nile had come to life and re-peopled their solitary streets and halls. Here



Dr. W. Epps, the Physician.

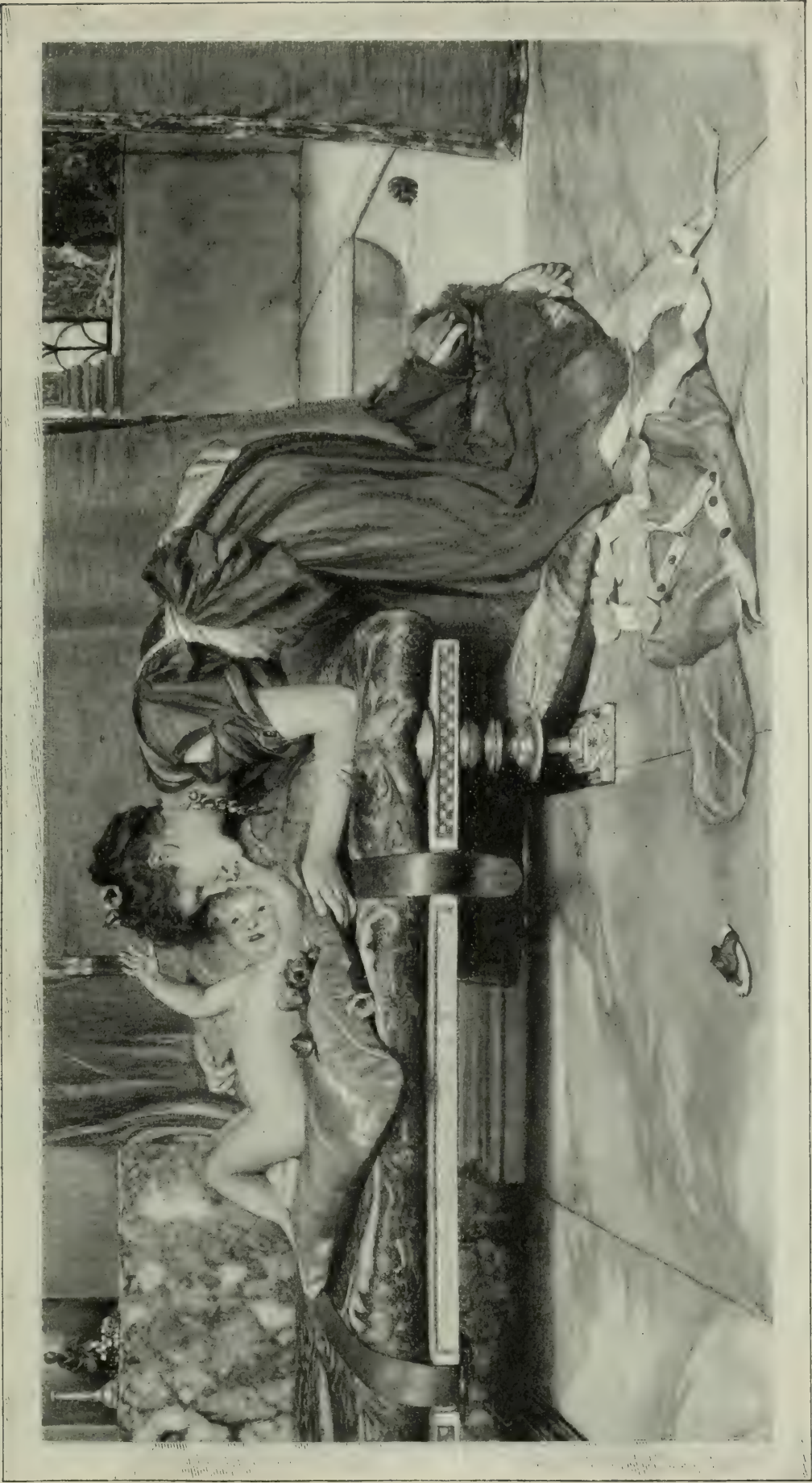


both the pictorial and the plastic sense of the artist, which are combined in him to an unusual degree, are called strongly into action. His Egyptian figures want neither life nor individuality, but they are constrained by some of that stern formality which characterizes Egyptian art. Yet among the series of his Egyptian pictures there is one which reaches a profounder depth of human pathos than he has elsewhere sounded. This is the "Death of the First-Born," painted in 1893 and still in the possession of the artist. The scene is the interior of an Egyptian temple on a clear warm night, with the moonlight seen through a distant doorway, and the gloom within fitfully illumined with lamps. Upright and monumental, Pharaoh, crowned, and glittering with jewels, sits on a low stool with the slender figure of his first-born lying dead across his knees. He seems as passionless and immovable as a statue, and yet the artist has made you feel that his stoicism is more apparent than real, and is maintained only by severe control. On one side sits the mother, overcome with anguish, on the other the physician, and all around on the dim, lamp-lit floor are priests and players of strange instruments, suggesting a weird din of wild prayers and shrill music. Among his other Egyptian pictures are "An Egyptian at his Doorway" (1865), "The Mummy" (Roman period, 1867), "A Widow" (1873), "The Chamberlain of Sesostris" (1869), and "Joseph, Overseer of Pharaoh's Granaries" (1874). The last is one of the most strange and characteristic. It is a small but long picture, showing an Egyptian hall or apartment, the wall of which, carved and painted with Egyptian reliefs, occupies the whole of the background. On the narrow strip of floor between this and the spectator are two figures. On the left is Joseph, sitting stiff and stately on a throne-like chair. His left hand is extended, and holds a tall staff of office surmounted by a lotus flower. On either side of his neck his hair descends in rope-like plaits, a bead necklace of many rows hangs across his chest, and his feet are bare. On the

right the storekeeper sits on the ground reading from a papyrus roll, his pen stuck through his bushy hair. In the scanty foreground are spilled samples of strange-looking grain.

On these scenes from Frankish and Egyptian life Alma-Tadema spent great energy and research, and exercised his best imagination; but through all his life his strongest and most consistent art-impulse has been toward the presentation of the life of ancient Greece and Rome. Now he treats it historically, as in "Tarquinius Superbus," "Ave Cæsar," and "Heliogabalus;" now socially, as in a hundred pictures, such as "The Wine Shop," the "Audience at Agrippa's," and "The Entrance to a Roman Theatre." As might be expected of a man of scholarship and culture, he does not forget either the literary or the artistic past; he paints "Sappho" listening to the lyre of Alcæus; he shows us "Tibullus at Delia's" and "Catullus at Lesbia's;" he introduces us to Phidias showing the frieze of the Parthenon to Pericles, Alcibiades, and Aspasia; and invites us to the studio of Antistius Labeo; he takes us with Hadrian to the pottery of a Roman Minton in England, and to a reading of Homer on the shores of the Greek Archipelago; with a wave of his paint-brush he brings before us the dance and music of the "Vintage Festival," the pomp of their religious processions, and the mighty movement of the "Pyrrhic Dance," and he gives us the *entrée* even to the ladies' baths, to the "Apodyterium," the "Tepidarium," and "The Bath" itself; he reveals to us the mysteries of the toilette and the innocent merriment of the girls as they splash and play in the water, squeeze their skins with strigils, or submit themselves to the *douche* which sprits from the mouths of bronze or marble sphinxes. He has many things to tell us (or to paint us) of their homes and domestic affections. We see the mother kissing her child before her "Departure" to the amphitheatre, or bargaining by "The Bridge" for a row on the river with her daughter, or reading to a "convalescent," who is "down on the sofa," for the first time, just able to listen to the "last novel," and to enjoy





The Earthly Paradise.  
(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.)



the ancient Roman equivalent of beef-tea. Last, but not least, of his gifts to us are his scenes of love and flirtation, now treated sportively with ever so delicate a humor, as in "Who Is It?" or "Shy," or "A Love Missile," or more seriously and idyllically, as in the "First Whisper," or "The Question," one of the smallest and most charming of the painter's works. Of this a beautiful variant in water-color ("Xanthe and Phaon") is in the Walters collection at Baltimore. Nor have I yet exhausted the many ways in which Alma-Tadema has depicted the lives of the old Greeks and Romans, so as to bring them (as Miss H. Zimmern remarks) "within the scope of our sympathies."

There is so high a general level of accomplishment in all these pictures, and so great a variety of conception, that it is difficult to select favorites, but for various reasons I will choose a few which were painted before he took up his residence in England some five and twenty years ago. The "Tarquinius Superbus" of 1867, the "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles" of 1868, and the "Pyrrhic Dance" and "The Wine Shop" of 1869. The scene of the "Tarquinius" is a garden, but as in most of his earlier pictures, whether interiors or in the open air, there is no sky visible; the distance is blocked by a wall highly decorated with classical figures. The face of Tarquinius is of unusual beauty, his bearing of unusual elegance, as he stands in an attitude of haughty ease to receive the huge keys which the envoys of Gabia bring him on a salver. A remarkable feature in the picture is the thick bed of tall poppies, some of which are in the tyrant's hands, apparently just cropped with his sceptre. No other artist has ever made so much use of flowers to beautify his pictures as Alma-Tadema. They frequently aid him in his difficulties of color and composition. A picture which will not come right is often settled by a mass of splendid bloom from his garden or conservatory. In this respect he has allowed himself some liberty of anachronism (especially perhaps in later years), introducing the latest variety of purple clematis or rose azalea into the gardens and palaces of

ancient Rome. The "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles" is the first of those glimpses of the art-world of classical life of which "Hadrian in England," "The Sculpture Gallery," and the "Picture Gallery" are later samples. Here the subject is as Greek as it can be, and the types and costumes of the figures have been studied with the greatest regard to time and race; but even here he is not so convincing as in his pictures of Rome and the Romans. This work is an early example of what may be called his fragmentary style of composition, his complex lighting and daring effects of perspective. It is made up of sections of roof, of frieze, and of scaffold, and it is only through the planks of the last that you get peeps of a world below.

The "Pyrrhic Dance," though one of the simplest of his compositions, stands out distinctly from them all by reason of its striking silhouette and impressive attitudes of the soldiers engaged in this famous war-dance. Two only of the warriors are wholly visible as they advance with lifted shield and lowered lance with long, slow stride round the arena. The action of the men, studied no doubt carefully from some ancient relief or vase painting, is admirably rendered. It is stealthy, alert, and formidable. Behind, on marble benches, sit a noble company watching the robust and picturesque game with interest, but these two warriors, so heavily armed and yet so light upon their feet, make the "picture" which remains upon the memory. In the "Wine Shop" the humor of the artist, never far below the surface, appears more prominently than usual. The muscular young wine-seller, with a face like a satyr's and sparkling with merriment, is retailing the last good story to an audience of his customers, who are sipping their wine and listening with various degrees of interest. One on the left is absorbed in a critical examination of the merits of the vintage. The characters of all are well seized and well distinguished from each other, and the whole scene is presented with a force which the artist has seldom excelled.

During the five or six years after the



death of his mother, within which period these four pictures (and so many more) were painted, Alma-Tadema's private life has passed through much joy and suffering. In 1863 he had married a French lady, and had removed from Antwerp to Brussels, where he remained till 1869, when his wife died and left him a widower with two little girls. Soon after this he deter-



Xanthe and Phaon—of Ebers's "The Question."  
(Water-color, painted in 1883, in the Walters' Art Gallery, Baltimore.)

*Alma-Tadema*  
private collection



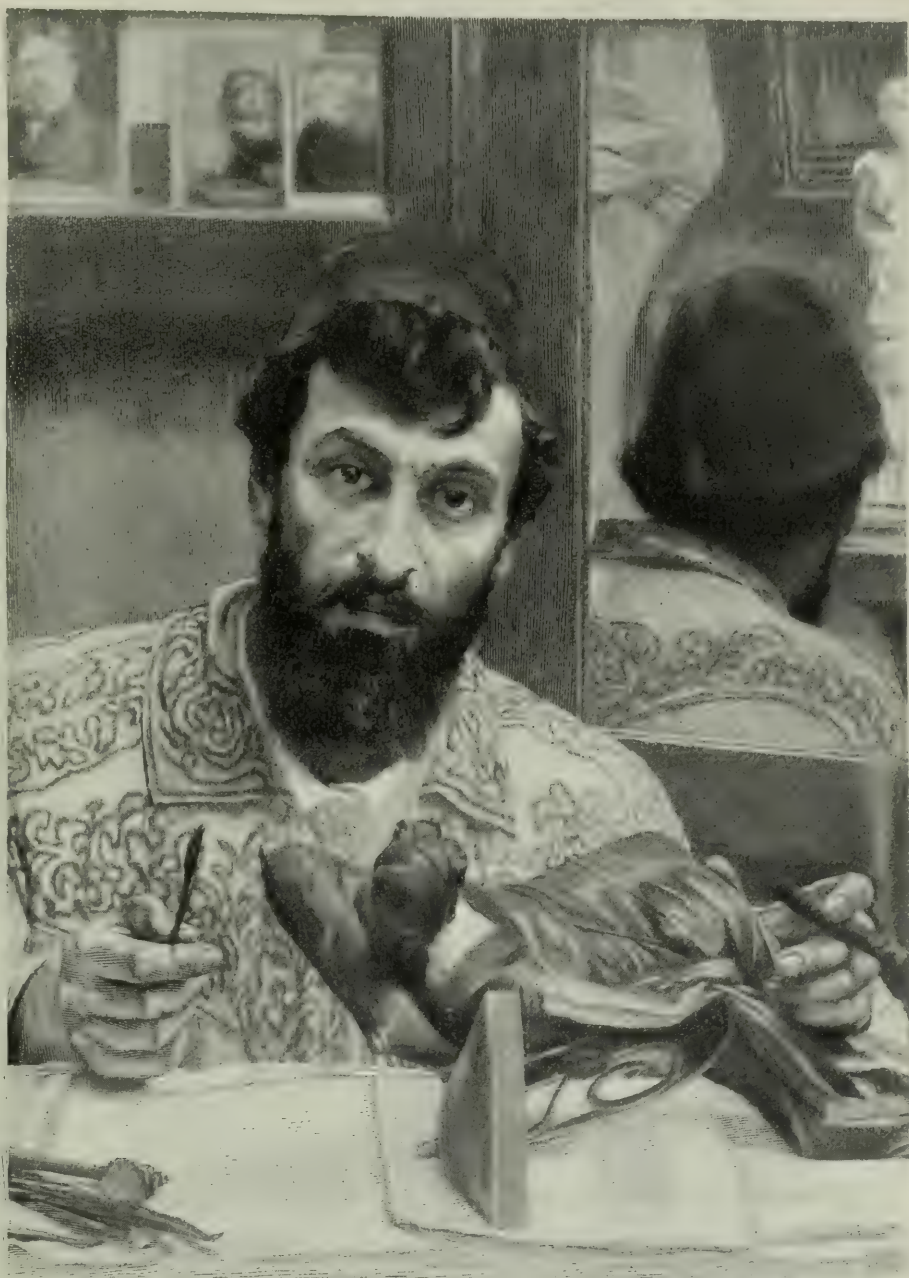


L. Lowenstam, the Etcher.

mined to change his residence from Brussels to London, where he was to find friends, fame, prosperity, and new domestic happiness. With regard to fame it must, however, be remembered that when he made this resolve he was already one of the most celebrated of the younger artists of Europe. He was only three and thirty, but besides the distinctions which he had gained in Holland and Belgium, he had been awarded a medal at the Paris Salon of 1864, and a medal of the second class at the Exposition Universelle of 1867. It is difficult to say how far his reputation had spread in England. He had been too young to share in the honors paid to the Belgian artists at the London Exhibition of 1862, especially to Louis Gallait (the painter of "The Last Moments of Count Egmont" and "The Last Honors paid to Counts Egmont and Horn," that powerful but ghostly picture known by the name of "Les

Têtes coupées") and to Baron Leys, who was represented by his young "Luther Singing the Canticles in the Streets of Eisenach." But he was known to many artists and connoisseurs, and a few of his pictures, too remarkable for their unusual style, their finished execution, and fine color, to pass unobserved, had been seen at Wallis's French Gallery in Pall Mall, and perhaps elsewhere in London. When he came to England he came to stay, and as if to announce his intention, he sent to the Royal Academy of 1869, from "51 Rue des Palais, Bruxelles," two pictures, "Un Amateur romain" and "Une Danse Pyrrhique" (the picture already described), his first contributions to the Exhibitions of this Academy. Next year the catalogue contains the same address, and his pictures were "Un Intérieur romain," "Un Jongleur," and "Un Amateur romain (empire)." Next year's catalogue chronicles





*L. Alma-Tadema  
private collection*

The Late Professor G. B. Amendola Making the Silver Statue of Mrs. Tadema.

two changes: his address is English—4 Camden Square, N. W.—and his name is indexed under A instead of T. By joining his second name, Alma, to his surname Tadema, he had become the Alma-Tadema we know. His godfather was Laurens Alma, and from a boy he had been accustomed to sign himself L. Alma-Tadema.

His pictures of this year were "Grand

Chamberlain to his Majesty, King Sesostris the Great," and "A Roman Emperor A.D. 41," one of his most celebrated compositions, which was partly a repetition of his "Claudius" of 1867, and again to be reproduced with variations in the exquisite little picture called "Ave Cæsar," "Io Saturnalia," which was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1881. But the year 1871





The Entrance to the Temple.  
(R. A. Diploma painting in 1883.)





The Sculptor's Model.

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

was in other ways more important still in the history of the painter's life, for it was then that he married his second wife, Miss Laura Epps, and took up his residence at Townshend House, North Gate, Regent's Park, which soon became one of the most interesting and attractive houses in London.

It is not necessary to add much with regard to the pictures which Alma-Tadema has painted during his long residence in England. Most of the more important ones have already been mentioned, with more or less of comment, and have been made well-known by means of engravings. It needs but a mention of the name to recall such works as "The Vintage Festival" (1870), "The Picture Gallery," "The Sculpture Gallery" (1875), "The Audience at Agrippa's" (1876), "The Seasons" (1877), "Sappho" (1881), "Hadrian in Britain" (1884), and the "Apodyterium" of 1886.

Since then, however, he has painted two pictures of high importance which may be less known. These are "The Women of Amphisa" (1887); and the "Roses of Heliogabalus" (1888). They are both among his most daring attempts, the former especially in form, the latter in color. The former shows us a wandering troupe of Bacchantes lying in every attitude of exhausted nature in the market-place of Amphisa, the latter the guests of Heliogabalus being smothered in an avalanche of rose-





Venus and Mars.

(Painted in 1872. This formerly decorated the ceiling of Mr. Tadema's studio at Townshend House. It was destroyed by fire, and has never before been engraved.)

leaves. In both these pictures we see that, however accurate they may be in historical detail, the artist has become the master of the archæologist, and this perhaps in a few words is the history of Alma-Tadema in England.

His real progress has been in freedom of draughtsmanship, in perception of beauty, in subtlety and exquisiteness of color, in directness of pictorial intention, in gayety of spirit. He teaches less but he pleases more. May I add in a whisper that he gets more modern as well as more human, using art only as a drapery for nature, and the past as a cloak for the present.

Alma-Tadema is not a professional portrait-painter, but he paints, and no one more powerfully and sympathetically, the portraits of his friends. In 1871, he painted the portrait of Miss Laura Epps, soon to become his wife, and thereafter to grace not only his life but his art. Her type of beauty, if not her exact likeness, animates many of his best pictures. He has painted his daughters also, when quite young, and afterwards. One of these (Miss Anna), like her mother, is an accomplished artist. Always painting a friend, now and then, he has painted them more frequently of later years. Among others may be mentioned Ludwig Barnay, the actor, Count von Bylands, Signor Amen-

dola (the late sculptor), Herr Lowenstam, the etcher of many of his pictures, Dr. Epps, his brother-in-law, Herr Henschel, Dr. Joachim, Herr Richter, the musician, and Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A. His female portraits are fewer, but there are two at least of great charm, Mrs. F. D. Millet, the wife of an American artist, and Mrs. Charles W. Wyllie, the wife of an English one. As to the portraits of friends introduced into his pictures they are too numerous to mention. In his last large picture, "Spring," Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, clad as ancient Romans, are looking down from an upper story upon the brilliant spectacle.

He has introduced himself also into at least one of his pictures, "The Departure," which is quite a family group, for the mother is his wife, the child his daughter, and he himself is on the wall in the form of a bust. Nor could anyone pass more easily for an ancient Roman, and anyone who had seen him, crowned with a massive wreath of blue-bells, mixing in the brilliant assembly at a Fancy Ball given some years ago, by the Institute of Painters in Water-colors, might have well suspected that he had in his veins some drops of the blood of the Roman Emperor he was personating. Perhaps he has; it would account for much in his character and





Engraved by Henry Wolf.

Portrait of Mrs. C. W. Wyllie.

*(After a photograph by Franz Hanfstaengl.)*



work. But I am afraid that, however, he may be descended, there is no ground for supposing that he is an Englishman, except in the sense of nationalization. But we are proud of him, nevertheless, not only on account of the lustre he has shed on our Academy of Arts, but also because he has nearly all the qualities which we fondly regard as characteristic of Englishmen. All the world knows that he is one of the most original, skilful, versatile, and ingenious of modern artists, as those among whom he lives are able to add that he is healthy, strong, good-natured, honorable, manly, and, if somewhat quick-tempered and imperious, without a touch of the mean or the morbid throughout his character or his art.

I hope he will pardon this little panegyric, but his personality is so strong that it is difficult to write of him without being personal. There is no artist whose character so permeates not only his pictures but everything connected with him. His house is not only his castle but his shell. To say that it was built from his designs gives but a poor notion of the intimate relation between it and its occupant. Sir Frederick Leighton's is a wonderful house, and has a unique feature in its oriental hall, with its divans, its marble fountains, its walls and recesses of

Damascus tiles, but it is not as a whole so characteristic as Alma-Tadema's; in one you see the owner's taste, in the other the man himself. As you walk along the Grove End Road, with its villas on each side, like any other road in the locality of St. John's Wood, the ordinary dull brick garden-wall is interrupted by a neat semi-classical doorway of terra-cotta, with a pediment atop and pilasters at the sides, on the capitals of which are moulded the monogram of the artist.

Farther on, the ilexes and lilacs interrupt the view of the house, but glimpses are caught of the roof of a large conservatory, of a wall glittering with a broad band of gay-colored tiles, red and yellow and white, and of the huge window of the artist's principal studio. You can see that the house is built of red brick with yellow terra-cotta dressings, and surmounted with bold architectural chimney-cases, broad and tall and arched at the top. As you pass along, the great apse of the studio, like a semidome, comes into view, and then a flat brick wall, of which the red and yellow bricks are so arranged that it resembles the front of a classic temple. Beyond all this are the ordinary dwelling-rooms, but of these little can be seen except the roofs and the chimney-cases and the weather-cock in the shape of a palette and paint brushes.



Bacchus and Silenus.

(Painted in 1875. This also decorated the ceiling of the Townshend House studio, but was destroyed by fire, and is here engraved for the first time.)



The rest is hid in trees. The whole effect is somewhat puzzling, heterogeneous, and bizarre, but impressive withal from its boldness and eccentricity. And if you enter the door, what do you see? Everything that is new and old, strange and beautiful, Dutch or Roman, Japanese or Italian, English or French, dominated and harmonized by one man's triumphant taste. Everywhere you look you are met by some sign of the owner's genius for decorative design and arrangement.

The hall leads to a staircase carpeted with brass, which goes up to the big studio, or, if you turn to the left, to another hall or room shut in only by the glass sliding doors of the conservatory. It is adorned with all kinds of ornaments, movable and immovable, but its most remarkable feature is the wall panelled with tall slim pictures, each of them by a different hand. Leighton, Boughton, Sargent, Calderon, Van Haanen, and some score more of the artist's friends have thus contributed to its embellishment. Upstairs is the studio, with its huge, round, apse-like recess, draped with magnificent embroid-

ery of Venetian velvet and furnished with seats fit for a Roman emperor, with its domed aluminium roof, its singing gallery, and, raised on a platform in the midst, its famous piano of oak and mammoth ivory, on the tablets of which (inside the lid) are inscribed, by their own hands, the names of the most celebrated singers and musicians in Europe.

If I were only to attempt to exhaust all that this studio and the hall possess of beauty and interest I should need more space than has already been filled by this article, and so I must leave to the imagination of the reader the charming studio of Mrs. Alma-Tadema and all the other rooms and passages of the house, though they are filled with objects of beauty and curiosity, which somehow seem to have been made for the places they occupy. May they long remain as they are, under the same ordering will, the same masterful, mastering, and masterly spirit, for the house can never have another real possessor. Its future occupant, whatever his merit or ability, will be nothing but a hermit-crab.

## THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

### CHAPTER XLV

A CHAPTER OF UNDERCURRENTS AND SOME SURFACE FLASHES



**T**HUS a round and good old English practical repartee, worthy a place in England's book of her historical popular jests; conceived ingeniously, no bit murderously, even humanely, if Englishmen are to be allowed indulgence of a jolly hit back for an injury—more a feint than a real stroke—gave the miserly veteran his final quake and cut Chillon's knot.

Lord Levellier dead of the joke detracted from the funny idea there had

been in the anticipation of his hearing the libertine explosion of his grand new powder, and coming out cloaked to see what walls remained upright. Its cleverness, however, was magnified by the shades into which it had despatched him. The man who started the "rouse for old Griphard" was named; nor did he shuffle his honors off. Chillon accused him, and he regretfully grinned; he would have owned to it eloquently, excited by the extreme ingenuity, but humor at the criminal bar is an abject thing, that has to borrow from metaphysics for the expository words. He lacked them entirely, and as he could not, fronting his master, supply the defect with oaths, he drew up and let out on the dead old lord, who wanted a few



pounds of blasting powder, like anything else in everybody's way. Chillon expected the lowest of his countrymen to show some degree of chivalry upon occasions like the present. He was too young to perceive how it is, that a block of our speech in the needed direction drives it storming in another, not the one closely expressing us. Carinthia liked the man; she was grieved to hear of his having got the sack summarily, when he might have had a further month of service or a month's pay. Had not the workmen's forbearance been much tried? And they had not stolen, they had bought the powder, only intending to startle.

She touched her brother's native sense of fairness and vexed him with his cowardly devil of impatience, which kicked at a simply stupid common man, and behaved to a lordly offender, smelling rascal, civilly. Just as her father would have treated the matter, she said: "Are we sorry for what has happened, Chillon?" The man had gone, the injustice was done; the master was left to reflect on the part played by his inheritance of the half share of ninety thousand pounds in his proper respect for Lord Levellier's memory. Harsh to an inferior is a horrible charge. But the position of debtor to a titled cur brings a worse for endurance. Knowing a part of Lord Fleetwood's message to Lord Levellier suppressed, the bride's brother, her chief guardian, had treated the omission as of no importance, and had all the while understood that he ought to give her his full guess at the reading of it: or so his racked mind understood it now. His old father had said: *A dumb tongue can be a heavy liar; and Lies are usurers' coin we pay for ten thousand per cent.* His harshness in the past hour to a workman who had suffered with him and had not intended serious mischief was Chillon's unsounded motive for the resolution to be out of debt to the man he loathed. There is a Muse that smiles aloft surveying our acts from the well-springs.

Carinthia heard her brother's fuller version of the Earl's communication to her uncle before the wild day of her marriage. "Not particularly fitted for the married state," Chillon phrased it, say-

ing: "He seems to have known himself, he was honest so far." She was advised to think it over, that the man was her husband.

She had her brother's heart in her breast, she could not misread him. She thought it over, and felt a slight drag of compassion for the reluctant bridegroom. That was a stretch long leagues distant from love with her; the sort of feeling one has for strange animals hurt; and she had in her childish blindness done him a hurt, and he had bitten her. He was a weak young nobleman; he had wealth for a likeness of strength; he had no glory about his head. Why had he not chosen a woman to sit beside him who would have fancied his coronet a glory and his luxury a kindness? But the poor young nobleman did not choose! The sadly comic of his keeping to the pledge of his word—his real wife—the tyrant of the tyrant—clothed him; the vision of him at the altar, and on the coach, and at the Royal Sovereign Inn, and into the dimness where a placidly smiling recollection met a curtain and lost the smile.

Suppose that her duty condemned her to stay in England on guard over Chillon's treasure! The perpetual struggle with a weak young nobleman of aimless tempers and rightabout changes, pretending to the part of husband, would, she foresaw, raise another figure of duty, enchaining a weak young woman. The world supported his pretension; and her passion to serve as Chillon's comrade sank at a damping because it was flame. Chillon had done that; Lady Arpington, to some extent; Henrietta more. A little incident, pointing in no direction, had left a shadow of a cloud, consequent upon Lady Arpington's mention of Henrietta's unprotectedness. Stepping up the hill to meet her sister, on the morning of Henrietta's departure for London under convoy of Mr. Wythan, Carinthia's long sight spied Kit Ines, or a man like him, in the meadow between Lekkatts and Croridge. He stood before Henrietta, and vanished light-legged at a gesture. Henrietta was descending to take her leave of her busied husband; her cheeks were flushed; she would not speak of the fellow, except to reply, "oh, a beggar," and kept asking whether



she ought not to stay at Stoneridge. And if she did she would lose the last of the Opera in London! How could she help to investigate the cause of an explosion so considerate to them? She sang snatches of melodies, clung to her husband, protested her inability to leave him, and went, appearing torn away. As well did healthy children lie abed on a bright summer morning, as think of holding this fair young woman bound to the circle of safety when she has her view of pleasure sparkling like the shore-sea mermaid's mirror.

Suspensions were not of the brood Carinthia's bosom harbored. Suspicion of Chillon's wife Carinthia could not feel. An uncaptured vessel in the winds on high seas was imagined without a picturing of it. The apparition of Ines, if it was he, would not fit with any conjecture. She sent a warning to Madge, and at the same time named the girl's wedding-day for her; pained in doing it. She had given the dear girl her word that she would be present at this of all marriages. But a day or two days or more would have to be spent away from Chillon; and her hunger for every hour beside her brother confessed to the war going on within her, as to which was her holier duty, the one on the line of her inclinations, or that one pointing to luxury—choice between a battle-horse and a cushioned chair; between companionship with her glorious brother facing death, and submission to a weak young nobleman claiming his husband's rights over her. She had submitted, had forgotten his icy strangeness, had thought him love; and hers was a breast for love, it was owned by the sobbing rise of her breast at the thought. And she might submit again—in honor? scorning the husband? Chillon scorned him. Yet Chillon left the decision to her, specified his excuses. And Henrietta and Owain, Lady Arpington, Gower Woodseer, all the world—Carinthia shuddered at the world's blank eye on what it directs for the acquiescence of the woman. That shred of herself she would become, she felt herself becoming it when the view of her career beside her brother waned.

Madge and Gower came to Stoneridge on their road to London three days be-

fore their union. Madge had no fear of Ines, but said: "I never let Mr. Gower out of my sight." Perforce of studying him with the thirsty wonder consequent upon his proposal to her, she had got fast hold of the skirts of his character; she "knew he was happy because he was always making her laugh at herself." Her manner of saying, "She hoped to give him a comfortable home, so that he might never be sorry for what he had done," was toned as in a church, beautiful to her mistress. Speaking of my lord's great kindness, her eyes yearned for a second and fell humbly. She said of Kit Ines, "He's found a new 'pay-tron,' Sarah says Mr. Woodseer tells her, my lady. It's another nobleman, Lord Brailstone, has come into money lately and hired him for his pugilist when it's not horse-racing." Gower spoke of thanks to Lord Fleetwood for the independence allowing him to take a wife and settle to work in his little Surrey home. He, too, showed he could have said more and was advised not to push at a shut gate. My lord would attend their wedding as well as my lady, Carinthia heard from Madge; counting it a pity that wealthy noblemen had no profession to hinder the doing of unprofitable things.

Her sensibility was warmer on the wedding-day of these two dear ones. He graced the scene, she admitted, when reassured by his perfect reserve toward her personally. He was the born nobleman in his friendliness with the bridal pair and respectfulness to Mr. Woodseer. High social breeding is an exquisite performance on the instrument we are, and his behavior to her left her mind at liberty for appreciation of it. Condescension was not seen, his voice had no false note. During the ceremony his eyelids blinked rapidly. At the close, he congratulated the united couple, praising them each for the wisdom of their choice. He said to his Countess: "This is one of the hopeful marriages; chiefly of your making."

She replied: "My prayers will be for them always."

"They are fortunate who have your prayers," he said.

Lord Fleetwood himself drove them



through London to the hills, where another carriage awaited them by his orders, in the town of London's race-course. As soon as they were seated he nodded to them curtly from his box, and drove back, leaving them puzzled. But his Countess had not so very coldly seen him start his horses to convey the modest bridal pair. His impulses to kindness could be politic. Before quitting Whitechapel, she went with Sarah Winch to look at the old shop of the fruits and vegetables. They found it shut, untenanted. Mr. Woodseer told them that the Earl was owner of it by recent purchase, and would not lease it. He had to say why; for the Countess was dull to the notion of a sentimental desecration in the occupying of her bed-chamber by poor tradespeople. She was little flattered. The great nobleman of her imagination when she lay there dwindled to a whimsy infant, despot of his nursery, capricious with his toys; likely to damage himself, if left to himself.

How it might occur, she heard hourly from his hostess, Lady Arpington; from Henrietta as well, in different terms. He seemed to her no longer the stationed nobleman, but one of other idle men, and the saddest of young men. His weakness cast a net on her. Worse than that drag of compassion, she foresaw the chance of his having experience of her own weakness, if she was to be one among idle women: she might drop to the love of him again. Chillon's damping of her enthusiasm sank her to a mere breathing body, miserably an animal body, no comrade for a valiant brother; this young man's feeble consort, perhaps: and a creature thirsting for pleasure, disposed to sigh in the prospect of caresses. Enthusiasm gone, her spirited imagination of active work on the field of danger beside her brother flapped a broken wing.

She fell too low in her esteem to charge it upon Henrietta that she stood hesitating, leaning on the hated side of the debate; though she could almost have blamed Chillon for refusing her his positive counsel, and not ordering his wife to follow him. Once Lady Arpington, reasoning with her on behalf of the husband who sought reconciliation,

sneered at her brother's project, condemned it the more for his resolve to carry it out now that he had means. The front of a shower sprang to Carinthia's eyelids. Now that her brother had means, he from whom she might be divided was alert to keep his engagement and study war on the field, as his father had done in foreign service, offering England a trained soldier, should his country subsequently need him. The contrast of her heroic brother and a luxurious idle lord scattering blood of bird or stag, and despising the soldier's profession, had a singular bitter effect, consequent on her scorn of words to defend the man her heart idolized. This last of young women for weeping wept in the lady's presence.

The feminine trick was pardoned to her because her unaccustomed betrayal of that form of enervation was desired. It was read as woman's act of self-pity over her perplexity: which is a melting act with the woman when there is no man to be dissolved by it. So far Lady Arpington judged rightly; Carinthia's tears, shed at the thought of her brother under the world's false judgment of him, left her spiritless to resist her husband's advocates. Unusual as they were, almost unknown, they were thunder-drops and shook her.

All for the vivid surface, the Dame frets at stresses laid on undercurrents. There is no bridling her unless the tale be here told of how Lord Brailstone in frenzy of the disconcerted rival boasted over town counterstroke he had dealt Lord Fleetwood, by sending Mrs. Levellier a statement of the latter noblemen's base plot to thwart her husband's wager, with his foul agent, the repentant and well-paid ruffian in person, to verify every written word. The town's conception of the necessity for the reunion of the Earl and Countess was too intense to let exciting scandal prosper. Moreover, the town's bright anticipation of its concluding festivity on the domain of Calesford argued such tattle down to a baffled adorer's malice. The Countess of Cressett, having her cousin, the beautiful Mrs. Kirby-Levellier, in her house, has denied Lord Brailstone admission at her door, we can affirm. He has written to her vehemently, has called a



second time, has vowed publicly that Mrs. Levellier shall have her warning against Lord Fleetwood. The madness of jealousy was exhibited. Lady Arpington pronounced him in his conduct unworthy the name of gentleman. And how foolish the scandal he circulates! Lord Fleetwood's one aim is to persuade his offended wife to take her place beside him. He expresses regret everywhere, that the death of her uncle Lord Levellier withholds her presence from Calesford during her term of mourning; and that he has given his word for the fête on a particular day, before London runs quite dry. His pledge of his word is notoriously inviolate. The Countess of Cressett—an extraordinary instance of a thrice-married woman corrected in her addiction to play by her alliance with a rakish juvenile—declares she performs the part of hostess at the request of the Countess of Fleetwood. Perfectly convincing. The more so (if you have the gossip's keen scent of a deduction) since Lord Fleetwood and young Lord Cressett and the Jesuit Lord Feltre have been seen confabulating with very sacerdotal countenances indeed. Three English noblemen! not counting eighty years for the whole three! And dear Lady Cressett fears she may be called on to rescue her boy-husband from a worse enemy than the green tables, if Lady Fleetwood should unhappily prove unyielding, as it shames the gentle sex to imagine she will be. In fact, we know through Mrs. Levellier, the meeting of reconciliation between the Earl and the Countess comes off at Lady Arpington's, by her express arrangement, to-morrow: "none too soon," the expectant world of London declared it.

The meeting came to pass three days before the great day at Calesford. Carinthia and her lord were alone together. This had been his burning wish at Croridge, where he could have poured his heart to her and might have moved the wife's. But she had formed her estimate of him there: she had, in the comparison or clash of forces with him, grown to contemplate the young man of wealth and rank, who had once been impatient of an allusion to her father, and sought now to part her from her

brother—stop her breathing of fresh air. Sensationally, too, her ardor for the exercise of her inherited gifts attributed it to him that her father's daughter had lived the mean existence in England, pursuing a husband, hounded by a mother's terrors. The influences environing her and pressing her to submission sharpened her perusal of the small object largely endowed by circumstances to demand it. She stood calmly discoursing, with a tempered smile; no longer a novice in the social manner. An equal whom he had injured waited for his remarks, gave ready replies; and he, bowing to the visible equality, chafed at a sense of inferiority following his acknowledgment of it. He was alone with her, and next to dumb; she froze a full heart. As for his heart, it could not speak at all, it was a swinging lump. The rational view of the situation was exposed to her; and she listened to that favorably, or at least attentively; but with an edge to her civil smile when he hinted of entertainments, voyages, travels, an excursion to her native mountain land. Her brother would then be facing death. The rational view, she admitted, was one to be considered. Yes, they were married; they had a son; they were bound to sink misunderstandings, in the interests of their little son. He ventured to say that the child was a link uniting them; and she looked at him. He blinked rapidly, as she had seen him do of late, but kept his eyes on her through the nervous flutter of the lids; his pride making a determined stand for physical mastery, though her look was but a look. Had there been reproach in it, he would have found the voice to speak out. Her look was a gold sky above a hungry man. She froze his heart from the marble of her own.

And because she was for adventuring with her brother at bloody work of civil war in the pay of a foreign government! he found a short refuge in that mute sneer, and was hurled from it by an apparition of the Welsh scene of the bitten infant, and Carinthia volunteering to do the bloody work which would have saved it; which he had contested, ridiculed. Right then, her insanity now conjured the wretched figure of him opposing the martyr her splendid humaneness had



offered her to be, and dominated his reason, subjected him to admire, on to worship of the woman, whatever she might do. Just such a feeling for a woman he had dreamed of in his younger time, doubting that he would ever meet the fleshly woman to impose it. His heart broke the frost she breathed. Yet, if he gave way to the run of speech, he knew himself unmanned, and the fatal habit of superiority stopped his tongue after he had uttered the name he loved to speak, as nearest to the embrace of her.

"Carinthia—so I think, as I said, we both see the common sense of the position. I regret over and over again—we'll discuss all that when we meet after this Calesford affair. I shall have things to say. You will overlook, I am sure—well, men are men!—or try to. Perhaps I'm not worse than—we'll say, some. You will, I know,—I have learnt it,—be of great service, help to me; double my value, I believe; more than double it. You will receive me—here? Or at Croridge or Esslemont; and alone together, as now, I beg."

That was what he said. Having said it, his escape from high tragedies in the comfortable worldly tone rejoiced him; to some extent also the courteous audience she gave him. And her hand was not refused. Judging by her aspect, the plain common-sense ground of their situation was accepted for the best opening step to their union; though she must have had her feelings beneath it, and God knew that he had! Her hand was friendly. He could have thanked her for yielding her hand without a stage scene; she had fine breeding by nature. The gracefulest of trained ladies could not have passed through such an interview so perfectly in the right key; and this was the woman he had seen at the wrestle with hideous death to save a muddy street-child! She touched the gentleman in him. Hard as it was while he held the hand of the wife, his little son's mother, who might be called his bride, and drew him by the contact of their blood to a memory, seeming impossible, some other world's attested reality,—she the angel, he the demon of it,—unimaginable, yet present, palpable, a fact beyond his mind, he let her hand

fall scarce pressed. Did she expect more than the common sense of it to be said? The "more" was due to her, and should partly be said at their next meeting for the no further separating; or else he would vow in his heart to spread it out over a whole life's course of wakeful devotion, with here and there a hint of his younger black nature. Better that—except for a desire seizing him to make sacrifice of the demon he had been, offer him up hideously naked to her mercy. But it was a thing to be done by hints, by fits, by small doses. She could only gradually be brought to the comprehension of how the man or demon found indemnification under his yoke of marriage in snatching her, to torment, perhaps betray; and solace for the hurt to his pride in spreading a snare for the beautiful Henrietta. A confession! It could be to none but the priest.

Knowledge of Carinthia would have urged him to the confession straightway. In spite of horror, the task of helping to wash a black soul white would have been her compensation for loss of companionship with her soldier-brother. She would have held hot iron to the rapid wound and come to a love of the rescued sufferer.

It seemed to please her when he spoke of Mr. Rose Mackrell's applications to get back his volume of her father's *Book of Maxims*.

"There is mine," she said.

For the sake of winning her quick gleam at any word of the bridal couple, he conjured a picture of her Madge and his Gower, saying: "That marriage—as you will learn—proves him honest from head to foot; as she is, in her way too."

"Oh, she is," was the answer.

"We shall be driving down to them very soon, Carinthia."

"It will delight them to see either of us, my lord."

"My lady, adieu until I am over with this Calesford," he gestured, as in fetters.

She spared him the my lording as she said adieu, sensitive as she was, and to his perception now.


Lady Arpington had a satisfactory two minutes with him before he left the house. London town, on the great day



at Calesford, interchanged communications, to the comforting effect, that the Countess of Fleetwood would reign over the next entertainment.

## CHAPTER XLVI

THE LAST : WITH A CONCLUDING WORD BY  
THE DAME

T is of seemingly good augury for the cause of a suppliant man, however little for the man himself, when she who has much to pardon can depict him in a manner that almost smiles, not unlike a dandling nurse the miniature man-child sobbing off to sleep after a frenzy; an example of a genus framed for excuses, and he more than others. Chillon was amused up to inquisitive surprise by Carinthia's novel idea of her formerly dreaded riddle of a husband. As she sketched the very rational alliance proposed to her, and his kick at the fetters of Calesford, a shadowy dash for an image of the solicitous tyrant was added perforce to complete the scene; following which, her head moved sharply, the subject was flung over her shoulder.

He let it rest. She was developing; she might hold her ground with the husband, if the alliance should be resumed; and she would be a companion for Henrietta in England: she was now independent, as to money, and she could break an intolerable yoke without suffering privation. He kept his wrath under, determined not to use his influence either way, sure though he was of her old father's voting for her to quit the man and enter the field where qualities would be serviceable.

The business of the expedition absorbed her. She had an organizing head. On her way down from London she had drawn on instructions from a London physician of old Peninsula experience to pencil a list of the medical and surgical stores required by a campaigning army; she had gained information of the London shops where they were to be procured; she had learnt to read medical prescriptions for the composition of drugs. And she was at her Spanish still, not behind him in the

ordinary dialogue, and able to correct him on points of Spanish history relating to fortresses, especially the Basque. A French bookseller had supplied her with the Vicomte d'Eschargue's recently published volume of "Travels in Catalonia." Chillon saw paragraphs marked, pages dog-eared, for reference. At the same time, the question of Henrietta touched her anxiously. Lady Arpington's hints had sunk into them both.

"I have thought of St. Jean de Luz, Chillon, if Riette would consent to settle there. French people are friendly. You expect most of your work in and round the Spanish Pyrenees."

"Riette alone there?" said he, and drew her by her love of him into his altered mind; for he did not object to his wife's loneliness at Cadiz when their plan was new.

London had taught her that a young woman in the giddy heyday of her beauty has to be guarded; her belonging to us is the proud burden involving sacrifices. But at St. Jean de Luz, if Riette would consent to reside there, Lord Fleetwood's absence and the neighborhood of the war were reckoned on to preserve his yoke-fellow from any fit of the abominated softness which she had felt in one premonitory tremor during their late interview, and deemed it vile compared with the life of action and service beside, almost beside, her brother, sharing his dangers at least. She would have had Chillon speak peremptorily to his wife regarding the residence on the Spanish borders, adding, in a despair: "And me with her to protect her!"

"Unfair to Riette if she can't decide voluntarily," he said.

All he refrained from was, the persuading her to stay in England and live reconciled with the gaoler of the dungeon, as her feelings pictured it.

Chillon and Carinthia journeyed to London for purchases and a visit to lawyer, banker, and tradesmen, on their way to meet his chief and Owain Wythan at Southampton. They lunched with Livia. The morrow was the great Calesford day; Henrietta carolled of it. Lady Arpington had been afflictively demure on the theme of her presence at Calesford within her term of mourn-



ing. "But I don't mourn, and I'm not related to the defunct, and I can't be denied the pleasure invented for my personal gratification," Henrietta's happy flippancy pouted at the prudish objections. Moreover, the adored Columelli was to be her slave of song. The termination of the London season had been postponed a whole week for Calesford: the utmost possible strain; and her presence was understood to represent the Countess of Fleetwood, temporarily in decorous retirement. Chillon was assured by her that the Earl had expressed himself satisfied with his wife's reasonableness. "The rest will follow." Pleading on the Earl's behalf was a vain effort, but she had her grounds for painting Lord Fleetwood's present mood to his Countess in warm colors. "Nothing short of devotion, Chillon!" London's extreme anxiety to see them united, and the cause of it, the immense good Janey could do to her country, should certainly be considered by her, Henrietta said. She spoke feverishly. A mention of St. Jean de Luz for a residence inflicted, it appeared, a more violent toothache than she had suffered from the proposal of quarters in Cadiz. And now her husband had money? . . . she suggested his reinstatement in the English army. Chillon hushed that: his chief had his word. Besides, he wanted schooling in war. Why had he married! His love for her was the answer: and her beauty argued for the love. But possessing her, he was bound to win her a name. So his reasoning ran to an accord with his military instincts and ambition. Nevertheless, the mournful strange fact she recalled, that they had never waltzed together since they were made one, troubled his countenance in the mirror of hers. Instead of the waltz, grief, low worries, dulness, an eclipse of her, had been the beautiful creature's portion. It established mighty claims to a young husband's indulgence. She hummed a few bars of his favorite old Viennese waltz, with "Chillon!" invitingly and reproachfully. His loathing of Lord Fleetwood had to withstand an envious jump at the legs in his vision of her partner on the morrow. He

said: "You'll think of some one absent."

"You really do wish me to go, my darling? It is Chillon's wish?" She begged for the words; she had them, and then her feverishness abated to a simple sparkling composure.

Carinthia had observed her. She was heart-sick under pressure of thoughts the heavier for being formless. Driving down to Southampton by the night-coach, her tenderness toward Henrietta held other thoughts unshaped, except one, that moved in its twilight, murmuring of how the love of pleasure keeps us blind children. And how the innocents are pushed by it to snap at wicked bait, which the wealthy angle with, pointed a charitable index on some of our social story. The Countess Livia, not an innocent like Henrietta, had escaped the poisoned tongues by contracting a third marriage—"in time!" Lady Arpington said; and the knotty question was presented to a young mind: Why are the innocents tempted to their ruin, and the darker natures allowed an escape? She had not learnt that those innocents, pushed by an excessive love of pleasure, are for the term lower in the scale than their wary darker cousins, and must come to the diviner light of intelligence through suffering.

However, the result of her meditations was to show her she was directed to be Henrietta's guardian. After that, she had no thoughts; travelling beside Chillon, she was sheer sore feeling, as of a body aching for its heart plucked out. The bitterness of the separation to come between them prophesied a tragedy. She touched his hand. It was warm now.

During six days of travels from port to port along the southern and western coasts, she joined in the inspection of the English contingent about to be shipped. They and their chief and her brother were plain to sight, like sample print of a book's first page, blank sheets for the rest of the volume. If she might have been one among them, she would have dared the reckless forecast. Her sensations were those of a bird that has flown into a room, and beats wings against the ceiling and the window-panes. A close, hard sky, a transpar-



ent prison wall, narrowed her powers, mocked her soul. She spoke little; what she said impressed Chillon's chief, Owain Wythan was glad to tell her. The good friend had gone counter to the tide of her breast by showing satisfaction with the prospect that she would take her rightful place in the world. Her concentrated mind regarded the good friend as a phantom of a man, the world's echo. His dead Rebecca would have understood her passion to be her brother's comrade, her abasement in the staying at home to guard his butterfly. Owain had never favored her project; he could not now perceive the special dangers Chillon would be exposed to in her separation from him. She had no means of explaining what she felt intensely, that dangers, death, were nothing to either of them, if they shared the fate together.

Her rejected petition to her husband for an allowance of money, on the day in Wales, became the vivid memory which brings out motives in its glow. Her husband hated her brother; and why? But the answer was lighted fierily down another avenue. A true husband, a lord of wealth, would have rejoiced to help the brother of his wife. He was the cause of Chillon's ruin and this adventure to restore his fortunes. Could she endure a close alliance with the man while her brother's life was imperilled? Carinthia rebuked her drowsy head for not having seen his reason for refusing at the time. "How long I am before I see anything that does not stare in my face!" She was a married woman, whose order of mind rendered her singularly subject to the holiness of the tie; and she was a weak woman, she feared. Already, at intervals, now that action on a foreign field of the thunders and lightnings was denied, imagination revealed her dissolving to the union with her husband, and cried her comment on herself as the world's basest of women for submitting to it while Chillon's life ran risks; until finally she said: "Not before I have my brother home safe!" an exclamation equal to a vow.

That being settled, some appearance of equanimity returned; she talked of the scarlet business as one she partici-

pated in as a distant spectator. Chillon's chief was hurrying the embarkation of his troops; within ten days the whole expedition would be afloat. She was to post to London for further purchases, he following to take leave of his wife and babe. Curiously, but hardly remarked on during the bustle of work, Livia had been the one to send her short account of the great day at Calesford; Henrietta, the born correspondent, pencilling a couple of lines; she was well, dreadfully fatigued, rather a fright from a trip of her foot and fall over a low wire fence. Her message of love thrice underlined the repeated word.

Henrietta was the last person Carinthia would have expected to meet midway on the London road. Her name was called from a carriage as she drove up to the door of the Winchester hostelry, and in the lady over whose right eye and cheek a covering fold of silk concealed a bandage, the voice was her sister Rietta's. With her were the two babes and their nursemaids.

"Chillon is down there—you have left him there?" Henrietta greeted her, saw the reply, and stepped out of her carriage. "You shall kiss the children afterwards; come into one of the rooms, Janey."

Alone together, before an embrace, she said, in the voice of tears hardening to the world's business, "Chillon must not enter London. You see the figure I am. My character's in a bad case up there—thanks to those men! My husband has lost his 'golden Riette.' When you see beneath the bandage! He will have the right to put me away. His 'beauty of beauties'! I'm fit only to dress as a page-boy and run at his heels. My hero! my poor dear! He thinking I cared for nothing but amusement, flattery. Was ever a punishment so cruel to the noblest of generous husbands! Because I know he will overlook it, make light of it, never reproach his Riette. And the rose he married comes to him a shrivelled leaf of a pot-pourri heap. You haven't seen me yet. I was their 'beautiful woman.' I feel for my husband most."

She took breath. Carinthia pressed her lips on the cheek sensible to a kiss, and Henrietta pursued, in words liker



to sobs : "Anywhere, Cadiz, St. Jean de Luz, hospital work either, anywhere my husband likes, anything! I want to work, or I'll sit and rock the children. I'm awake at last. Janey, we're lambs to vultures with those men. I don't pretend I was the perfect fool. I thought myself so safe. I let one of them squeeze my hand one day, he swears. You know what a passion is; you have it for mountains and battles, I for music. I do remember, one morning before sunrise, driving back to town out of Windsor,—a dance, the officers of the Guards,—and my lord's trumpeter at the back of the coach blowing notes to melt a stone, I found a man's hand had mine. I remember Lord Fleetwood looking over his shoulder and smiling hard and lashing his horses. But listen—yes, at Calesford it happened. He—oh, hear the name, then; Chillon must never hear it;—Lord Brailstone was denied the right to step on Lord Fleetwood's grounds. The opera company had finished selections from my *Pirata*. I went out for cool air; little Meeson beside me. I had a folded gauze veil over my head, tied at the chin in a bow. Some one ran up to me—Lord Brailstone. He poured forth their poetry. They suppose it the wine for their 'beautiful woman.' I daresay I laughed and told him to go, and he began a tirade against Lord Fleetwood. There's no mighty difference between one beast of prey and another. Let me get away from them all! Though now!—they would not lift an eyelid. This is my husband's treasure returning to him. We have to be burnt to come to our senses. Janey—oh! you do well!—it was fiendish; old ballads, melodrama plays, I see they were built on men's deeds. Janey, I could not believe it, I have to believe, it is forced down my throat;—that man, your husband, because he could not forgive my choosing Chillon, schemed for Chillon's ruin. I could not believe it until I saw in the glass this disfigured wretch he has made of me. Livia serves him, she hates him for the tyrant he is; she has opened my eyes. And not for himself, no, for his revenge on me, for my name to be as my face is. He tossed me to his dogs; fair game for them! You do well, Janey; he is cap-

able of any villany. And has been calling at Livia's door twice a day, inquiring anxiously; begs the first appointment possible. He has no shame; he is accustomed to buy men and women; he thinks his money will buy my pardon, give my face a new skin, perhaps. A woman swears to you, Janey, by all she holds holy on earth, it is not the loss of her beauty—there will be a wrinkled patch on the cheek for life, the surgeon says; I am to bear a brown spot, like a bruised peach they sell at the fruit-shops cheap. Chillon's Riette! I think of that, the miserable wife I am for him without the beauty he loved so! I think of myself, as guilty, a really guilty woman, when I compare my loss with my husband's."

"Your accident, dearest Riette—how it happened?" Carinthia said, enfolding her.

"Because, Janey, what have I ever been to Chillon but the good-looking thing he was proud of? It's gone. Oh, the accident. Brailstone had pushed little Corby away; he held my hand, kept imploring, he wanted the usual two minutes, and all to warn me against—I've told you; and he saw Lord Fleetwood coming. I got my hand free, and stepped back, my head spinning; and I fell. That I recollect, and a sight of flames, like the end of the world. I fell on one of the oil-lamps bordering the grass; my veil lighted; I had fainted; those two men saw nothing but one another; and little Sir Meeson was no help; young Lord Cressett dashed out the flames. They brought me to my senses for a second swoon. Livia says I woke moaning to be taken away from that hated Calesford. It was, oh! never to see that husband of yours again. Forgive him, if you can. Not I. I carry the mark of him to my grave. I have called myself 'Skin-deep' ever since, day and night—the name I deserve."

"We will return to Chillon together, my own," said Carinthia. "It may not be so bad." And in the hope that her lovely sister exaggerated a defacement leaving not much worse than a small scar, her heart threw off its load of the recent perplexities, daylight broke through her dark wood. Henrietta



brought her liberty. How far guilty her husband might be, she was absolved from considering; sufficiently guilty to release her. Upon that conclusion, pity for the awakened Riette shed purer tear-drops through the gratitude she could not restrain, could hardly conceal, on her sister's behalf and her own. Henrietta's prompt despatch to Croridge to fetch the babes, her journey down out of a sick-room to stop Chillon's visit to London, proved her an awakened woman, well paid for the stain on her face, though the stain were lasting. Never had she loved Henrietta, never shown her so much love, as on the road to the deepening western hues. Her sisterly warmth surprised the woful spotted beauty with a reflection that this martial Janey was after all a woman of feeling, one whom her husband, if he came to know it and the depth of it, the rich sound of it, would mourn in sackcloth to have lost.

And he did, the Dame interposes for the final word, he mourned his loss of Carinthia Jane in sackcloth and ashes, notwithstanding that he had the world's affectionate condolences about him to comfort him, by reason of his ungovernable Countess's misbehavior once more, according to the report, in running away with a young officer to take part in a foreign insurrection; and when he was most the idol of his countrymen and countrywomen, which it was once his immoderate aim to be, he mourned her day and night, knowing her spotless, however wild a follower of her father's *MAXIMS FOR MEN*. He believed—some have said his belief was not in error—that the woman to aid and make him man and be the star in human form to him, was miraculously revealed on the day of his walk through the foreign pine-forest, and his proposal to her at the ducal ball was an inspiration of his Good genius, continuing to his marriage morn, and then running downward, like an overstrained reel, under the leadership of his Bad. From turning of that descent, he saw himself advised to retrieve the fatal steps, at each point attempting it just too late; until too late by an hour, he reached the seaport where his wife had embarked, and her brother, Chillon John, cruelly, it was the

common opinion, refused him audience. No syllable of the place whither she fled abroad was vouchsafed to him; and his confessions of sins and repentance of them were breathed to empty air. The wealthiest nobleman of all England stood on the pier, watching the regiments of that doomed expedition mount ship, ready with the bribe of the greater part of his possessions for a single word to tell him of his wife's destination. Lord Feltre, his companion, has done us service to make his emotions known. He describes them, it is true, as the Papist who sees every incident contribute to precipitate sinners into the bosom of his church. But this, we have warrant for saying, did not occur before the Earl had visited and strolled in the woods with his former secretary, Mr. Gower Woodseer, of whom so much has been told, and he little better than an infidel, declaring his aim to be at contentedness in life; Lord Fleetwood might envy for awhile, he could not be satisfied with Nature.

Within six months of Carinthia Jane's disappearance, people had begun to talk of strange doings at Calesford; and some would have it, that it was the rehearsal of a play, in which friars were prominent characters, for there the frocked gentry were seen flitting across the ground. Then the world learnt too surely that the dreaded evil had happened, its wealthiest nobleman had gone over to the Church of Rome!—carrying all his personal and unentailed estate to squander it on images and a dogma. Calesford was attacked by the mob;—one of the notorious riots in our history was a result of the Amazing Marriage, and roused the talk of it again over Great Britain.

When Carinthia Jane, after two years of adventures and perils rarely encountered by women, returned to these shores, she was, they say, most anxious for news of her husband; and then, indeed, it had been conjectured, they might have been united to walk henceforward as one for life, but for the sad fact—Dr. Glossop has the dates—that the Earl of Fleetwood had two months and some days previously abjured his rank, his remaining property, his freedom and his title, to become the



Brother Russett of the Mountain Monastery he visited in simple curiosity once with his betraying friend, Lord Feltre. For he was never the man to stop at anything half way.

Mr. Rose Mackrell, in his Memoirs, was the first who revealed to the world, that the Mademoiselle de Levellier of the French Count fighting with the Carlists—falsely claimed by him as a Frenchwoman—was, in very truth, Carinthia Jane, the Countess of Fleetwood, to whom Carlists and Legitimists alike were indebted for tender care of them on the field and in hospital; and who rode from one camp through the other up to the tent of the Pretender to the Throne of Spain, bearing her petition for her brother's release; which was granted, in acknowledgment of her "renowned humanity to both conflicting armies," as the words translated by Dr. Glossop run. Certain it is she brought her wounded brother safe home to England, and prisoners in that war usually had short shrift. For three years longer she was the Countess of Fleetwood, "widow of a living suicide," Mr. Rose Mackrell describes the state of the Marriage at that period. No whisper of divorce did she tolerate. Six months after it was proved that Brother Russett had perished of his austerities, we learn she said to the beseeching applicant for her hand, Mr. Owain Wythan, with the gist of it, in compassion: "Rebecca could foretell events." Carinthia Jane had ever been ashamed of second marriages, and the

union with her friend Rebecca's faithful simpleton gave it, one supposes, a natural air, for he as little as she had previously known the wedded state. She married him, Henrietta has written, because of his wooing her with dog's eyes instead of words. The once famous beauty carried a small wrinkled spot on her cheek to her grave; a saving disfigurement, and the mark of changes in the story told you, enough to make us think it a providential intervention for such ends as were in view.

So much I can say: the facts related with some regretted omissions, by which my story has a skeleton look, are those that led to the lamentable conclusion. But the melancholy, the pathos of it, the heart of all England stirred by it, have been—and the panting excitement it was to every listener—sacrificed in the vain effort to render events as consequent to your understanding as a piece of logic, through an exposure of character. Character must ever be a mystery, only to be explained in some degree by conduct; and that is very dependent upon accident; and unless we have a perpetual whipping of the reader's mind, interest in invisible persons must needs flag. For it is an infant we address, and the story-teller whose art excites an infant to serious attention succeeds the best; with English people assuredly, I rejoice to think, though I pray their patience here while that Philosophy and exposure of character block the course along a road inviting to traffic of the most animated kind.

THE END.





# A WHITE BLOT

## THE STORY OF A PICTURE

By Henry Van Dyke

### I



THE real location of a city house depends upon the pictures which hang upon its walls. They are its neighborhood and its outlook. They confer upon it that touch of life and character, that power to begot love and bind friendship, which a country house receives from its surrounding landscape, the garden that embraces it, the stream that runs near it, and the shaded paths that lead to and from its door.

By this magic of pictures my narrow, upright slice of living-space in one of the brown-stone strata on the eastward slope of Manhattan Island is translated to an open and agreeable site. It has windows that look toward the woods and the sunset, water-gates by which a little boat is always waiting, and secret passageways leading into fair places that are frequented by persons of distinction and charm. No darkness of night obscures these outlets; no neighbor's house shuts off the view; no drifted snow of winter makes them impassable. They are always free, and through them I go out and in upon my adventures.

One of these has always appeared to me so singular that I would like, if it were possible, to put it into words.

It was Pierrepont who first introduced me to the picture—Pierrepont the good-natured—of whom one of his friends said that he was like Mahomet's Bridge of Paradise, because it was so difficult to cross him—to which another added that there was also a resemblance in the fact that he led to a region of beautiful illusions which he never entered. He is one of those enthusiastic souls who are always discovering a new

writer, a new painter, a new view from some old wharf by the river. He swung out of his office, with his long-legged, easy stride, and nearly ran me down, as I was plodding up-town through the languor of a late spring afternoon, on one of those duty-walks which conscience offers as a sacrifice to digestion.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" he cried, as he linked his arm through mine, "you look outdone, tired all the way through to your backbone. Have you been reading the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' or something by one of the new British female novelists? You will have *la grippe* in your mind if you don't look out. But I know what you need. Come with me, and I will do you good."

So saying, he drew me out of clanging Broadway into one of the side-streets that run toward the placid region of Washington Square. "No, no," I answered, feeling, even in the act of resistance, the pleasure of his cheerful guidance, "you are altogether wrong. I don't need a dinner at your new-found Bulgarian *table-d'hôte*—seven courses for seventy-five cents, and the wine thrown out; nor some of those wonderful Mexican cheroots warranted to eradicate the tobacco-habit; nor a draught of your South American melon sherbet that cures all pains, except those which it causes. None of these things will help me. The doctor suggests that they do not suit my temperament. Let us go home together and have a shower-bath and a dinner of herbs, with just a reminiscence of the stalled ox—and a bout at backgammon to wind up the evening. That will be the most comfortable prescription."

"But you mistake me," said he, "I am not thinking of any creature comforts for you. I am prescribing for your mind. There is a picture that I want you to see; not a colored photo-



graph, nor an exercise in difficult drawing, but a real picture that will rest the eyes of your heart. Come away with me to Morgenstern's gallery, and be healed."

As we turned into the lower end of Fifth Avenue, it seemed as if I were being gently floated along between the modest apartment-houses and old-fashioned dwellings, and prim, respectable churches, on the smooth current of Pierrepont's talk about his new-found picture. How often a man has cause to return thanks for the enthusiasms of his friends! They are the little fountains that run down from the hills to refresh the mental desert of the despondent.

"You remember Falconer," continued Pierrepont, "Temple Falconer, that modest, quiet, proud fellow who came out of the South a couple of years ago and carried off the landscape prize at the Artists' Academy last year, and then disappeared? He had no intimate friends here, and no one knew what had become of him. But now this picture appears, to show what he has been doing. It is an evening scene, a revelation of the beauty of sadness, an idea expressed in colors—or rather, a real impression of Nature that awakens an ideal feeling in the heart. It does not define everything and say nothing, like so many paintings. It tells no story, but I know it fits into one. There is not a figure in it, and yet it is alive with sentiment; it suggests thoughts which cannot be put into words. Don't you love the pictures that have that power of suggestion—quiet and strong, like Homer Martin's 'Light-house' up at the Century, with its sheltered bay heaving softly under the pallid greenish sky of evening, and the calm, steadfast glow of the lantern brightening into readiness for all the perils of night and coming storm? How much more powerful that is than all the conventional pictures of light-houses on inaccessible cliffs, with white foam streaming from them like the ends of a schoolboy's comforter in a gale of wind! I tell you the real painters are the fellows who love pure nature because it is so human. They don't need to exaggerate, and they don't dare to be affected. They are not afraid of the reality, and they are not ashamed

of the sentiment. They don't paint everything that they see, but they see everything that they paint. And this picture makes me sure that Falconer is one of them."

By this time we had arrived at the door of the house where Morgenstern lives and moves and makes his profits, and were admitted to the shrine of the commercial Apollo and the Muses in trade.

It has often seemed to me as if that little house were a silent epitome of modern art criticism, an automatic indicator, or perhaps regulator, of the æsthetic taste of New York. On the first floor, surrounded by all the newest fashions in antiquities and *bric-à-brac*, you will see the art of to-day—the works of painters who are precisely in the focus of advertisement, and whose names call out an instant round of applause in the auction-room. On the floors above, in degrees of obscurity deepening toward the attic, you will find the art of yesterday—the pictures which have passed out of the glare of popularity without yet arriving at the mellow radiance of old masters. In the basement, concealed in huge packing-cases, and marked "*Paris—Fragile*,"—you will find the art of to-morrow; the paintings of the men in regard to whose names, styles, and personal traits the foreign correspondents and prophetic critics in the newspapers are now diffusing in the public mind that twilight of familiarity and ignorance which precedes the sunrise of marketable fame.

The affable and sagacious dealer was already well acquainted with the waywardness of Pierrepont's admiration, and with my own persistent disregard of current quotations in the valuation of works of art. He regarded us, I suppose, very much as Robin Hood would have looked upon a pair of plain yeomen who had strayed into his lair. The knights of capital and coal barons and rich merchants were his natural prey, but toward this poor but honest couple it would be worthy only of a Gentile robber to show anything but courteous and fair dealing.

He expressed no surprise when he heard what we wanted to see, but smiled tolerantly and led the way, not into the



well-defined realm of the past, the present, or the future, but into a region of uncertain fortunes, a limbo of acknowledged but unrewarded merits, a large back room devoted to the works of American painters. Here we found Falconer's picture; and the dealer, with that instinctive tact which is the best part of his business capital, left us alone to look at it.

It showed the mouth of a little river: a secluded lagoon, where the shallow tides rose and fell with vague lassitude, following the impulse of prevailing winds more than the strong attraction of the moon. But now the unsailed harbor was quite still in the pause of evening, and the smooth undulations were caressed by a hundred opalescent hues, growing deeper toward the west, where the river came in. Converging lines of trees stood dark against the sky; a cleft in the woods marked the course of the stream, above which the reluctant splendors of an autumnal day were dying in ashes of roses, while three tiny clouds, poised high in air, burned red with the last glimpse of the departed sun.

On the right was a reedy point running out into the bay, and behind it, on a slight rise of ground, an antique house with tall white pillars. It was but dimly outlined in the gathering shadows; yet one could see, or imagine, its stately, formal aspect, its precise garden with beds of old-fashioned flowers and straight paths bordered with box, and a little arbor overgrown with honeysuckle. I know not by what subtlety of delicate and indescribable touches—a slight inclination in one of the pillars, a broken line which might indicate an unhinged gate, an unrestrained disorder in the vines, a drooping resignation in the foliage of the yellowing trees, a tone of sadness in the blending of subdued colors—the painter had suggested that the place was deserted. But the truth was unmistakable. An air of loneliness and pensive sorrow breathed from the picture; a sigh of longing and regret. It was haunted by sad, sweet memories of some untold story of human life.

In the corner Falconer had put his signature, *G. F.*, "*Larmone*," 189—, and

on the border of the picture he had faintly traced some words, which we made out at last—

*"A spirit haunts the year's last hours."*

Pierrepont took up the quotation and completed it—

A spirit haunts the year's last hours,  
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:  
To himself he talks;  
For at eventide, listening earnestly,  
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh,  
In the walks;  
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks  
Of the mouldering flowers:  
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower  
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;  
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,  
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

"That is very pretty poetry, gentlemen," said Morgenstern, who had come in behind us, "but is it not a little vague? You like it, but you cannot tell exactly what it means. I find the same fault in the picture from my point of view. There is nothing in it to make a paragraph about, no anecdote, no experiment in technique. It is impossible to persuade the public to admire a picture unless you can tell them precisely the points on which they must fix their admiration. And that is why, although the painting is a good one, I should be willing to sell it at a low price."

He named a sum of money in three figures, so small that Pierrepont, who often buys pictures by proxy, could not conceal his surprise.

"Certainly I should consider that a good bargain, simply for investment," said he. "Falconer's name alone ought to be worth more than that, ten years from now. He is a rising man."

"No, Mr. Pierrepont," replied the dealer, "the picture is worth what I ask for it, for I would not commit the impertinence of offering a present to you or your friend; but it is worth no more. Falconer's name will not increase in value. The catalogue of his works is too short for fame to take much notice of it; and this is the last. Did you not hear of his death last fall? I do not wonder, for it happened at some place down on Long Island—a name that I



never saw before, and have forgotten now. There was not even an obituary in the newspapers."

"And besides," he continued, after a pause, "I must not conceal from you that the painting has a blemish. It is not always visible, since you have failed to detect it; but it is more noticeable in some lights than in others; and, do what I will, I cannot remove it. This alone would prevent the painting from being a good investment. Its market value will never rise."

He turned the canvas sideways to the light, and the defect became apparent.

It was a dim, oblong, white blot in the middle distance; a nebulous blur in the painting, as if there had been some chemical impurity in the pigment causing it to fade, or rather as if a long drop of some acid, or perhaps a splash of salt water, had fallen upon the canvas while it was wet, and bleached it. I knew little of the possible causes of such a blot, but enough to see that it could not be erased without painting over it, perhaps not even then. And yet it seemed rather to enhance than to weaken the attraction which the picture had for me.

"Your candor does you credit, Mr. Morgenstern," said I, "but you know me well enough to be sure that what you have said will hardly discourage me. For I have never been an admirer of 'cabinet finish' in works of art. Nor have I been in the habit of buying them, as a Circassian father trains his daughters, with an eye to the market. They come into my house for my own pleasure, and when the time arrives that I can see them no longer, it will not matter much to me what price they bring in the auction-room. This landscape pleases me so thoroughly that, if you will let us take it with us this evening, I will send you a check for the amount in the morning."

So we carried off the painting in a cab; and all the way home I was in the pleasant excitement of a man who is about to make an addition to his house; while Pierrepont was conscious of the glow of virtue which comes of having done a favor to a friend and justified your own critical judgment at one stroke.

After dinner we hung the painting over the chimney-piece in the room called the study (because it was consecrated to idleness), and sat there far into the night, talking of the few times we had met Falconer at the club, and of his reticent manner, which was broken by curious flashes of impersonal confidence when he spoke not of himself but of his art. From this we drifted into memories of good comrades who had walked beside us but a few days in the path of life, and then disappeared, yet left us feeling as if we cared more for them than for the men whom we see every day; and of young geniuses who had never reached the goal; and of many other glimpses of "the light that failed," until the lamp was low and it was time to say good-night.

## II

For several months I continued to advance in intimacy with my picture. It grew more familiar, more suggestive; the truth and beauty of it came home to me constantly. Yet there was something in it not quite apprehended; a sense of strangeness; a reserve which I had not yet penetrated.

One night at the end of August I found myself practically alone, so far as human intercourse was concerned, in the populous, weary city. A couple of hours of writing had produced nothing that would bear the test of sunlight, so I anticipated judgment by tearing up the spoiled sheets of paper, and threw myself upon the couch before the empty fireplace. It was a dense, sultry night, with electricity thickening the air, and a trouble of distant thunder rolling far away on the rim of the cloudy sky—one of those nights of restless dulness, when you wait and long for something to happen, and yet feel despondently that nothing ever will happen again. I passed through a region of aimless thoughts into one of migratory and unfinished dreams, and dropped from that into an empty gulf of sleep.

When I awoke the student's lamp had burned out; the sky had cleared; and the light of the gibbous moon was





He turned the canvas sideways to the light.—Page 696.

beginning to strike through the open windows. As it slowly declined through the western arch the pale illumination crept up on the fireplace like a rising tide. Now it reached the mantel-shelf and overflowed the bronze heads of Homer and Plato and the Egyptian image of Isis with the infant Horus. Now it touched the frame of the picture and flooded the foreground and the point of reeds. Now it rose to the dim garden and the shadowy house, and I thought the white blot came out more clearly than ever before.

But what was this? It seemed now to have formed itself into a shape like that of a woman, youthful, slender, dressed in a robe of white. And the figure was moving, with a tremulous, uncertain, groping motion, between the

porch and the arbor. To and fro it glided, like a tiny pillar of cloud, until the lower edge of the moon-flood rose above it, and the garden and the house were dark.

I sprang up, and, lighting every gas-burner in the room, examined the picture closely. It was unchanged. The white blot was where it had always been, nothing but a pale blur in the middle distance.

The next morning I went to consult an oculist. It was a relief to hear him say that there was no astigmatism, no eye-strain; for I must confess that it would disturb me far less to be certified of having seen an apparition than to be condemned to wear spectacles for the rest of my life. That night I watched the picture again, but there



was no moonlight. The third night the moon was very old and faint; it illuminated the picture only for a moment; but there was the slender figure again, and I saw it moving as before, wavering to and fro between the porch and the arbor.

It was an unheard-of thing, bewildering and incredible. A haunted ruin, a haunted room, a haunted forest, a haunted ship—all these have been reported, and there are societies for investigating such things. But who ever heard or told of a haunted picture?

If I turned to my friends for help in solving the mystery, they would accuse me of carrying the pursuit of originality too far. They would say that I was trying to raise my beloved world of art to the level of the world of reality by claiming for it an equality even in the matter of apparitions. And yet is there really any wider gulf between a picture and the story of the vanished

lives out of which it has grown, than between a house and the people who once lived in it? Daylight made me sure that there must be some explanation of the vision, and equally sure that it must be connected with the life of the artist and the painting into which it had breathed itself away.

But how to trace the connection? Everyone who had known Falconer, however slightly, was out of town. There was no clew to follow. Even the name "Larmone" gave me no help; for I could not find it on any map of Long Island. It was probably the fanciful title of some old country-place, familiar only to the people who had lived there.

But the very remoteness of the problem, its lack of contact with the practical world, fascinated me. It was like something that had drifted away in the fog, on a sea of unknown and fluctuating currents. The only possible way



I thought the white blot came out more clearly than ever before.—Page 697.



to find it was to commit yourself to the same wandering tides and drift after it, trusting to a propitious fortune that you might be carried in the same direction; and after a long, blind, unhurrying chase, one day you might feel a faint touch, a jar, a thrill along the side of your boat, and, peering through the fog, lay your hand at last, without surprise, upon the very object of your quest.

### III

As it happened, the means for such a quest were at my disposal. I was part owner of a boat which had been built for hunting and fishing cruises on the shallow waters of the Great South Bay. It was a deliberate, but not inconvenient, craft, well-named the *Patience*; and my turn for using it had come. Black Zekiel, the captain, crew, and cook, was the very man that I would have chosen for such an expedition. He combined the indolent good-humor of the negro with the taciturnity of the Indian, and knew every shoal and channel of the tortuous waters. He asked nothing better than to set out on a voyage without a port; sailing aimlessly eastward day after day, through the long chain of landlocked bays, with the sea plunging behind the sand-dunes on our right, and the shores of Long Island sleeping on our left; anchoring every evening in some little cove or estuary, where Zekiel could sit on the cabin roof, smoking his corn-cob pipe, and meditating on the vanity and comfort of life, while I pushed off through the mellow dusk to explore every creek and bend of the shore.

There was nothing to hasten our voyage. The three weeks' vacation was all but gone, when the *Patience* groped her way through a narrow, crooked channel in a wide salt-meadow, and entered the last of the series of bays. A few houses straggled down a point of land; the village of Quantock lay a little farther back. Beyond that was a belt of woods reaching to the water; and from these the south-country road emerged to cross the upper end of the bay on a low causeway with a narrow bridge of planks at the central point.

Here was our Ultima Thule. Not even the *Patience* could thread the eye of this needle, or float through the shallow marsh-canal farther to the east.

We anchored just in front of the bridge, and as I pushed the canoe beneath it, after supper, I felt the indefinable sensation of having passed that way before. I knew beforehand what the little boat would drift into. The broad saffron light of evening fading over a still lagoon; two converging lines of pine-trees running back into the sunset; a grassy point upon the right; and behind that a neglected garden, a tangled bower of honeysuckle, a straight path bordered with box, leading to a deserted house with a high, white-pillared porch—yes, it was *Larmone*.

In the morning I went up to the village to see if I could find trace of my artist's visit to the place. There was no difficulty in the search, for he had been there often. The people had plenty of recollections of him, but no real memory, for it seemed as if none of them had really known him.

"Queer kinder fellow," said a wrinkled old bayman with whom I walked up the sandy road; "I seen him a good deal round here, but 'twan't like havin' any 'quaintance with him. He allus kep' his thoughts to himself, pooty much—that is ef he had any. Used ter stay round 'Squire Ladoo's place most o' the time—keepin' comp'ny with the gal I guess. *Larmone*? Yaas, that's what *they* called it, but we don't go much on fancy names down here. No, the painter didn' 'zactly live there, but it 'mounted to the same thing. Las' summer they was all away, house shet up, painter hangin' round all the time, 's if he looked fur 'em any minnit. Purfessed to be paintin', but I don' see's he did much. Lived up to Mort Halsey's; died there too; year ago this fall. Guess Mis' Halsey can tell ye most of any one 'bout him."

At the boarding-house (with wide, low verandas, now forsaken by the summer boarders), which did duty for a village inn, I found Mrs. Halsey; a notable housewife, with a strong taste for ancestry, and an uncultivated world of romance still brightening her soft brown





"Was it a beam of light that I saw in the pathway, touching the pallid bloom of the tall cosmos-flower?"—Page 703.



eyes. She knew all the threads in the story that I was following; and the interest with which she spoke made it evident that she had often woven them together in the winter evenings on patterns of her own.

Judge Ledoux had come to Quantock from the South during the war, and built a house there like the one he used to live in. There were three things he hated: slavery and war and society. But he always loved the South more than the North, and lived like a foreigner, polite enough, but very retired; never voted, never went anywhere except to church. His wife died after a few years, and left him alone with a little girl. Claire grew up as pretty as a picture, but very shy and delicate. About two years ago Mr. Falconer had come down from the city; he stayed at Larmone first, and then he came to the boarding-house, but he was over at the Ledoux's almost all the time. He was a Southerner too, and a relative of the family; a real gentleman, and very proud though he was poor. It seemed strange that he should not live with them, but perhaps he felt more free over here. Everyone thought he must be engaged to Claire, but he was not the kind of a man that you could ask questions about himself. A year ago last winter he had gone up to the city and taken all his things with him. He had never stayed away so long before. In the spring the Ledoux's had gone to Europe; Claire seemed to be falling into a decline; her sight seemed to be failing, and her father said she must see a famous doctor and have a change of air.

"Mr. Falconer came back in May," continued the good lady, "as if he expected to find them. But the house was shut up and nobody knew just where they were. He seemed to be all taken aback; it was queer if he didn't know about it, intimate as he had been; but he never said anything, and made no inquiries; just seemed to be waiting, as if there was nothing else for him to do. We would have told him in a minute, if we had had anything to tell. But all we could do was to guess there must have been some kind of a quarrel between him and the Judge;

and if there was, he must know best about it himself.

"All summer long he kept going over to Larmone and wandering around in the garden. In the fall he began to paint a picture, but it was very slow painting; he would go over in the afternoon and come back long after dark, damp with the dew and fog. He kept growing paler and weaker and more silent. Some days he did not speak more than a dozen words, but always kind and pleasant. He was just dwindling away; and when the picture was almost done a fever took hold of him. The doctor said it was malaria, but it seemed to me more like a trouble in the throat, a kind of dumb misery. And one night, in the third quarter of the moon, just after the tide turned to run out, he raised up in the bed and tried to speak, but he was gone.

"We tried to find out his relations, but there didn't seem to be any, except the Ledoux's, and they were out of reach. So we sent the picture up to our cousin's in Brooklyn, and it sold for about enough to pay Mr. Falconer's summer's board and the cost of his funeral. There was nothing else that he left of any value, except a few books; perhaps you would like to look at them, if you were his friend?

"I never saw anyone that I seemed to know so little and like so well. It was a disappointment in love, of course, and they all said that he died of a broken heart; but I think it was because his heart was too full, and wouldn't break. And oh!—I forgot to tell you; a week after he was gone there was a notice in the paper that Claire Ledoux had died suddenly, on the last of August, at some place in Switzerland. Her father is still away travelling. And so the whole story is broken off and will never be finished. Will you look at the books?"

Nothing is more pathetic, to my mind, than to take up the books of one who is dead. Here is his name, with perhaps a note of the place where the volume was bought or read, and the marks on the pages that he liked best. Here are the passages that gave him pleasure, and the thoughts that entered into his life and formed it; they became part of him, but where has he carried them now?



Falconer's little library was an un-studied choice, yet it gave a hint of his character. There was a New Testament in French, with his name written in a slender, woman's hand; three or four volumes of stories, Cable's "Old Creole Days," Grace King's "Tales of a Time and Place," and the like; "Henry Esmond" and Amiel's "Journal" and Lamartine's "Raphael;" and a few volumes of poetry, among them one of Sydney Lanier's, and one of Tennyson's earlier poems. There was also a little morocco-bound book of manuscript notes. This I begged permission to carry away with me, hoping to find in it something which would throw light upon my picture, perhaps even some message to be carried, some hint or suggestion of something which the writer would fain have had done for him, and which I promised myself faithfully to perform, as a test of an imagined friendship—imagined not in the future, but in the impossible past.

I read the book in this spirit, searching its pages carefully, through the long afternoon, in the solitary cabin of my boat. There was nothing at first but an ordinary diary; a record of the work and self-denials of a poor student of art. Then came the date of his first visit to Larmone, and an expression of the pleasure of being with his own people again after a lonely life, and some chronicle of his occupations there, studies for pictures, and idle days that were summed up in a phrase: "On the bay," or "In the woods." After this the regular succession of dates was broken, and there followed a few scraps of verse, irregular and unfinished, bound together by the thread of a name—"Claire among her Roses;" "A Ride through the Pines with Claire;" "An Old Song of Claire's;" "The Blue Flower in Claire's Eyes;" "Claire, my Pilot through the Mist." It was not poetry, but such an unconscious tribute to the power and beauty of poetry as unfolds itself almost inevitably from youthful love, as naturally as the blossoms unfold from the apple-trees in May. If you pick them they are worthless. They charm only in their own time and place.

A date told of his change from Larmone to the village, and this was writ-

ten below it: "Too heavy a sense of obligation destroys freedom, and only a free man can dare to love."

Then came a number of fragments indicating trouble of mind and hesitation; the sensitiveness of the artist, the delicate, self-tormenting scruples of the lonely idealist, the morbid pride of the young poor man, contending with an impetuous passion and forcing it to surrender, or at least to compromise.

"What right has a man to demand everything and offer nothing in return except an ambition and a hope? Love must come as a giver, not as a beggar."

"A knight should not ask to wear his lady's colors until he has won his spurs."

"King Cophetua and the beggar-maid—very fine, but the other way—humiliating."

"A woman may take everything from a man, wealth and fame and position. But there is only one thing that a man may take from a woman—something that she alone can give—happiness."

"Self-respect is less than love, but it is the trellis that holds love up from the ground; break it down, and all the flowers are in the dust, the fruit is spoiled."

"And yet"—so the man's thought shone through everywhere—"I think she must know that I love her, and why I cannot speak."

One entry was written in a clearer, stronger hand: "An end of hesitation. The longest way is the shortest. I am going to the city to work for the Academy prize, to think of nothing else until I win it, and then come back with it to Claire, to tell her that I have a future, and that it is hers. If I spoke of it now it would be like claiming the reward before I had done the work. I told her only that I was going to prove myself an artist, *and to live for what I loved best*. She understood, I am sure, for she would not lift her blue eyes to me, but her hand trembled as she gave me the blue flower from her belt."

The date of his return to Larmone was marked, but the page was blank, as the day had been. Some pages of dull self-reproach and questioning and bewildered regret followed.



"It was a mistake ; she did not understand, nor care."

"It was my fault ; I might at least have told her that I loved her, though she could not have answered me."

"It is too late now. To-night, while I was finishing the picture, I saw her in the garden. Her spirit, all in white, with a blue flower in her belt. I knew she was dead across the sea. I tried to call to her, but my voice made no sound. She seemed not to see me. She moved like one in a dream, straight on, and vanished. Oh ! is there no one who can tell her ? Must she never know that I loved her ?"

The last thing in the book was a printed scrap of paper that lay between the leaves :

*Irrevocable.*

Would the gods might give  
Another field for human strife ;  
Man must live one life  
Ere he learns to live.  
Ah, friend, in thy deep grave,  
What now can change ; what now can save ?

So there was a message after all, but it could never be carried ; a task for a friend, but it was impossible. What better thing could I do with the poor little book than bury it in the garden in the shadow of Larmone ? The story of a silent fault, hidden in silence. How many of life's deepest tragedies are only that : no great transgression, no shock of conflict, no sudden catastrophe with its answering thrill of courage and resistance : only a mistake made in the darkness, and under the guidance of what seemed a true and noble motive ; a failure to see the right path at the right moment, and a long wandering beyond it ; a word left unspoken until the ears that should have heard it are sealed, and the tongue that should have spoken it is dumb. For surely love's first duty is to be true to itself in word and deed. Then, and only then, it can be true to honor.

The soft sea-fog clothed the night with clinging darkness ; the faded leaves hung slack and motionless from the trees, waiting for their fall ; the tense notes of the surf beyond the sand-dunes vibrated through the damp air like chords from some mighty *violono* ; large, warm drops wept from the arbor

of honeysuckle upon my hands, while I made a shallow grave for the record of love that had found no earthly close.

As I looked up for a moment from my task the moonlight was falling stronger through the fog, penetrating its folds with gushes of radiance. Was it a beam of light that I saw in the pathway, touching the pallid bloom of the tall cosmos-flower ? Or was it the slender figure of Claire moving toward me ? Her robe seemed like the waving of the mist ; her face was fair, and very fair, for all its sorrow ; a blue flower, fainter than a shadow on the snow, trembled at her waist ; her wide eyes were clear and still and sightless ; she groped gently with her hands before her as she paced to and fro like an innocent, blinded spirit.

How long it was before I spoke to her I do not know, nor whether it was my voice or only the thought of my heart that said : "Lady, if you are Claire Ledoux, and if you are in trouble, I have a message for you, for I am a friend of Temple Falconer, and know his story."

The figure paused, and faded, as if about to vanish. Then it seemed to grow more distinct again, and came nearer to me, listening while I took up the little book for the last time, and half-read and half-recalled some of the words that were written there. The story that Temple Falconer had been too proud to tell, and that Claire Ledoux had been too proud to understand without the telling—the story of two hearts that had missed each other, because one would not speak and the other would not see—was repeated again in the shadowy silence of the old garden.

Perhaps even yet it might not be a hopeless message. Perhaps even this lingering and belated confession might make an atonement for a love that had been dumb, and bring a consolation to a love that had been blind. Perhaps—ah, who can tell that it is not so—for those who truly love, with all their errors, there is no "irrevocable"—there is another field.

The slender figure beneath the arbor appeared to grow more luminous and buoyant ; a deeper blue came into the pallid flower on her breast, and a celes-



tial azure of clearing vision dawned in her eyes. She thanked me with a happy look, and moving like a moon-ray through the bower, vanished in the broader light beyond it.

The tense note of the surf vibrated

through the night. The pattering drops of dew rustled on the leaves of the honeysuckle. But underneath these sounds it seemed as if I heard a man's deep voice saying, "Claire!" and a woman's softly whispering, "Temple!"



## THE JOY OF THE HILLS

*By Charles Edwin Markham*

I RIDE on the mountain-tops, I ride ;  
 I have found my life and am satisfied.  
 Onward I ride in the blowing oats,  
 Checking the field-lark's rippling notes—  
     Lightly I sweep  
     From steep to steep :  
 Over my head through the branches high  
 Come glimpses of a rushing sky ;  
 The tall oats brush my horse's flanks ;  
 A bee booms out of the scented grass ;  
 Wild poppies crowd on the sunny banks—  
 (Did they come out to see me pass ?)

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget  
     Life's hoard of regret—  
     All the terror and pain  
     Of the chafing chain.  
     Grind on, O cities, grind :  
     I leave you a blur behind.  
 I am lifted elate—the skies expand :  
 Here the world's heaped gold is a drift of sand.  
 Let them weary and work in their narrow walls :  
 I ride with the voices of waterfalls !

I swing on as one in a dream—I swing  
 Down the hollows, I shout, I sing !  
 The world is gone like an empty word :  
 My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird !



# WILD BEASTS AS THEY LIVE

WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF THE ETCHINGS OF EVERT VAN MUYDEN \*

*By Captain C. J. Melliss*

Ninth Regiment, Bombay Infantry



UT in the fierce yellow glare of the great wastes of Africa, or amidst its high plateau lands of dense bush and forest, there, in his grand domain, one must have sought out the lion; one must have seen the tawny gold of a tiger, or the glossy splendor of a panther's skin glance through the bamboo-choked ravines, or along the scorched hillside of an Indian jungle, to really know these grand brutes in all their magnificence of form and color. Once thus seen in their wild haunts, the unfortunate caged specimens of their race present but a pitiful sight in their stiffened, weedy limbs, degenerated muscles, and lack-lustre coats, causing one to hope that that barbarism, a "Zoo," may not flourish long.

To the hunter, matter of fact but highly critical of eye, the stereotyped representations of these beasts are often a source of wonder as well as gratification, in the pleasing opportunity they afford him for a display of his greater knowledge. But Mr. Van Muyden's etchings can well endure that severe ordeal. His animals are real—intensely real—notably so in their expression, in the hard, full, yet fleshless look of their great muscles (one can imagine these brutes doing their twenty to forty miles of nightly rounds seeking their food) down to the curl at the end of their most expressive tails.

\* The remarkable etched studies of wild animals by Evert Van Muyden, born in Italy of Swiss parents and now living in Paris, which though extending over nearly ten years past are still too little known to the general public, first suggested this article. Captain Melliss, a high authority on lion and tiger hunting, and the author of "Lion-hunting in Somaliland," having been asked by the Editor for his opinion of their accuracy from a hunter's point of view, at the Editor's further request consented to accompany their reproduction by a paper which is not only an interesting supplement to the artistic verdict on Van Muyden's work, but a record of stirring hunting experience.

I have seen that evil-looking panther many a time. The living, alert face of that tiger, who has come with his mate to drink at the water's edge, looked down upon me one day as I crouched in the swaying bare branches of a slim bastard-teak tree half-way up a hillside, while a Central-Indian sun at its hottest slowly broiled me. I was watching over the remains of a dead cow for the tigress who had killed it. She came, but not, as I had expected, from below; for suddenly her large yellow head, barred with black and white chest, appeared on the crest of the hill some fifty yards above me. On either side of her were the heads of two large cubs, whose tails, curled high over their backs, clearly expressed keen pleasure in the near prospect of dinner. All the intense alertness which Mr. Van Muyden has portrayed so happily in his tiger was in her face as she surveyed the ground beneath her. Completely outmanœuvred, for I was greatly exposed to view from where she stood, I tried to shrink into myself, hesitating to fire; for so keen and watchful was her look that I felt paralyzed with the fear that the slightest movement would cause her to vanish. But she soon relieved my hesitating mind, for with one quick glance she seemed to take in the whole jungle, and my tree in particular. I saw three tails whisked in the air, and tigress and cubs flashed into the bushes and were gone. To refer critically to Mr. Van Muyden's picture of the "Attack" is unnecessary—its forcible realism speaks for itself. I can only gaze fascinated at the intense devilism displayed in the forms of those two tigers.

Here it seems must be the very story of the fight.

"About the end of February (1893), along the Pench River, on the borders of Seoni and Chindwara (Central India), there was a fight between two



huge tigers. One killed the other, and after having half-eaten him, went off lame and bleeding, evidently badly wounded, as was shown by his track on the sand. The tiger killed and partly eaten was discovered by some fireguards, who had no doubt as to the fight from the condition of the ground where the battle took place. The victorious tiger succumbed a few days afterward, but the skin was nearly rotten when discovered. It is curious to know that tigers will eat each other in a full-grown state, although it is well known that they greedily devour young cubs when they can get the chance in the mother's absence."

The above extract is taken from a letter to the "Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society," by an officer of the Indian Forest Department. With the help of Mr. Van Muyden's powerful drawing even the feeblest imagination may picture something of that terrific combat amid Seoni's jungles.

Lions, tigers, and panthers kill in the same manner, usually by seizing the throat, and so dragging the beast to the ground. Sometimes I have found claw-marks on the withers when the kill has been a big animal such as water-buffaloes, showing that the beast has sprung on its back first and then buried its teeth in the throat. Death is caused sometimes by a broken neck, but more often, I am inclined to think, by suffocation. I have been within a few feet of a lion as he killed a donkey. The weight of the lion's body of course dashed the donkey to the ground, but from the gasping sound I heard—it was too dark to see—I think the donkey was choked to death.

Once I saw, in broad daylight, a panther kill a goat. It was the work of an instant. The panther rushed in, made a complete somersault with the goat in his jaws, then sprang up, dropping the goat, which lay still with a broken neck. But then again I heard a panther kill a goat at night, when the poor animal's cries told of prolonged agony, as if it was being eaten alive.

The habit of commencing from the buttocks to devour their prey appears

identical to all three, also their fastidiousness in rejecting the entrails as food. At least with tiger and panther I have always found them carefully placed on one side, never eaten. I have known a lion with which I had most unsatisfactory dealings conceal the entrails of a donkey under a bush, covering them with leaves and sticks, while he carried off the carcass to a considerable distance. A dog-in-the-manger sort of spite toward the vultures must have been his sole motive for doing so. This formidable trio appear to have no nice scruples as to what animals should form their lawful prey. All is fish that comes to their net. Peacocks and monkeys are regarded by tiger and panther as the staple titbits of their jungles: snake has been found inside a tiger, and panther has been seen catching frogs from a pool. Lion also condescend in this respect. Following on the spoor of a lion one day, in Somaliland, I came to where he had stalked a dik-dik, which is the smallest antelope in the world, I believe, being scarcely the size of a hare, and therefore but a mouthful for a lion. The whole story was written clearly on the ground; here the great paws had rested when the king of beasts had first viewed his diminutive prey, there he had made his rush, and beyond ran the continuous track of tiny hoof-marks showing the dik-dik's timely flight.

Even the "fretful" porcupine, with some of his quills included, has found its way inside a lioness's stomach. The wily panther has one habit peculiar to himself I think. Profiting by his ability to climb trees, he is often known to hide the remains of a kill up a tree, doubtless to the grievous disappointment of many a hungry hyena and jackal, whose noses had guided them to the spot. I have heard a tiger's charge described as a series of bounds, but as I have never had the distinction of being charged by one I can give no opinion. From lions I have received the attention several times. On such occasions when a yellow body, all muscle and bone, and weighing some four hundred pounds, is rushing into you with tremendous force, the mind is naturally so intensely concentrated on one's aim



that it is not likely to take in details, and I should be sorry to assert positively that a lion does not come at one by leaps. But the impression I gathered from those exhilarating moments was that the lion ran in at me with a pounding action of his paws and at a great pace. First impressions are said to be most vivid, and I certainly have a most lively recollection of the following encounter with a lion.

I take the extract from a recently written \* narrative of my lion-hunting experiences in Somaliland. It was my first encounter with lion.

I was two hundred miles in the interior of Somaliland, hunting during the rainy season in the waterless plateau called the Haud, an immense stretch of level country alternating in vast grassy plains and broad belts of mimosa jungle. News had come in of two lions lying by a bush out on a plain. I had ridden to the spot and found there two fine black-maned lions, had dismounted and bagged one easily enough by a shot in the shoulder, which had prevented his attempted charge. I did not stop then to look at my grand prize, but rushed off toward my pony, mounted and galloped off in the direction the second lion had gone. Crossing over a slight rise I came upon the two horsemen motionless on the plain, and a couple of hundred yards from them I saw a yellow object lying on the ground—the lion, of course. I rode toward him, followed by Jama. When I had gone within one hundred yards of him the lion, who had been facing the horsemen, without moving his body, now turned his head toward me and received my approach with a show of teeth and much snarling. I pulled up and dismounted, though I was half inclined to fire at him from the saddle, as Jama urged me to do, for the lion looked in an exceedingly nasty temper.

Giving over my pony to one of the Somalis I walked slowly toward the lion, bidding Jama to remain in the saddle if he wished, but to keep as near as possible with the second gun. Very cautious and slow was my approach, for I did not want to bring on a charge be-

fore I had got in a shot, and it looked as if a too rapid advance would do so, for the lion, without stirring an inch kept up a series of snarls and growls, giving me an excellent view of his teeth, accompanied all the while by short, sharp flicks of his tail on the ground. I walked up to within fifty yards of him, hoping to shoot him dead at that distance and so avoid a charge. I then sat down and fired at him between the eyes, jumping to my feet instinctively to be ready if he charged. I was not a bit too soon. At the shot the lion sprang up with a furious roar. I had a lightning glimpse of him rearing up on his hind legs pawing the air, then he came for me. It was a fierce rush across the ground, no springing that I could see. How close he got before I fired I cannot say, but it was very close. I let him come on, aiming the muzzles of the rifle at his chest. Jama says he was about to spring as I pulled the trigger and ran back a pace or two to one side; but as I did so, I saw through the smoke that the lion was stopped within a few paces of me. The second gun and Jama were not as near as they might have been. The lion struggled up on to his hind quarters uttering roars.

I rammed two fresh cartridges into my rifle in an instant and fired my right into him. The grand brute fell over dying. The Somalis set up a wild yell, and I am not sure I did not join in.

A friend of mine was charged by a wounded lioness, who got home, the two shots which he fired at her merely striking her in the forelegs. He was hurled to the ground senseless, and rather severely mauled. Fortunately for him his brother was there to shoot the lioness. It was found that one of her canine teeth had been snapped off by her jaws coming into collision with the muzzles of the rifle. This will convey some idea of the tremendous force with which a lion rushes on to the attack. I have seen it questioned, "Does a lion ever charge home when faced?" He most certainly does, and is very prompt at doing so. I could give many authentic instances in addition to the above and apart from

\* Lion-hunting in Somaliland (Chapman & Hall).



what I have myself seen of their determination to get home. I met two officers of the Royal Engineers in Somaliland. They told me of a wounded lion they had followed up to a dense patch of reeds, who, upon the reeds being set alight, charged out like a flash of yellow, and although the contents of an 8-bore elephant gun and a 577 express were emptied into him, he got in, felling one of his foes and dying on the top of him. Nine times out of ten I believe a wounded lion will charge if not rendered *hors de combat* by a smashed shoulder, or otherwise mortally hurt by the first shot—at least that was my experience.

The lion does not appear to possess the wariness of a tiger. He will dash into a tied-up bait in the most headstrong manner, heedless of the hunter seated behind a screen of bushes, whose presence, with his keen powers of smell, he cannot fail to detect. From what I have heard and seen of his habits, I should say he was a bolder animal than the tiger, but by that I do not mean a more dangerous one. In one respect, perhaps, he is less dangerous than either tiger or panther; for I am inclined to think that it is not so much his habit to feed on putrid flesh as either of the two latter, and consequently does not kill by blood-poisoning after mauling his foe so often as the other two do. Of late years, since Africa has become more accessible to sportsmen, one hears frequently of lions getting the best of it and leaving their adversary fairly well mangled; but in nearly all the cases I have heard of, the mauled man recovers, whereas in India, as surely as the hot season and its accompaniment, tiger-shooting, come round, tiger and panther score several deaths, usually by blood-poisoning consequent to a mauling received from one of the two.

Here is an amusing instance of a lion's great audacity. An English officer was shooting recently in Somaliland. One night, when he was in bed inside his tent, a lion sprang over the rough thorn fence, which it is usual to throw up round one's encampment at night. Instead of picking up one of the men or animals that must have

been lying about asleep inside the fence, he would have none but the sportsman himself, made a dash into his tent, and seized him—fortunately only by the hand. Then, by some wonderful piece of luck, as the lion changed his grip for the shoulder, he grabbed the pillow instead, and so vanished with his prize. The pillow was found next morning several hundred yards distant in the jungle, and outside were also the spoor of a lioness, who had evidently been awaiting the return of her lord with something eatable.

The reason of these animals taking to man-eating is, as most people know, ascribed to age or disablement from wounds. It is probably the explanation for most cases of man-eating tigers and panthers, yet man-eaters have been shot, it is said, who were neither old nor crippled. As regards the lion, from what I have gathered from the natives of Somaliland, where man-eating lions are by no means uncommon, opportunity rather than any direct cause appears to breed man-eaters. Should a solitary native travelling at night encounter a hungry lion, the temptation would probably prove too much for the lion. I know an authentic case of a native having been carried off by a lioness in broad daylight as he rode along on a mule. I found the Somalis most reluctant to come outside their zarebas at night, if a lion was known to have been prowling near the preceding nights.

Lionesses are to be met with in greater numbers than lions. I once saw five full-grown lionesses in company out on a grassy plain. They came trotting toward the spot where the remains of an antelope lay, guided thither by the circling vultures overhead. Before this I had heard from Somalis that vultures gathering in the sky often draw lion or leopard to a carcass.

On two occasions I captured the family of lionesses which I had shot. They both consisted of a male and female. The two families were together in my camp for some time, and I often watched with much pleasurable interest the ways and expression of the little





lions, and therefore I think I may consider myself a good judge as to the truthfulness of Mr. Van Muyden's charming representation of young lions. Many and many a time have I seen them "snoozing" inside my tent, resting one against the other, with just the same sleepy yet half-awake expression on their leonine little countenances.

Both my lion cubs died in camp, while the females survived to reach civilization. Perhaps this points to a greater delicacy in the male young as in the human race; and if so would probably be the principal reason why lionesses are so much more plentiful than lions.

Most delightfully characteristic of the beast is M. Van Muyden's evil-looking panther, or leopard, as the naturalists will have it, though I prefer the former term for the big species of the race, which have been known in the Terai jungles to run to nearly the size of a small tigress. This one is decidedly a big fellow, and Mr. Van Muyden has brought out very happily the noticeable points of a panther as well as his wicked expression, and those are his rounded muscular jaws, sturdy neck, and the large muscles on the shoulder

and forearms. He is considered by many shikaris in India to be a fiercer and more dangerous animal to meddle with than the tiger. He has the reputation of being ready to charge on the slightest provocation, and as he presents a much smaller mark to aim at, his chances of getting home are greater. With his courage he combines the greatest wariness, far beyond that of a tiger. The latter, if a beat is properly worked, can be usually depended upon to walk forward toward where the guns are placed, though some are known to have become so wary as to invariably, when being driven forward in a beat, race across the open spaces in the jungle, where of course the hunter is hoping to get a shot at them. But no reliance can be placed upon a panther to do anything save that which you don't expect him to do. He can hide behind nothing at all, and many a beat has passed over a panther crouching unseen by a small bush, after which, as the fresh prints of his retreating footsteps often inform the exasperated hunter, he has calmly retired in the opposite direction. Following him up when wounded is "ticklish" work, for, as I have said, he can hide behind nothing





practically, and thus can unpleasantly surprise one following on his tracks. And as to his powers of killing—when once taken to man-eating he is almost more to be dreaded than the tiger, since his cunning is greater. Two or three years ago, in southern India, a man-eating panther was killed who was credited with over one hundred victims. He also keeps up quite as good a yearly record of “kills” by blood-poisoning after mauling you as his greater neighbor. I once fairly outwitted a panther, and if my reader cares to hear a hunter’s story, I will tell him how I did it.



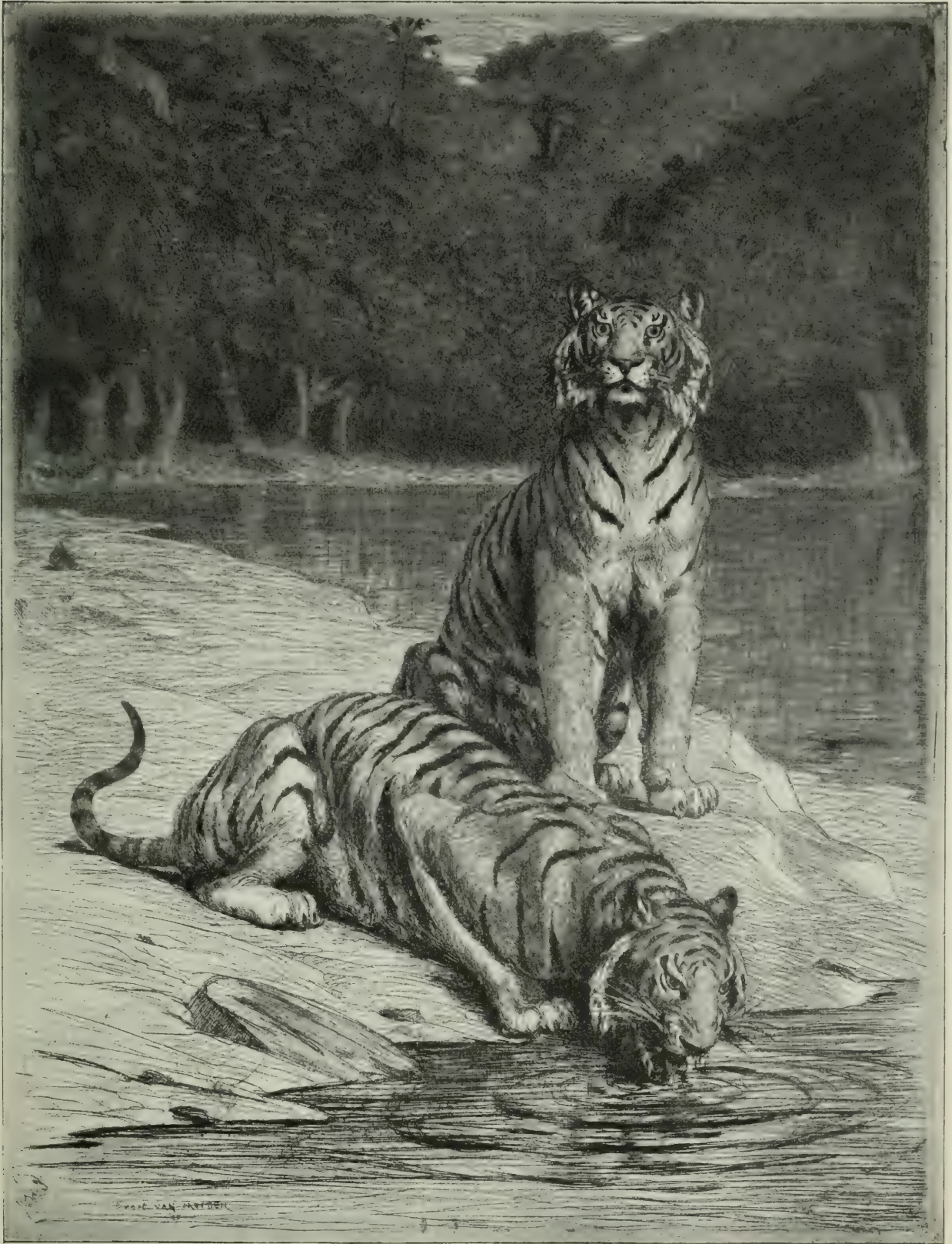
The scene is a small, saddle-backed hill, thickly covered with jungle, standing somewhat isolated from a neighboring range of densely wooded big hills. Some two miles distant lies a small Indian village of mud huts at the side of a glaring,

white, dusty road, one of the great routes that wind their hundreds of weary miles through the hot plains of central India. The cultivated lands of the village, originally wrested from the surrounding jungle, are now brilliant with the beautiful colors of its poppy-fields. In the above little hill there was a panther, so the natives of the village told me, for they had heard him “speak” from out its jungles at night. I had hunted him for several months in many a beat under a hot noonday sun, and many a weary all-night watching by moonlight, but in vain—I had not even seen him. But he was there, for my murdered goats, which were placed out in the jungle to attract him, and which always bore the panther’s fang-marks in the throat proved that; but the beast himself remained invisible. Only when I did not watch over the goat would he kill, never when I did, although I took, I thought, every precaution to escape detection by the wily brute. I was in despair of ever getting him. At length one day I remembered a plan I had heard of as sometimes adopted by na-



tive hunters in southern India. I would try it. My native shikari was told to have a grave dug inside the jungle at the foot of the hill on the spot which witnessed the murders of so many of my goats. It was to be about seven feet long and about four

feet deep, to allow of my sitting up in it; it was to be covered with small logs of wood, then earth and dried leaves, and made to resemble the surrounding ground as closely as possible; an entrance hole sufficiently large to allow me to crawl in was of course to be left.







The next day, an hour or two before sunset, I arrived on the scene, and found all ready for me. My shikari was evidently an artist; the whole thing had a most realistic appearance, and the entrance might have been the mouth of a jackal's burrow. I crawled inside; the goat was secured a few feet from the entrance, and my shikari and his men withdrew to their village, saying they would return at night and lie out in the fields, awaiting the report of my rifle to join me. Thus left to my reflections I stretched myself out as far from the entrance hole as possible, having my feet toward it, and very soon began to feel as if I had been condemned to pass a night in my grave, and a night, too, that was going to be endless, for the weary hours ahead weighed upon my soul. However, regrets were useless. I would see it out this time, and I vowed it would be my last night-shooting. To console myself I sucked quietly at a bottle of Bass and munched sandwiches, lengthening out my meal as long as possible; but this distraction soon came to an end, and I wondered at myself for not having brought more. My view was limited; there were the logs above my head, through which the

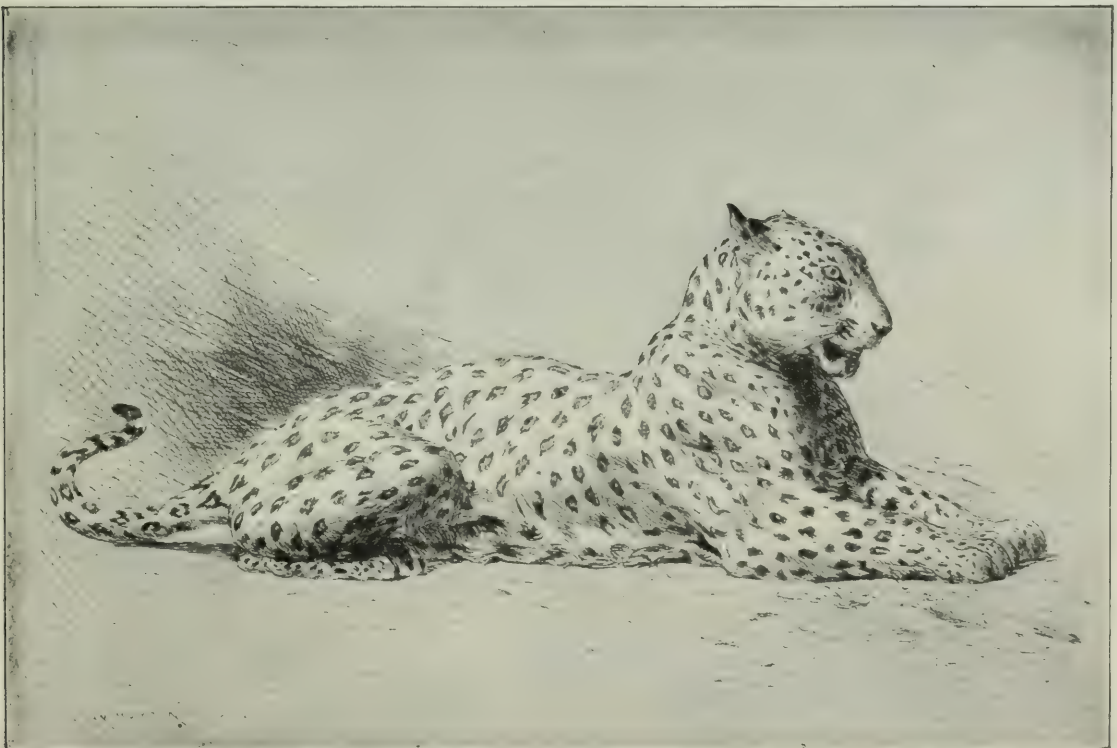
earth trickled pleasantly into my eyes and ears, the earthen sides of my grave, and enframed in the entrance-hole was a portion of the goat, and beyond a bit of the crest-line of the hill and some swaying tree-tops against a blue patch of sky. Slowly and very slowly the day faded out—sky, hill-top, and trees grew from gray to black. Now was a likely time for the panther's arrival, and I sat up, rifle across my knees, all ready for him—but he did not come.

As the time passed the outlines of hill and tree-tops again stood out clear against a luminous sky, for it was a full moon that night, and I could see the moonlight play on the broad leaves of the bastard-teak trees as the night breeze rustled by. The jungle seemed absolutely silent, the only noise that reached me came from the goat as he nibbled the grass, and occasionally stamped the ground. Warily the hours dragged on—fully an eternity it seemed to me, I had lain there and must have been on the point of falling asleep when, all suddenly, there came a dull, heavy thud outside and a stifled bleat that sent the blood racing through me and my heart thumping against my ribs. I became intensely wide awake



on the instant. The goat's down! My heavens, it is the panther at last! The goat's body was now no longer visible in the outlook, and I could see nothing of the panther either, but there was a slight gasping sound outside once or twice that told of his bloodthirsty presence. Very softly I drew myself up into a sitting position, brought my rifle across my knees, and with my heart in my mouth cocked my right trigger. I dared not risk cocking the left, the faint click seeming so terribly loud in the utter stillness. Then, while the goat still gave a choking gasp or two (it all happened in a tenth of the time it takes to tell of it) I worked myself forward with the utmost silence until my face was within two feet of the hole. Now I could see the body of the goat, lying down, with its head held up in a rather peculiar manner, it seemed to me; but where was the panther? Just by the goat's neck there was a palish yellow something, indistinct in the silvery shimmer outside. What was it? I rubbed my eyes and stared hard. I saw the whole body of the goat move—yet not of itself, it appeared to me, and then I made out that pale yellow something to be the top of the panther's head with its ears lying back. I understood the position now. The panther lay close

behind the goat's body with his jaws buried in its throat, and aided by the indistinct moonlight was invisible but for the top of his head. In anxious hesitation I wondered whether I should fire at it, for in the vague light I feared a miss even at that distance, when suddenly the panther dropped the goat's throat, and there, not six feet from me, was his round, yellow head and blazing eyes, staring in seeming astonishment down into mine. Quick as thought my rifle was up and flashed out into him. Then everything was lost in smoke—my grave was thick with it, for my muzzles had been inside when I fired. I cocked my left and wondered. "What has happened?" I preferred not to put my head out to see, lest perchance furious paws might close upon it. If wounded will he come in? I hoped not. No sound from outside came to tell me whether I had hit or missed. At last the smoke thinned and I cautiously put my head outside. There he lay, on his side, where he had crouched behind the goat's body. A faint gasping snarl told that he was mortally hit, but I took the precaution to retire into my hole for another cartridge for my right barrel and then crawled out. Full in the moonlight lay the panther, dying, his glossy yellow coat in strong contrast





to the black, shaggy hair of his victim, whose relaxing limbs still gave a kick or two, when the panther lay still. My bullet had pierced his chest and heart. It was half-past one by my watch. After I had sat awhile with my mind divided in admiration between the splendor of the panther's skin and the witching beauty of the night, I made my way out of the jungle into the fields to seek my men, where I found them stretched out asleep in the moonlight, their heads carefully wrapped in clothes, presumably to assist them in hearing my shot. Stout poles were cut down, upon which the panther

was slung, belly uppermost, and hoisted on the shoulders of four men, and thus we emerged from the jungle out into the open moonlit fields, and along the beaten tracks into the sleeping village. And so on to the roadside, where my horse was picketed, and where I stretched myself out on a blanket, and stared up at the glorious starry canopy above me until sleep came. But the dawn soon reddened the sky, and the creak and rumble of the bullock-carts slowly toiling along the road told of another long Indian day begun, and warned me it was time to start back for camp.



## ON A FORGOTTEN BY-WAY

FROM AN OFFICE WINDOW

by

A. E. WATROUS.

### I

**T**HE shabby street-cars jingling go  
 Where modish coach-wheels rolled and ran,  
 And back here from that roaring Row  
 It leads from Beekman Street to Ann.



## II

EN route to sup at Philip Hone's,  
And quiz our New World belles and beaux,  
Her feet tripped o'er these very stones  
Fair Kemble—and thy magic toes,



Thou fairer Fanny, Ellsler named,  
Twinkled adown that pavement drear,  
While (for thy lissome sake defamed)  
Followed—with wraps—thy Chevalier.

A gown of white, a girlish form,  
Footsteps unused that trembling pause!  
'Tis Garcia, frightened by the storm  
Of this, her début night's, applause.


Again, oh crinoline and mitts!  
Oh blue and brass with ruffles dight!  
A decorous mob of worthy cits—  
The ball to "Boz" is at its height.








### III



'TIS Theatre Alley, yet its name  
They've spared. A squalid place by day  
Where wrangling boys for coppers game,  
Where sottish vagrants snooze or stray.

But when the sun shines slant and low  
O'er Trinity's subduing vane,  
Vanish these sordid shapes, and lo!  
The Alley grows itself again.

And when the dusk in deeper gloom  
Is whelmed, and o'er the flag-stones damp,  
As if the old stage door to 'lume,  
Glimmers that lonely, midway lamp,



These dear, dead ladies, they that thrilled  
The gay world of the "old Park's" time,  
Are with me, and—a vow fulfilled—  
To their sweet manes, this light rhyme.



## WOOD-ENGRAVERS — A. LEPÈRE \*

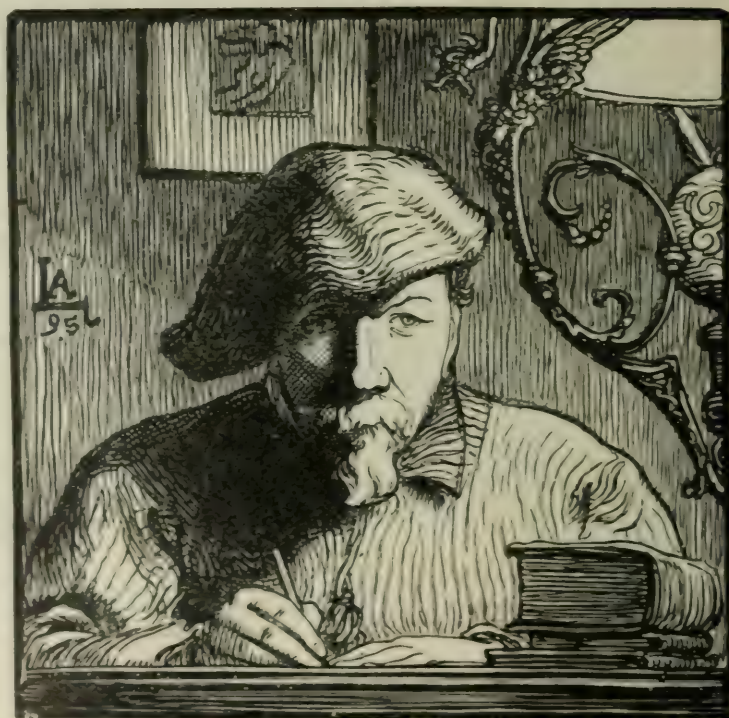


HERE is no more assertive and virile personality among contemporary wood-engravers than that of the subject of this sketch. With clear-cut ideas Lepère has struck out boldly for himself and in every medium—for he draws, etches, and paints besides engraving on wood—he has pursued an ideal thoroughly his own. All these means of graphic expression have served but to emphasize his point of view: a radical one, which is so far the most authoritative protest yet entered against the prevailing taste—against a “decadence,” Lepère says. Feeling as strongly as he does, and having besides the public the largest number of his professional brethren against him, it is not unnatural that he should force his voice to be heard. Reactions are apt to be violent and brutal.

Lepère's attitude can be summed up in the fact that he considers illustrations, first of all, in their relation to the printed page, and wants them to harmonize with the text that the two may form a unified ensemble. “Now,” he says, “consider engravings obtained by mechanical processes, so much used nowadays, by the side of the clear-cut, black type. They are uniformly grayish and dull, having none of the velvety blacks, the brilliant whites, the definite sharp contrasts, which would make them chime in with the type. And whereas, through the type being read clearly—the sense and beauty of the

words seem to come easily to one—these very finely treated cuts, full of details, do not impose their meaning, which remains intricate, obscure, until one examines them closely. That the original drawing may have been a work of high value does not change the result. A drawing and its reproduction in view of the book require the same adaptation to the special conditions of the book as a decorative painting requires for the special conditions of the place it is to occupy. An admirable easel picture can no more serve as decoration than a good drawing and a good reproduction be used for a book, unless they have been conceived and executed with that end in view.

“And the vogue of mechanical processes has had such a nefarious influence upon wood-engravers that they have, in so far as they could, tried to imitate the characteristics of mechanical cuts—their grayness and their extreme finish—so much so, that it often requires more than casual attention to distinguish between the two. And yet there is hardly anything in com-



\* The illustrations are reproduced from etchings and engravings by Lepère from his own drawings.



mon between the two processes, the bases of which are so different—the basis of one being photography, which gives certain exact facts, and that of the other being artistic interpretation. The danger of the one lies in the fact that it does not choose but copies slavishly, while the danger of the other is in its extreme freedom, which, however, is an advantage for the artist.

“Hence,” Lepère holds, “the wood-engravers have gone the wrong way in giving up interpretation full of feeling and spirit for copy full of details. They must abandon the impossible and unworthy attempt at rivalling the mechanical processes, and go back to their legitimate field of free and purely artistic interpretation.

“They must extract from the wood what neither the half-tone plate, the lithographic stone, the etching plate, nor any other medium can give—what the wood alone can give. Each medium has its limitations and cannot produce the same results as another medium. The mechanical processes give dull results, lithography is flat, etching thin, the lines made by the graver on a steel-plate are thin and hard. The wood treated logically alone gives a fat, supple line, a richness of effect, and a vibration of blacks and whites which prints marvellously. All other engravings depend on the printing, which alters, improves, or ruins them; but wood-engraving, as practised by the old masters, can be printed on any paper with any kind of ink and press. Is it not, therefore, the reproductive art nearest to the art of drawing, which to find expression needs only a flat surface and any kind of an object capable of leaving a mark?”

It is curious, in view of these ideas, to think that Lepère should have been in the early stages of his career intensely modern, and the most dashing and clever of the new men. Since then he has been steadily going away from that virtuosity—“despicable virtuosity,” he calls it—from the smartness and the complicated resources of the modern, toward the simple methods of the old masters of engraving. It is needless to say that while his technique is logically and vigorously simplified, he is



"The Month of the Vintage."

neither a copyist nor a thresher of old straw. It is as thoroughly his own now, as it was when he stood the unrivalled virtuoso of his day.

An indefatigable worker, he has preached by deeds, and his work represents the two extremes of the intensely modern, and the reaction against it, in all their varieties. The French weekly publications of from 1870 to 1880, show all manner of dazzling examples of his first period. His



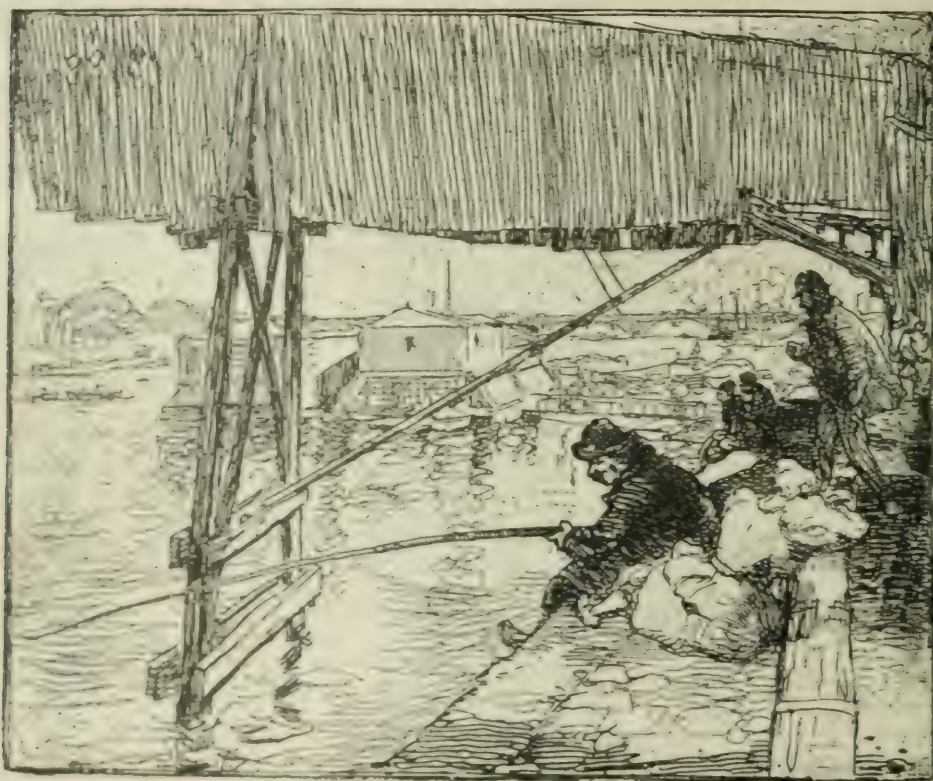
evolution, which became apparent soon after that, culminated in two books (unfortunately printed in limited editions), which embody his ideas of books adorned with images, as intrinsic parts of the text, equally direct, brilliant, firm, and clear. These books were all subscribed for before they were published, and to-day, less than two years after its appearance, the price of *Paysages Parisiens*, the first one, has more than doubled.

For ten years Lepère has engraved only his own drawings. The frontispiece of this number was drawn and engraved on the wood from nature. While it is not as radical an example of his latest manner as the two wood-cuts in this article, it shows him at his best as a cre-

ator, and as the masterly exponent of a style of drawing as well as of engraving, bold yet delicate, which has a suppleness, a virility, an originality unsurpassed by any one.

Two of the five illustrations to this article are peculiarly interesting for having been engraved after the manner of the earliest wood-engravers, with a penknife in place of a graver, a block of soft pear-wood instead of the very hard box, exclusively employed nowadays, and cutting with the grain instead of across it. (That is to say, the image was formerly cut on a longitudinal face of the block whereas to-day it is invariably put on a cross-section.)

Such engravings have a wonderful freedom and care of line and extraordinary printing qualities.





The Seine at Bercy



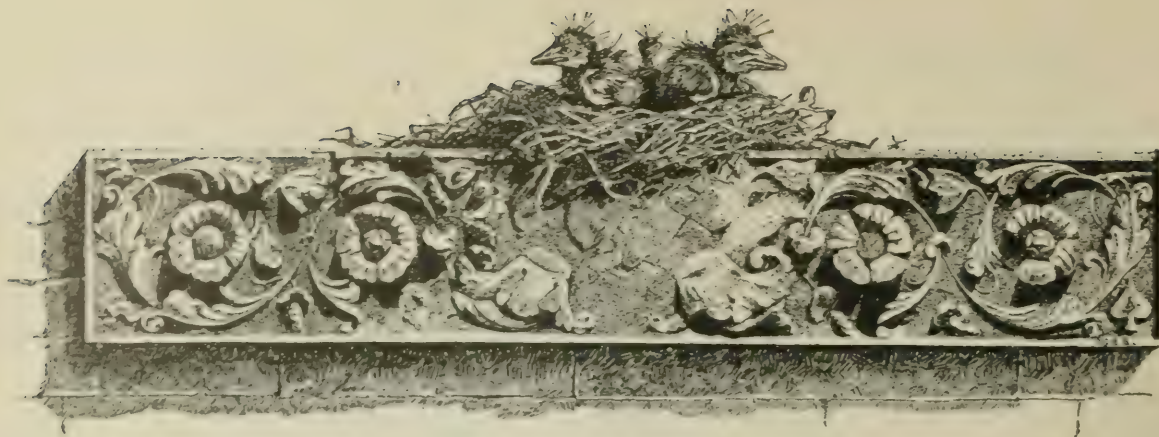
# STARLIGHT

*By George De Clyver Curtis*

 LONE and lonely on the dew-moist sands  
I sit beside the sea, and hear the tide  
Ebb softly from gray shoals and long wet slopes  
That glimmer 'neath the stars. Another day  
Has dragged its flaring hours across the heaven,  
And now again night's cooling hand is pressed  
On earth's heat-wearied brows. Those shadowy spirits  
That may not bear the light; I think they fled  
To the moon that rode all day so pale behind  
The horses of the sun—now are they stirring;  
Their wings caress the air, and when the billow  
Sinks white along the shore, there do they flit.  
Beside the dune's edge, little elvish shapes,  
Black on the sand, are crouching all a-row  
Unmoving while I watch: sly, stealthy things,  
That when the dawn breaks change themselves again  
To stranded weed and drift-wood. O'er the downs  
That lie so darkly ridged against the sky,  
A mightier spirit walks; I hear the grass  
Bend whispering where he treads, and feel the wind  
Blown from his floating robes. The eldest son  
Of night is he, that brings the cool land-breeze  
Over the fields from hollow-valleyed hills.  
See how the Scorpion, lord of the southern sky,  
Trails slowly his huge length, scale after scale,  
Wet from the ocean's bounds; his fiery heart  
Glowing hot with evil thoughts, his arms outstretch  
To where the virgin moon sinks languidly  
Upon her western couch of fleecy cloud.  
Small thought has she for that grim amorous beast—  
Dreaming perhaps of her Endymion.

 H, dreams! those happier days still throng the mind  
When dreams and thoughts rose ever, a still flame,  
Before one image; when the sea's long runes  
Wrote only one sweet word upon the sands;  
When, in the organ roll of cataracts,  
The sunlight on the hills, the hearts of flowers,  
One presence still was found; when all things pure  
Seemed to be part of her, and lived, only  
Through joy of being so. And if I watched  
The stars, there were her eyes, till all her shape  
Grew misty fair between the earth and sky.  
What thoughts are with me now? None but my own  
Vain empty fancies and more vain regrets,  
And haunting glammers, mockeries of the night;  
While with low lisp and plash the happier sea  
Kisses his bride, the moon-veiled sands, to sleep.





## THE COLONEL'S "NIGGER DOG"

*By Joel Chandler Harris*



NE morning Colonel Rivers, of Jasper, standing on his back porch, called to a negro man who was passing through the yard.

"Ben!"

"Yasser!"

"How's everything at the home-place?"

"Tollerble, suh—des tollerble."

"Tell Shade I want to see him this morning."

"Unk Shade done gone, suh. He sho is. He done gone!"

"Gone where?"

"He done tuck ter de woods, suh. Yasser! he done gone!"

A frown clouded the Colonel's otherwise pleasant brow.

"What is the matter with the old simpleton?"

"Some kinder gurnes on 'twix him an' Marse Preston, suh. I dunno de rights on it. But Unk Shade done gone, suh!"

"When did he go?"

"Yistiddy, suh."

The Colonel turned and went into the house, and the negro passed on, shaking his head and talking to himself. The Colonel walked up and down the wide hall a little while, and then went into his library and flung himself into an easy-chair. As it happened, the chair sat facing his writing-

desk, and over the desk hung a large portrait of his mother. It was what people call "a speaking likeness," and the Colonel felt this as he looked at it. The face was full of character. Firmness shone in the eyes and played about the lips. The Colonel regarded the portrait with an interest that was almost new. Old Shade in the woods—old Shade a runaway! What would his mother say if she were alive? The Colonel felt, too—he could not help but feel—that he was largely responsible for the fact that old Shade was a fugitive.

When Mary Rivers married Jack Preston, the Colonel, Mary's father, insisted that the couple should live at the old Home Place. The desire was natural. Mary was the apple of his eye, and he wanted to see her rule in the home over which his mother had reigned. The Colonel himself had been born there, and his mother had lived there for more than forty years. His father had died in 1830, but his mother lived until the day after the fiftieth anniversary of her wedding.

For near a quarter of a century this excellent lady had been the manager of her own estate, and she had succeeded, by dint of hard and pinching economy and untiring energy, in retrieving the fortune which her husband had left in a precarious condition. It was said of the Colonel's father, William Rivers,



that he was a man perverse in his ways and with a head full of queer notions, and it seems to be certain that he frittered away large opportunities in pursuit of small ones.

When William Rivers died he left his widow as a legacy four small boys—the Colonel, the oldest, was in his teens—a past-due mortgage on the plantation, and a whole raft (as you may say) of small debts. She had one consolation that she breathed often to her little boys—their father had lived temperately and died a Christian. Besides that consolation, she had an abundance of hope and energy. She could have sold a negro or two, but there were only a dozen of them, big and little, and they all members of one family. The older ones had grown up with their mistress, and the younger ones she had nursed and attended through many an hour's sickness. She would have parted with her right hand sooner than sell one of them. She took her little boys from school—the youngest was ten and the oldest fourteen—and put them to work in the fields with the negroes for one year. At the end of that period she began to see daylight, as it were, and then the boys went back to school, but their vacations for several years afterward were spent behind the plough. She was as uncompromising in her business as in her religion. In one she stickled for the last thrip that was her due; in the other she believed in the final perseverance of the saints.

It is enough to say that she succeeded. She transacted her own business. She did it well at the very beginning, and thereafter with an aptitude that was constantly growing. She paid the estate out of debt, and added to it, and when her oldest son graduated at Princeton, she had the finest and most profitable plantation in Jasper County. All the old people said that if her father, Judge Walthall, could have returned to life, he would have been proud of the success of his daughter, which was in that day and still remains the most remarkable event in the annals of Jasper County.

The main dependence of Mrs. Rivers, even after her boys grew up, was a negro man named Shadrack. He grew

old with his mistress and imbibed many of her matter-of-fact ways and methods. At first he was known as Uncle Shed, but the negro pronunciation lengthened this to Shade, and he was known by everybody in the counties round as Uncle Shade.

Uncle Shade knew how important his services were to his mistress and what store she set by his energy and faithfulness, and the knowledge made him more independent in his attitude and temper than the average negro. The truth is, he was not an average negro, and he knew it. He knew it by the fact that the rest of the negroes obeyed his most exacting orders with as much alacrity as they obeyed those of white men, and were quite as anxious to please him. He knew it, too, by the fact that his mistress had selected him in preference to his own father to take charge of the active management of the plantation business.

The selection was certainly a good one. Whatever effect it may have had on Uncle Shade, it was the salvation of the plans of his mistress. The negro seemed to have a keen appreciation of the necessities of the situation. He worked the hands harder than any white man could have worked them, and kept them in a good-humor by doing as much as any two of them. The Saturday half-holiday was abolished for a time, and the ploughs and the hoes were kept going just as long as the negroes could see how to run a furrow.

A theory of the neighborhood was that Uncle Shade was afraid of going to the sheriff's block, and if this theory was wrong it was at least plausible. The majority of those who worked under Uncle Shade were his own flesh and blood, but his mistress had made bold to hire four extra negroes in order to carry out the plans she had in view, and these four worked as hard and as cheerfully as any of the rest.

Such was the energy with which Uncle Shade managed the rougher details of the plantation work, that at the end of the first year his mistress saw her way clear to enlarging her plans. She found that within five years she would be able to pay off all the old debts and make large profits to boot.



So she sent her boys back to school, bought two of the four hired hands, and hired four more. These new ones, under Uncle Shade's management, worked as willingly as the others. In this way the estate was cleared of debt, and gradually enlarged, and Mrs. Rivers had been able, in the midst of it all, to send her boys to Princeton, where they took high rank in their studies.

The youngest drifted to California in the fifties, and disappeared; the second went into business in Charleston as a cotton factor and commission merchant. The oldest, after taking a law course, settled down at home, practised law a little and farmed a great deal. He finally fell in love with a schoolma'am from Connecticut. His mother, who had been through the mill, as the saying is, and knew all about the dignity and lack of dignity there is in labor, rather approved the match, although some of the neighbors, whose pretensions were far beyond their possessions, shook their heads and said that the young man might have done better.

Nevertheless, the son did very well indeed. He did a great deal better than some of those who criticised his choice, for he got a wife who knew how to put her shoulders to the wheel when there was any necessity for it, and how to economize when her husband's purse was pinched. The son, having married the woman of his choice, built him a home within a stone's throw of his mother's, and, during her life, not a day passed but he spent a part of it in her company. He had always been fond of his mother, and as he grew older, his filial devotion was fortified and strengthened by the profound impression which her character made on him. It was a character that had been moulded on heroic lines. As a child, she had imbibed the spirit of the revolution, and everything she said and did was flavored with the energy and independence that gave our Colonial society its special and most beautiful significance—the significance of candor and simplicity.

Something of his mistress's energy and independence was reflected in the character of Uncle Shade, and the result of it was that he was not very popular with those that did not know him well.

The young master came back from college with a highly improved idea of his own importance. His mother, although she was secretly proud of his airs, told him with trenchant bluntness that his vanity stuck out like a pot-leg and must be lopped off. This was bad enough, but when Uncle Shade let it be understood that he wasn't going to run hither and yon at the beck and call of a boy, nothing prevented a collision but the firm will that controlled everything on the plantation. After that, both the young master and the negro were more considerate of each other, but neither forgot the little episode.

When the young man married, he and Uncle Shade saw less of each other, and there was no more friction between them for four or five years. But in 1850 the negro's mistress died, and he and the rest of the negroes, together with the old Home Place, became the property of the son, who was now a prosperous planter, looked up to by his neighbors, and given the title of Colonel by those who knew no other way of showing their respect and esteem. But in her will the Colonel's mother made ample provision, as she thought, for the protection of Uncle Shade. He was to retain, under all circumstances, his house on the Home Place; he was never to be sold, and he was to be treated with the consideration due to a servant who had cheerfully given more than the best part of his life to the service of the family.

The terms of the will were strictly complied with. The Colonel had loved his mother tenderly, and he respected her memory. He made it a point to treat Uncle Shade with consideration. He appealed to his judgment whenever opportunity offered, and frequently found it profitable to do so. But the old negro still held himself aloof. Whether from grief at the death of his mistress, or for other reasons, he lost interest in the affairs of the plantation. The other negroes said he was "lonesome," and this description of his condition, vague as it was, was perhaps the best that could be given. Except in the matter of temper, Uncle Shade was not the negro he was before his old mistress died.



This was the state of affairs when the Colonel's daughter, Mary, married Jack Preston in 1861. When this event occurred, the Colonel insisted that the young couple should take up their abode at the old Home Place. He had various sentimental reasons for this. For one thing, Mary was very much like her grandmother, in spite of her youth and beauty. Those who had known the old lady remarked the "favor"—as they called it—as soon as they saw the granddaughter. For another, the old Home Place was close at hand, almost next door, and the house and grounds had been kept in apple-pie order by Uncle Shade. The flower-garden was the finest to be seen in all that region, and the house itself and every room of it was as carefully kept as if the dead mistress had simply gone on a visit and was likely to return at any moment.

Naturally, the young couple found it hard to resist the entreaties of the Colonel, particularly as Mary objected very seriously to living in town. So they went to the old Home Place, and were affably received by Uncle Shade. They found everything arranged to their hands.

Their first meal at the old Home Place was dinner. The Colonel had told Uncle Shade that he would have company at noon, and they found the dinner smoking on the table when they arrived. A young negro man was set to wait on the table. He made some blunder, and instantly a young negro girl came in smiling to take his place. Uncle Shade, who was standing in the door of the dining-room, dressed in his Sunday best, took the offender by the arm as he passed out, and in a little while those who were at table heard the swish of a buggy whip as it fell on the negro's shoulders. The unusual noise set the chickens to cackling, the turkeys to gobbling, and the dogs to barking.

"Old man," said Preston, when Uncle Shade had gravely resumed his place near the dining-room door, "take 'em farther away from the house the next time you kill 'em."

"I'll do so, suh," replied Uncle Shade dryly, and with a little frown.

Matters went along smoothly enough for all concerned, but somehow Preston failed to appreciate the family standing and importance of Uncle Shade. The young man was as genial and as clever as the day is long, but he knew nothing of the sensitiveness of an old family servant. On the other hand, Uncle Shade had a dim idea of Preston's ignorance and resented it. He regarded the young man as an interloper in the family, and made little effort to conceal his feelings.

One thing led to another until finally there was an explosion. Preston would have taken harsh measures, but Uncle Shade gathered up a bundle of "duds," and took to the woods.

Nominally he was a runaway, but he came and went pretty much as suited his pleasure, always taking care to keep out of the way of Preston.

At last the Colonel, who had made the way clear for Uncle Shade to come back and make an apology, grew tired of waiting for that event; the longer he waited, the longer the old negro stayed away.

The Colonel made one or two serious efforts to see Uncle Shade, but the old darky, misunderstanding his intentions, made it a point to elude him. Finding his efforts in this direction unavailing, the Colonel grew angry. He had something of his mother's disposition—a little of her temper if not much of her energy—and he decided to take a more serious view of Uncle Shade's capers. It was a shame and a disgrace, anyhow, that one of the Rivers negroes should be hiding in the woods without any excuse, and the Colonel determined to put an end to it once for all. He would do more—he would teach Uncle Shade once for all that there was a limit to the forbearance with which he had been treated.

Therefore, after trying many times to capture Uncle Shade and always without success, the Colonel announced to his wife that he had formed a plan calculated to bring the old negro to terms.

"What is it?" his wife asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the Colonel, hesitating a little. "I'm going to get me a nigger dog and run old Shade



down and catch him if it takes me a year to do it."

The wife regarded the husband with amazement.

"Why, Mr. Rivers, what are you thinking of?" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that you are going to put yourself on a level with Bill Favers and go trolloping around the country, hunting negroes with hound-dogs? I never heard you say that any of your family ever stooped to such as that."

"They never did," the Colonel rejoined, testily. "But they never had such a rantankerous nigger to deal with."

"Just as he is, just so he was made," was Mrs. Rivers's matter-of-fact comment.

"I know that mighty well," said the Colonel. "But the time has come when he ought to be taken in hand. I could get Bill Favers's dogs and run him down in an hour, but I'm going to catch my own nigger with my own nigger dog."

"Why, Mr. Rivers, you haven't a dog on the place that will run a pig out of the garden, much less catch a negro. There are ten or fifteen hound-dogs around the yard, and they are actually of no account to scratch the fleas off."

"Well," replied the Colonel, wincing a little, "Matt Kilpatrick has promised to give me one of his beagles, and I'm going to take him and train him to track niggers."

"Another dog on the place!" exclaimed Mrs. Rivers. "Well, you'll have to sell some negroes. We can't afford to feed a lot of no-account negroes and no-account dogs without selling something. You can't even give the dogs away—and I wouldn't let you impose on anybody that way, if you could; so you'll have to sell three or four of the negroes. They are lazy and no-account enough, goodness knows, but they can manage to walk around and pick up chips and get a thimbleful of milk from twenty cows, and sweep off the porch when there's anybody to keep them awake."

Nevertheless, the Colonel got his beagle, and he soon came to take more interest in it than in all his other dogs.

He named it Jeff, after Matt Kilpatrick's old beagle, and Jeff turned out to be the cutest little dog ever seen in that section. The Colonel trained him assiduously. Twice a day he'd hold Jeff and make one of the little negroes run down by the spring-house and across the cow-lot. When the little negro was well out of sight the Colonel would unleash Jeff, and away the miniature hunt would go across the fields, the Colonel cheering it on in regulation style.

The Colonel's "nigger dog" was eight months old when he was taken in hand, and by the time he was a year old he had developed amazingly. The claim was gravely made that he had a colder nose than Bill Favers's dog Sound, who could follow a scent thirty-six hours old. It is not to be supposed that the training of Jeff went no farther than tracking the little negroes within sight of the house. The time speedily came when he was put on the trails of negroes who had hours the start—negroes who crept along on fences and waded wide streams in their efforts to baffle the dog.

But Jeff was not easily baffled. He developed such intelligence and such powers of discriminating scent as would have put to shame the lubberly and inefficient dogs known as bloodhounds. Bloodhounds have figured very largely in fiction and in the newspapers as the incarnation of ferocity and intelligence. As a matter of fact, Jeff, the little beagle, could have whipped a shuck-pen full of them without ever showing his teeth, and he could run half a mile while a bloodhound was holding his senseless head in the air to give tongue.

Naturally the Colonel was very proud of Jeff. He had the dog always at his heels, whether going to town or about the plantation, and he waited for the opportunity to come when he might run Uncle Shade to his hiding-place in the swamps of Murder Creek and capture him. The opportunity was not long in coming, though it seemed long to the Colonel's impatience.

There was this much to be said about Uncle Shade. He had grown somewhat wary, and he had warned all the negroes on both plantations that if



they made any reports of his movements, the day of wrath would soon come for them. And they believed him fully, so that, for some months, he might have been whirled away on a cloud or swallowed by the earth for all the Colonel could hear or discover.

But one day, while he was dozing in his library, he heard a dialogue between the housemaid and the cook. The housemaid was sweeping in the rear hall, and the cook was fixing things in the dining-room. They judged by the stillness of the house that there was no one to overhear them.

"Mighty quare 'bout Unk Shade," said the house-girl.

"Huh! dat ole nigger-man de devil, nun!" replied the cook, rattling the dishes.

"I boun' ef twuz any er we—all gwine on dat away runnin' off an' cumin' back when we git good an' ready, an' eatin' right dar in de house in broad daylight, an' maister gwine right by de do—I boun' you we'd be kotch an' fotch back," remarked the girl, in an injured tone.

"La! I ain't studyin' 'bout ole Shade kingin' it 'roun' here," exclaimed the cook. "He been gwine on dat away so long dat 'taint nothin' new." Here she paused and laughed heartily.

"What you laughin' at?" inquired the girl, pausing in her work.

"At de way dat ole nigger man been gwine on," responded the cook. "I hear tell dat maister got dat ar little houn'-dog trainin' now fer ter track Ole Shade down. Dar de dog an' dar old Shade, but dey ain't been no trackin' dunn yit. Dat dog bleedzter be no 'count, kaze all he got ter do is to go down dar by the house where ole Shade live at 'twix' daybreak an' sun-up, an' dar he'll fin' de track en dat ole nigger man hot an' fresh."

"I don't keer ef dey does ketch 'im," said the house-girl, by way of comment. "De wuss frailin' I ever got he gi' me. He skeer'd me den, an' I been skeer'd un 'im fum dat day."

"De white folks kin git 'im any time dey want 'im," said the cook. "But you hear me!—dey don't want 'im."

"Honey, I b'lieve you," exclaimed the girl.

At this junction the Colonel raised his head and uttered an exclamation of anger. Instantly there was the most profound silence in the dining-room and in the hall. The house-girl slipped up the stairway as noiselessly as a ghost, and the cook disappeared as if by magic.

The Colonel called both negroes, but they seemed to be out of hearing. Finally the cook answered. Her voice came from the spring lot, and it was the voice of conscious innocence. It had its effect, too, for the Colonel's heavy frown cleared away, and he indulged in a hearty laugh. When the cook came up, he told her to have breakfast the next morning by sunrise.

The woman knew what this meant, and she made up her mind accordingly. In spite of the fact that she pretended to despise Uncle Shade, she had a secret respect for his independence of character, and she resolved to repair, as far as she knew how, the damage her unbridled tongue had wrought.

Thus it was that when Uncle Shade made his appearance that night he found the cook nodding by the chimney corner, while his wife was mending some old clothes. A covered skillet sat near the fire, and a little mound of ashes in one corner showed where the ash-cake was baking or the sweet potatoes roasting. Uncle Shade said nothing. He came in silently, placed his tin bucket in the hearth, and seated himself on a wooden stool. There was no greeting on the part of his wife. She laid aside her mending, and fixed his supper on a rude table close at hand.

"I speek you mus' be tired," she said when everything was ready—"tired and hongry too."

Uncle Shade made no response. He sat gazing steadily into the pine-knot flame in the fireplace that gave the only light in the room.

"De Lord knows I'd quit hidin' out in de woods ef I wuz you," said his wife. "I wouldn't be gwine 'roun' like some wil' varmint—dat I wouldn't!—I'd let um come get me an' do what dey gwine ter do. Dey can't kill you."

"Dat's so," exclaimed the cook, by way of making herself agreeable.

Uncle Shade raised his eyebrows and



looked at the woman until she moved about in her chair uneasily.

"How come you aint up yonder whar you b'long?" he asked. He was not angry; the tone of his voice was not even unkind; but the cook was so embarrassed that she could hardly find her tongue.

"I'm here kaze maister tol' me ter get brekkus by sun-up, an' I know by the way he done dat he gwine ter come and put dat ar nigger dog on yo' track."

"What good dat gwine ter do?" Uncle Shade asked.

"Now, ez ter dat," replied the cook, "I can't tell you. It may do harm, an' it may not, but what good it gwine ter do, I'm never is ter tell you."

"What de dog gwine ter do?" inquired Uncle Shade.

The cook looked at the other woman and laughed, and then rose from her seat, adjusting her head handkerchief as she did so.

"You mos' too much fer me," she remarked as she went toward the door. "Mos' a long ways too much. Ef you kin git off de groun' an' walk in de elements, de dog aint gwine do nothin'. Maybe you kin do dat; I dunno. But ef you can't dat ar dog 'll track you down sho ez you er settin' dar." Then she went out.

Uncle Shade ate his supper and then sat before the fire smoking his pipe. After a while he got a piece of candle out of an old cigar-box, lit it, and proceeded to ransack a wooden chest which seemed to be filled with all sorts of odds and ends—gimlets, hinges, horn-buttons, tangled twine, quilt pieces, and broken crockery. At the bottom he found what he was looking for—a letter that had been rolled in cylindrical shape. Around it had been wrapped a long strip of cloth. He unrolled the package, took the letter out and looked at it, rolled it up again, and then placed it carefully in his hat.

"Well, den," said his wife, "what are you gwine to do?"

"I'll tell you," he said. He leaned over and placed one hand on her knee. "Ef he don't ketch me, I ain't comin' back. Ef he ketch me, I'll show 'im dat"—indicating the letter—"an' ef dat aint do no good, I'm gwine ter jump off Injun bluff in de river."

"Sho nuff?" his wife asked, in a low voice.

"Sho nuff!" he answered, in a voice as low.

The woman sighed as she rose from her chair to clear away the little table. In a little while she began to sing a hymn, and by that time Uncle Shade, lying across the foot of the bed, was fast asleep.

The cook, out of abundant caution, gave her master his breakfast before sunrise. The Colonel called Jeff into the dining-room and gave him some substantial scraps of warm victuals—an unheard-of proceeding in that house.

After breakfast the Colonel mounted his horse, which was standing saddled at the gate, and rode over to the old Home-Place. He rode straight to Uncle Shade's house, called a negro to hold his horse, and went in, followed by Jeff.

"Where did Shade sleep last night?" he asked of Shade's wife.

"Well, suh, what little sleepin' he done, he done right dar, suh—right dar in de baid, suh."

The Colonel pulled off one of the blankets, made Jeff smell of it, and then went out and mounted his horse. Once in the saddle, he spoke an encouraging word to the dog. The task set for Jeff was much more difficult than the Colonel thought it to be. The dog circled around the house, once, twice, thrice, his nose to the ground. Then he ran back to the door, and tried to unravel the riddle again. He went off a little way, flung back, and entered the house, nosed the bed carefully, and then came out, giving tongue for the first time.

Near by was a low wooden bench. Jeff leaped upon it and gave tongue again. A piece of bacon-rind lay on the bench. The dog nosed around it very carefully. The Colonel clenched his teeth together. "If he eats that meat-skin," he thought, "I'll go get my gun and kill him." But Jeff did no such thing. He had solved a problem that had puzzled his intelligent nose, and he sprang away from the bench with a ringing challenge.

Some of the negroes who had been watching the dog looked at each other and shook their heads. As a matter of



fact, Uncle Shade had sat on that bench and greased the soles of his shoes with the bacon-rind. He had a theory of his own that the dog would be unable to follow him after his shoes were greased.

It is certain that Jeff had considerable difficulty in getting away from the negro quarters, for Uncle Shade, true to his habits, had gone to several of the cabins and issued his orders, laying off a week's work for the plough-hands, and telling them what to do in the event that rains suspended their operations. Patiently Jeff threaded the maze of the old negro's comings and goings, and at last he found the final clew at the stile that led from the negro quarters into the avenue.

The Colonel rode around by the big gate, and when he passed through Jeff was going down the big avenue at a pretty lively clip, but he was not running as freely as his custom was. Where a bush or a weed touched the footpath, he would examine it with his nose, but he kept the Colonel's horse in a canter. When he left the avenue for the public road he ran in a more assured manner, and the Colonel was compelled to force the canter into a gallop.

This was nothing like a fox-hunt, of course. The excitement of companionship and rivalry, and the thrill of the restless and eager-moving pack were lacking, but the enthusiasm of the Colonel was mingled with pride as he rode after the dog that was guiding him so swiftly and unerringly. The enthusiasm was as persistent as the pride. But Jeff had no room for such emotions. The path of duty, straight or crooked, lay before him, and he followed it up as nimbly as he could.

The Colonel was puzzled by the route they were taking. He had heard a good deal of runaway negroes, and had seen some after they were caught, but he had always imagined that they went into the deep woods or into the dim swamps for shelter and safety. But here was Old Shade going poling down the public road where every passer-by could see him. Or was the dog at fault? Was it some visiting negro who had called in to see the negroes at

the Home Place, and had then gone home by the road?

While the Colonel was nursing these suspicions, Jeff paused and ran back toward him. At a low place in the fence, the dog paused and then flung himself over, striking into a footpath. This began to look like business. The path led to a ravine, and the ravine must naturally lead to a swamp. But the path really led to a spring, and before the Colonel could throw a few rails from the fence and remount his horse, Jeff had reached the spring and was clicking up the hill beyond in the path that led back to the road.

It appeared that Uncle Shade had rested at the spring a while, for the dog went forward more rapidly. The spring was six miles from the Colonel's house, and he began to have grave doubts as to the sagacity of Jeff. What could have possessed Old Shade to run away by this public route? But if the Colonel had doubts, Jeff had none. He pressed forward vigorously, splashing through the streams that crossed the road and going as rapidly up hill as he went down.

The Colonel's horse was a good one, but the Colonel himself was a heavy weight, and the pace began to tell on the animal. Nevertheless, the Colonel kept him steadily at his work. Four or five miles farther they went, and then Jeff, after casting about for a while, struck off through an old sedge field.

Here, at last, there was no room for doubt, for Jeff no longer had to put his nose to the ground. The tall sedge held the scent, and the dog plunged through it almost as rapidly as if he had been chasing a rabbit. The Colonel, in his excitement, cheered the dog on lustily, and the chase from that moment went at top speed.

Uncle Shade, moving along on a bluff overlooking Little River, nearly a mile away, heard it and paused to listen. He thought he knew the voices of man and dog, but he was not sure, so he lifted a hand to his ear and frowned as he listened. There could be no doubt about it. He was caught. He looked all around the horizon and up at the glittering sky. There was no way of escape. So he took his bundle from the



end of his cane, dropped it at the foot of a huge hickory-tree, and sat down.

Presently Jeff came in sight, running like a quarter-horse. Uncle Shade thought if he could manage to kill the dog, there would still be a chance for him. His master was not in sight, and it would be an easy matter to slip down the bluff and so escape. But, no; the dog was not to be trapped. His training and instinct kept him out of the old negro's reach. Jeff made a wide circle around Uncle Shade and finally stopped and bayed him, standing far out of harm's way.

The old negro took off his hat, folded it once and placed it between his head and the tree as a sort of cushion. And then the Colonel came galloping up, his horse in a lather of sweat. He drew rein and confronted Uncle Shade. For a moment he knew not what to say. It seemed that his anger choked him; and yet it was not so. He was non-plussed. Here before him was the object of his pursuit, the irritating cause of his heated and hurried journey. There was in the spectacle that which drove the anger out of his heart, and the color out of his face. Here was the very essence and incarnation of helplessness—an old man grown gray and well-nigh decrepit in the service of the family, who had witnessed the very beginning and birth, as it were, of the family fortune.

What was to be done with him? Here in the forest that was almost a wilderness, the spirit of justice threatened to step forth from some convenient covert and take possession of the case. But the master had inherited obstinacy and pride had added to the store. Anger returned to her throne.

"What do you mean by defying me in this way?" the Colonel asked, hotly. "What do you mean by running away, and hiding in the bushes? Do you suppose I am going to put up with it?"

The Colonel worked himself up to a terrible pitch, but the old negro looked at his master with a level and a disconcerting eye.

"Well, suh," replied Uncle Shade, fumbling with a pebble in his hand, "ef my mistress wuz 'bove groun' dis

day I'd be right whar she wuz at—right dar doin' my work, des like I usen ter. Dat what I mean, suh."

"Do you mean to tell me, you impudent rascal, that because your mistress is dead you have the privilege of running off and hiding in the woods every time anybody snaps a finger at you? Why, if your mistress was alive to-day she'd have your hide taken off."

"She never is done it yet, suh, an' I been live wid 'er in about fifty year."

"Well, I'm going to do it," cried the Colonel, excitedly. He rode under a swinging limb and tied his horse. A leather strap fixed to a wooden handle hung from the horn of his saddle. "Take off that coat," he exclaimed curtly.

Uncle Shade rose and began to search in his pockets. "Well, suh," he said, "'fo' I does dat I got sump'n here I want you to look at."

"I want to see nothing," cried the Colonel. "I've put up with your rascality until I'm tired. Off with that coat!"

"But I got a letter fer you, suh, an' dey tol' me to put it in yo' han' de fus time you flew'd up an' got mad wid me."

It is a short jump from the extreme of one emotion to the extreme of another. The simplicity and earnestness of the old negro suddenly appealed to the Colonel's sense of the ridiculous, and once more his anger took wings. Uncle Shade searched in his pockets until he suddenly remembered that he had placed it in the lining of his hat. As he drew it forth with a hand that shook a little from excitement, it seemed to be a bundle of rags. "It's his conjure-bag," the Colonel said to himself, and at the thought of it he could hardly keep his face straight.

Carefully unrolling the long strip of cloth, which the Colonel immediately recognized as part of a dress his mother used to wear, Uncle Shade presently came to a yellow letter. This he handed to the Colonel, who examined it curiously. Though the paper was yellow with age and creased, the ink had not faded.

"What is this?" the Colonel asked, mechanically, although he had no difficulty in recognizing the writing as that of his mother—the stiff, uncompromis-



ing perpendicular strokes of the pen could not be mistaken. "What is this?" he repeated.

"Letter fer you, suh," said Uncle Shade.

"Where did you get it?" the Colonel inquired.

"I tuck it right out 'n Mistiss' han', suh," Uncle Shade replied.

The Colonel put on his spectacles and spread the letter out carefully. This is what he read :

"MY DEAR SON : I write this letter to commend the negro Shade to your special care and protection. He will need your protection most when it comes into your hand. I have told him that in the hour when you read these lines he may surely depend on you. He has been a faithful servant to me—and to you. No human being could be more devoted to my interests and yours than he has been. Whatever may have been his duty, he has gone far beyond it. But for him, the estate and even the homestead would have gone to the sheriff's block long ago. The fact that the mortgages have been paid is due to his devotion and his judgment. I am grateful to him, and I want my gratitude to protect him as long as he shall live. I have tried to make this plain in my will, but there may come a time when he will especially need your protection, as he has frequently needed mine. When that time comes I want you to do as I would do. I want you to stand by him as he has stood by us. To this hour he has never failed to do more than his duty where your interests and mine were concerned. It will never be necessary for him to give you this letter while I am alive ; it will come to you as a message from the grave. God bless you and keep you is the wish of your

"MOTHER."

The Colonel's hands trembled a little as he folded the letter, and he cleared his throat in a somewhat boisterous way. Uncle Shade held out his hand for the letter.

"No, no!" the Colonel cried. "It is for me. I need it a great deal worse than you do."

Thereupon he put the document in

his pocket. Then he walked off a little way and leaned against a tree. A piece of crystal quartz at his feet attracted his attention. A mussel shell was lying near. He stooped and picked them both up, and turned them over in his hand.

"What place is this?" he asked.

"Injun Bluff, suh."

"Didn't we come out here fishing once, when I was a little boy?"

"Yasser," replied Uncle Shade, with some animation. "You want so mighty little nudder. You wuz a right smart chunk of a chap, suh. We tuck'n come'd out here, an' fished, an' I got you a hankcher full er deze here quare rocks, an' you played like dey wuz diamon's, an' you up'd an' said that you liked me better'n you liked anybody 'ceppin' yo' own blood kin. But times done change, suh. I'm de same nigger, but yuther folks ain't de same."

The Colonel cleared his throat again and pulled off his spectacles, on which a mist had gathered.

"Whose land is this?" he asked presently.

"Stith Ingram's, suh."

"How far is his house?"

"Des cross dat fiel', suh."

"Well, take my hankcher and get me some more of the rocks. We'll take 'em home."

Uncle Shade gathered the specimens of quartz with alacrity. Then the two, Uncle Shade leading the horse, went across the field to Stith Ingram's, and, as they went, Jeff, the Colonel's "nigger dog," fawned first on one and then on the other with the utmost impartiality, although he was too weak to cut up many capers.

Mr. Ingram himself, fat and saucy, was sitting on his piazza when the small procession came in sight. He stared at it until he saw who composed it, and then he began to laugh.

"Well—I declare!" he exclaimed.

"Well, the great Tecumseh! Why, Colonel! Why, what in the world! I'm powerful glad to see you! Is that you, Shade? Well, take your master's horse right round to the lot and brush him up a little. Colonel, come in! It's been a mighty long time since you've darkened this door. Where've you been?"



"I've just been out training my nigger dog," the Colonel replied. "Old Shade started out before day, and just kept moving. He was in one of his tantrums, I reckon. But I'm glad of it. It gives me a chance to take dinner with you."

"Glad!" exclaimed Mr. Ingram. "Well, you ain't half as glad as I am."

That Old Shade's a caution. Maybe he was trying to get away, sure enough."

"Oh, no," replied the Colonel. "Shade knows well enough he could get away from Jeff."

That afternoon, Mr. Ingram carried the Colonel and Jeff home in his buggy and Uncle Shade rode the Colonel's horse.

## BLANDINA

*By Edward S. Martin*

BLANDINA's nice ; Blandina's fat ;  
 Joyous, and sane and sound and sweet,  
 And handsome too, and all else that  
 In persons of her years is meet.  
 Behold Blandina !  
 She's alive, and testifies  
 With all the emphasis that lies  
 In busy hands and dancing eyes  
 That life's a prize—  
 That all the mischief that provokes  
 Doubt in the matter lies in folks,  
 And that, provided folks are fit,  
 Life's not a failure ; not a bit.

Blandina loves a picture-book,  
 Blandina dearly loves a boy ;  
 She loves her dinner, loves the cook,  
 Her nurse, her doll, her brother's toy ;  
 And best of all she loves a joke,  
 And laughs at it.  
 And laughing at it testifies  
 With all the emphasis that lies  
 In joyous tones and beaming eyes,  
 That life's a prize—  
 That all the mischief that provokes  
 Doubt in the matter lies in folks,  
 And that, provided folks are fit,  
 Life's not a failure ; not a bit.



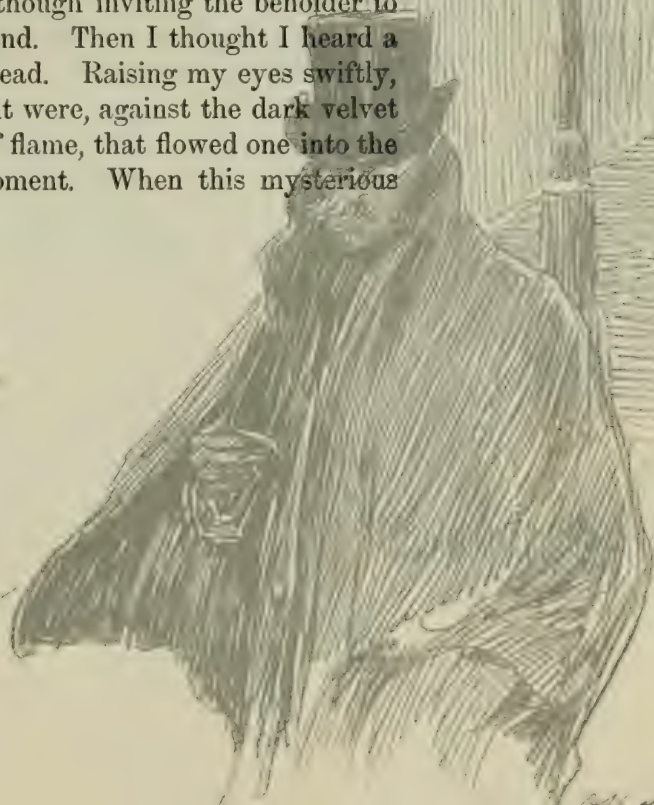
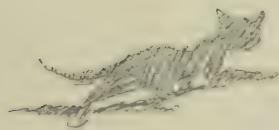
# THE KINETOSCOPE OF TIME

*By Brander Matthews*

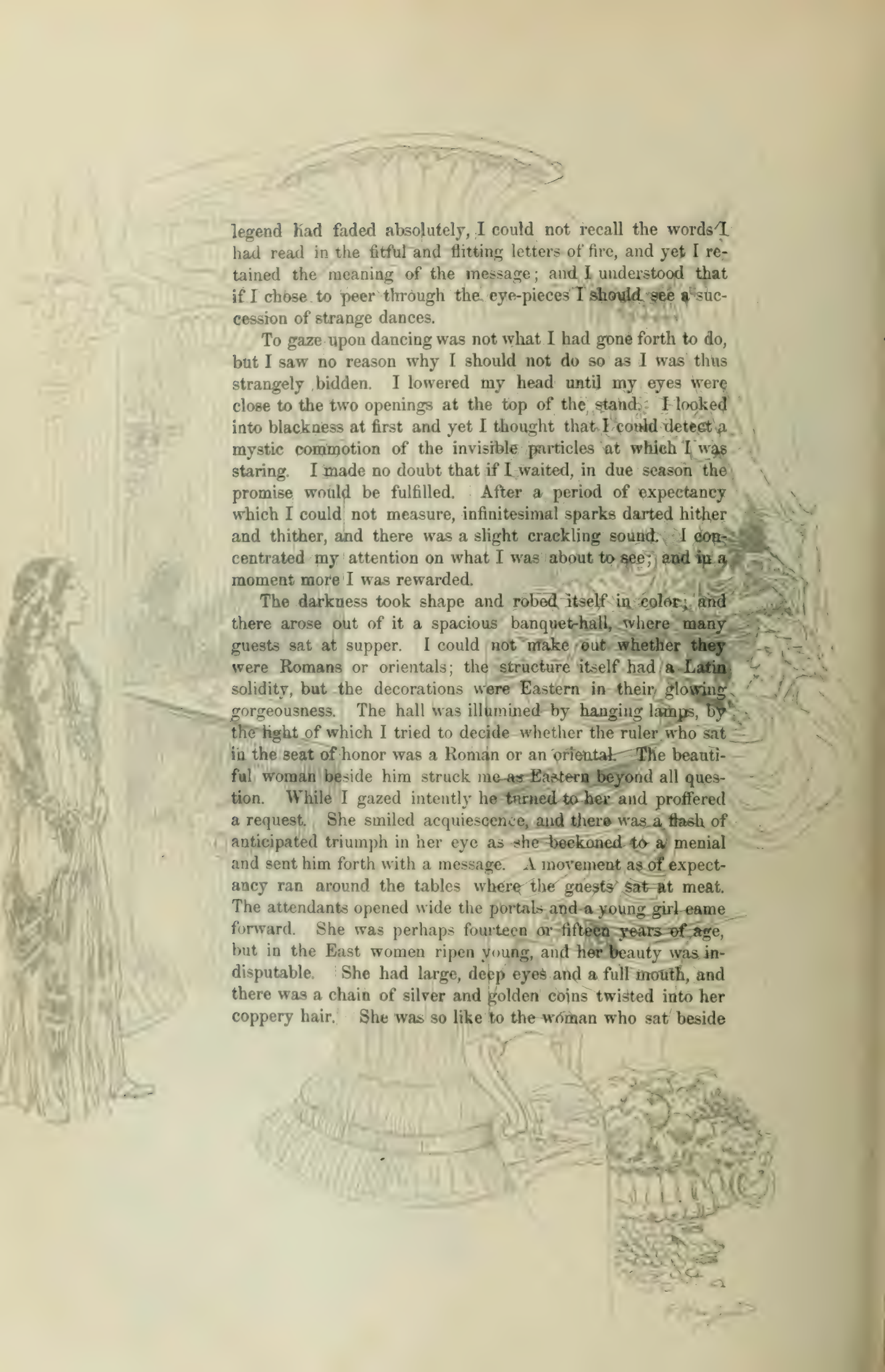
As the twelfth stroke of the bell in the tower at the corner tolled forth slowly, the midnight wind blew chill down the deserted avenue. Then it was that I found myself just inside a large circular hall. Letting the hangings fall behind me, I took three or four irresolute paces which brought me almost to the centre of the room. I saw that the walls were continuously draped with the heavy folds of soft velvet, so that I could not even guess where it was I had entered. The rotunda was bare of all furniture; there was no table in it, no chair, no sofa; nor was anything hanging from the ceiling or against the curtained walls. All that the room contained was a set of four curiously shaped narrow stands, placed over against one another at the corners of what might be a square drawn within the circle of the hall. These narrow stands were close to the curtains; they were perhaps a foot wide, each of them, or it might be a little more: they were twice or three times as long as they were wide; and they reached a height of possibly three or four feet.

Going toward one of these stands to examine it more curiously, I discovered that there were two projections from the top, resembling eye-pieces, as though inviting the beholder to gaze into the inside of the stand. Then I thought I heard a faint metallic click above my head. Raising my eyes swiftly, I read a few words written, as it were, against the dark velvet of the heavy curtains in dots of flame, that flowed one into the other and melted away in a moment. When this mysterious

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legend had faded absolutely, I could not recall the words I had read in the fitful and flitting letters of fire, and yet I retained the meaning of the message; and I understood that if I chose to peer through the eye-pieces I should see a succession of strange dances.

To gaze upon dancing was not what I had gone forth to do, but I saw no reason why I should not do so as I was thus strangely bidden. I lowered my head until my eyes were close to the two openings at the top of the stand. I looked into blackness at first and yet I thought that I could detect a mystic commotion of the invisible particles at which I was staring. I made no doubt that if I waited, in due season the promise would be fulfilled. After a period of expectancy which I could not measure, infinitesimal sparks darted hither and thither, and there was a slight crackling sound. I concentrated my attention on what I was about to see; and in a moment more I was rewarded.

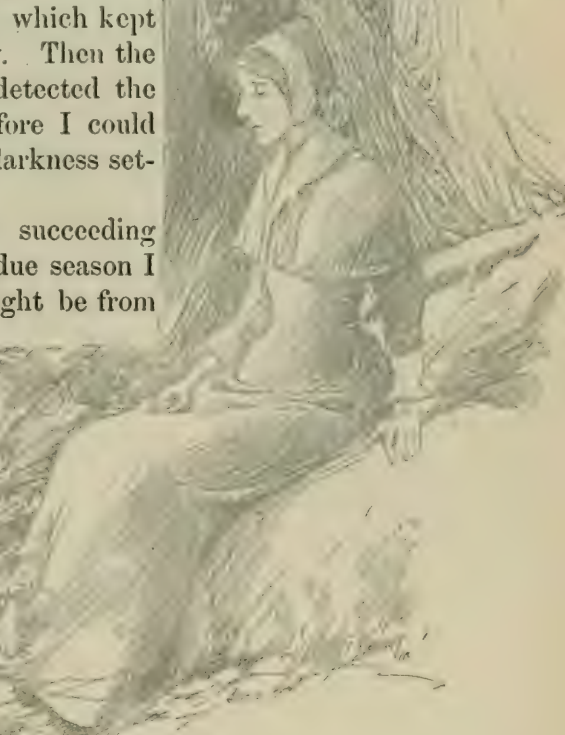
The darkness took shape and robed itself in color; and there arose out of it a spacious banquet-hall, where many guests sat at supper. I could not make out whether they were Romans or orientals; the structure itself had a Latin solidity, but the decorations were Eastern in their glowing gorgeousness. The hall was illumined by hanging lamps, by the light of which I tried to decide whether the ruler who sat in the seat of honor was a Roman or an oriental. The beautiful woman beside him struck me as Eastern beyond all question. While I gazed intently he turned to her and proffered a request. She smiled acquiescence, and there was a flash of anticipated triumph in her eye as she beckoned to a menial and sent him forth with a message. A movement as of expectancy ran around the tables where the guests sat at meat. The attendants opened wide the portals and a young girl came forward. She was perhaps fourteen or fifteen years of age, but in the East women ripen young, and her beauty was indisputable. She had large, deep eyes and a full mouth, and there was a chain of silver and golden coins twisted into her coppery hair. She was so like to the woman who sat beside



the ruler that I did not doubt them to be mother and daughter. At a word from the elder the younger began to dance; and her dance was oriental, slow at first, but holding every eye with its sensual fascination. The girl was a mistress of the art; and not a man in the room withdrew his gaze from her till she made an end and stood motionless before the ruler. He said a few words I could not hear, and then the daughter turned to the mother for guidance; and again I caught the flash of triumph in the elder woman's eye and on her face the suggestion of a hatred about to be glutted. And then the light faded and the darkness settled down on the scene and I saw no more.

I did not raise my head from the stand, for I felt sure that this was not all I was to behold; and in a few moments there came a faint glow that grew until I saw clearly as in the morning sun the glade of a forest through which a brook rippled. A sad-faced woman sat on a stone by the side of the streamlet, her gray garments set off the strange ornament in the fashion of a single letter of the alphabet that was embroidered in gold and in scarlet over her heart. Visible at some distance was a little girl, like a bright-apparelled vision, in a sunbeam, which fell down upon her through an arch of boughs. The ray quivered to and fro, making her figure dim or distinct, now like a real child, now like a child's spirit, as the splendor came and went. With violets and anemones and columbines the little girl had decorated her hair. The mother looked at the child and the child danced and sparkled and prattled airily along the course of the streamlet, which kept up a babble, kind, quiet, soothing, but melancholy. Then the mother raised her head as though her ears had detected the approach of some one through the wood. But before I could see who this new-comer might be, once more the darkness settled down upon the scene.

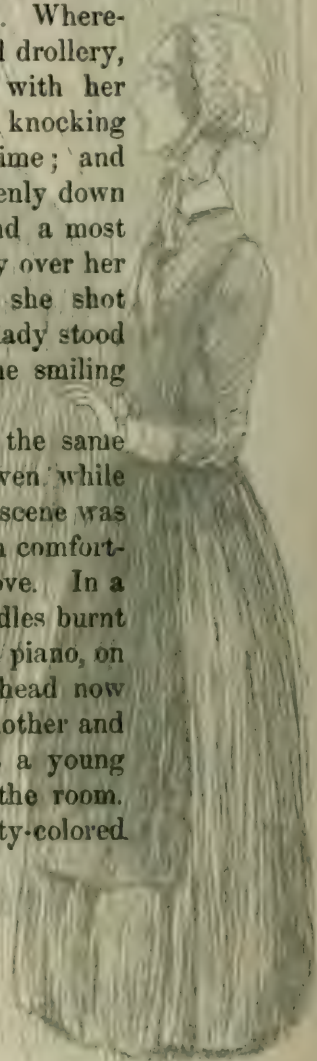
This time I knew the interval between the succeeding visions, and I waited without impatience; and in due season I found myself gazing at a picture as different as might be from any I had yet beheld.





In the broad parlor of a house that seemed to be spacious, a middle-aged lady of an appearance at once austere and kindly, was looking at a smiling gentleman who was coming toward her pulling along a little negro girl about eight or nine years of age. She was one of the blackest of her race; and her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her woolly hair was braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction. She was dressed in a single filthy ragged garment, made of bagging; and altogether there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance. The severe old maid examined this strange creature in dismay and then directed a glance of inquiry at the gentleman in white. He smiled again and gave a signal to the little negro girl. Whereupon the black eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and apparently she began to sing, keeping time with her hands and feet, spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together, in a wild fantastic sort of time; and finally, turning a somersault or two, she came suddenly down on the carpet, and stood with her hands folded, and a most sanctimonious expression of meekness and solemnity over her face, only broken by the cunning glances which she shot askance from the corners of her eyes. The elderly lady stood silent, perfectly paralyzed with amazement, while the smiling gentleman in white was amused at her astonishment.

Once more the vision faded. And when, after the same interval, the darkness began to disappear again, even while everything was dim and indistinct I knew that the scene was shifted from the South to the North. I saw a room comfortably furnished, with a fire burning in a porcelain stove. In a corner stood a stripped Christmas-tree, with its candles burnt out. Against the wall between the two doors was a piano, on which a man was playing—a man who twisted his head now and again to look over his shoulder, sometimes at another and younger man standing by the stove, sometimes at a young woman who was dancing alone in the centre of the room. This young woman had draped herself in a long party-colored





shawl and she held a tambourine in her hand. There was in her eyes a look of fear, as of one conscious of an impending misfortune. As I gazed she danced more and more wildly. The man standing by the porcelain stove was apparently making suggestions, to which she paid no heed. At last her hair broke loose and fell over her shoulders; and even this she did not notice, going on with her dancing as though it were a matter of life and death. Then one of the doors opened and another woman stood on the threshold. The man at the piano ceased playing and left the instrument. The dancer paused unwillingly, and looked pleadingly up into the face of the younger man as he came forward and put his arm around her.

And then once more the light died away and I found myself peering into a void blackness. This time, though I waited long, there were no crackling sparks announcing another inexplicable vision. I peered intently into the stand, but I saw nothing. At last I raised my head and looked about me. Then on the hangings over another of the four stands, over the one opposite to that into which I had been looking, there appeared another message, the letters melting one into another in lines of liquid light; and this told me that in the other stand I could, if I chose, gaze upon combats as memorable as the delectable dances I had been beholding.

I made no hesitation, but crossed the room and took my place before the other stand and began at once to look through the projecting eye-pieces. No sooner had I taken this position than the dots of fire darted across the depth into which I was gazing and then there came a full clear light as of a cloudless sky and I saw the walls of an ancient city. At the gates of the city there stood a young man, and toward him there ran a warrior, brandishing a spear, while the bronze of his helmet and his armor gleamed in the sunlight. And trembling seized the young man and he fled in fear; and the warrior darted after him, trusting in his swift feet. Valiant was the flier, but far mightier he who fleetingly pursued him. At last the young man took heart and made a stand against the warrior. They faced each other in fight. The warrior



hurled his spear and it went over the young man's head. And the young man then hurled his spear in turn and it struck fair upon the centre of the warrior's shield. Then the young man drew his sharp sword that by his flank hung great and strong. But by some magic the warrior had recovered his spear; and as the young man came forward, he hurled it again and it drove through the neck of the young man, at the joint of his armor, and he fell in the dust. After that the sun was darkened; and in a moment more I was looking into an empty blackness.

When the next scene grew slowly into view the country I beheld was soaking in the hot sunlight of the South, and I saw a mounted knight in armor. He was old and thin and worn; and his armor was broken and pieced; and his helmet was but a barber's basin; and his steed was a pitiful skeleton. His countenance was sorrowful indeed; but there was that in his manner which would stop any man from denying his nobility. His eye was fired with a high purpose and a lofty resolve. In the distance before him were a group of windmills waving their arms in the air; and the knight urged forward his wretched horse as though to charge them. Upon an ass behind him was a fellow of the baser sort, a genial, simple follower, seemingly serving him as his squire. As the knight pricked forward his sorry steed and couched his lance, the attendant apparently appealed to him, and tried to explain, and even ventured on expostulation. But the knight gave no heed to the protests of the squire, who shook his head and dutifully followed his master. What the issue of this unequal combat was to be I could not see, for the inexorable veil of darkness fell swiftly.

Even after the stray sparks had again flitted through the blackness into which I was gazing, daylight did not return; and it was with difficulty I was able at last to make out a vague street in a mediæval city, doubtfully outlined by the hidden moon. From a window, high above the stones, there came a faint glimmer. Under this window stood a soldier, worn with the wars, who carried himself as though glad now





to be at home again. He seemed to hear approaching feet, and he withdrew into the shadow, as two others advanced. One of these was a handsome youth, with an eager face, in which spirituality and sensuality contended. The other was older, of an uncertain age, and his expression was mocking and evil; he carried some sort of musical instrument, and to this he seemed to sing while the younger man looked up at the window. The soldier came forward angrily and dashed the instrument to the ground with his sword. Then the newcomers drew also, and the elder guarded while the younger thrust. There were a few swift passes, and then the younger of the two lunged fiercely and the soldier fell back on the stones wounded to the death. Without a glance behind them the two who had withstood his onslaught withdrew, as the window above opened and a fair-haired girl leaned forth.

Then nothing was visible; until after an interval the light once more returned and I saw a sadder scene than any yet. In a hollow of the bare mountains a little knot of men in dark blue uniforms were centred about their commander, whose long locks floated from beneath his broad hat. Around this small band of no more than a score of soldiers, thousands of red Indians were raging, with exultant hate in their eyes. The bodies of dead comrades lay in narrowing circles about the thinning group of blue coats. The red men were picking off their few surviving foes, one by one; and the white men could do nothing, for their cartridges were all gone. They stood at bay, valiant and defiant, despite their many wounds; but the line of their implacable foemen was drawn tighter and tighter about them, and one after another they fell forward dying or dead, until at last only the long-haired commander was left, sore wounded but unconquered in spirit.

When this picture of brave men facing death fearlessly was at last dissolved into darkness like the others that had gone before, I had an inward monition that it was the last that would be shown to me; and so it was, for although I kept my place at the stand for two or three minutes more, no warning sparks dispersed the opaque depth.



When I raised my head from the eye-pieces, I became conscious that I was not alone. Almost in the centre of the circular hall stood a middle-aged man of distinguished appearance, whose eyes were fixed upon me. I wondered who he was, and whence he had come, and how he had entered, and what it might be that he wished with me. I caught a glimpse of a smile that lurked vaguely on his lips. Neither this smile nor the expression of his eyes were forbidding, though both were uncanny and inexplicable. He seemed to be conscious of a remoteness which would render futile any effort of his toward friendliness.

How long we stood thus staring the one at the other I do not know. My heart beat heavily and my tongue refused to move when at last I tried to break the silence.

Then he spoke, and his voice was low and strong and sweet.

"You are welcome," he began, and I noted that the accent was slightly foreign, Italian perhaps, or it might be French. "I am glad always to show the visions I have under my control to those who will appreciate them."

I tried to stammer forth a few words of thanks and of praise for what I had seen.

"Did you recognize the strange scenes shown to you by these two instruments?" he asked, after bowing gently in acknowledgment of my awkward compliments.

Then I plucked up courage and made bold to express to him the surprise I had felt, not only at the marvellous vividness with which the actions had been repeated before my eyes, like life itself in form and in color and in motion, but also at the startling fact that some of the things I had been shown were true and some were false. Some of them had happened actually to real men and women of flesh and blood, while others were but bits of the vain imagining of those who tell tales as an art and as a means of livelihood.

I expressed myself as best I could, clumsily, no doubt; but he listened patiently and with the smile of toleration on his lips.



"Yes," he answered, "I understand your surprise that the facts and the fictions are mingled together in these visions of mine as though there was little to choose between them. You are not the first to wonder or to express that wonder; and the rest of them were young like you. When you are as old as I am—when you have lived as long as I—when you have seen as much of life as I—then you will know, as I know, that fact is often inferior to fiction, and that it is often also, one and the same thing; for is not what might have been quite as true as what actually was?"

I did not know what to say in answer to this, and so I said nothing.

"What would you say to me," he went on, and now it seemed to me that his smile suggested rather pitying condescension than kindly toleration, "what would you say to me, if I were to tell you that I myself have seen all the many visions unrolled before you in these instruments? What would you say, if I declared that I had gazed on the dances of Salome and of little Pearl? that I had beheld the combat of Achilles and Hector and the unequal duel of Faust and Valentine?"

"You are not Time himself?" I asked in amaze.

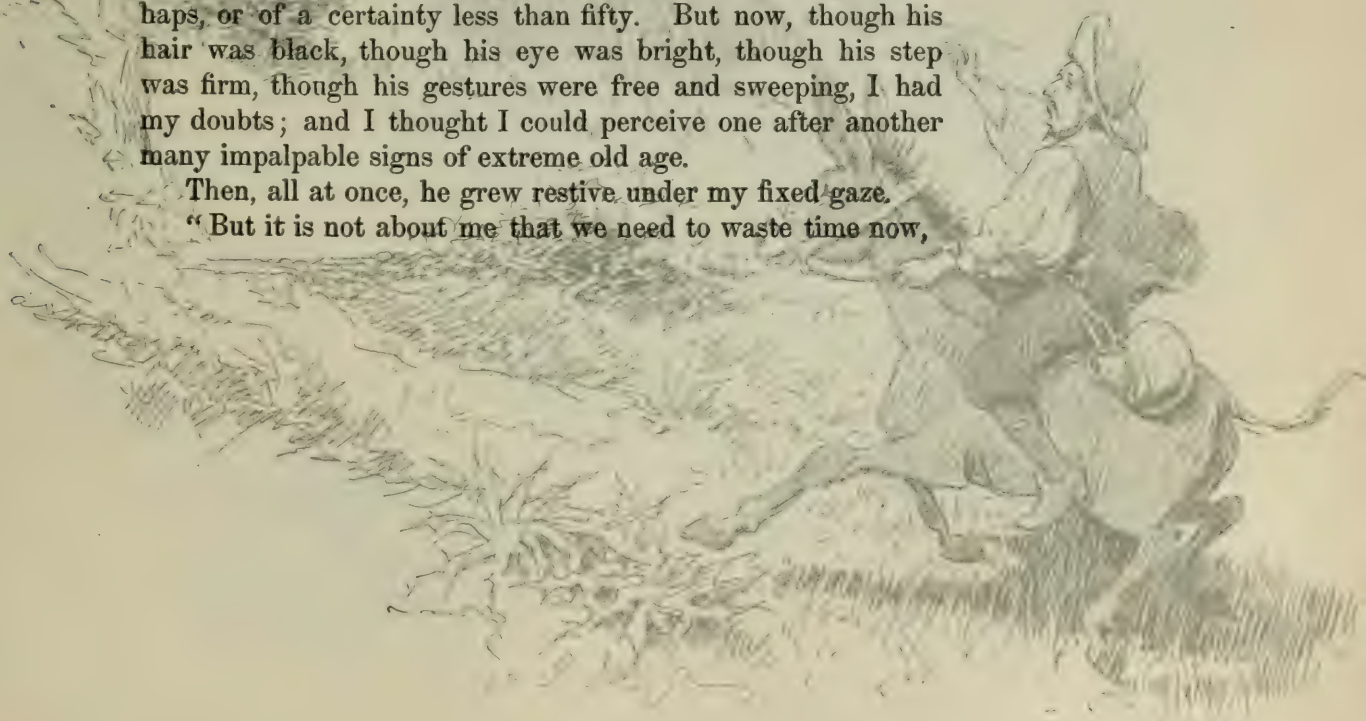
He laughed lightly and without bitterness or mockery.

"No," he answered, promptly, "I am not Time himself. And why should you think so? Have I a scythe? Have I an hour-glass? Have I a forelock? Do I look so very old then?"

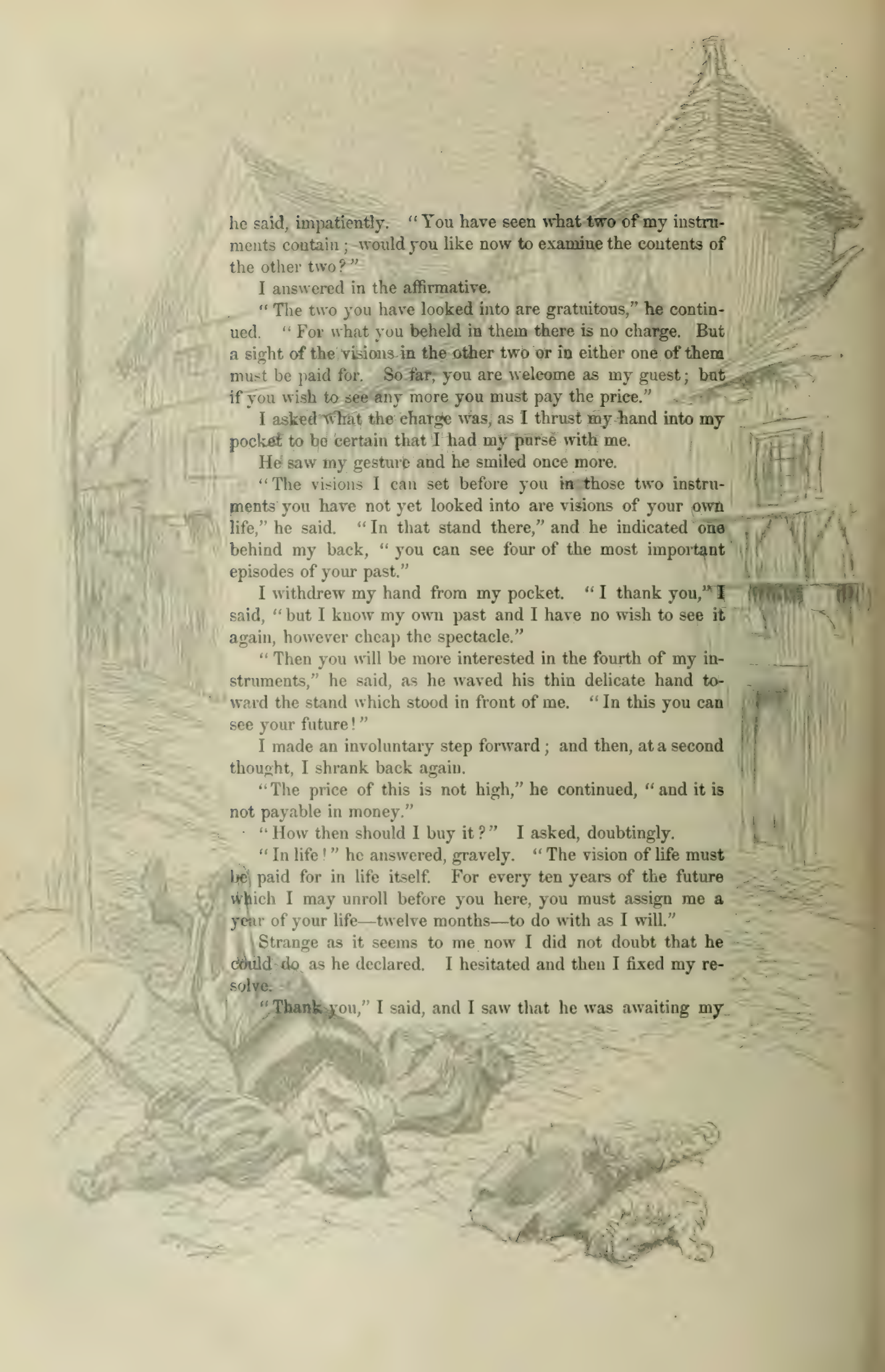
I examined him more carefully to answer this last question, and the more I scrutinized him the more difficult I found it to declare his age. At first I had thought him to be forty, perhaps, or of a certainty less than fifty. But now, though his hair was black, though his eye was bright, though his step was firm, though his gestures were free and sweeping, I had my doubts; and I thought I could perceive one after another many impalpable signs of extreme old age.

Then, all at once, he grew restive under my fixed gaze.

"But it is not about me that we need to waste time now,







he said, impatiently. "You have seen what two of my instruments contain; would you like now to examine the contents of the other two?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"The two you have looked into are gratuitous," he continued. "For what you beheld in them there is no charge. But a sight of the visions in the other two or in either one of them must be paid for. So far, you are welcome as my guest; but if you wish to see any more you must pay the price."

I asked what the charge was, as I thrust my hand into my pocket to be certain that I had my purse with me.

He saw my gesture and he smiled once more.

"The visions I can set before you in those two instruments you have not yet looked into are visions of your own life," he said. "In that stand there," and he indicated one behind my back, "you can see four of the most important episodes of your past."

I withdrew my hand from my pocket. "I thank you," I said, "but I know my own past and I have no wish to see it again, however cheap the spectacle."

"Then you will be more interested in the fourth of my instruments," he said, as he waved his thin delicate hand toward the stand which stood in front of me. "In this you can see your future!"

I made an involuntary step forward; and then, at a second thought, I shrank back again.

"The price of this is not high," he continued, "and it is not payable in money."

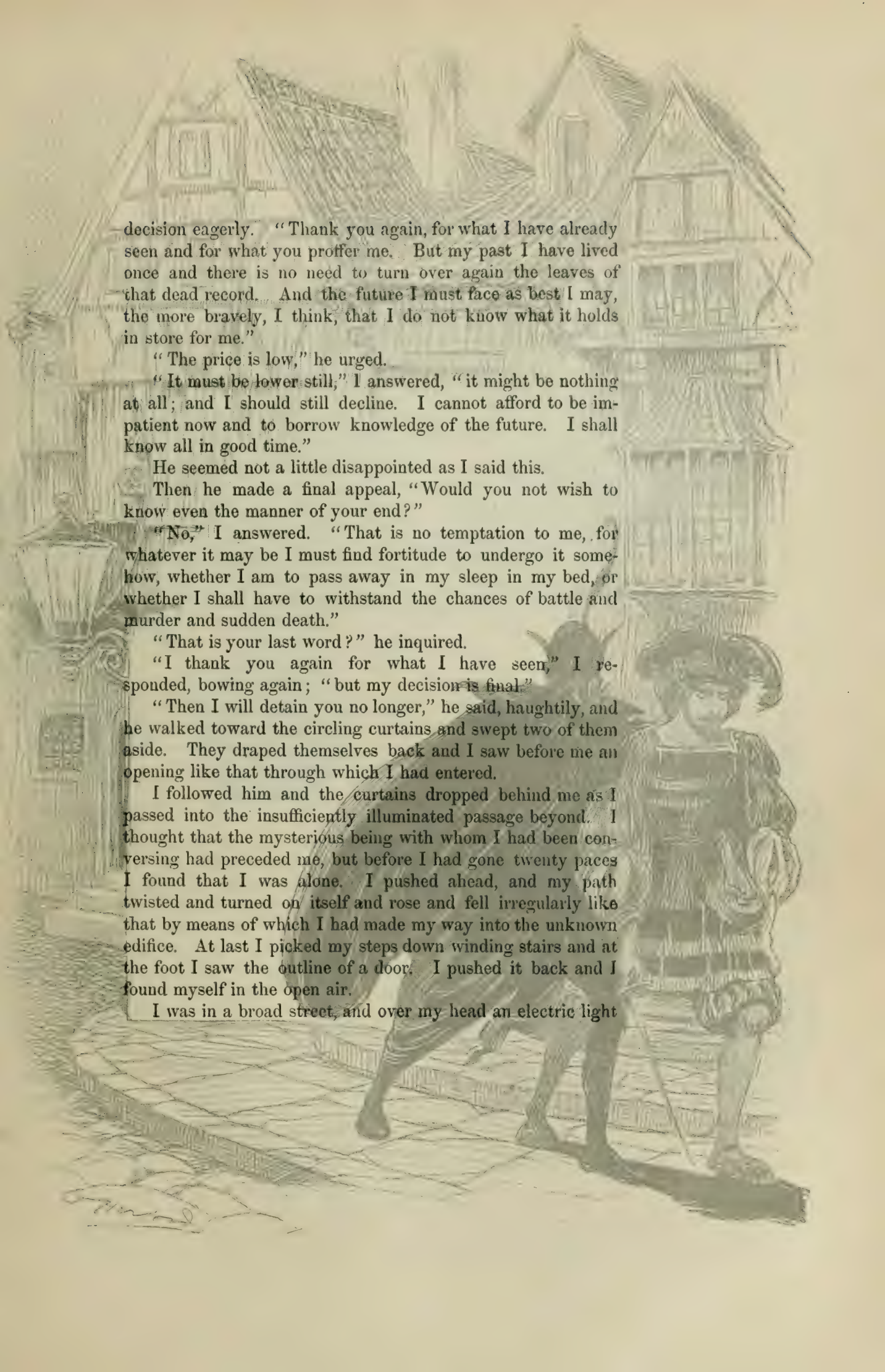
"How then should I buy it?" I asked, doubtingly.

"In life!" he answered, gravely. "The vision of life must be paid for in life itself. For every ten years of the future which I may unroll before you here, you must assign me a year of your life—twelve months—to do with as I will."

Strange as it seems to me now I did not doubt that he could do as he declared. I hesitated and then I fixed my resolve.

"Thank you," I said, and I saw that he was awaiting my





decision eagerly. "Thank you again, for what I have already seen and for what you proffer me. But my past I have lived once and there is no need to turn over again the leaves of that dead record. And the future I must face as best I may, the more bravely, I think, that I do not know what it holds in store for me."

"The price is low," he urged.

"It must be lower still," I answered, "it might be nothing at all; and I should still decline. I cannot afford to be impatient now and to borrow knowledge of the future. I shall know all in good time."

He seemed not a little disappointed as I said this.

Then he made a final appeal, "Would you not wish to know even the manner of your end?"

"No," I answered. "That is no temptation to me, for whatever it may be I must find fortitude to undergo it somehow, whether I am to pass away in my sleep in my bed, or whether I shall have to withstand the chances of battle and murder and sudden death."

"That is your last word?" he inquired.

"I thank you again for what I have seen," I responded, bowing again; "but my decision is final."

"Then I will detain you no longer," he said, haughtily, and he walked toward the circling curtains and swept two of them aside. They draped themselves back and I saw before me an opening like that through which I had entered.

I followed him and the curtains dropped behind me as I passed into the insufficiently illuminated passage beyond. I thought that the mysterious being with whom I had been conversing had preceded me, but before I had gone twenty paces I found that I was alone. I pushed ahead, and my path twisted and turned on itself and rose and fell irregularly like that by means of which I had made my way into the unknown edifice. At last I picked my steps down winding stairs and at the foot I saw the outline of a door. I pushed it back and I found myself in the open air.

I was in a broad street, and over my head an electric light

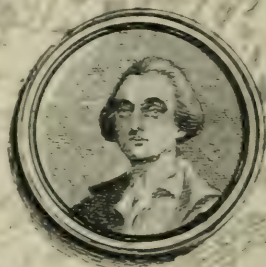


suddenly flared out and whitewashed the pavement at my feet. At the corner a train of the elevated railroad rushed by with a clattering roar and a trailing plume of white steam. Then a cable-car clanged past with incessant bangs upon its gong. Thus it was that I came back to the world of actuality.

I turned to get my bearings that I might find my way home again. I was standing almost in front of a shop the windows of which were filled with framed engravings.

One of these caught my eye, and I confess that I was surprised. It was a portrait of a man—it was the portrait of a man with whom I had been talking.

I went close to the window that I might see it better. The electric light emphasized the lines of the high-bred face, with its sombre searching eyes and the air of old-world breeding. There could be no doubt whatever, that the original of this portrait was the man from whom I had just parted. By the costume I knew that the original had lived in the last century; and the legend beneath the head, engraved in a flowing script, asserted this to be a likeness of



*Monsieur le Comte de Cagliostro.*





# THE STAYING POWER OF SIR ROHAN



BY FRANK R. STOCKTON

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

**D**URING the winter in which I reached my twenty-fifth year, I lived with my mother's brother, Dr. Alfred Morris, in Warburton, a small country town, and I was there beginning the practice of medicine. I had been graduated in the spring, and my uncle earnestly advised me to come to him and act as his assistant, which advice, considering the fact that he was an elderly man, and that I might hope to succeed him in his excellent practice, was considered good advice by myself and my family.

At this time I practised very little, but learned a great deal, for as I often accompanied my uncle on his professional visits, I could not have taken a better post-graduate course. I had an invitation to spend the Christmas of that year with the Collingwoods, who had opened their country house, about twelve miles from Warburton, for the entertainment of a holiday house-party.

I had gladly accepted the invitation, and on the day before Christmas I went to the livery stable in the village to hire a horse and sleigh for the trip. At the

stable I met "Uncle Beamish," who had also come to hire a conveyance.

Uncle Beamish, as he was generally called in the village, although I am sure he had no nephews or nieces in the place, was an elderly man who had retired from some business, I know not what, and was apparently quite able to live upon whatever income he had. He was a good man, rather illiterate, but very shrewd. Generous in good works, I do not think he was fond of giving away money, but his services were at the call of all who needed them.

I liked Uncle Beamish very much, for he was not only a good story-teller, but he was willing to listen to my stories, and when I found he wanted to hire a horse and sleigh to go to the house of his married sister, with whom he intended to spend Christmas, and that his sister lived on Upper Hill turnpike, on which road the Collingwood house was situated, I proposed that we should hire a sleigh together.

"That will suit me," said Uncle Beamish. "There couldn't have been a better fit if I had been measured for it. Less



than half a mile after you turn into the turnpike, you pass my sister's house, then you can drop me and go on to the Collingwoods, which I should say isn't more than three miles further."

The arrangement was made, a horse and sleigh ordered, and early in the afternoon we started from Warburton.

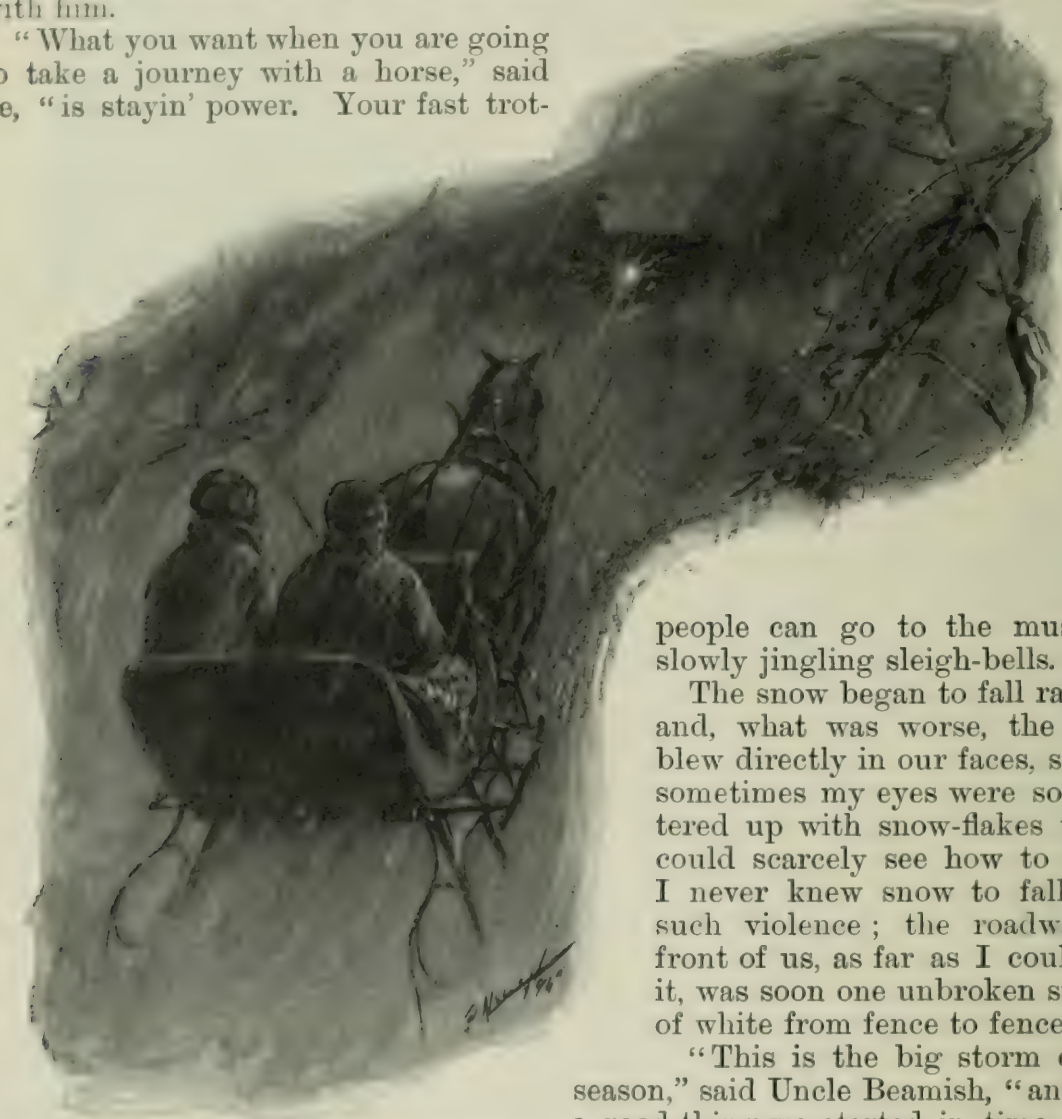
The sleighing was good, but the same could not be said of the horse; he was a big roan, powerful and steady, but entirely too deliberate in action. Uncle Beamish, however, was quite satisfied with him.

"What you want when you are going to take a journey with a horse," said he, "is stayin' power. Your fast trot-

"Now," said I, giving the roan a useless cut, "what we ought to have is a fast horse, so that we may get there before there is a storm."

"No, Doctor, you're wrong," said Uncle Beamish. "What we want is a strong horse that will take us there whether it storms or not, and we have got him. And who cares for a little snow that won't hurt nobody."

I did not care for snow, and we turned up our collars and went as merrily as



At last we saw, not far in front of us, a light.—Page 747.

ter is all very well for a mile or two, but if I have got to go into the country in winter, give me a horse like this."

I did not agree with him, but we jogged along quite pleasantly until the afternoon grew prematurely dark and it began to snow.

people can go to the music of slowly jingling sleigh-bells.

The snow began to fall rapidly, and, what was worse, the wind blew directly in our faces, so that sometimes my eyes were so plastered up with snow-flakes that I could scarcely see how to drive. I never knew snow to fall with such violence; the roadway in front of us, as far as I could see it, was soon one unbroken stretch of white from fence to fence.

"This is the big storm of the season," said Uncle Beamish, "and it is a good thing we started in time, for if the wind keeps blowin', this road will be pretty hard to travel in a couple of hours."

In about half an hour the wind lulled a little and I could get a better view of our surroundings, although I could not see very far through the swiftly descending snow.

"I was thinkin'," said Uncle Beamish,



"that it might be a good idee, when we get to Crocker's place, to stop a little, and let you warm your fingers and nose. Crocker's is rather more than half-way to the pike."

"Oh, I do not want to stop anywhere," I replied, quickly; "I am all right."

Nothing was said for some time and then Uncle Beamish remarked:

"I don't want to stop any more than you do, but it does seem strange that we ain't passed Crocker's yit; we could hardly miss his house, it is so close to the road. This horse is slow, but I tell you one thing, Doctor, he's improvin'; he is goin' better than he did. That's the way with this kind; it takes them a good while to get warmed up, but they keep on gettin' fresher instead of tired."

The big roan was going better, but still we did not reach Crocker's, which disappointed Uncle Beamish, who wanted to be assured that the greater part of his journey was over.

"We must have passed it," he said, "when the snow was so blindin'."

I did not wish to discourage him by saying that I did not think we had yet reached Crocker's, but I believed I had a much better appreciation of our horse's slowness than he had.

Again the wind began to blow in our faces, and the snow fell faster, but the violence of the storm seemed to encourage our horse, for his pace was now greatly increased.

"That's the sort of beast to have," exclaimed Uncle Beamish, spluttering as the snow blew in his mouth; "he is gettin' his spirits up just when they are most wanted. We must have passed Crocker's a good while ago, and it can't be long before we get to the pike; and it's time we was there, for it's darkenin'."

On and on we went, but still we did not reach the pike. We had lost a great deal of time during the first part of the journey and, although the horse was travelling so much better now, his pace was below the average of good roadsters.

"When we get to the pike," said Uncle Beamish, "you can't miss it, for this road doesn't cross it; all you've

got to do is to turn to the left, and in ten minutes you will see the lights in my sister's house; and I'll tell you, Doctor, if you would like to stop there for the night, she'd be mighty glad to have you."

"Much obliged," replied I, "but I shall go on, it's not late yet, and I can reach the Collingwoods in good time."

We now drove on in silence, our horse actually arching his neck as he thumped through the snow. Drifts had begun to form across the road, but through these he bravely plunged.

"Stayin' power is what we want, Doctor," exclaimed Uncle Beamish; "where would your fast trotter be in drifts like these, I'd like to know? We got the right horse when we got this one, but I wish we had been goin' this way all the time."

It grew darker and darker, but at last we saw not far in front of us a light.

"That beats me," said Uncle Beamish, "I don't remember no other house so near the road. It can't be we ain't passed Crocker's yit. If we ain't got no funder than that, I'm in favor of stoppin'. I'm not afraid of a snow-storm, but I ain't a fool nuther, and if we haven't got funder than Crocker's it will be foolhardy to try to push on through the dark and these big drifts which will be gettin' bigger."

I did not give it up so easily. I greatly wished to reach my destination that night. But there were three wills in the party, and one of them belonged to the horse. Before I had any idea of such a thing the animal made a sudden turn, too sudden for safety, passed through a wide gateway, and after a few rapid bounds which, to my surprise, I could not restrain, he stopped suddenly.

"Hello!" exclaimed Uncle Beamish, peering forward, "here's a barn-door," and he immediately began to throw off the fur robe that covered our knees.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'm goin' to open the barn-door and let the horse go in," said he, "he seems to want to. I don't know whether this is Crocker's barn or not, it don't look like it, but I may be mistaken. Anyway we will let the horse in and then go to the house. This ain't no night





She made but a step into the room and stood holding the door.—Page 749.

to be travellin' any further, Doctor, and that is the long and the short of it. If the people here ain't Crockers, I guess they are Christians!"

I had not much time to consider the situation, for while he had been speaking, Uncle Beamish had waded through the snow, and finding the barn-door unfastened had slid it to one side. Instantly the horse entered the dark barn, fortunately finding nothing in his way.

"Now," said Uncle Beamish, "if we can get somethin' to tie him so that he don't do no mischief, we can leave him here and go up to the house."

I carried a pocket lantern, and quickly lighted it.

"By George!" said Uncle Beamish, as I held up the lantern, "this ain't much of a barn, it's no more than a wagon-house; it ain't Crocker's—but no matter—we'll go up to the house. Here is a hitchin' rope."

We fastened the horse, threw a robe over him, shut the barn-door behind us,

and slowly made our way to the back of the house, in which there was a lighted window. Mounting a little portico we reached a door, and were about to knock, when it was opened for us. A woman, plainly a servant, stood in a kitchen, light and warm.

"Come right in," she said, "I heard your bells. Did you put your horse in the barn?"

"Yes," said Uncle Beamish, "and now we would like to see——"

"All right," interrupted the woman, moving toward an inner door. "Just wait here for a minute; I'm going right up to tell her."

"I don't know this place," said Uncle Beamish, as we stood by the kitchen stove, "but I expect it belongs to a widow woman."

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"'Cause she said she was goin' to tell *her*. If there had been a man in the house she would have gone to tell *him*."



In a few moments the woman returned.

"She says you are to take off your wet things, and then go into the sitting-room. She'll be down in a minute."

I looked at Uncle Beamish, thinking it was his right to make explanations, but, giving me a little wink, he began to take off his overcoat. It was plain to perceive that Uncle Beamish desired to assume that a place of refuge would be offered us.

"It's an awful bad night," he said to the woman, as he sat down to take off his Arctic overshoes.

"It's all that," said she. "You may hang your coats over them chairs; it won't matter if they do drip on this bare floor. Now, then, come right into the sitting-room."

In spite of my disappointment, I was glad to be in a warm house, and hoped we might be able to stay there. I could hear the storm beating furiously against the window-panes behind the drawn shades. There was a stove in the sitting-room, and a large lamp.

"Sit down," said the woman, "she will be here in a minute."

"It strikes me," said Uncle Beamish, when we were left alone, "that somebody is expected in this house, most likely to spend Christmas, and that we are mistook for them, whoever they are."

"I have the same idea," I replied, "and we must explain as soon as possible."

"Of course we will do that," said he, "but I can tell you one thing: whoever is expected ain't comin', for they can't get here. But we've got to stay here to-night, no matter who comes or doesn't come, and we've got to be keerful in speaking to the woman of the house. If she is one kind of a person, we can offer to pay for lodgin's and horse-feed; but if she is another kind, we must steer clear of mentionin' any pay, for it will make her mad. You had better leave the explainin' business to me."

I was about to reply that I was more than willing to do so, when the door opened and a person entered—evidently the mistress of the house. She was tall and thin, past middle age,

and plainly dressed. Her pale countenance wore a defiant look, and behind her spectacles blazed a pair of dark eyes, which, after an instant's survey of her visitors, were fixed steadily upon me. She made but a step into the room, and stood holding the door. We both rose from our chairs.

"You can sit down again," she said sharply to me, "I don't want you." "Now, sir," she continued, turning to Uncle Beamish, "please come with me."

Uncle Beamish gave a glance of surprise at me, but he immediately followed the old lady out of the room, and the door was closed behind them.

For ten minutes, at least, I sat quietly waiting to see what would happen next; very much surprised at the remark that had been made to me, and wondering at Uncle Beamish's protracted absence. Suddenly he entered the room and closed the door.

"Here's a go," said he, slapping his leg, but very gently; "we're mistook the worst kind, we're mistook for doctors."

"That is only half a mistake," said I. "What is the matter, and what can I do?"

"Nothin'," said he quickly, "that is, nothin' your own self. Just the minute she got me outside that door she began pitchin' into you. 'I suppose that's young Dr. Glover,' said she. I told her it was, and then she went on to say, givin' me no chance to explain nothin', that she didn't want to have anything to do with you, that she thought it was a shame to turn people's houses into paupers' hospitals for the purpose of teaching medical students; that she had heard of you, and what she had heard she hadn't liked. All this time she kept goin' upstairs and I follerin' her, and the fust thing I knowed she opened a door and went into a room and I went in after her, and there, in a bed, was a patient of some kind. I was tuk back dreadful, for the state of the case came to me like a flash. Your uncle had been sent for and I was mistook for him. Now, what to say was a puzzle to me and I began to think pretty fast. It was an awkward business to have to explain things to that sharp-set old woman. The fact is I didn't know



how to begin and was a good deal afraid besides, but she didn't give me no time for considerin'. 'I think it's her brain,' said she, 'but perhaps you'll know better. Catherine, uncover your head!' and with that the patient turned over a little and uncovered her head, which she had had the sheet over. It was a young woman, and she gave me a good look, but she didn't say nothin'. Now I was in a state of mind."

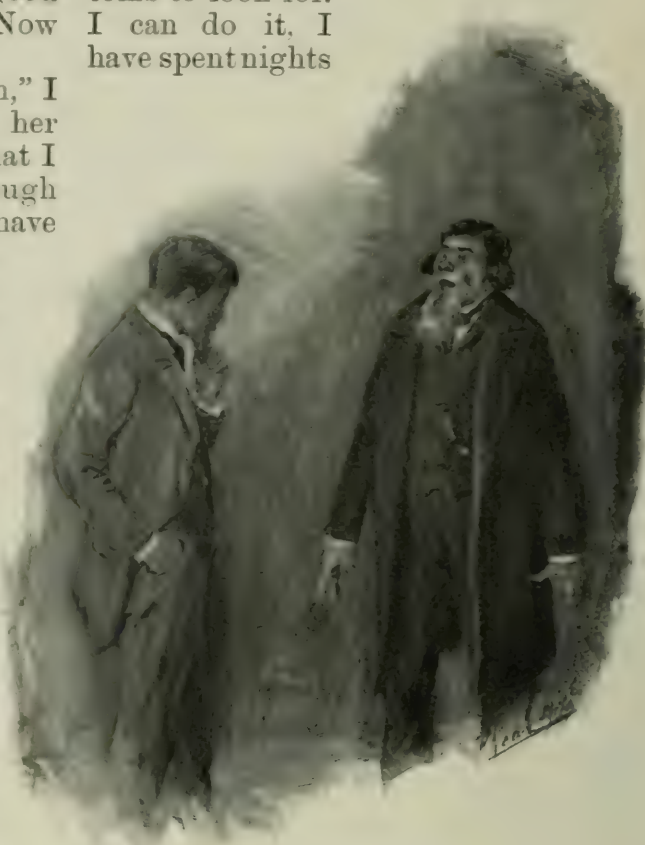
"Of course you must have been," I answered. "Why didn't you tell her that you were not a doctor, but that I was. It would have been easy enough to explain matters; she might have thought my uncle could not come and he had sent me, and that you had come along for company. The patient ought to be attended to without delay."

"She's got to be attended to," said Uncle Beamish. "or else there will be a row and we'll have to travel—storm or no storm; but if you had heard what that old woman said about young doctors, and you in particular, you would know that you wasn't goin' to have anything to do with this case, at least you wouldn't show in it. But I've got no more time for talkin'; I came down here on business. When the old lady said 'Catherine, hold out your hand!' and she held it out, I had nothin' to do but step up and feel her pulse. I know how to do that, for I have done a lot of nussin' in my life, and then it seemed nat'ral to ask her to put out her tongue, and when she did it I gave a look at it and nodded my head. 'Do you think it is her brain?' said the old woman, half whisperin'. 'Can't say anything about that, yit,' said I, 'I must go downstairs and get the medicine case. The fust thing to do is to give her a draught, and I will bring it up to her as soon as it is mixed.' You have got a pocket medicine case with you, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," said I, "it is in my overcoat."

"I knowed it," said Uncle Beamish. "An old doctor might go visitin' without his medicine case, but a young one would be sure to take it along, no matter where he was goin'. Now you get it, please, quick."

"My notion is," said he, when I returned from the kitchen with the case, "that you mix somethin' that might soothe her a little, if she has got anything the matter with her brain, and what won't hurt her if she hasn't; and then, when I take it up to her, you tell me what symptoms to look for. I can do it, I have spent nights



"If I could get a drop of her blood," said I.—Page 752.

looking for symptoms. Then, when I come down and report, you might send her up somethin' that would keep her from gettin' any wuss till the doctor can come in the mornin', for he ain't comin' here to-night."

"A very good plan," said I. "Now, what can I give her? What is the patient's age?"

"Oh, her age don't matter much," said Uncle Beamish, impatiently; "she may be twenty, more or less, and any mild stuff will do to begin with."

"I will give her some sweet spirits of nitre," said I, taking out a little vial. "Will you ask the servant for a glass of water and a teaspoon?"

"Now, then," said I, when I had quickly prepared the mixture, "she



can have a teaspoonful of this and another in ten minutes, and then we will see whether we will go on with it or not."

"And what am I to look for?" said he.

"In the first place," said I, producing a clinical thermometer, "you must take her temperature; you know how to do that?"

"Oh, yes," said he, "I have done it hundreds of times; she must hold it in her mouth five minutes."

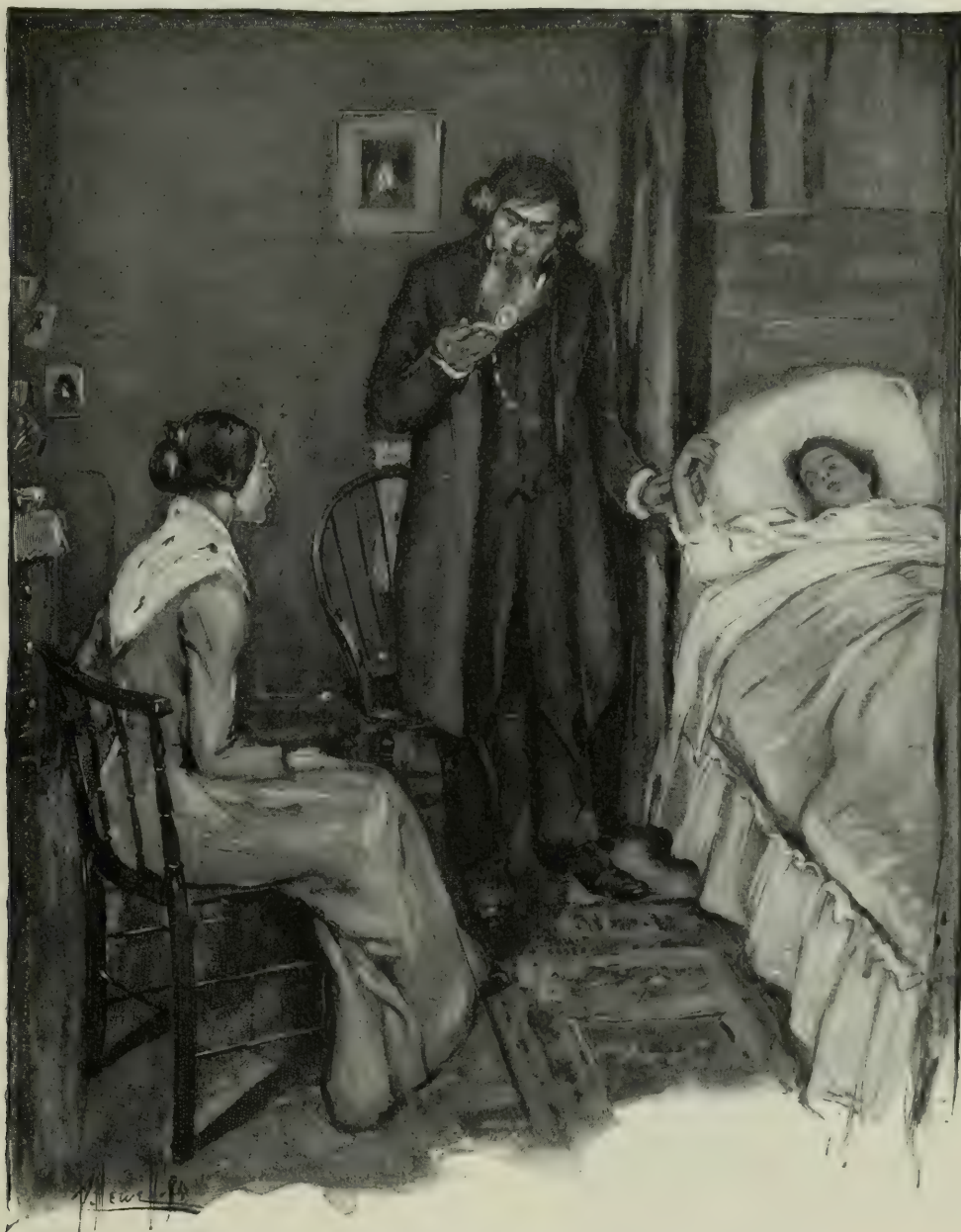
"Yes, and while you are waiting," I continued, "you must try to find out, in the first place, if there are, or have been, any signs of delirium. You

might ask the old lady, and besides, you may be able to judge for yourself."

"I can do that," said he, "I have seen lots of it."

"Then, again," said I, "you must observe whether or not her pupils are dilated—you might also inquire whether there had been any partial paralysis or numbness in any part of the body; these things must be looked for in brain trouble. Then you can come down, ostensibly to prepare another prescription, and when you have reported, I have no doubt I can give you something which will modify, or I should say——"

"Hold her where she is till mornin'."



"I had nothing to do but step up and feel her pulse."—Page 750.



said Uncle Beamish; "that is what you mean. Now, then, give me that thermometer and the tumbler, and when I come down agin, I reckon you can fit her out with a prescription just as good as anybody."

He hurried away and I sat down to consider. I was full of ambition, full of enthusiasm for the practice of my profession. I would have been willing to pay largely for the privilege of undertaking an important case, by myself, in which it would depend upon me whether or not I should call in a consulting brother. So far, in the cases I had undertaken, a consulting brother had always called himself in; that is, I had practised in hospitals or with my uncle. Perhaps it might be found necessary, notwithstanding all that had been said against me, that I should go up to take charge of this case. I wished I had not forgotten to ask the old man how he had found the tongue and pulse.

In less than a quarter of an hour Uncle Beamish returned.

"Well," said I, quickly, "what are the symptoms?"

"I'll give them to you," said he, taking his seat. "I'm not in such a hurry

now, because I told the old woman I would like to wait a little and see how that fust medicine acted. The patient spoke to me this time; when I took the thermometer out of her mouth she says, 'You are comin' up agin, Doctor?' speaking low and quickish, as if she wanted nobody but me to hear."

"But how about the symptoms?" said I, impatiently.

"Well," he answered, "in the fust place her temperature is ninety-eight and a half, and that's about nat'ral, I take it."

"Yes," I said, "but you didn't tell me about her tongue and pulse."

"There wasn't nothin' remarkable about them," said he.

"All of which means," I remarked, "that there is no fever; but that is not at all a necessary accompaniment of brain derangements. How about the dilatation of her pupils?"

"There isn't none," said Uncle Beamish, "they are ruther squinched up if anything; and as to delirium, I couldn't see no signs of it, and when I asked the old lady about the numbness, she said she didn't believe there had been any."

"No tendency to shiver, no disposition to stretch?"

"No," said the old man, "no chance for quinine."

"The trouble is," said I, standing before the stove and fixing my mind upon the case with earnest intensity, "that there are so few symptoms in brain derangement. If I could only get hold of something tangible——"

"If I was you," interrupted Uncle Beamish, "I wouldn't try to get hold of nothin'. I would just give her somethin' to keep her where she is till mornin'. If you can do that, I'll guarantee that any good doctor can take her up and go on with her to-morrow."

Without noticing the implication contained in these remarks, I continued my consideration of the case.

"If I could get a drop of her blood," said I.

"No, no!" exclaimed Uncle Beamish, "I'm not goin' to do anything of that sort. What in the name of common sense would you do with her blood?"

"I would examine it microscopically,"







"By George!" whispered the old man, "it's the patient."—Page 755.

I said, "I might find out all I want to know."

Uncle Beamish did not sympathize with this method of diagnosis.

"If you did find out there was the wrong kind of germs, you couldn't do anything with them to-night, and it would just worry you," said the old man. "I believe that nature will git along fust rate without any help, at least till mornin'. But you've got to give her some medicine, not so much for her good as for our good. If she's not treated we're bounced. Can't you give her somethin' that would do anybody good, no matter what's the matter with 'em? If it was the spring of the year I would say sassaparilla. If you could mix her up somethin' and put it into some of them benevolent microbes the doctors talk about, it would be a good deed to do to anybody."

"The benign bacilli," said I; "unfortunately I haven't any of them with me."

"And if you had," he remarked, "I'd be in favor of givin' 'em to the old woman. I take it they would do her more good than anybody else. Come along now, Doctor, it is about time to go up-

stairs and see how the other stuff acted—not on the patient, I don't mean, but, on the old woman. The fact is, you know it's her we're dosin'."

"Not at all," said I, speaking a little severely, "I am trying to do my very best for the patient, but I fear I cannot do it without seeing her. Don't you think if you told the old lady how absolutely necessary——"

"Don't say anything more about that," exclaimed Uncle Beamish. "I hoped I wouldn't have to mention it, but she told me agin that she would never have one of those unfledged medical students, just out of the egg-shell, experimentin' on any of her family, and from what she said about you in particular, I should say she considered you as a medical chick without even down on you."

"What can she know of me?" I asked, indignantly.

"Give it up," said he, "can't guess it; but that ain't the pint—the pint is, what are you goin' to give her? When I was young the doctors used to say, when you are in doubt, give calomel, as if you were playin' trumps."



"Nonsense, nonsense," said I, my eyes earnestly fixed upon my open medical case.

"I suppose a mustard plaster on the back of her neck——"

"Wouldn't do at all," I interrupted. "Wait a minute now—yes—I know what I will do, I will give her sodium bromide, ten grains."

"Which will hit if it's a deer and miss if it's a calf," as the hunter said?" inquired Uncle Beamish.

"It will certainly not injure her," said I, "and I am quite sure it will be a positive advantage. If there has been cerebral disturbance, which has subsided temporarily, it will assist her to tide over the interim before its recurrence."

"All right," said Uncle Beamish, "give it to me and I'll be off: it's time I showed up agin."

He did not stay upstairs very long, this time.

"No symptoms yit, but the patient looked at me as if she wanted to say somethin', but she didn't git no chance, for the old lady set herself down as if she was planted in a garden-bed and intended to stay there; but the patient took the medicine as mild as a lamb."

"That is very good," said I. "It may be that she appreciates the seriousness of her case better than we do."

"I should say she wants to git well," he replied, "she looks like that sort of a person to me. The old woman said she thought we would have to stay awhile till the storm slackened, and I said, yes, indeed, and there wasn't any chance of its slackenin' to-night; besides, I wanted to see the patient before bedtime."

At this moment the door opened and the servant woman came in.

"She says you are to have supper, and it will be ready in about half an hour. One of you had better go out and attend to your horse, for the man is not coming back to-night."

"I will go to the barn," said I, rising. Uncle Beamish also rose and said he would go with me.

"I guess you can find some hay and oats," said the woman, as we were putting on our coats and overshoes in the kitchen. "and here's a lantern. We

don't keep no horse now, but there's feed left."

As we pushed through the deep snow into the barn, Uncle Beamish said:

"I've been tryin' my best to think where we are, without askin' any questions, and I'm dead beat; I don't remember no such house as this on the road."

"Perhaps we got off the road," said I.

"That may be," said he as we entered the barn; "it's a straight road from Warburton to the pike near my sister's house, but there's two other roads that branch off to the right and strike the pike further off to the east; perhaps we got on one of them in all that darkness and perplexing whiteness, when it wasn't easy to see whether we were keepin' a straight road or not."

The horse neighed as we approached with a light.

"I would not be at all surprised," said I, "if this horse had belonged here and that was the reason why, as soon as he got a chance, he turned and made straight for his old home."

"That isn't unlikely," said Uncle Beamish, "and that's the reason we did not pass Crocker's. But here we are, wherever it is, and here we've got to stay till mornin'."

We found hay and oats and a pump in the corner of the wagon-house, and, having put the horse in the stall and made him as comfortable as possible with some old blankets, we returned to the house, bringing our valises with us.

Our supper was served in the sitting-room because there was a good fire there, and the servant told us we would have to eat by ourselves, as she was not coming down.

"We'll excuse her," said Uncle Beamish, with an alacrity of expression that might have caused suspicion.

We had a good supper, and were then shown a room on the first floor on the other side of the hall, where the servant said we were to sleep.

We sat by the stove a while, waiting for developments, but, as Uncle Beamish's bedtime was rapidly approaching, he sent word to the sick-chamber that he was coming up for his final visit.

This time he stayed upstairs but a few minutes.



"She's fast asleep," said he, "and the old woman says she'll call me if I'm needed in the night, and you'll have to jump up sharp and overhaul that medicine case, if that happens."

we can here, and the best thing we can do now is to get away before anybody is up and leave a note sayin' that we've got to go on without losing time, and that we will send another doctor as soon as

possible. My sister's doctor don't live fur away from her, and I know she will be willin' to send for him.

Then our duty will be done, and what the old woman thinks of us won't make no difference to nobody."

"That plan suits me," said I, rising; "I don't want to stay here and, as I am not to be allowed to see the patient, there is no reason why I should stay. What we have done will more than pay for our supper and lodgings, so that our consciences are clear."

"But you must write a note," said Uncle Beamish. "Got any paper?"

I tore a leaf from my note-book and went to the window, where it was barely light enough for me to see how to write.

"Make it short," said the old man, "I'm awful fidgetty to get off."

I made it very short, and then, valises in hand, we quietly took our way to the kitchen.

"How this floor does creak!" said Uncle Beamish. "Get on your overcoat and shoes as quick

as you can, we will leave the note on this table."

I had just shaken myself into my overcoat when Uncle Beamish gave a subdued exclamation, and quickly turning, I saw entering the kitchen a female figure in winter wraps and carrying a hand-bag.

"By George!" whispered the old man, "it's the patient!"

The figure advanced directly toward me.



The kitchen door was softly closed behind us and we were carrying Miss Burroughs to the barn.—Page 756.

The next morning, and very early in the morning, I was awaked by Uncle Beamish, who stood at my side.

"Look here," said he, "I've been outside; it's stopped snowin' and it's clearin' off. I've been to the barn and I've fed the horse, and I tell you what I'm in favor of doin'. There's nobody up yit and I don't want to stay here and make no explanations to that old woman. I don't fancy gettin' into rows on Christmas mornin'. We've done all the good



"Oh, Dr. Glover!" she whispered, "I am so glad to get down before you went away."

I stared in amazement at the speaker, but even in the dim light I recognized her. This was the human being whose expected presence at the Collingwood mansion was taking me there to spend Christmas.

"Kitty!" I exclaimed—"Miss Burroughs, I mean—what is the meaning of this?"

"Don't ask me for any meanings now," she said, "I want you and your uncle to take me to the Collingwoods. I suppose you are on your way there, for they wrote you were coming—and, oh! let us be quick, for I'm afraid Jane will come down and she will be sure to wake up Aunt. I saw one of you go out to the barn and knew you intended to leave, so I got ready just as fast as I could. But I must leave some word for Aunt."

"I have written a note," said I. "But are you well enough to travel?"

"Just let me add a line to it," said she; "I am as well as I ever was."

I gave her a pencil and she hurriedly wrote something on the paper which I had left on the kitchen-table. Then quickly glancing around, she picked up a large carving-fork and sticking it through the paper into the soft wood of the table, she left it standing there.

"Now it won't blow away when we open the door," she whispered. "Come on."

"You cannot go out to the barn," I said, "we will bring up the sleigh."

"Oh, no, no, no," she answered, "I must not wait here. If I once get out of the house I shall feel safe. Of course I would go, anyway, but I don't want any quarrelling on this Christmas morning."

"I'm with you there," said Uncle Beamish, approvingly. "Doctor, we can take her to the barn without her touching the snow. Let her sit in this arm-chair, and we can carry her between us. She's no weight."

In half a minute the kitchen-door was softly closed behind us and we were carrying Miss Burroughs to the barn. My soul was in a wild tumult; dozens of questions were on my tongue,

but I had no chance to ask any of them.

Uncle Beamish and I returned to the porch for the valises, and then, closing the barn-door, we rapidly began to make preparations for leaving.

"I suppose," said Uncle Beamish, as we went into the stable, leaving Miss Burroughs in the wagon-house, "that this business is all right? You seem to know the young woman, and she is of age to act for herself."

"Whatever she wants to do," I answered, "is perfectly right; you may trust to that. I do not understand the matter any more than you do, but I know she is expected at the Collingwoods and wants to go there."

"Very good," said Uncle Beamish, "we'll get away fast and ask explanations afterward."

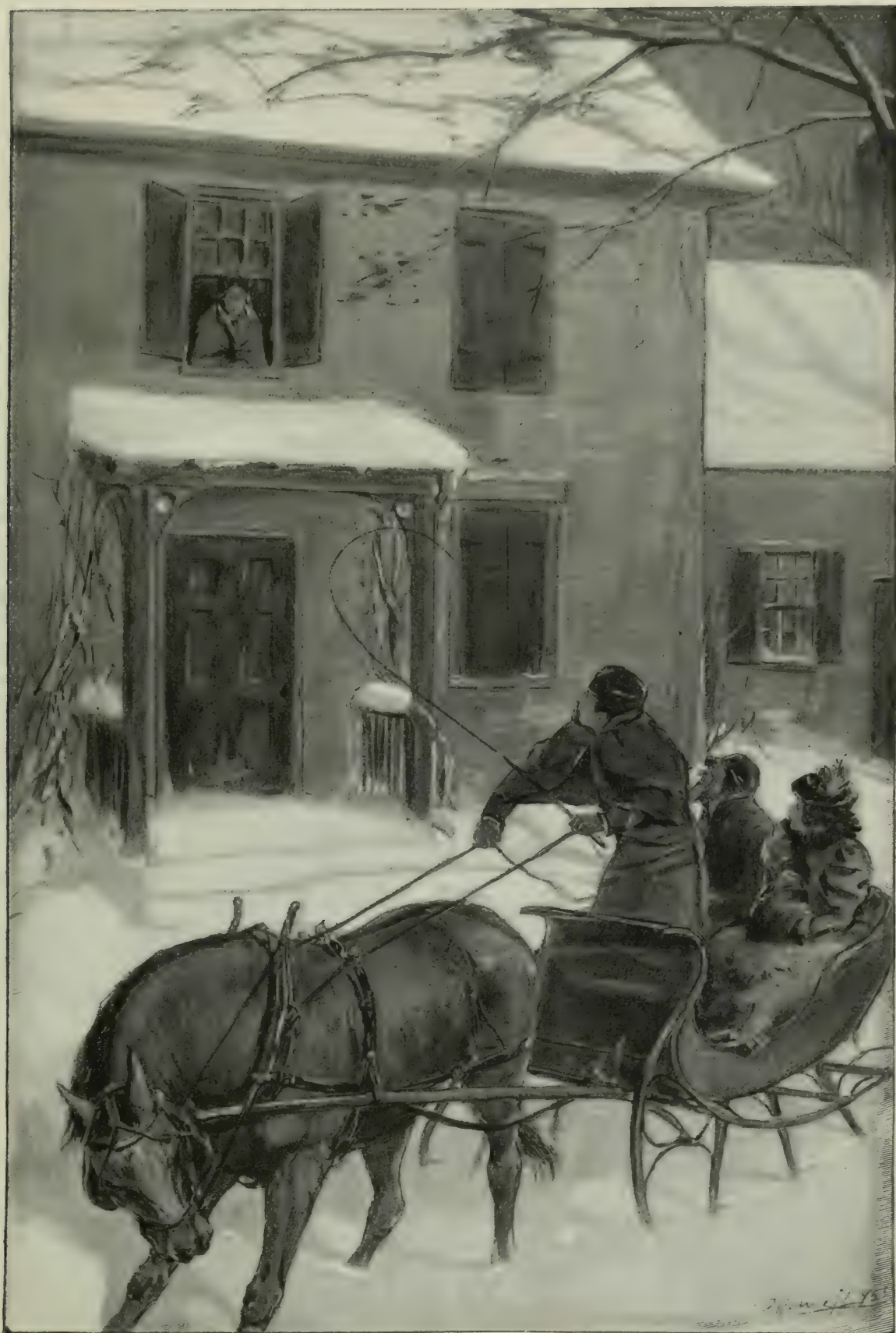
"Doctor Glover," said Miss Burroughs as we led the horse into the wagon-house, "don't put the bells on him; stuff them gently under the seat, as softly as you can. But how are we all to go away? I have been looking at that sleigh, and it is intended only for two."

"It's rather late to think of that, Miss," said Uncle Beamish, "but there's one thing that's certain. We're both very polite to ladies, but neither of us is willin' to be left behind on this trip. But it's a good-sized sleigh and we'll all pack in, well enough. You and me can sit on the back seat, and the Doctor can stand up in front of us and drive. In old times it was considered the right thing for the driver of the sleigh to stand up and do his drivin'."

The baggage was carefully stowed away, and, after a look around the dimly lighted wagon-house, Miss Burroughs and Uncle Beamish got into the sleigh and I tucked the big fur-robe around them.

"I hate to make a journey before breakfast," said Uncle Beamish, as I was doing this, "especially on Christmas mornin', but somehow or other, there seems to be somethin' jolly about this business, and we won't have to wait so long for breakfast, nuther. It can't be far from my sister's, and we'll all stop there and have breakfast; then you two can leave me and go on. She'll be





"You cut a powerful queer figure, young man, with that horse-blanket."—Page 759.



as glad to see any friends of mine as if they were her own. And she'll be pretty sure, on a mornin' like this, to have buckwheat-cakes and sausages."

Miss Burroughs looked at the old man with a puzzled air, but she asked him no questions.

"How are you going to keep yourself warm, Doctor Glover?" she said.

"Oh, this long ulster will be enough for me," I replied, "and as I shall stand up, I could not use a robe if we had another."

In fact, the thought of being with Miss Burroughs and the anticipation of a sleigh-ride alone with her, after we had left Uncle Beamish at his sister's, had put me into such a glow that I scarcely knew it was cold weather.

"You'd better be keerful, Doctor," said Uncle Beamish, "you won't want to git rheumatism in your jints on this Christmas mornin'. Here's this horse-blanket that we are settin' on; we don't need it and you'd better wrap it round you, after you get in, to keep your legs warm."

"Oh, do!" said Miss Burroughs, "it may look funny, but we will not meet anybody so early as this."

"All right!" said I, "and now we are ready to start."

I slid back the barn-door and then led the horse outside. Closing the door, and making as little noise as possible in doing it, I got into the sleigh, finding plenty of room to comfortably stand in front of my companions. Now I wrapped the horse-blanket about the lower part of my body, and, as I had no belt with which to secure it, Miss Burroughs kindly offered to fasten it round my waist by means of a long pin which she took from her hat. It is impossible to describe the exhilaration that pervaded me as she performed this kindly office. After thanking her warmly, I took the reins and we started.

"It is so lucky," whispered Miss Burroughs, "that I happened to think about the bells. We don't make any noise at all."

This was true: the slowly uplifted hoofs of the horse descended quietly into the soft snow, and the sleigh-runners slipped along without a sound.

"Drive straight for the gate, Doctor,"

whispered Uncle Beamish, "it don't matter nothin' about goin' over flower-beds and grass-plats in such weather."

I followed his advice, for no roadway could be seen. But we had gone but a short distance when the horse suddenly stopped.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Burroughs, in a low voice. "Is it too deep for him?"

"We're in a drift," said Uncle Beamish. "But it's not too deep; make him go ahead, Doctor."

I clicked gently and tapped the horse with the whip, but he did not move.

"What a dreadful thing," whispered Miss Burroughs, leaning forward, "for him to stop so near the house. Doctor Glover, what does this mean?" and, as she spoke, she half rose behind me. "Where did Sir Rohan come from?"

"Who's he?" asked Uncle Beamish, quickly.

"That horse," she answered. "That's my aunt's horse; she sold him a few days ago."

"By George!" ejaculated Uncle Beamish, unconsciously raising his voice a little, "Wilson bought him, and his bringin' us here is as plain as a-b-c. And now he don't want to leave home."

"But he has got to do it," said I, jerking the horse's head to one side and giving him a cut with the whip.

"Don't whip him," whispered Miss Burroughs, "it always makes him more stubborn. How glad I am I thought of the bells! The only way to get him to go is to mollify him."

"But how is that to be done?" I asked, anxiously.

"You must give him sugar and pat his neck. If I had some sugar and could get out——"

"But you haven't it, and you can't get out," said Uncle Beamish. "Try him again, Doctor!"

I jerked the reins impatiently. "Go along!" said I, but he did not go along.

"Haven't you got somethin' in your medicine case you could mollify him with?" said Uncle Beamish. "Some-  
thin' sweet that he might like?"

For an instant I caught at this absurd suggestion, and my mind ran over the contents of my little bottles. If I had known his character, some sodium



bromide in his morning feed might, by this time, have modified his obstinacy.

"If I could be free of this blanket," said I, fumbling at the pin behind me, "I would get out and lead him into the road."

"You could not do it," said Miss Burroughs. "You might pull his head off but he wouldn't move; I have seen him tried."

At this moment a window-sash in the second story of the house was raised, and there, not thirty feet from us, stood an elderly female, wrapped in a gray shawl, with piercing eyes shining through great spectacles.

"You seem to be stuck," said she, sarcastically. "You are worse stuck than the fork was in my kitchen-table."

We made no answer. I do not know how Miss Burroughs looked or felt, or what was the appearance of Uncle Beamish, but I know I must have been very red in the face. I gave the horse a powerful crack and shouted to him to go on; there was no need for low speaking now.

"You needn't be cruel to dumb ani-

mals," said the old lady, "and you can't budge him. He never did like snow, especially in going away from home. You cut a powerful queer figure, young man, with that horse-blanket around you. You don't look much like a practising physician."

"Miss Burroughs," I exclaimed, "please take that pin out of this blanket. If I can get at his head I know I can pull him around and make him go."

But she did not seem to hear me. "Aunty," she cried, "it's a shame to stand there and make fun of us. We have got a perfect right to go away if we want to, and we ought not to be laughed at."

The old lady paid no attention to this remark.

"And there's that false doctor," she said; "I wonder how he feels just now."

"False doctor!" exclaimed Miss Burroughs, "I don't understand."

"Young lady," said Uncle Beamish, "I'm no false doctor. I intended to tell you all about it as soon as I got a chance, but I haven't had one. And, old lady, I'd like you to know that I don't



"There!" said she, turning toward us. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish!"—Page 761.



say I'm a doctor, but I do say I'm a nuss, and a good nuss, and you can't deny it."

To this challenge the figure at the window made no answer.

"Catherine," said she, "I can't stand here and take cold, but I just want to know one thing. Have you positively made up your mind to marry that young doctor in the horse-blanket?"

This question fell like a bomb-shell into the middle of the stationary sleigh.

I had never asked Kitty to marry me. I loved her with all my heart and soul, and I hoped, almost believed, that she loved me. It had been my intention when we should be left together in the sleigh this morning, after dropping Uncle Beamish at his sister's, to ask her to marry me.

The old woman's question pierced me as if it had been a flash of lightning, coming through the frosty air of a winter morning. I dropped the useless reins and turned. Kitty's face was ablaze; she made a movement as if she was about to jump out of the sleigh and flee.

"Oh, Kitty!" said I, bending down toward her, "tell her yes, I beg, I entreat, I implore you to tell her yes! Oh, Kitty! if you don't say yes I shall never know another happy day."

For one moment Kitty looked up into my face, and then said she:

"It is my positive intention to marry him."

With the agility of a youth, Uncle Beamish threw the robe from him and sprang out into the deep snow; then turning toward us, he took off his hat.

"By George!" said he, "you're a pair of trumps. I never did see any human bein's step up to the mark more prompt. Madam," he cried, addressing the old lady, "you ought to be the proudest woman in this county at seein' such a thing like this happen under your window of a Christmas mornin'. And now the best thing that you can do is to invite us all in to have breakfast."

"You'll have to come in," said she, "or else stay out there and freeze to death, for that horse isn't going to take you away. And if my niece really intends to marry the young man and has gone so far as to start to run away with him—and a false doctor—of course I've got no more to say about it, and you can come in and have breakfast;" and with that she shut down the window.

"That's talkin'," said Uncle Beamish; "sit still, Doctor, and I'll lead him around to the back door. I guess he'll move quick enough when you want him to turn back."





Without the slightest objection Sir Rohan permitted himself to be turned back and led up to the kitchen-porch.

"Now you two sparklin' angels get out," said Uncle Beamish, "and go in. I'll attend to the horse."

Jane, with a broad grin on her face opened the kitchen-door.

"Merry Christmas to you both!" said she.

"Merry Christmas!" we cried, and each of us shook her by the hand.

"Go in the sitting-room and get warm," said Jane, "she'll be down pretty soon."

I do not know how long we were together in that sitting-room. We had thousands of things to say, and we said most of them. Among other things we managed to get in some explanations of the occurrences of the previous night. Kitty told her tale briefly. She and her aunt, to whom she was making a visit, and who wanted her to make her house her home, had had a quarrel two days before. Kitty was wild to go to the Collingwoods, and the old lady, who, for some reason, hated the family, was determined she should not go. But Kitty was immovable and never gave up until she found that her aunt had gone so far as to dispose of her horse, thus making it impossible to travel in such weather, there being no public conveyances passing the house. Kitty was an orphan, and had a guardian who would have come to her aid, but she could not write to him in time, and, in utter despair, she went to bed. She would not eat or drink, she would not speak, and she covered up her head.

"After a day and a night," said Kitty, "Aunt got dreadfully frightened and thought something was the matter with my brain; her family are awfully anxious about their brains. I knew she had sent for the doctor, and I was glad of it, for I thought he would help me. I must say I was surprised when I first saw that Mr. Beamish, for I thought he was Doctor Morris. Now tell me about your coming here."

"And all the time," she said, when I had finished, "you didn't know you were prescribing for me. Please do tell me what were those medicines you sent up to me and which I took like a truly good girl."

"I didn't know it at the time," said I, "but I sent you sixty drops of the deepest, strongest love in a glass of water, and ten grains of perfect adoration."

"Nonsense!" said Kitty, with a blush, and at that moment Uncle Beamish knocked at the door.

"I thought I'd just step in and tell you," said he, "that breakfast will be comin' along in a minute. I found they were goin' to have buckwheat-cakes anyway, and I prevailed on Jane to put sausages in the bill of fare. Merry Christmas to you both! I would like to say more, but here comes the old lady and Jane."

The breakfast was a strange meal, but a very happy one. The old lady was very dignified; she made no allusion to Christmas or to what had happened, but talked to Uncle Beamish about people in Warburton.

I have a practical mind and, in spite of the present joy, I could not help feeling a little anxiety about what was to be done when breakfast was over; but, just as we were about to rise from the table, we were all startled by a great jingle of sleigh-bells outside. The old lady arose and stepped to the window.

"There!" said she, turning toward us. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish! There's a two-horse sleigh outside with a man driving and a gentleman in the back seat which I am sure is Doctor Morris, and he has come all the way, on this bitter cold morning, to see the patient I sent to him to come to. Now, who is going to tell him he has come on a fool's errand?"

"Fool's errand!" I cried. "Everyone of you wait in here and I'll go out and tell him."

When I dashed out of doors and stood by the side of my Uncle's sleigh, he was truly an amazed man.

"I will get in, Uncle," said I, "and if you will let John drive the horses slowly around the yard, I will tell you how I happen to be here."

The story was a much longer one than I expected it to be, and John must have driven those horses backward and forward for half an hour.

"Well," said my uncle at last, "I never saw your Kitty, but I knew her



father and her mother, and I will go in and take a look at her. If I like her, I will take you all on to the Collingwoods and drop Uncle Beamish at his sister's house."

"I'll tell you what it is, young Doctor," said Uncle Beamish at parting,

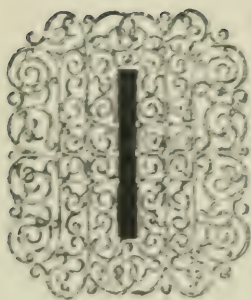
"you ought to buy that big roan horse, he has been a regular guardian angel to us, this Christmas."

"Oh, that would never do at all," cried Kitty. "His patients would all die before he got there."

"That is, if they had anything the matter with them," added my uncle.

## THE RIVER SYNDICATE

*By Charles E. Carryl*



It being, as a rule, the appointed lot of the police force to find their experience in criminal matters somewhat narrowly confined to the sphere of the poor and ignorant, it is a natural

impulse, peculiar to these functionaries, to greet, with something approximating relish, those exceptional cases where crime diverges from its customary channel and involves the clever and well-to-do. Thus it happened that when, on a certain morning in June, the inspector in charge at Scotland Yard was informed that a visitor desired an immediate interview, he received the intelligence with the indifferent habitude of his class, and presently found himself agreeably surprised by the entrance of a well-dressed and prosperous-looking man, evidently in a condition of extreme excitement. Accepting these surface indications as a promise of something out of the usual line, the inspector invited his visitor to be seated and awaited what he had to say with considerable interest.

"About a year ago," began the stranger, throwing his hat upon the inspector's table and coming to the point without the least circumlocution, "I was prospecting in Colorado, when I fell in with a fellow named Blair. We make acquaintance easily in those parts, and I took to him from the first. He was a smooth article, fair-mannered and soft-

spoken, and I trusted him—like a North American ass, as I was—threw in my lot with his, and in forty-eight hours we were partners. *My* name is Snedecor—by the way, do you object to my smoking? I can talk better when I smoke," and without awaiting the inspector's reply, Mr. Snedecor lighted a large cigar and, puffing appreciatingly, continued his narrative.

"The claim I had staked didn't promise to pan out very big, and Blair and I made a deal. He was to peg away at what I had opened, and I was to make a new venture farther up the river. We were to share and go halves on both claims, honor bright; signed papers in proper shape—he's got one and I've got the other——" and here Mr. Snedecor tapped his breast-pocket as indicating the location of the document. The inspector nodded responsively and his visitor went on.

"The up-river experiment wasn't worth a damn, and at the end of six months I went back to Blair, found he had struck a line of pockets, taken out a cool fifty thousand, sold the claim for a hundred and seventy-five thousand, and cleared out with a quarter of a million, half of which was mine. I followed him," continued Mr. Snedecor, resuming his hat with great vehemence, and flinging his half-smoked cigar into the grate, "tracked him to El Paso, up to Chicago, east to New York, up into Canada, and finally here—and I want him;" and here the victim of misplaced confidence brought down his large



hand with a slam on the table and sat staring earnestly at the inspector.

"How do you know he's here?" inquired the inspector.

"I've *seen* him," replied Snedecor, lighting another cigar as if the idea of smoking had just occurred to him. "He was fat and sleek, and was dressed up in your English fashion, but I'd know him anywhere—and I want him."

"But, my dear sir," explained the inspector, "there are many formalities to be observed before *we* can touch a case of this sort. The man has done nothing here, and you must get a requisition from your minister, apply for a warrant and extradition papers, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh, that's all been done. I'm no child," exclaimed Snedecor, impatiently.

"Then why didn't you point him out to the nearest constable when you saw him, and have him taken into custody at once?" inquired the inspector.

"Because I don't want him in that way," said the American, leaning forward and laying his forefinger impressively on the inspector's knee. "You don't know Blair. He's an ass about some things, such as travelling about without changing his name, for instance, but he is infernally deep where money is concerned; and if I don't find where that pile is before he's nabbed, I'll never see a cent of it. My idea is to have him shadowed, find out where he has cached the plunder, pre-empt it, and *then* jug him." And having thus delivered himself of his views on detective procedure, Mr. Snedecor fell a-rocking to and fro on the back legs of his chair, contemplating the inspector meanwhile with an indescribably knowing air.

The inspector, gathering the purport of this dialectical communication without much difficulty, at once recognized that instead of a high-grade criminal mystery, nothing lay ahead of him save a prosaic hunt for stolen money. This induced an immediate collapse of interest in Mr. Snedecor and his affairs, and assuming a stony official glare, he pushed a pad toward his visitor and said, coldly, "Give me your full name and address, and I will send you a man in the course of an hour or so."

"Plain clothes man, I suppose?" said Snedecor, inquisitively.

"Well, we shall hardly put a fancy costume on the job," replied the inspector, stiffly, and the American, in no wise abashed, leisurely wrote his name and the address, "5 Oakley Crescent, Chelsea," on the pad, and withdrew.

Two hours later Mr. Snedecor, who had with some difficulty occupied the interim by smoking a number of cigars while vacuously contemplating the glories of Chelsea Reach, repaired to his lodgings and found awaiting him, in the shabby drawing-room, a spare man of inscrutable countenance, who introduced himself as Mr. Moale, of Scotland Yard, adding, with commendable directness, that the sooner the party referred to was pointed out to him, the better. This suggestion was met with remarkable promptness by Snedecor, who, happening at the moment to glance from the window, suddenly collared Mr. Moale, and dragging him behind the curtain, exclaimed, impetuously, "There he comes now—the fellow with the silk dicer and gray pants. Size him up and don't forget him."

Thus admonished, the detective, peering from behind the shelter of the curtain, observed a well-dressed, soldierly-looking man walking leisurely past the house in the direction of the river, and with professional instinct seized his hat, with the obvious intention of setting out at once and keeping the quarry in view; but Snedecor interposed a restraining hand. "He'll keep," he explained. "He lives close by in Cheyne Walk. Before you start, just tell me how this thing is going to be run. I'd like to take a hand in it myself."

"Well, really, sir," replied Mr. Moale, surveying him with a wintry smile, "if *you* are going to hang about here, we might as well get out sandwich-men at once and have done with it—unless your party is blind."

Snedecor looked blank for an instant and then smiled in his turn. "It *would* be a little like hunting with a brass band," he said. "Where shall I go?"

"Well, not too far," said Moale. "I'll put you up to a nice place just out of Pimlico Road, where you can be got at." Snedecor acquiescing in this proposal,



the necessary details were soon arranged, and nightfall found the American comfortably established at a small house in Westbourne Street, and Moale fairly started on the trail.

In selecting this man for what, on the surface, appeared to be a simple matter of ferreting out a base of supplies, the inspector had been influenced by Moale's well-known sagacity in eliminating, from cases in his charge, useless complications, and devoting his attention to important clues. He also knew that if there were any side villany concealed in the case in hand, Moale would infallibly detect its presence and shape his investigation accordingly, while ostensibly confining himself to his original purpose. It may be added that, in the present instance, the sequel proved that the confidence reposed in the detective's astuteness was amply justified. Within twenty-four hours from his parting with the American, Moale had discovered that the objective point of his quest was obscured by some curious complications, and he had accordingly entered upon a side issue of investigation which can be best described by quoting his report to the inspector on the evening following his visit to Oakley Crescent.

"Snedecor's man," said Moale, reporting to his attentive superior, "passes by the name of Arthur Beveridge. He lives at 9 Cheyne Walk. Took the house, furnished, for a quarter, a month ago; undesirable premises, but agent for the property says tenant insisted on gas in his bed-room, and this was the only house obtainable that had it. So-called Mrs. Beveridge lives with him."

"Why 'so-called'?" cut in the inspector.

"Well, it's only a surmise on my part," replied Moale, indifferently. "When a man does a ha'penny business at all the shops for a mile around, and crams the woman with him down the shop-keepers' throats as his wife, it somehow seems as if he wanted to call particular attention to the fact."

"Well, let that go," said the inspector.

"As to his money," resumed Moale, "I don't know where he keeps it, nor

how he gets it—unless it's at one place. Do you remember the River Syndicate, sir?" The inspector nodded. "Well, two of them are back again, in Duke Street, close to the pier—about a stone's throw from Beveridge's house."

"Which two?" inquired the inspector.

"Sondheim and the Baron," replied Moale. "If the Baroness is there she hasn't shown herself."

"How do you know?" said the inspector. "You never saw her."

"Quite so, sir," replied Moale, "but one of our men tells me there's no woman about the place. Only a boots. They're living very quiet."

"Well, let that go too," said the inspector, impatiently. "Get back to your man."

"I was coming to him," resumed Moale, with a sort of suppressed relish in his tone. "*He* goes there, and I'm blessed if I don't think it's some sort of a game. B 804 says he's seen him going in of a night often enough, and his relief swears that Sondheim and the Baron don't know him. Swears they pass him in the street with no notice whatsoever."

The inspector reflected for a moment, and then asked, "Is the boat there?"

"Lying off the pier, sir, without a sign of life aboard her," replied Moale. "They're not trying to land anything—in fact the revenue men have been aboard and found her as empty as a drum."

"What do *you* think of it?" said the inspector, after another pause.

"I think she's there to get away in," said Moale, promptly.

"So do I," exclaimed the inspector. "Have you men enough to watch the whole job?"

"Benning and Scott watching the Cheyne Walk place, and Copley and Tyke on the syndicate house," said Moale. "I think we'll do, sir," and so saying the detective took his departure.

Snedecor, meanwhile, was already chafing under his banishment from the scene of action. After the weary hours and repeated disappointments of his recent pursuit, he had found a certain grim solace in having his recreant part-



ner in sight, and had even at times contemplated something in the way of a tragical climax, such as picking off Blair with his revolver from the window of his lodgings, or something equally preposterous; now, brooding over the situation at a distance, he gradually began to be disquieted by the apprehension that Moale would let the game slip through his fingers, and this grew upon him to such a degree that he ventured forth upon the second evening of his seclusion, and prowled about in the vicinity of Cheyne Walk in the hope that a chance sight of Blair might reassure him. It was a curious vagary of fate that this violation of his tacit agreement with Moale resulted in supplying the detective with a fresh clew, which left him for the moment quite free to concentrate his attention upon his new line of investigation. Moale, shadowing his man, had followed the *soi-disant* Beveridge to Cremorne Gardens, and there came suddenly upon Snedecor, sitting at a table smoking, and absorbed in reading a newspaper. It may be admitted that the imperturbable detective was somewhat startled by this awkward rencounter, but to his astonishment Beveridge glanced at the unconscious American without the faintest indication of recognition, and sitting down at an adjoining table composedly ordered a tankard of beer, drank it, and then went leisurely on his way through the gardens, leaving Snedecor still engrossed in his newspaper. Moale, who was quick at jumping to conclusions, immediately inferred that Snedecor had, by some singular facial resemblance, been misled as to the identity of his man, and promptly deferring any present consideration of his case, instantly decided to follow up Beveridge from the point of view of the River Syndicate. He subsequently justified this course by the argument that in either case he was still keeping his man under surveillance.

The point of interest was now shifted to the "game" which the Syndicate had, presumably, in hand, and Moale, with all his astuteness, presently found his detective ability taxed to its utmost. He was perfectly well aware

that he was dealing with a community of the smoothest and most accomplished criminals known to England or the Continent. Both fields had been the scene of a series of adroit rascalities so cleverly conceived and carried out that, while repeatedly traced to the very door of the so-called Syndicate, all efforts at conviction had failed for lack of some link of evidence obliterated with consummate skill. The continental record laid to their credit more than one occult crime involving the taking of life; but their supposed operations in England had been thus far confined to certain clandestine enterprises with a small steamer along the line of the Thames, from which the party had derived its sobriquet of the River Syndicate. It need hardly be added that these operations had baffled the misdirected and precipitate efforts of the local police, and it was this repeated miscarriage of justice through premature action which now determined Moale to let the game be carried out to the end, even at the risk of its ultimate success.

The Baron, a well-educated Pole of unknown antecedents, was assumed to be the head of the association; but the fertility of invention that characterized its various ventures was almost universally ascribed by the police to the female member of the confederacy, known as the Baroness, without, it may be said, any presumption of a matrimonial connection. This ascription of evil eminence was peculiarly current in England, where, by a process of dexterous self-effacement, the Baroness had succeeded in almost entirely concealing her identity from the detective force. The third member of the Syndicate was a Jew named Sondheim, who was presumed to be the decoy, or go-between, from the fact of his constant travels from place to place, and from his apparently inexhaustible variations in the matter of hair and beard. He was a slightly built, swarthy man of excellent address, and was somewhat fondly regarded by the police of London as the probable "Queen's Evidence" when the supreme moment of retribution should arrive. Beveridge was a new man on the scene, and his connection with the



party was as yet an unknown quantity.

Moale, at the outset, got little for his pains. Sondheim had left the Duke Street house on the day following the report to the inspector, and had been followed to the Charing Cross terminus, where he had bought a Paris ticket and taken the tidal express, presumably to look after the continental end of some new bit of deviltry. The Baron remained housed, the Beveridges seemed to have temporarily suspended their conjugal rounds of the neighboring shops, and the detective found his horizon of observation suddenly narrowed down to the exterior of the two houses, with no means of knowing what was transpiring within. This was dull work, and he was therefore correspondingly relieved, when the Baron himself unexpectedly set the game again in motion, on the second day after Sondheim's departure, by suddenly emerging from his house and setting off in the direction of the nearest underground station.

The Baron, a large, loosely built man, with something of the appearance of a prosperous pawnbroker, was easy game to stalk, and Moale, who felt himself rather committed to keeping an eye on Beveridge, entrusted the duty of following the Pole to one of his men. The work was faithfully done, and the report made by Copley, the "shadower," satisfied Moale that the machinery of villany was about to be set in full operation. The Baron had gone to an obscure bar in Leicester Square, where he was met by Sondheim, whom, after a brief interview, he had accompanied to the Charing Cross terminus, where the Jew had again bought a Paris ticket and taken the tidal express, as before. The Baron had then made his way leisurely to a large jewellers' shop in Bond Street, where he had remained for half an hour or more, and had then taken a Brompton Road omnibus to the underground station at Onslow Crescent, where he had mailed a letter and disappeared in the station. Subsequent inquiry at Duke Street showed that he had returned to his house, from the direction of Queen's Road, early in the afternoon.

Moale's first business on the ensuing morning was a visit to the jewellers' shop in Bond Street, where a confidential interview with one of the principals revealed a new complication which puzzled him extremely. The Baron had made inquiry, ostensibly as an agent for parties unknown, as to whether or not the firm was prepared to supply, from their stock in hand, a selection of unset stones to the value of forty thousand pounds sterling in cash, the prospective buyers being about to sail for a venture in the Argentine Republic. The reply had been in the affirmative, and the Baron had, in the private office of the firm, written to his principals and departed, suavely expressing the hope that the sale might be effected, and affirming that he had no interest in the matter beyond the mere commission of making the inquiry. With the knowledge at his command, it required no particular astuteness on Moale's part to recognize at once that some subtle scheme of fraud on a large scale lay beneath this seemingly straightforward proposition; yet he found himself utterly in the dark as to how it could be successfully carried out against men entirely capable of protecting themselves in their own line of business. He therefore contented himself with a general caution against affording any opening for downright robbery, and went direct to Scotland Yard for a conference with the inspector.

That official, who had begun to find that his soundings in Mr. Snedecor's affairs were opening up some channels of rather deep water, was quite as perplexed as Moale by the Baron's latest move; and the conference merely resulted in the joint conviction that the best chance of success lay in permitting the game to be played out to the very verge of completion. The inspector, however, quite unexpectedly to Moale, contributed a bit of evidence which eventually proved to be of enormous importance.

"By the way," he said, suddenly handing a letter to the somewhat crestfallen detective, "here is a description of the Baroness just received from Felsen. I wrote for it, happening to re-



member that he had charge of the letter-of-credit case at Homburg. Read it over and see if it suggests anything." Moale read the paper and handed it back with a singular expression on his face. "Mrs. Beveridge has black hair," he said, "but otherwise——"

"Just what I suspected," exclaimed the inspector, replacing the letter in a drawer. "Now, I think you've been jollied on one point. Snedecor's man ought to have about two hundred thousand dollars. The Baron's scheme, provided the stones are bought, involves the equivalent—forty thousand pounds—and I tell you Beveridge is your man, whether he recognized Snedecor or not."

"Then he's the gamest lot I ever met," said Moale, emphatically. "Sat within two yards of the other for ten minutes and never turned a hair. I'll take him up again, of course, but I'll lay you a fiver he isn't Blair."

"Done!" said the inspector, with a grim smile, and the two parted.

The following morning brought Moale news of an unfortunate miscarriage of his elaborately arranged plans. Beveridge had left the house in Cheyne Walk shortly after midnight, and Scott, being alone, had attempted to follow him, and after a wearisome walk had lost him in the neighborhood of Covent Garden. Moale, with a proper sense of obligation to his principal, went at once to Westbourne Street, where a heated discussion with Snedecor ensued, terminated by the American's angry determination to set out at once and run down the missing man himself. This, following so closely upon the new developments of the preceding evening, irritated the usually imperturbable detective to the point of peremptorily sending the delinquent watcher back to Scotland Yard and substituting another man in his place. This bit of discipline, as will be seen, chanced, curiously enough, to have a considerable influence in eventually bringing the Syndicate to grief.

It was small wonder that Mr. Moale swore softly to himself, as he set about the blind task of looking up Beveridge's whereabouts, yet the inferential process by which he was led to undertake it in person was clearly enough defined. He

simply assumed that the rendezvous at the Leicester Square bar, Sondheim's use of the Charing Cross terminus as a point of arrival and departure, and the coincidence of Beveridge's disappearance near Covent Garden, all pointed to that locality as a spot to be particularly watched, notwithstanding the inspector's opinion that this part of the game was simply a blind on the part of the Syndicate. Without, therefore, relaxing the watch at Cheyne Walk and Duke Street, Moale himself concentrated his attention for the time being on the West Strand and its immediate vicinity, perfectly confident that, even if the trail eventually led back to Chelsea, it would start from here. Two or three experts from Scotland Yard were supplied with minute descriptions of the men to be watched for, and detailed to co-operate with him.

As might be assumed, this patrol was, for two or three days, absolutely fruitless. More than once intelligence of Snedecor was brought to Moale, showing that the American was also prowling about the neighborhood, but nothing was to be gained by interfering with him, and he was not even accosted. Nothing came from Chelsea, and the detective was therefore assured that neither had the Baron again left home, nor had either of his supposed confederates returned. The inspector once or twice ironically inquired if the neighborhood were safe, and this made up the sum of Moale's experiences until about noon of the fourth day, when, as he was leaving the terminus after scanning the arrivals by the Paris train, a rapid signal was made by one of his men standing a little east of Charing Cross, calling attention to a cab that was just turning into Cockspur Street. Moale instantly divined an arrival by way of Blackfriars, and without stopping to make any inquiry, jumped into a hansom and directing the driver to keep the other cab in view, started in pursuit. Beyond a surmise that it was Sondheim, he had no idea whom he was following.

The chase led through Pall Mall, up St. James Street to Piccadilly, and through that thoroughfare to Hyde Park Corner, where the cab in front



drew up and two men alighted. One was Sondheim, whose personality was recognizable even from the point where Moale had stopped, about a hundred paces distant; the other was a man wearing a long, light-colored mackintosh, and carrying a valise, but the day being overcast and somewhat obscured by a fine, drizzling rain, the detective was unable to make him out. The two turned into Green Park and walked rapidly southward, taking the path bordering on Constitution Hill with Moale following at a safe distance, until they emerged from the park at the lower end and turned into the Mall. The spot, compared to the adjacent thoroughfares, was unfrequented, and a solitary hansom was the only vehicle in sight. To Moale's chagrin this was promptly hailed, the two men jumped in, and before he could get near enough to take the man's number, they were driven rapidly away in the direction of the palace road.

Moale damned his luck under his breath, and then smiled sardonically, recalling how recently he had disciplined one of his own men for a similar slip; yet a moment's reflection tempered his discomfiture. He recognized the trick, common to most violators of the law, of breaking the trail instead of going direct to an objective point, and believing that Sondheim and his companion were bound ultimately for the jewellers', he scribbled to the inspector requesting him to meet him at the shop, despatched the note by a commissionaire, and hailing the first cab that came along, hurried off to Bond Street. His surmise, as was usual when he trusted to his intuition, was correct, and after a brief stroll up and down the opposite pavement he had the grim satisfaction of seeing his two men drive up in a third cab and enter the shop. As they did so, Sondheim's companion turned to dismiss the cab, and despite a curious change in his apparel and bearing, Moale recognized him as Beveridge.

At this juncture a dilemma suddenly suggested itself with unpleasant distinctness. If Beveridge was, as the detective now believed, Snedecor's man, he probably had the money with him,

and the American, whose presence was essential for identification and claim, was nowhere within reach. Moale began to wish ardently for the inspector. It had been his intention to have him enter the shop to watch the game, in the fear that his own personality might, from his constant presence in the Cheyne Walk neighborhood, have become known to such a clever criminal as Sondheim, and in the awkward contingency that had just obtruded itself he was somewhat at a loss how to proceed. But the inspector did not come, and Moale, walking by the shop, could see the two confederates within busily engrossed, with several clerks in attendance on them, and with one of the proprietors, evidently mindful of the caution he had received, standing by with a watchful eye on the proceedings. Half expecting an alarm at any moment, and keeping an eye on the policeman at the adjacent corner in view of an emergency, he paced back and forth, revolving in his mind various schemes of action, when suddenly, in what appeared to him an incredibly short space of time, Sondheim and Beveridge came out and walked rapidly away, and in a fever of anxiety he entered the shop.

"Everything is all right," exclaimed the principal whom he had seen on his previous visit, rubbing his hands with an air of supreme complacency; "it is altogether one of the most satisfactory transactions we have ever had. The stones were accepted at our valuation without demur, and the entire amount of the purchase money has been paid over in Bank of England notes."

"But are you sure of the notes?" inquired Moale, quite taken aback by this simple outcome of the affair.

"That is the most extraordinary part of the business," said the proprietor, with a satisfied smile. "Mr. Hartz, the dark man, is evidently a man of business methods, and it was his own proposition that we should retain the jewels until we had verified the notes."

"Then both the money and the stones are here?" exclaimed Moale, with something like a gasp of relief.

"Both are here," rejoined the proprietor; "the stones in a sealed packet





"If I don't find where that pile is before he's nabbed, I'll never see a cent of it."—Page 763.

to be called for to-morrow. And here again Mr. Hartz was most business-like in guarding against contingencies. He proposed that receipts in duplicate should be given—one to himself and the other to his companion. Mr. Blair, I think, was the name." Moale, with a qualmish thought of his five-pound note, gave a concurring nod, and the jeweller continued: "You see, both receipts must consequently be presented by the two men in company in order to obtain the goods. It is really a very pretty arrangement"—and here the

proprietor again rubbed his hands in a sort of financial ecstasy.

At this moment the inspector entered the shop, and the proprietor, with something less of affability in his smile, again went over his story with a close adherence to its main points, but supplying a number of minor details in reply to a cross-fire of interrogations from the two officers. At its conclusion the inspector turned to Moale, and the two men stared at each other with inscrutable countenances, as if mutually awaiting a lead in the matter of opinion.





Waiting for him in the shabby drawing-room, a spare man of inscrutable countenance.—Page 763.

"It beats me," said Moale, after a reflective pause.

"And it beats me," echoed the inspector, promptly following the lead.

"Well, it satisfies us," broke in the proprietor, with a slight touch of impatience in his tone. "Perhaps you gentlemen can arrange to meet our purchasers here to-morrow and satisfy yourselves as well. Meanwhile, if you'll excuse me—" and here the proprietor was politely bowing himself out of the argument, when he was checked by a remark from the inspector.

"We'll excuse you with pleasure," said that official, smoothly, "but I have to notify you that you are at present in

possession of forty thousand pounds, most of which is stolen money, that the authorities propose to claim it at your hands, and that you will be held responsible if you otherwise part with it. Of course you will follow your own discretion in the matter of handing over the jewels to your customers." And with this parting shot the inspector withdrew. Moale following him out of the shop with a corroborative wink at the discomfited jeweller.

"Moale," said the inspector, sententiously, as they were parting at Scotland Yard a little later in the day, "there's a choice bit of villany in all this that hasn't yet come to the surface, and it

will show itself within the next twenty-four hours or you can call me a stoker."

"And what are you going to do about it?" inquired Moale, with a momentary solicitude as to his laurels.

"I shall put a notice in every newspaper in London to-night," replied the inspector, "calling on Snedecor to report himself here in the morning. If he doesn't turn up, I shall take the responsibility of nabbing both men at the jewellers' to-morrow and taking them to Bow Street. If the court doesn't see fit to hold them and take charge of the money, we're out of the mess, and Snedecor can go to the devil. Now, are you good for a night's work?"



"I'm good for a week's if there's anything in it," said Moale, promptly.

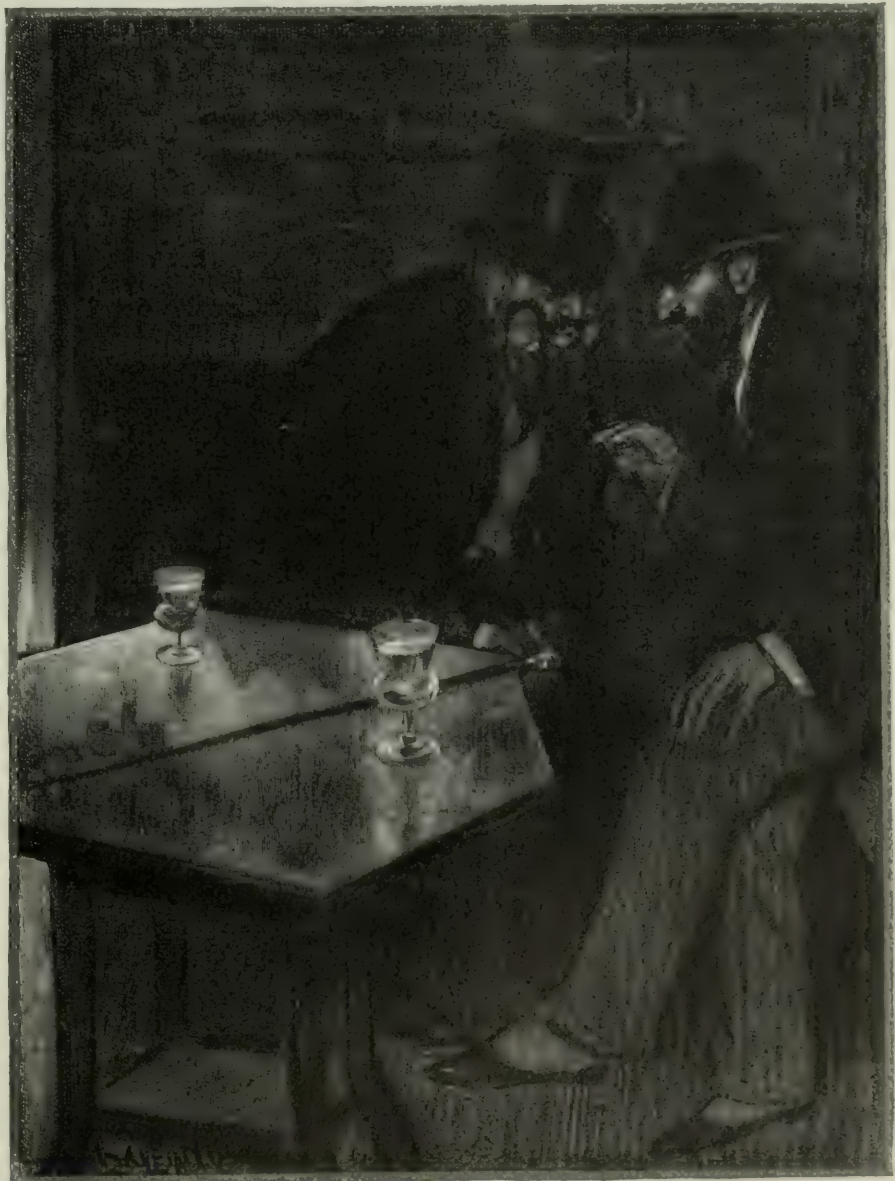
"Then look up Sondheim again as soon as possible," said the inspector, "and stick to him like a barnacle. If he attempts to leave the city, take him in charge at a venture and bring him here. Ten to one he goes to Bond Street in the morning, and I'll be there when the shop opens. I won't leave there until I hear from you. Beveridge may be in the game or he may not; but Sondheim is your man."

"Do you know," interrupted Moale, tentatively, "*I* have a sort of fancy that Beveridge himself is the game they're after."

"I'd be a little of that way of thinking myself, except for his playing off the Baroness as his wife," replied the inspector, "but whichever way it is, it takes the brace of them together to touch the jewels now, so they won't part company just yet. Let your men watch the Baron and the lady, and keep Beveridge in sight if you can, but Sondheim is your man. Stick to him like a leech," and Moale, with a hard night's work cut out for him, took himself off to Chelsea.

The old-time suburb was the picture of peaceful and innocent repose when the detective returned to his former post in the early twilight of the June evening. The traffic of the day had

ceased, the streets were almost deserted, and even the broad thoroughfare of Cheyne Walk was at intervals as devoid of bustle as a country road. The only spot offering an aspect at all approaching animation was the end of the bridge, where a motley crowd of watermen and dockhands was assembled, smoking their pipes and looking down from either parapet upon the calm surface of the river, silvered here and there by quivering reflections from the lights of vessels anchored in the Reach. So far as individuals were concerned, there were no surface indications of any imminent change. The Baron and Mrs. Beveridge had been remaining quietly indoors in the interim, and the policeman on



The Baron had gone to an obscure bar in Leicester Square, where he was met by Sondheim.—Page 766.





And fell forward, face-downward, on the pavement.—Page 777.

the corner, who was accredited with a liking for Mrs. Beveridge's maid, reported that the girl had gone to Hampstead for a two days' visit. Beveridge had returned home alone during the afternoon, and had been admitted by Mrs. Beveridge after a brief and apparently purposeless colloquy at the door, and Sondheim himself was now in plain view, standing in the open doorway of the Duke Street house, complacently smoking a cigar. From the police point of view, therefore, the situation was sufficiently reassuring, all the parties to the supposed plot being now once more within the original radius of inspection. This, briefly reviewed, was the condition of affairs on the eve of what was to be a most eventful day, the night being fair and having the peculiar atmospheric clearness which frequently follows the passing off of a summer rain, and both houses, excepting a light in Beveridge's bed-room, being dark and silent. Moale and one of his men, considerably embarrassed by Sondheim's continued presence in the

doorway, were lurking as close in as the situation would permit, while the watch in Cheyne Walk was being maintained with comparative ease.

Half an hour later, as subsequently reported, the light in the bed-room was extinguished, and Beveridge left the house and strolled leisurely eastward, apparently indifferent to observation. As he came opposite to the house in Duke Street Sondheim hailed him, and coming down to the walk shook hands with some effusion. Simultaneously the Baron appeared in the doorway and Sondheim introduced the two men, explaining, with unnecessary audibility, that he had casually made Beveridge's acquaintance on the train from Dover, immediately following which bit of by-play all three entered the house and closed the door. Moale's inference from all this was immediate, and, to his own mind, conclusive. The Syndicate, made wary by long experience, would unquestionably take into consideration the chance of being under surveillance. The game up to this time had, for some



reason yet unknown, required that the occupants of the two houses should be apparently strangers to each other. The time had come when it became necessary for the three men to act together, and the device just witnessed had been adopted for the benefit of possible spies on their movements.

A long and weary watch ensued, so interminably prolonged that Moale began to fear the night was to pass without further developments. The ships' bells sounded at intervals from the adjacent river, marking the time as the hours rolled tediously by, and Moale and his fellow-watcher, reinforced by one of the men from Cheyne Walk, stood silently at their posts, not daring to approach each other, nor to attempt conference, for fear of observation from the silent house confronting them. This suspense continued until shortly after one o'clock, when the door was suddenly opened, throwing a broad beam of light from the hallway out upon the pavement, and in this vista of illumination the Baron and Sondheim emerged from the house, supporting between them the inert and apparently incapable figure of Beveridge. The man, evidently thoroughly stupefied, was with infinite difficulty got down the steps and set upon his feet on the sidewalk, where Sondheim took him firmly by the arm and led his staggering footsteps homeward. The Baron, with his

huge bulk outlined in broad relief against the background of light, stood for a moment gazing after the receding figures and then abruptly disappeared within doors.

And now followed the curious outcome of Moale's substitution of a new watcher at Cheyne Walk. This man, patrolling the opposite walk, was presently hailed by Sondheim, who, not having seen him before, evidently took him for a casual night loiterer and asked for his assistance. There being no plausible way out of the dilemma, the officer crossed over, and between them the almost unconscious man was got up the steps and inside the house, Sondheim getting a latch-key from Beveridge's pocket, and explaining that his friend had been overcome by excessive con-



The old-time suburb was the picture of peaceful and innocent repose.—Page 771.



vivality at a neighboring house. A folded bit of paper fell from Beveridge's pocket during the search for the key, and the officer, covering it with his foot, secured it after the door was closed, and handed it a few moments later to Moale. It proved to be a leaf, evidently torn from a note-book, on which was written in pencil the words "This is our man," with the signature "Franz" beneath them. Moale recognized this as Sondheim's given name, but, at the moment, found himself utterly unable to comprehend this evident purpose of establishing an identity; yet it was this scrap of paper which eventually gave him, at what might be called a parting of the ways, a clew which led him straight to the exposure of a most extraordinary crime.

The light in Beveridge's bed-room had meanwhile reappeared, and a considerable time elapsed, presumably occupied in the complicated business of disposing of the unfortunate inebriate for the remainder of the night; but at the expiration of perhaps half an hour Moale, who, it need hardly be said, was again on watch in Cheyne Walk, saw the door open and Sondheim looked cautiously out and evidently reconnoitred the situation. It was the dark hour before the dawn, everything was absolutely quiet in the apparently deserted street, and Sondheim again stepped inside and immediately reappeared, closing the door softly behind him and carrying the valise which Moale had seen in Beveridge's possession the previous day. With this in his hand he crossed the street, and standing within ten feet of where Moale was concealed, waited calmly until the light in the bedroom was extinguished. Then, facing westward, he walked leisurely to the end of the bridge, and turning abruptly to the left, went rapidly across it and struck into Albert Road, with the detective in wary but vigorous pursuit.

Had Moale ever been in doubt as to Mr. Sondheim's devious methods, the turnings of the chase that ensued would have effectually dispelled it. The hunted man at the end of Albert Road turned again to the left, and skirted the edge of Battersea Park, to the extreme eastern corner, where he entered the park

and, seating himself on a bench, put the valise out of sight under the seat and composedly lighted a cigar. Here he sat, the detective maintaining his watch with increasing impatience, until the hour for the early morning trains, when Sondheim, finishing his fourth cigar, again took up his burden and crossed Victoria Road to the branch station, where he took a Sydenham train, changing at that point to a main-line train, and eventually emerging from the Blackfriars terminus with the exasperated Moale at his heels. The hour was still early, and Sondheim leisurely crossed the bridge, took a cab at Fleet Street, and finally alighted at the Tavistock, where, after a brief colloquy at the office, he disappeared upstairs.

Moale, thoroughly fagged out, ventured to dash into an adjacent bar for a biscuit and a pint of stout, and was again waiting near the door of the hotel when his eyes were gladdened by the sudden reappearance of the missing American. Snedecor, who looked haggard and dishevelled, had evidently been drinking heavily, and without preliminaries began to declaim, with somewhat incoherent utterance, against the shortcomings of Scotland Yard in losing sight of Blair. Moale, in excellent humor at this unexpected encounter, laughed good-humoredly and assured him that his partner was again at Cheyne Walk, and this time as good as in custody.

"The devil he is!" exclaimed the American, scornfully. "Why, he's in the Tavistock at this moment."

Moale, completely taken aback, stared incredulously at Snedecor, half imagining that the man had gone out of his mind.

"I know what I am talking about," added the American, divining the detective's thought with a readiness that at once disproved any possible aberration. "I saw him in the coffee-room ordering his breakfast, not fifteen minutes ago. Your shadowing doesn't amount to a row of pins. I ran him down myself, and he's been here, off and on, for a week."

Moale, running over past events in his mind, instantly saw that this possibly might be true, and could only conclude





The Baroness, clad in a wrapper, stood on the stairs.—Page 778.

that the episode of the past night had been a blind to throw him off the scent. This view, in fact, coincided with the inspector's prophecy that Sondheim and Beveridge must necessarily keep together, and without attempting to conjecture how the watch at Cheyne Walk had been eluded since his departure, he promptly addressed himself to explaining the existing situation to Snedecor. This proved to be dangerous ground to venture upon, as the American became so obstreperous upon learning that his property had been definitely located, that it was with the utmost difficulty Moale quieted him by pointing out that the juxtaposition of the man and the

money was essential to the establishment of his claim, and that any false step at this juncture would probably do much to facilitate the escape of Blair and his confederates. At this point the argument, carried on in the shelter of the bar entrance, was suddenly cut short by the simultaneous appearance at the hotel door of Sondheim and Blair—or Beveridge, as the detective still professionally ticketed him. Moale, curiously scrutinizing this one of the pair, saw that, although the morning was warm, he still wore the light-colored mackintosh, and that he was haggard and deadly pale, and he was again inclining to the belief that the scene of the preceding night had actually been the outcome of a debauch, when Sondheim called a cab and got into it with his companion.

The detective, fore-

warned by his past experience, had a cab of his own standing near the bar entrance, and Snedecor followed him into it with such extraordinary agility that they turned the corner not thirty feet behind the other hansom.

To Moale's chagrin Sondheim's man turned eastward, and the detective's heart sank as he thought of the entanglements of the Strand. The move, however, proved to be merely another of the clever Jew's devious methods. A moment after the leading cab turned into Drury Lane, rattled through it to Oxford Street, and following that thoroughfare westwardly, presently turned to the



south again and landed its fare in New Bond Street, about two hundred yards from the jeweller's. The supreme moment had evidently arrived, and Moale, cautioning the excited American to keep himself well in hand, followed the two men to the shop.

Moale's plan, evolved during the few moments of this final pursuit, was to leave Snedecor outside until the very moment of exposure, so that no possible chance of his recognition by Beveridge might hamper the full development of whatever scheme of fraud might be in train. He was as much in the dark as ever as to what the Syndicate was after, beyond the profound conviction that the game as originally planned was not to end with a perfectly legitimate purchase of precious stones; and he was correspondingly curious to see what Sondheim and his confederate would do when they found themselves balked by the inspector's caution to the firm. It had occurred to him, indeed, that it might be necessary to follow them farther, dropping Snedecor out of hand,

and with all this in mind he entered the shop alone, casually noticing that a couple of men from Scotland Yard were apparently absorbed in looking at the display in the show-window. A quick glance about the interior showed him the inspector standing at the further end of the shop, and near him the two men, already engaged in a vehement discussion with the proprietor already mentioned.

What followed happened so quickly that it seemed to Moale to cover less than a moment of time. Sondheim had taken out the two receipts and was angrily forcing them upon the proprietor, when Beveridge, whose eyes had been roving uneasily about him, suddenly detected a signal exchanged between the proprietor and the inspector. Without an instant's hesitation he made a dash for the door, knocked down one of the men who attempted to intercept him outside, and was half-way across the street when the sharp crack of a pistol-shot rang out upon the air. Beveridge gave a convulsive leap, staggered wildly forward for half a dozen



It's here. What a damned unholy job!"—Page 778.



paces or more, and fell forward, face downward, on the pavement. Quick as Moale was to follow, he found Snedecor already standing over the man when he reached him, and knew instinctively what had happened.

"Damn him!" said the American, savagely, as he replaced his smoking revolver in his hip-pocket, "he's given me the slip twice, and that's enough. No man gets away from me three times running, unless he draws first."

The street was already swarming with a crowd that had closed in from every direction, and Moale, taking Snedecor by the arm, had Beveridge, who was still breathing faintly, carried into a chemist's shop close at hand. The inspector, who had turned over Sondheim to one of his men, followed, and the man who had been so uncereemoniously felled by Beveridge, took the door and savagely repelled the mob of curious spectators. Beveridge had been laid upon his back on the floor, and the chemist, bending over him, had torn open his shirt at the neck in his search for the wound, when Snedecor, who had been watching him, unmoved, suddenly shook himself free from Moale and stooped over, gazing intently at the uncovered throat.

"Why, damn it all, I've shot the wrong man," he exclaimed, straightening up with an expression of indignant astonishment that, under less appalling circumstances, would have been ludicrous. "Blair had a bullet-hole as big as my thumb through his neck, and this chap hasn't even a scar. Who is the fellow, anyhow?"

"Your inquiry comes somewhat late," said the chemist, quietly, as he rose from his examination. "The man is quite dead."

"Well, you've made a precious mess of it, I'm thinking," exclaimed the inspector, turning wrathfully upon Snedecor. "What in the devil is the meaning of it all! I'm blessed if ever I saw such a tangled-up affair in my life."

Moale stepped excitedly forward. A flash of something like inspiration had suddenly shown him how this final catastrophe threw a baleful light upon more than one dark spot in the road he had been travelling, and the plot, in all

its brutality, had begun to shape itself in his mind. "Let me take Mr. Snedecor with me," he said hurriedly to the inspector. "I'll be responsible for him. Let me have him for a couple of hours, and I'll make daylight shine through the whole job."

The inspector glanced at him keenly for a moment, and a half light of intelligence passed over his face. "By George!" he exclaimed, irritably, "I seem to see it too, and yet I don't. But do as you like—only get away at once," and Moale, taking the astonished American once more by the arm, hurriedly left the shop, pushed his way roughly through the crowd outside, and called the first cab he saw.

"Is your horse fresh?" he demanded, peremptorily. "No nonsense, or I'll summons you. This is a matter of life or death."

"Just out, on my word, sir," said the man, earnestly.

"All right," said Moale, shoving Snedecor into the cab and springing in after him. "No. 7, Cheyne Walk—and drive like the devil!"

The man, with that remarkable apprehension of locality which makes the London hansom driver the cleverest man in the world in his vocation, instantly cut for the Mall, swung around past the palace gates, and striking the open stretch of Buckingham Palace Road, drove furiously south.

Moale, rapidly working out the involved scheme of devilry that had so suddenly dawned upon him, said nothing for the first few minutes of the drive, and the American sat silently at his side, doggedly staring ahead and nervously gnawing at his mustache. It was not until they had turned into Queen's Road and were nearing their destination, that the detective, moved by a sudden impulse, turned and said, peremptorily, "Give me your revolver." Snedecor surrendered his weapon without objection, and resumed his moody stare ahead until they pulled up in Cheyne Walk, when he drew a long breath and said, with remorseful abstraction, "Poor old Blair," and Moale knew that he had at last divined the truth.

The house, hiding within its walls



a grewsome probability, seemed to be staring blankly out upon the river with inanimate unconcern, while in the morning sunlight an unheeding tide of life swept eastward and westward before its door. Benning, unconscious of the secret that had defied the watch of the night, was loitering in cover on the opposite side of the way, and Moale, but for his premonition, could have discerned nothing sinister in the absolute quiet that seemed to pervade the premises. In this, however, it required no prescience on his part to detect a certain deadly significance, and peremptorily recalling Benning from his cover, he ran up the steps and rang the bell.

Awaiting a response to this summons, Benning reminded him of the absence of the maid, and informed him that the boy employed about the place was also absent on an errand. This left the Baroness, as Moale reflected with a curious thrill, virtually alone in the house, and he rang the bell insistently again and again. At this juncture the boy appeared, running down the street, and promising to admit them without delay, went in through the lower door.

In the interim that followed, Moale and Benning stood on the steps gazing significantly at one another, while Snedecor waited on the walk with his hands in his pockets, staring up at the house. From this point, as he afterward told Moale, he saw the Baroness suddenly appear at an upper window, look down with a startled glance at the group below, and then instantly withdraw. A moment after the door was opened, and the three men entered the house.

The Baroness, clad in a wrapper, stood on the stairs, and surveying the party with every evidence of startled surprise, inquired the meaning of this peremptory visit. Moale, evidently prepared for this, replied that he must see Mr. Beveridge at once on business of imperative importance, and the woman, after gazing at him steadily for a moment, turned and disappeared in the upper hall. A sound of knocking at a door followed, repeated again and again with increasing vehemence, and the Baroness presently reappeared, and with what was apparently a supreme effort at

self-control, began an incoherent explanation, when Moale, with a rapid signal to Benning, pushed by her and ran up the stairs with the American at his heels. There was a strong odor of escaping gas in the upper hall, and Moale, without an instant's hesitation, threw his shoulder against the door of the bed-room and burst it in. The air was almost suffocating with the density of the vapor, and the detective, dashing through the darkened room and overturning several chairs in the obscurity, threw open both windows. He leaned out for a moment to inhale the air, and turning back, shut off the open cock of the burner, and then saw that Snedecor was standing by the bed. With a sudden shrinking from what he now knew was to come, Moale paused and mechanically replaced upon one of the overturned chairs a pile of what he recognized as Beveridge's clothing, and then pulling himself together, stepped to Snedecor's side. The American, who was bending over the inanimate figure lying on the bed, suddenly drew himself up with a colorless face, and pointing to a terrible scar in the neck of the dead man, said, in a broken voice, "It's him. What a damned unholy job!"

True to anticipation, Sondheim weakened at once and told the story. Beveridge was an Australian gambler who had been broken at Homburg, and his extraordinary resemblance to Blair, afterward accidentally met in Paris, had suggested to the fertile mind of the Baroness the utilization of the likeness. The American was found to have a large sum in ready money, but all attempts to bring this into available play had failed, until his cupidity had been finally aroused by a pretended scheme to purchase a lot of jewels, and resell them at an exorbitant advance to the Baron, that accomplished man contributing a masterly character sketch of a buyer for a Russian countess, with an ostensible willingness to further the transaction and share the profits. The scheme required time and extraordinary patience, involving a prolonged residence in Cheyne Walk for the purpose of exploiting Beveridge and his



pretended wife, and actually having in view the audacious idea of having the Baroness remain there, as the bereaved widow, for a sufficiently impressive period after Blair's apparently accidental death. Every detail had been worked out with a sort of infernal craft, even down to the device of having a suit of Beveridge's clothes left on the chair at the bedside, Sondheim, with characteristic prudence, having undertaken the conveyance of the unfortunate American's apparel to the Tavistock, so as to leave to the Baroness the grewsome duty of extinguishing and then turning on the gas. Curiously enough, the comparatively commonplace device of

drugging Blair, during the pretended conference at the Baron's apartment, indirectly brought about the wreck of the entire scheme. It was the scrap of paper, given by Sondheim to Blair as a passport to the ostensible lodging-house, and accidentally pulled from Blair's pocket while in his helpless condition, which eventually put Moale directly on the trail.

It may be added, as an anti-climax, that when the surviving members of the Syndicate had been securely bagged, Moale turned to the inspector, with a broad smile of relief, and remarked, "I'll trouble you for that five-pound note."

## SING AGAIN

*By M. L. van Vorst*

You sang me a song,  
'Twas the close of the year,  
Sing again!  
I cannot remember the name  
Or the words,  
'Tis the same  
We listen to hear  
When the windows are open in spring,  
And the air's full of birds;  
One calls from the branch some sweet thing,  
And one sings on the wing  
The refrain.

You sang me a song,  
My heart thrilled to hear.  
The refrain  
Has run like a filet of gold  
Through the woof  
Of the cold  
Dark days of a year.  
To-night there's a year at its start,  
All the birds are aloof,  
Your eyes hold the sun for my part,  
And the Spring's in your heart,  
Sing again!



# THE HEROISM OF LANDERS

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

I



OW you feelin', son?"

"Thirsty, dad."

The answer came without a particle of expression in a weary little voice.

"But doc says ye mustn't drink often, son," answered the man, gently. "I dastn't let ye drink yet. Now shet your eyes an' see if ye can't ketch a little nap."

The man who was bending over the bed laid his hand gently on the sick child's forehead. The child did not move or reply. Its face was worn and shrunken to its little bones; its great blue eyes protruded in a way that made one feel that sleep never visited them, and that, nevertheless, they saw nothing.

"Well, Jim," had said a friend, cheeringly, who had come up to see how Landers's child was getting along, and whose attention was at once fixed by those eyes, "I guess 'tain't so bad. They ain't a tear 'ithin five feet of him."

"No, nur a smile either," Landers had answered, hopelessly.

And now Landers sat down and gazed on the apathetic face, as he had been wont to do of late, with mournful fascination.

"Yes, it's bad, bad," he murmured. "He's goin' the same way his pore ma did, the very same way."

To be sure, the doctor had not given up hope, which was kind of him, as he never expected to be paid for his services. Not that there was a more honest man in the town than Landers. But the mill had been closed now for two months on account of hard times, and there was no present prospect of its being reopened. Most of Landers's savings had gone to meet the expenses caused by his wife's illness. She, too, had had typhoid fever; she had died two weeks before, and had been buried with little ostentation. Landers was

an undemonstrative, earnest sort of a man, and, moreover, had the serious condition of his only child to think about. He was obliged, perhaps, to neglect the dead for the living.

For the last week he and the child had been subsisting on credit, which, Landers could not help feeling, was only another name for charity. The child had been failing under the *régime* of economy which Landers tried to introduce. And the doctor now said that it could pull through only if it had good nursing and the proper things to eat. The proper things to eat! Landers inquired what they were, and his heart sank as the delicacies were named over. Once more he went through that unproductive, harsh reasoning to which he had hardened himself. All the money came from the mill; now that the mill was closed people must soon begin to buy altogether on credit, but the stores could not go on indefinitely selling on credit. The end was near.

With this ruthless fact confronting him, he had gone out, day after day, in search of work, while, in the meantime, a neighbor, Mrs. Lennan, watched over the child. Each day his search had been equally vain; he knew beforehand that it would be. Men were standing idle on the corners and growing riotous through lack of food and work. Yet on this afternoon, when Mrs. Lennan came up to sit with the child, he went out as usual.

He made his ordinary unsuccessful round. As he was passing a group of idlers, who were sitting in front of the grocery, one of the men, who had a newspaper, called out to him.

"I'd like to git into somethin' like this, wouldn't you, Landers?" said the man. Landers took the newspaper and read, in a half-hearted way, how somebody somewhere with a little trouble, though without risk, had saved a railroad train from being wrecked, and had received on the spot a purse of over a hundred dollars.





Landers sat down and gazed on the apathetic face.—Page 780.

"No train ever come near bein' wrecked roun' here," said the man, complainingly. "Queer how some fellers git all the luck."

"Luck ain't fur me," said Landers, quietly. "The only way I could ever git anything was by work. I can't git nothin' there now."

He walked away when the men began to discuss the advantages of socialism. He knew that they meant nothing practical, and that they were merely amusing themselves. He could not amuse himself; his whole mind was constantly with his child. As he walked home, looking idly down at the puffs of dust that shot out from beneath his feet, he felt utterly discouraged.

"I guess we both of us might's well jus' lay on our backs till our noses is covered," he said, despairingly.

Then, suddenly, when he reached the foot of the stairway that led up between two walls to the sick-room, he smote his thigh, and exclaimed:

"I won't give up. I'm a-goin' up to argue this thing out with God."

And argue it out with God he did. He waited till those weary, doleful, blue eyes had for a few moments forgotten themselves and fallen asleep. Then he rose from his seat by the bed and tiptoed to the window to collect and arrange his thoughts. Down below was Mrs. Lennan's garden, filled with rich purple larkspurs and sweet-williams and verbenas. A small pear-tree stood beside the garden and threw its shadow across half of it. And then in front of the pear-tree and the garden ran a clean yellow picket fence, which Landers had helped Lennan to build several years before. These small familiar sights Landers took in unconsciously as he stood at the window. Somehow, he found his mind running away from the argument back to the day when he had helped build the fence. It had been a pleasant, cool, summer evening, he remembered, and his wife had come out to sit on the



front "stoop" with the baby and look on. Then Mrs. Lennan had gone over to sit with her, and there they both had sat while the hammers rang merrily on the nail-heads. And after the fence had been built, they had all gone down to the river for a row, and——

Landers stopped remembering. He turned from the window, and walking solemnly to the centre of the room, looked up and said, in a business-like voice:

"God, what am I to do? You know, God, that if they was *any* work, the humbles' or meanes' or mos' dang'rous, at *any* wages, I'd be willin' an' glad to do it. But, God, I've been through this whole town day in an' day out fur a week, an' there ain't any work; there won't be any till the mill starts. People ain't able to give a body work; they're all in the same fix as me, only mebbe not so bad. An' you know, God, I can't leave the chil' to go an' hunt a job in some other town. If you've made up your mind, God, that it's right an' ness'ry the chil' should die—w'y, I know we've all got to die, an' lonely as I'll be, I'll try to comfort myself thinkin' his ma couldn't git 'long 'ithout her little son. Only don't you think, God, you'd ought to give him a fair show? It don't seem fair to me to starve him to death. It don't seem to me his ma, no matter how much she longed fur him, 'd want that. Now, God, I know you kin tell, I know you kin inspire it in my heart, an' I ask you, jus' as if I was a little brother askin' his big brother, or a son askin' his father, 'God, what am I to do?'"

## II

"You're not hurt, are you?" asked the conductor, excitedly.

He was kneeling beside a man who lay prostrate in the ditch below the track. A group of passengers had collected round him; others were descending from the steps of the train, and others were running up along the ditch. Brakemen with their lanterns were hurrying this way and that. The man lying in the ditch moved.

"No," he said, faintly, "I guess I

ain't hurt. The log kind o' fell on me, but there ain't no bones broke, I guess."

The conductor and two others half lifted him to his feet. He leaned against the embankment for a moment; then he suddenly started up.

"Did you ketch them?" he cried, anxiously.

"Who?" asked the conductor.

"The robbers—wreckers. They were down in them bushes."

He pointed. The brakemen made an enthusiastic and energetic dash for the bushes, swinging their lanterns violently, but they soon returned, bringing only their lanterns.

"How do you know they were there?" asked somebody.

"They fired on me," answered Landers, for it was he. "When I begun tryin' to pull that log off the track, bang, bang, went a couple of guns from them bushes. It kin' o' made me jump an' hesitate. Then I heard the train a-rushin' behin' that curve, an' thinks I, 'My God, I can't stan' here an' see this,' so I ups with the log again, an' again off went them guns. I seemed to feel bullets whistlin' through my hair an' on both sides o' me. But I hung on an' heaved away at the log. It was that heavy, seemed 's if I could git it jus' so high an' no more, an' that train come rushin' nearer an' nearer. An' once again bang went the guns. I guess they wasn't much on shootin', though I did think I felt my hat kind o' givin' way."

"You weren't mistaken," said one of the bystanders, taking off Landers's hat. "Two bullet-holes." He held up the hat and pointed at the crown.

"Well, I gave one more heave, an' I tell ye I never till that moment knowed the stren'th 'at was in me. I got the end o' the log up on my shoulder that time, an' jus' then the head-light o' the engine come flashin' roun' the curve. I took one long breath, an' then with all my might I took one step an' threw that log from me. An' then I jumped to follow it, but I caught my foot an' went tumblin' an' rollin' down the bank. Then I heard the train go hiss-in' an' whistlin' an' clangin' bells an' lettin' off steam up above. That's all there is to it, I guess."



The people could see that Landers's voice was striving hard to be modest. They mentioned it to each other afterward when they got on the train. The men struggled round him to shake hands. The engineer lifted up his voice.

"I seen him fall. Caught his foot in the rail an' went head over heels. He got that log out o' the way just in the nick o' time. A little more an' we'd all be grindin' to mince-meat in the bottom of the culvert just ahead. The skunks chose their groun', they did."

A little stout man, who had been bobbing impatiently on the outskirts of the crowd during Landers's story and the engineer's epilogue, now shouted,

"Boys, a man who risks his life to save ours that way deserves something, I say. I'm going to start the hat with a ten-dollar bill. Pass her round."

"I take the liberty of thinking I'm more valuable," said the man who took the hat, with an attempt at jocular. He was a florid gentleman, naturally, but he was still pale, and his hands still trembled as he dropped in fifteen dollars.

Landers tried to protest.

"I did nothin'," he said; "nothin' anybody else wouldn't ha' done."

But they would not listen to him. The hat went round. When each person outside had testified his gratitude, somebody carried the hat into one of the cars and went through the train with it. Meanwhile, Landers was besieged with questions as to his name, home, age, business, and so on.

Finally the man who had been passing the hat returned and delivered it to the owner. Being in this way made the spokesman, the stout gentleman advanced to Landers.

"Hold your hat, Mr. Landers," he said, "and stop up the bullet-holes with your fingers, so that the dimes, if there are any, won't roll out. There oughtn't to be any dimes. I don't know how much there is here, but whatever it is, it isn't enough. God bless you, my friend."

He poured the money into the hat that Landers held sheepishly.

"If you ever get into trouble and want help, come to me," said the stout gentleman, handing him his card.

"And me," said several others, producing their cards.

"Thank ye," said Landers, and made as if to go on, but his voice choked, and he turned his head away.

"And now, boys," cried the stout gentleman, with enthusiasm, "three times three for Landers! One, two, three!"

The cheers were given with a will, and the stout gentleman was left panting and searching for his handkerchief. When he found it, he wiped his eyes. Then he pressed Landers's hand.

"Good-by," he said. "God sends such men as you."

They all mounted into their cars. The whistle blew, the bell clanged, and the train moved away.

Landers was left alone in the darkness with the money.



As he walked home looking idly down.—Page 781.

### III

It was a cold afternoon late in November. The court-room at Alinda was a boon to the idle and the talkative on such days, for at the back end of it was a great stove, round which people could congregate and gossip, undisturbed. Furthermore, one did not feel obliged to leave one's seat to seek the spittoon





"You're not hurt, are you?" asked the conductor, excitedly.—Page 782.



in a far corner of the room when the tobacco-juice in one's mouth attained a degree of superfluity incongruous with comfortable or cleanly chewing; the floor of the Alinda court-room having been consecrated from time immemorial to the divine right of the American citizen—the right of spitting what, where, and when he pleases. The floor of the court-room was now a mottled brown, and people said that if it lasted long enough it would look as if it had been painted.

On this afternoon a case was being tried in the court-room, but that made no difference to the company round the stove, and the company round the stove did not interfere with the case. It was a very stupid, tedious, and unimportant case, and even the judge was bored. Now and then, when the conversation round the stove became too loud, or when somebody laughed forgetfully and boisterously, the judge would frown and cry, in a loud voice, "Order, order!" Then the conversation would subside again, and the judge would settle back into his seat, and try to become interested in the will of Hiram Jones. The two lawyers pecked at the witnesses and wrangled with each other, and got excited, and gesticulated as country attorneys of small and infrequent practice will do on the most trivial occasions. But nobody in the jolly group round the stove minded them.

Toward the end of the afternoon the door opened, and a man in an old slouch hat, ragged brown overcoat, and muddy knee-boots entered, leading a little boy by the hand. The little boy was pale and sickly looking; round his neck were wound several folds of red woollen comforter; his shoes seemed much too large, especially round the tops, and looked as if they wobbled on his feet. The man wore an uneasy look as he removed his hat and cast his eyes hesitatingly down the room. The group by the stove ceased their hum for a moment and watched him. He was a stranger to all of them, and was, therefore, a stranger in the town. Strangers are always of interest to country loafers, and the preoccupied, troubled air with which this one, leading the little child, walked down the aisle till he came to

a vacant seat, fascinated the students of character by the stove. The man sat quietly, however, and most people soon forgot about him. A few wondered from time to time what he had come for, as he apparently took no interest in the case or in anything but the little child.

"Free heat, I reckon," suggested one sagacious person, and the suggestion was accepted.

Now and then the man drew the child closer and laid his sandy mustache and beard against its cheek. The rest of the time he sat, looking downward, holding one of the child's hands in one of his, and stroking it occasionally.

Suddenly papers began to rustle and crackle round the judge's desk, and there was a slight bustle. Then the judge cried, in a loud voice,

"Court is adjourned. Officer, clear the court-room!"

The stranger sprang to his feet, still holding the child by the hand.

"Jedge," he cried, in a loud, clear voice, "Jus' wait one minute, please!"

The judge, having been sufficiently bored that afternoon, was ready for anything that promised excitement. He motioned for everybody to be still and nodded to the man.

"I don't know," began the man slowly, "whether any o' you folks heard about the savin' of a train near Belwood, this county, some four months ago—July twenty-sixth it was. The account was in all the newspapers an' there was a good many pomes writ about it. It was all how a feller named Jim Landers saved a train f'm bein' wrecked at the resk of his life, him movin' a log train-robbers had put on the track, while they was shootin' at him. He got the log off jus' barely in time.

" 'An' he fell, an' the log fell with him, an' they rolled in the ditch below,"

was the way one o' the pomes put it. An' they took up a collection fur this man Landers on the train, an' gave it to him—about two hundred dollars. Now what I come here to-day to say,"—the man paused a moment and clasped the child's hand tightly and looked gravely at one particular stain on the floor—"what I come here to-day to say



is that I'm Jim Landers, that I put that log on the track, that I fired them bullet-holes in my hat, that I took that log off an' told them damnable lies—all fur the sake of gittin' a reward."

He paused, still looking at the stain. There was a dead silence. Then the child, understanding only that its father had done something wrong, and frightened lest something might happen to him, burst into tears. Landers stooped over, and lifting the boy in his arms held him against his breast. Then he drew out his big red handkerchief and wiped the child's eyes gently.

"There, there, son, don't cry," he said, soothingly. "They won't hurt you, son. There, there, daddy's got him; don't cry."

The child convulsively hushed his sobs. The crowd meanwhile were silent, feeling instinctively that there was more to come.

"That's the story," said Landers, looking up bravely. Somehow the weight of his boy in his arms seemed to give him strength. "If you don't mind list'nin', Jedge, I'll tell you how it happened. At that time my little boy was sick with the typhoid—ye kin see how light the little tyke is yet. His ma had died o' the typhoid jus' before, an' I seemed to see him, my only little chil', goin' the same way. I was out o' work—mills shet down—an' the money was all gone, an' the doctor said all that'd pull him through 'd be the dainties' kin' o' food, an' the carefullest nursin'. But try as I would, Jedge, I couldn't git work, an' day after day I saw the boy jus' peakin' away 'fore my eyes. An' when I was jus' desp'rate, I read how somebody'd got a big reward by savin' a train. I didn't think of it at the time, but I went home that day, jus' ready to give in, an' I ast God to put it in my mind what I was to do. An' as I stood there askin', firs' that story come back into my mind, an' then followin' it, an' ye might say crowdin' it, it come so close, the way I was to use it. I didn't stop to think, Jedge, whether it was God or the devil that put that notion there. I jus' sat down to plan an' reason it all out, jus' as if 'twas the mos' righteous thing I could do. I saw I'd have to git in some resk to myself or

people mightn't think I'd done anything to be rewarded. An' I didn't jus' feel like reskin' to wait movin' the log till the last minute, which would be too oncertain's well as dang'rous. An' so, gradual like, the plan o' havin' robbers fire on me worked itself out. Jedge, I don't b'lieve I ever was so happy in my life as I was when I'd got that plan all fixed up nice. I can't understand it now, Jedge, but, honest, the right an' the wrong of it never wunst entered my head, an' I jus' kep' sayin' to myself, 'Ain't that cute!' an' then lookin' over to my little boy an' kind o' murmurin', 'You'll be all right now, son.' An' then I made out the story jus' as I'd tell it to the train folks, an' learned it pat, an' then at night I went an' did the thing. It wasn't till I begun tellin' them the lie an' they begun praisin' me up, that I felt I'd done a mean, an' a low, an' a wicked thing. Then I almos' broke down, but I remembered the boy. I got the money, an' the child lived. But I'd ruther I'd died! I saw my name published in the newspapers as a hero, an' I read pomes in the papers about me, an' I was serenaded by the neighbors when the boy got well enough, an' I was always pointed out to any stranger that happened along as a hero. But the worst of all was about two weeks after the thing when I got a gold medal from the man that started takin' up the collection fur me. It was all engraved about my heroic deed an' so on. There was times when I wonder I didn't shoot myself. An' there was other times when I ackully fur the moment felt as if I'd done all everybody thought I'd done. An' at last I made up my mind that I couldn't stand it no longer. I wrote to the people that had given me money that night an' had left me their addresses, returnin' what they'd given me as near as I could remember, an' tellin' 'em I was goin' to confess, an' if they wanted to prosecute me to be here this day. I don't care what you do to me, Jedge; nothin' ye kin do'll be as bad as what I've gone through. Only, Jedge, whatever ye do, please see that the boy's looked after. His life *was* saved anyhow."

Landers, still holding his boy in his arms, looked straight at the judge. A





Landers, still holding his boy in his arms, looked straight at the judge.—Page 786.



murmur rose in the audience, a murmur of applause. It swelled into cheering, clapping, and stamping, and it was long before the judge could quell it. Landers stood through it all immovable, waiting for his sentence. But when everything was still, the judge, with a queer twinkle in his eyes, and a huskiness in his voice, said,

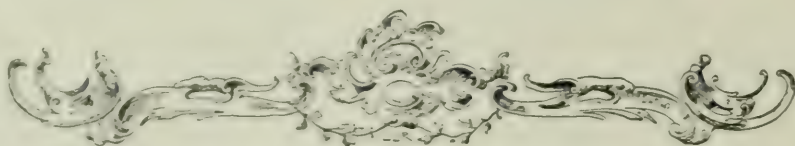
"I think it was through lack of opportunity that you weren't really a hero, Mr. Landers."

Then the crowd, which had been waiting in impatient dread, burst into another mighty shout of applause. Landers, white and quivering, sank back into his seat. But again the judge stilled the tumult, and spoke, and this time his voice was official:

"Does anyone appear against this man?"

There was no response. The moments seemed like hours.

"The case is dismissed."



## HAPPINESS

*By Elizabeth C. Cardozo*

I did not dream, I could not know,  
That life contained such bliss,  
That from a tiny germ could grow  
Such happiness as this.

At last I read the lesson taught  
In Joy's mysterious eyes  
As in some sweet wild creature's, caught  
And brought me as a prize.

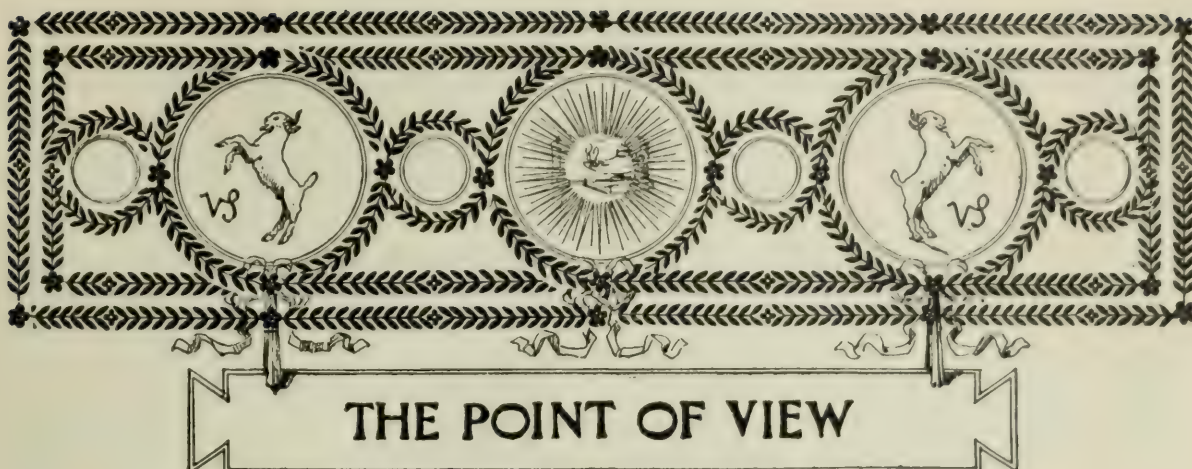
And this is life—that irksome gift  
I longed to put away—  
This headlong force that strong and swift  
Throbs in my veins to-day!

There is a host of secret signs  
And symphonies half sung,  
As if I read between the lines  
In some forgotten tongue.

And through it all a meaning runs  
I surely used to know;  
I must have lived and felt it once  
Long centuries ago.

A sweet new message lurks between  
The pulsing waves of light;  
Dear God, till now I have not seen  
Thy lovely world aright.





WE are beginning to feel richer. Already our circumstances are much easier than they were: mills that were closed are running again; wages that were cut down in the hard times have moved up to their former level; the bugbear of free silver has been chased nearly out of sight, and the hope of effectual treatment of the wasting disease that has affected the gold reserve is vivid enough to allay anxiety. As a nation we are making money again, and however straightened the circumstances of individuals may have been this last year, as a nation we have been fairly prosperous and have had money to spare.

It is much more comfortable in the land when matters tend that way. Folks have better spirits; the newspapers give us cheerfuller reading. We all look forward sympathetically with those whose irons are in the fire and who see a profit in the heating of them. We have not yet forgotten the economies we learned two years ago, and if we have enlarged our expenditure a little we have done it cautiously and within prudent limitations. We know a good deal about thrift now, and the taste we acquired for it with so much pain and difficulty has not all worn off yet, for indeed, we have not quite done with it. If we have not quite become rich again, we hope to become so; and reviving hope in our fortunes has almost as good an effect on our spirits as though we had the fortunes in hand. Christmas is not so hard to meet this year. It is a pity that material conditions should affect our attitude toward it, but they do. If we can express our affection and good-

will through the medium of tolerably substantial tokens, we like it better that way. No doubt that is partly because it saves us trouble, for it is easier to buy things and give them than to devise other means of expressing ourselves. But it is also because money and money values have come to be a convenient measure for very many things, and in some degree for good-will among the rest. Let us not repine that we are not so rich in spiritual gifts as to be able to do without material manifestations altogether, but, buying what we may, let us scatter our material offerings according to the dictates of our hearts and the length of our pockets.

There was once a person who confessed to a constitutional disposition to save in his Christmas expenditures at the expense of those who were the nearest to him, and for whom his regard was the most natural and obvious. The ordinary way for people who can contrive a reasonably bountiful Christmas disbursement seems to be to give the most expensive gifts to their nearest relations or their dearest friends, and to express sentiments of less intensity with gifts of less importance. But this person of peculiar views declared that as he never had anything like enough money to spare at Christmas-time, it seemed to him a waste of funds to make expensive presents to people toward whom his good-will was so notorious that they could not need to be reminded of it. He spent his money without compunction on servants and children and people poorer than himself, who had a claim on him, feeling that gifts to them were necessities which it would be painful to him to go without.



But though he did always make as fine a present to his wife as he could bring himself to buy, he used to complain about it—the poor creature!—as an expenditure that left him just where he was before; since nothing that he could give his wife could make her think any differently of him or persuade her of any new-grown fervor in his sentiments toward her. He declared that it was just like giving a present to himself, and that he did not get his due share of satisfaction out of it; but he realized that his wife did not exactly echo his views about it, so that when it came to the point he always gave her a Ben Adhem gift that led all the rest.

The practical part of this person's example is commended for imitation rather than the theoretical end of it. No husband who neglects to pay a proper Christmas tribute to his wife need point to anything in these pages for his justification. But it is recommended not to suffer Christmas to degenerate too far into a mere swapping of merchandize among relatives. It is well to get some new life into it every year; to avoid too cut-and-dried an exchange of expected presents, and to rejoice the hearts, or at least the self-esteem, of some persons who did not know until your gifts came to them that you had it in your heart to send them. Such unlooked-for Christmas presents are apt to be the ones that produce the liveliest emotions. They may be the merest trifles, but the news of a continuing affection which they bring is all the more gratifying, and all the more proper for Christmas because it is news.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, in a current article, calls attention to the fact that people are not reading George Eliot as much as they once did. He thinks this is because of a reaction from the perhaps exaggerated fame that she enjoyed during life; but however that may be the fact is unmistakable, and it is to be regretted. George Eliot as a personality was, as someone said in one of the quarterlies a short time after her death, one of the most remarkable examples in literary history of the fact that force of intellect may exist to an extraordinary degree entirely disas-

sociated from force of character; and fanciful as it may seem, I incline to think that some small part of what Mr. Harrison notices may come from our being too near to her to separate the two phases. But she was a great novelist, of a kind more nearly unique than is generally appreciated; and if there is not a great and permanent revival, ultimately, of interest in her work, the analogies of literary history are misleading.

She stands alone in the extent to which she directed her appeal to the purely intellectual side of the reader, and the peculiar modernness, so to speak, of the methods she employed in making it. Even in the earlier and simpler books—in "*Scenes of Clerical Life*," "*Adam Bede*," and "*Silas Marner*"—where there might at first thought seem to be ground for qualifying such a statement, closer consideration, I think, will show it to be fully true. Of the later books, "*Felix Holt*," "*Middlemarch*," "*Daniel Deronda*," it is, of course, hardly less than a platitude.

In "*The Mill on the Floss*," which might be cited in opposition by virtue of certain passages, a most complex and subtle psychological situation is established by purely intellectual methods before the emotions are reached at all. Everywhere in all her novels the intellectual conditions precedent are elaborated, fixed beyond a doubt, before the appeal to feeling comes; there are no leaps and bounds; no gaps to be filled by intuition or sympathy; the masterly analysis of the intellectual attitude and point of view of even characters like Hetty and Tessa—to stretch a point to its utmost—is made with no devices of concealment and comparatively little dramatic machinery, before the emotional side which is their attribute is brought out—coming then with the force of a corollary rather than of the main proposition.

And there is always the appeal to a highly sophisticated audience—an audience educated, even if unconsciously, under the methods of modern scientific thought. You can imagine a public of the past enjoying—indeed strongly appealed to by—certain greater modern novelists: Thackeray, Dickens—even Balzac,



because with all his psychologist's methods he dealt with a world and complications largely of his own creation. But for George Eliot there is none but a latter-half-of-the-nineteenth-century audience; it is not too much to say that no other would know what her later books meant. This very fact increases the probability of a strong revival of interest in her work; we may read her less at the moment, but I question whether the public capable of reading her with full understanding is not greater now than at the time of say "Middlemarch," which, in spite of Mr. Harrison's somewhat extraordinary remarks on its dealing with a set of provincials, has succeeded like perhaps no other book in reproducing a certain sense of intricacy of motive, of different threads pulling different ways, of the pressure of a highly sophisticated civilization, which every year grows more characteristic of life. Lydgate, for example, is probably more typical of the intellectual tragedy of modern life to-day than he was twenty years ago.

In this time of specialization and the invention of divisions on fine lines, I am surprised that no one has called George Eliot a "psychological realist" or "realistic psychologist." She did for that side of her contemporary human beings what the ordinary realistic novelist (if there is one) supposes himself to want to do for their outer life. She applied what her eulogists rightly enough called "an extraordinary knowledge of the human heart" to giving a reproduction, so true as sometimes to be startling, of human thought and motive *of the kind that can be so analyzed* and so set forth. If this sentence sounds like an utterance of Bunsby, and any reader thinks it a meaningless limitation, let him imagine her creating Colonel Newcome, or Becky Sharp, or Lord Kew, or George Warrington (to go to only one writer for characters), and he will understand why I write it. Within that limitation she worked with a positive mastery—such a mastery that it is impossible to turn back to even her most familiar book without increasing wonder at it; and I cannot think either that she has been overpraised by her own generation or will be among the neglected authors of the next.

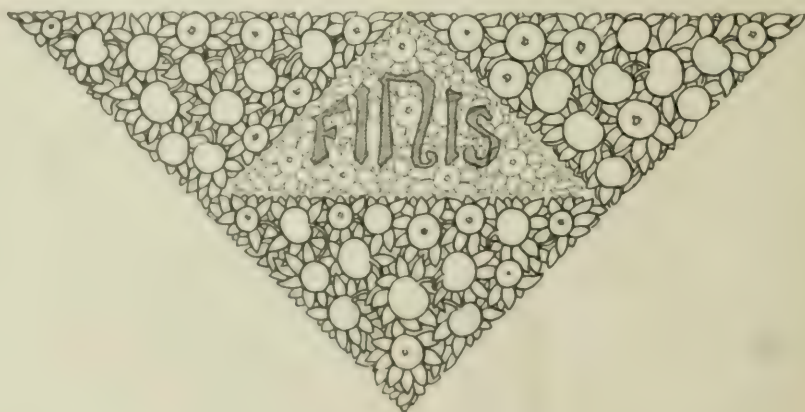
CIVILIZATION is so apt to put its head down and rush ahead with its eyes shut that it does it good to have someone rap it smartly on the nose now and then, and tell it to look up and take notice what it is about and whither bound. It gets many such raps, and takes such momentary notices, some of which it swiftly concludes to be false alarms and downs its head again and butts along as before. But occasionally somebody's "Whoa!" is effectual, and the "Gee!" or "Haw!" that follows has a perceptible influence in changing the direction of the monster's course.

Somewhat in the nature of such an admonition was the paper lately read by Professor Flinders Petrie before the British Association, in which he warned the wise men of Great Britain that civilization was a progressive growth which must develop naturally, and that the results of one sort of civilization cannot often be grafted with impunity upon the stem of another. Professor Petrie says that it is not possible, for example, to make Englishmen out of Egyptians by teaching them to read and write and cipher. The general impression in England and America is that reading, writing, and arithmetic are elements of civilization, and that the introduction of them is a sure precursor of increased intelligence and power. That may be true here and in England (though it is not undisputed), but it seems that it is not generally true in Egypt. Dr. Petrie, who is an accomplished Egyptologist, declares that in every instance that has come to his notice, the Egyptian who has had reading and writing thrust upon him has acquired them at the cost of health and intelligence, and has turned out to be half-witted and incapable of taking care of himself. Teaching of that sort does not develop the ordinary Egyptian, but stunts and eventually kills him. Dr. Petrie declares that the civilization of Europe is a curse to peoples who have not the stuff in them to endure it, and who have not been educated up to it by centuries of training. "No change," he says, "is legitimate or beneficial to the real character of a people except what flows from conviction and the natural growth of the mind. To the feebler races our



civilization, developed in a cold country, amid one of the hardest, least sympathetic, and most self-denying and calculating peoples in all the world, is death ; we make a dead-house and call it civilization. Scarcely a single race can bear the contact and the burden. And then we talk complacently about the mysterious decay of savages before white men." What Professor Petrie would have of his countrymen is that they shall stop trying to force the European system of civilization on peoples which have not had a European development, and try instead to aid the development of such peoples on the lines of such progress as they have made already. He would check the intellectual forcing process which is death to them, and give them something which may lead to fuller life. What his deliverance will be worth when the critics and reviewers get through with it we shall presently see. It seems to be aimed at missionaries as much as at any one else, and no suggestion of an imperfection in missionary methods is likely to get off either in England or America without thorough discussion. But whatever injustice it may do to discreet individuals, it seems a deliverance with sense in it, not too novel to be appreciated, but an authoritative expression of ideas that most of us of this generation have turned over in our own minds. Our civilization often seems too hard, not only for peoples who have not had our training, but for a good many of us who were born and brought up to it.

The stoutest of us are glad to take to the woods from time to time and renew our strength. We know the strain of our own system ; we recognize its inconsistencies and hypocrisies as well as its great power and the amazing results of its activity, but we know that it is mighty hard work and abounds over-much in "hustling." Our way seems the way to succeed, but we are not so infatuated with its advantages as not sometimes to suspect that there are other and less strenuous ways, whereby people who do not get on so fast as we may have more fun on the road. Our way is ours and must continue to be ours, for no other would satisfy us ; but as for all those other and perhaps lazier peoples, ah, good missionaries who go out to help them, be easy with them, and pray do not try to make them too much like us. Get our standards somewhat out of your heads for the time ! Try to distinguish between what is truly Christian and what is merely European or American ! Instead of endeavoring to make the poor heathen precisely like us, will you not rather steer them toward the likeness of what we should be if we were a good deal more like them ? If they can learn our virtues, such as they are, and a little of our knowledge, and escape the responsibilities that come of having our power and our complicated consciences, what comfortable and pleasant folks they may become, and what a refreshment it will be for us to go and dwell with them awhile from time to time when we are tired.





















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